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SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON.

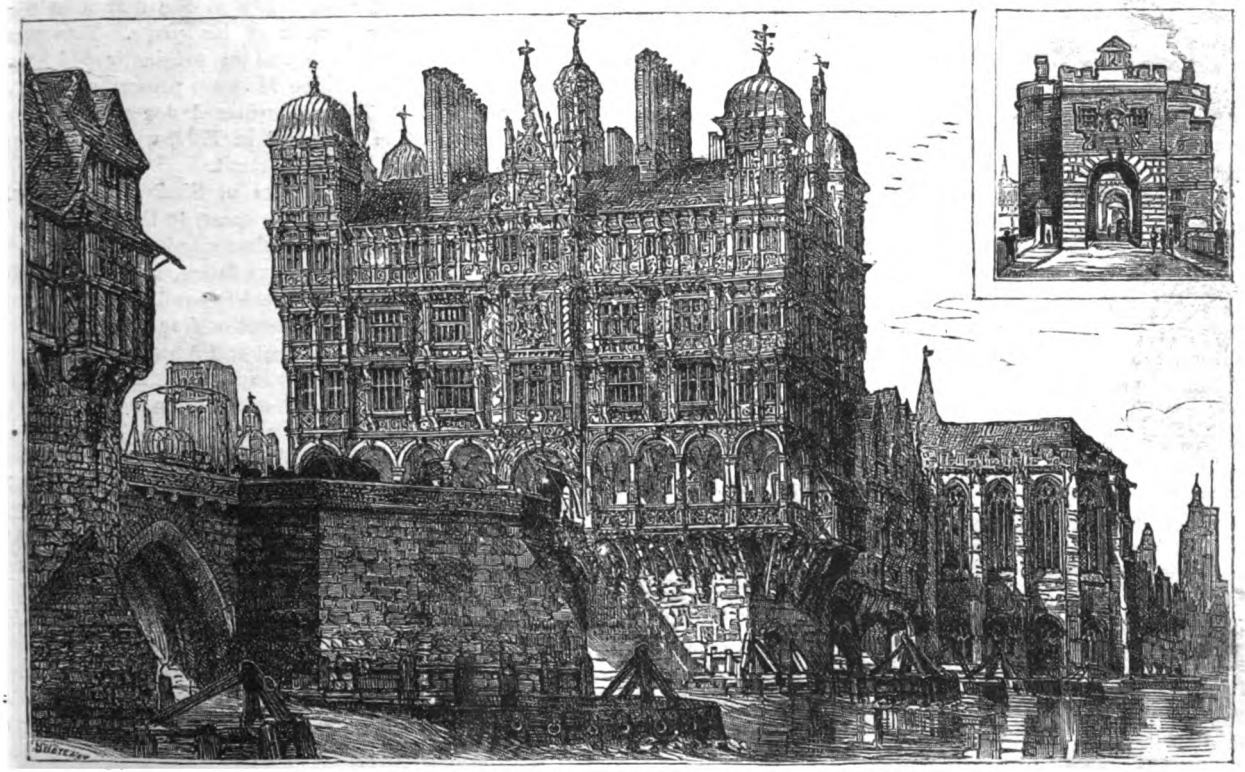
BY N. ROBINSON

As I STOOD in Fleet Street, London, on a sunny day in June last, gazing at the ruins of the famous Temple Bar, and as my eye wandered to the sign of the Mitre tavern on my right, and that of the Cock on my left, I bethought me of the flagons of ale drained by Will Shakespeare and rare Ben Jonson at these famous hostelries, and the idea came to me that a "lyttel gossyp" anent the London of Shakespeare's time would prove what Sidney Smith calls "good quarter-hour reading" enough. So I entered the Cock, as being nearest to me, and sat me down in that wondrous old parlor, with its oaken wainscoting black as ebony from age; its sanded floor; its yawning fireplace; its quaint boxes, wherein hungry and thirsty travelers seat themselves to refresh the inner man; its bright pewter flagons of a bygone period; its great brown kettles; and its medieval waiters—for the waiters of the Cock differ from waiters anywhere else, being Elizabethan in appearance, and pronouncing that sixteenth-century word, "anon."

Having ordered my rump steak, with its attendant marrowfat peas, and my flagon of ale, I swung my thoughts back to the time when Will Shakespeare; Ben Jonson; Dick Burbage, the actor; Augustus Phillips, who sang "Jigg of the Slippers," *the* low comedy man, *par excellence*, of the Elizabethan era; Richard Robinson, of whom a personage in "The Devil is an Ass" speaks:

> "We had
> The merriest supper of it there one night.
> The gentleman's landlady invited him
> To a gossip's feast; now he, sir, brought Dick Robinson,
> Drest like a lawyer's wife";

Edmund Shakespeare, brother of Will, an actor in the Globe Theatre; Sinklo, who performed so admirably in "The Seven Deadly Sins"; Joseph Taylor, who was Will Shakespeare's original *Hamlet*, and instructed by the author; and the mad, merry wags who used to throng into the very identical apartment in which I was then sitting,



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

the oaken tables of which still bore the marks of their glasses and their flagons.

After my dinner I indulged in a bottle of the famous tawny port for which this hostelry is so renowned, and over the bee's-wing I bethought me of Shakespeare's London.

William Shakespeare was baptized at the parish Church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon, on the 25th of April, 1564, as the page in the register shows; and universal consent has been given to the assumption that his birthday, as well as the day of his death, was the 23d of that month. The fact of that day being appointed by the Church as the festival of St. George, the patron saint of England, has probably popularized the date of the poet's *début* on the world's stage.

His father was a dealer in wool, and at the time of his birth Stratford had been decimated by the plague. It is recorded that the sanitary authorities were "down" on John Shakespeare, the poet's father, for he was fined about that time for permitting a "dong hylle" to exist in front of his door, to the detriment of the public health.

The poet's mother was Mary, daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecot, Esquire of Warwickshire, and she was well dowered. John Shakespeare became chief magistrate of the town when his son William was five years old, and was the first local dignitary who extended his patronage to the "poor players" who strolled about the country, and seldom received anything but what is vulgarly known as monkeys' allowance—"more kicks than halfpence." The two companies thus honored with what Mr. Vincent Crummles so proudly termed a "bespeak," from the mayor of the little Warwickshire town, were the Queen's Players (1569), and afterward the *corps dramatique* of the Earl of Warwick.

On account of the wool-dealer having come to grief through reverses of fortune, we have the authority of Ben Jonson for saying that William Shakespeare acquired "smalle Latin and lesse Greeke," while as to the remaining portion of his education, all chroniclers are as dumb as oysters. The stories of Will's poaching exploits, and of his stealing the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, are indignantly rejected by no less an authority than Samuel Taylor Coleridge; nor will he have anything to do with another legend which reports Will as obtaining his first dramatic inspirations by taking charge of gentlemen's horses during their visits to the Globe or the Fortune theatres, or subsisting on such eleemosynary small change as that undignified occupation brought to him.

However he managed it, Will got to London; and we may accept the authority as trustworthy that he wrote his first play at about the age of twenty-six; and it is beyond the realm of doubt that he played the *Ghost* in "Hamlet." When he reached the age of nineteen, he married a buxom girl aged twenty-seven, Mistress Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Shottery, a village adjacent to Stratford; and the marriage seems to have been worthy of the Dunmore Flitch. She did not like London, wisely preferring the delicious quietude of Stratford; so Master Will junketed thither pretty often, where his success was remarkable—enjoying, as he did, the friendship of the most eminent personages in the realm. Good Queen Bess, and, later on, King James I., both frequently enjoyed his readings and recitals. The Globe Theatre subsequently passed into his proprietorship, and having realized a handsome competency, he retired to his native town, bought an estate there, and died at the age of fifty-three, on the anniversary of his birth, in 1616.

Mr. Tegg, in his admirable work, "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries," asserts that Will wrote his first play at about the age of twenty-six; and "Pericles," and three parts of "King Henry VI.," are generally assigned to that period of his life. The authorship, both of "Pericles" and "Titus Andronicus," is hotly disputed, as both are deemed utterly unworthy the pen that portrayed "Hamlet" or "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The following tabular statement of the chronological order of Shakespeare's plays is given on the authority of the best attainable commentators and editors, and may be taken as approximate.

	Date.	At the Age of
Richard II.	1593	29
Richard III.	1593	29
Midsummer Night's Dream	1594	30
Two Gentlemen of Verona	1595	31
Taming of the Shrew	1596	32
Romeo and Juliet	1596	32
Merchant of Venice	1597	33
Henry IV. (1st Part)	1597	33
" (2d Part)	1598	34
King John	1598	34
All's Well that Ends Well	1598	34
Henry V.	1599	35
As You Like It	1599	35
Much Ado About Nothing	1600	36
Hamlet	1600	36
Merry Wives of Windsor	1601	37
Twelfth Night	1601	37
Troilus and Cressida	1602	38
Henry VIII.	1603	39
Measure for Measure	1603	39
Othello	1604	40
King Lear	1605	41
Macbeth	1606	42
Julius Cæsar	1607	43
Antony and Cleopatra	1608	44
Cymbeline	1609	45
Coriolanus	1610	46
Timon of Athens	1610	46
Winter's Tale	1611	47
Tempest	1612	48

Only seventeen of Will's plays were printed during his lifetime. Each play was published in a separate quarto volume, and it was not until 1623 that the first folio appeared containing a collection of his plays. This was known as the Players' Edition, and was originally sold for a sovereign or ($5). The British Museum preserves a copy, and to-day one at $2,700 is considered dog-cheap. The first illustrated edition appeared in 1709, with a frontispiece embodying the Chandos portrait.

Of the forty-three play-writers of Shakespeare's day, scarcely half are known, even by name, to the majority of modern readers; and such is the obscurity into which many of the Elizabethan dramatists have fallen, that more modern playwrights have not scrupled to avail themselves of their plots without acknowledgment or fear of detection.

Ben Jonson, the celebrated poet and dramatist, the posthumous son of a clergyman, was born in 1574, in Westminster. His mother, having re-entered the marriage state with a bricklayer, took young Ben from Westminster school to follow his stepfather's trade. He emancipated himself by entering the army as a private soldier; and, during a campaign in Holland, was applauded by his officers for his courage. On his return he studied at St. John's College, Cambridge, but lack of means compelled him to leave the university. Removing to London, he embraced the twofold profession of author and actor. At his very outset a fatal event threatened to cut short his career. He killed a brother actor, one Gabriel Spenser, in a duel, was imprisoned, and with difficulty saved his life. A second time he was endangered, and narrowly escaped the pillory and the loss of nose and ears, in consequence of having joined in writing a comedy called "Est ad Hoc," which threw the Scots into ridicule. As an

actor, Ben Jonson acquired no fame; as an author, he was more fortunate, and his first play, "Every Man in His Humor," was enacted in 1598 by Shakespeare's company, Will performing in one of the characters. In 1617 Ben was appointed "Poet Laureate," the position held by Alfred Tennyson to-day, with a salary of £100 ($500) and a butt of Canary from the King's cellar. Ben was buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, as every traveling American knows, as well as the words on the tablet to his memory, "O rare Ben Jonson." Shakespeare was the Homer, Jonson the Virgil, of England.

I now come to the theatres of London in Shakespeare's time. Howse, the chronicler, mentions seventeen as the number of London theatres, all built between 1570 and 1630, inclusive of five inns turned into playhouses, and St. Paul's Singing School. Actually, however, there were but seven public theatres and three private when Will was writing at his best. The public were: the Globe, in Bankside; the Curtain, in Shoreditch; the Red Bull, in Red Bull Yard and the upper end of St. John Street, Clerkenwell; the Fortune, in White Cross Street, or Golden Lane; and the Rose, the Swan, and the Hope, all on the Bankside—the two latter falling into decay early in the reign of James I., and the Hope converted into a bear-garden. The private houses were: Blackfriars, Whitefriars, and the Cockpit, or Phœnix, in Drury Lane.

The Globe Theatre was not probably built until 1596, and the original theatre was a very primitive structure indeed, being open to the sky for the greater part—like that in which I beheld the Passion Play performed at Oberammergau last year—and thatched with reeds. It was destroyed by fire in 1613, by reason of the wadding of some pieces of ordnance, discharged in a play representing a masque at Cardinal Wolsey's house in the time of Henry VIII., lodging in the dry thatch of the theatre. Sir Henry Wotton concludes his description of the conflagration as follows: "This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabrick, wherein yet nothing did perish but *wood* and *straw*, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have bryled him, if he had not, by the thought of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale." We learn from Winwood's "Memorials," that there were only two narrow doors for their hurried exit. Ben Jonson was present at the fire; and John Taylor, waterman and poet, wrote the following lines:

> "As gold is better that in fire's tried,
> So is the 'Bankside Globe' that late was burn'd;
> For where before it had a thatched hide,
> Now to a stately theatre is turned;
> Which is an emblem that great things are won
> By those that dare through greatest dangers run."

The rebuilding of the Globe took place in 1641, and it would appear at one time to have shared the popularity of the Blackfriars house, although its audiences were spoken of disparagingly by writers of the day, as being better pleased with the noisiest performers, and "'lines' proportionable to their Companie, which were sesquipedales, a foot and a halfe." Shakespeare was probably thinking of such plays and players, when he makes *Hamlet* speak of "splitting the ears of the groundlings."

The Blackfriars Theatre appears to have been the oldest, and was erected in 1570 on the site of the King's Printing House, and close to the Apothecaries' Hall. Skoltowe says the edifice was exclusively devoted to the purposes of the drama, and was emphatically termed "The Theatre." Previously, halls of minsters, ruins of courts, royal palaces, residences of the nobility, and the courtyards of inns, were fitted up and used for dramatic representations, as the religious plays, mysteries and moralities began to be superseded by the growing popularity of pieces of a merely amusing order, dealing with romantic, historical or humorous subjects.

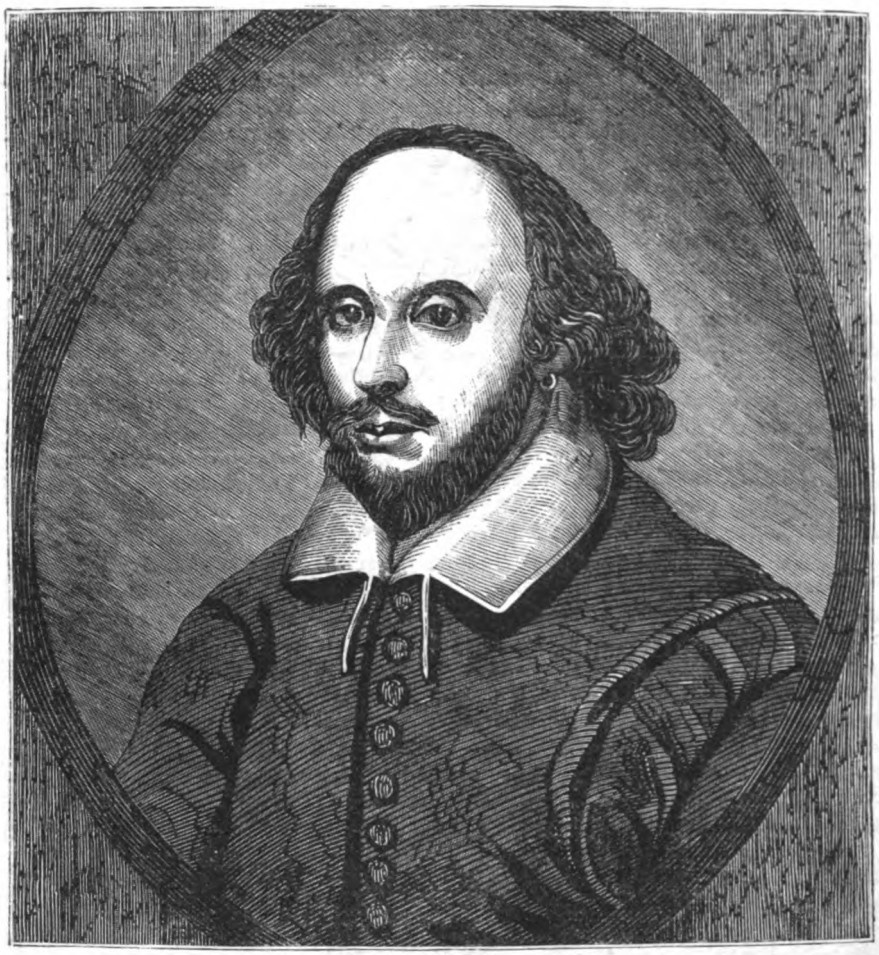
The private houses, such as Blackfriars, were smaller than the public temples of Thespis, and were only opened in Winter, when the performances took place by candle-light. The higher classes formed the audiences at these playhouses, and, on payment of an extra price, were permitted to sit on the stage—a privilege not granted to the playgoers in the public theatres. Shakespeare's plays were performed here, probably in their entirety; and a body of juvenile players, called "The Children of the Revels," appeared, and sometimes acted whole plays, unassisted by adult performers. Ben Jonson's "The Case is Altered" was thus presented. This comedy was published in 1609, "as acted by the children of Blackfriars."

The Fortune Theatre, in White Cross Street, was, according to Maitland, the oldest in London. Its real theatrical history may, however, be said to commence in 1599, when Edward Alleyne, the actor, and founder of Dulwich College, rebuilt it to a great extent, and converted what had been the old nursery for the children of Henry VIII. into a playhouse. The Fortune was a round brick building, of considerable size. It was burned down in 1621, with all the players' books and dresses—"wherebye these poore companions are quite undone" as Sir John Chamberlain says in a description of the fire written to Sir Dudley Carleton, dated December 15th, 1621.

The Red Bull Theatre, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, was originally an inn-yard, permanently adapted for theatrical purposes, and rebuilt in or about 1663. It was famous for the representation of drills during the Civil War. The Whitefriars Theatre was completed about 1580, and was originally the hall of the Monastery of Whitefriars, outside the walls of Dorset House. The Cockpit was, as its name implies, originally a cockpit. The Curtain Theatre, Holywell, is mentioned in 1576, and the Curtain Road still exists, and is the only means we have left to form an idea as to the locality of the site of the playhouse.

In this article it is almost impossible to get away from the "playhouse," associated as Will Shakespeare is with the "smell of the lamps," and I shall take a short peep into the theatres of the period ere I pass upon my way to other of the haunts of the immortal Will. In the interior of theatres for the early British dramatic performances, it was long before the parent idea of an inn-yard, fitted up temporarily for the purpose, could be got rid of; and the rude playhouses of Shakespeare's time were built so as to resemble the old makeshift arrangement. The inn-yards were fitted up for the players by erecting the stage with its back to the entrance-gate, and, of course, had no protection from the weather. The gallery, which generally runs round three sides of the quadrangle, as may still be seen in remains of such few old inns as exist in and around London and in some country towns—but they are becoming fewer every year—was devoted to the accommodation of some of the audience, and the small apartments beneath were also let out to separate parties, and called "rooms," representing, of course, the lower tier of boxes in a modern theatre; the part of the arena not occupied by the players answered to the modern pit, and there the humblest class of playgoers were content to stand. The body of the house was lighted by large blazing iron cressets, when the performance took place at night; and, of course, players and playgoers were alike at the mercy of the elements.

Such was the general aspect of the Globe and other theatres in Shakespeare's time. A curtain which ran on rings along an iron rod, only opening in the middle to be drawn



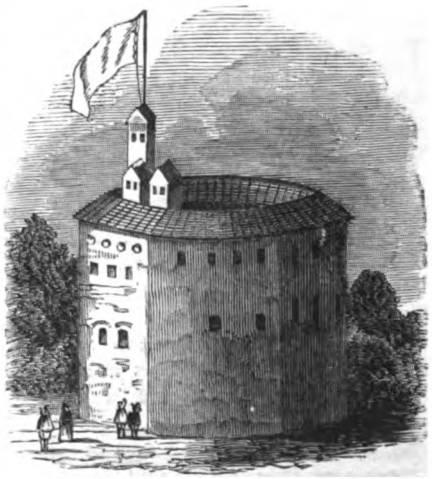
SHAKESPEARE, AFTER THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT.

aside, shrouded the rush-strewn, or sometimes matted, stage. The first innovation was a balcony, erected at the back of the stage, eight or nine feet from the ground, on each side of which was a box, sometimes called a "private box." During the performance of a tragedy the hangings of the stage were in black; trap-doors were also in use, for in Shakespeare's own "Macbeth" the cauldron *sinks*. Before 1611 wax-lights were used, and branches for candles stood on the stage; but as these were found to obstruct the view of the spectators, circular wooden frames, with sockets for candles, were suspended from above. Footlights were not introduced till Garrick's return from France. The scenery was of the rudest description, an arras or piece of tapestry doing duty for castle or ship or field. At the masques and pageants in gentlemen's houses, painted cloths were used. Pictures were occasionally hung on the arras. That important jogger of short memory, the prompter, or book-holder, as well as the property-man and trap-man, flourished in Shakespeare's time. An upper balcony contained the orchestra or band, situated above that part of the theatre we should now call the stage-box; eight or ten performers on hautboys, lutes, accordeons, cornets, viols and organs constituted the orchestral force. They announced the commencement of the play by their "soundings," or flourishes, and they also played between the acts. The announcements of the performances were pasted on the posts about London, and supplied the place of the newspaper of our day appropriately enough. There is little doubt that Will penned the long-winded announcements of the production of one of his plays with his own hand. The most genteel way of traveling to the theatre was by water; a pair of oars, too, was essential, a single sculler being considered "bad form, you know." The price of admission to the best "rooms" was usually a shilling. We hear of one shilling and sixpence being paid in the year of Shakespeare's death, and the charges gradually rose after that. At the first performance of a new play the prices were largely increased. The galleries and pit ranged from sixpence to twopence, or even a penny, in the meaner houses. Sunday performances, although prohibited by the authorities, were in full swing, and Queen Bess herself was present at a dramatic performance at Oxford on Sunday, September 24th, 1592. Only one play was acted during a day, and it usually lasted two hours, commencing at one o'clock.

The decorous behavior of modern audiences was unknown in those remote days, card-playing, the imbibition of ale and smoking of tobacco being freely indulged in; and certain tumultuous scenes occasionally arose, by reason of the proletarian element exhibiting its envy or dislike of the privileged ones who sat on the stage itself.

Nor were the players exempt from a certain amount of physical criticism from the "gods" of the period, of which Gayton gives us a graphic description in his "Notes on Don Quixote," 1654:

"Men come not to study at a playhouse, but love such expressions and passages which with ease insinuate themselves into their capacities. 'Lingua,' that learned comedy of the contention betwixt the five senses for the superiority, is not to be prostituted to the common stage, but is only proper for an academy; to them bring 'Jack Drum's Entertainment,' Greene's 'Tu Quoque,' 'The Devil of Edmonton,' and the like; or if it be on holy dayes, when saylers, watermen, shoemakers, butchers and apprentices are at leisure, then it is good policy to amaze those violent spirits with some tearing tragedy, full of fights and skirmishes — as the 'Guelphs and Guiblines,' 'Greeks and Trojans,' or the 'Three London Apprentices,' which commonly ends in three acts, the spectators frequently mounting the stage, and making a more bloody catastrophe amongst themselves than the



THE GLOBE THEATRE.

A SHAKESPEARE VASE.

players did. I have known upon one of these *festivals*, but especially at Shrovetide, where the players have been appointed, notwithstanding their bills to the contrary, to act what the major part of the company had a mind to; sometimes 'Tamerline,' sometimes 'Jugurth,' sometimes 'The Jew of Malta,' and sometimes parts of all these; and, at last, none of the three taking, they were forced to undress and put off their tragick habits, and conclude the day with the 'Merrie Milkmaides.' And, unlesse this were done, and the popular humor satisfied (as sometimes it so fortun'd that the players were refractory), the benches, the tiles, the laths, the stones, oranges, apples, nuts, flew about most liberally; and there were mechanicks of all professions, who fell every one to his own trade, and dissolved a house in an instant, and made a ruine of a stately fabrick. It was not then the most

mimical nor fighting man, Fowler nor Andrew Cane, could pacifie; prologues nor epilogues would prevail; the devil and the fool were quite out of favor. Nothing but noise and tumult fills the house, until a cogg take 'em, and then instantly to the Bank's side, where the poor bears must conclude the riot, and fight twenty dogs at a time, besides the butchers, which sometimes fell into the service; this performed, and *the horse* and *jack-an-apes* for a jigge, they had sport enough that day for nothing."

The authors' benefits, from which they derived their remuneration, took place either on the first or second day of the representation of their plays. The third day, as set apart for this purpose, is not heard of until 1612, when it was an established usage—not, however, without exceptions. It was not until after 1720 that the profit of three representations belonged to the author; and in the case of Otway, he frequently had to mortgage his one day's benefit to meet pressing necessity.

Marston, in his preface to the "Malcontent," 1604, seems to regret the arrangement between dramatic authors and publishers which then existed, whereby the right of performance was restricted to the proprietor of a theatre, albeit the printed version was, so to speak, public property:

"One thing only affects me; to think, that scenes invented merely to be spoken, should be inforcively published to be read; and that the least hurt I can receive, is to do myself the wrong. But since others otherwise would do me more, the least inconvenience is to be accepted: I have therefore myself set forth this comedie."

About twenty nobles (£6 13*s.* 4*d.*) seems to have been the usual price of the copyright of a play in Shakespeare's time. The printed play was sold for sixpence; and the usual present of a patron for a dedication was forty shillings. Dramatic poets had free admission to the theatres. Every play was licensed by the Master of the Revels before it could be performed; his fee was, in the time of Elizabeth, only a noble, but at a subsequent period it was two pounds.

It was usual to carry *table-books* to the theatre, to note down the passages which were made matter of censure or applause; this may account for some mutilated copies of Shakespeare's plays which are yet extant.

The expression "damning," as applied to the condemnation or disapproval of the first representation of a new play by its audience, is as old as Shakespeare's time, and although it has an ugly sound to modern ears, has no real savor of profanity about it.

On the south bank of the Thames, between Blackfriars Bridge and Southwark Bridge, is Bankside. Here was the Globe Theatre, immortalized as the spot where Shakespeare trod the stage; here was the celebrated "Paris Garden"; here stood the circuses for "boull-baytying" and "beare-baytying," where Queen Elizabeth entertained the French Ambassadors with the baiting of wild beasts; here stood the Falcon Tavern—the "Folken Inne," as it is styled in the ancient plans of Bankside—the daily resort of Shakespeare and his companions; here, between Southwark Bridge and London Bridge, the site still pointed out by Pike Gardens, was the fish-pond which once supplied the English monarchs with fresh-water fish; and, lastly, here were the park and the palace of the Bishop of Winchester.

It will be seen at once that the ancient topography of the southern bank of the Thames (or Bankside) between London and Blackfriars Bridges, is peculiarly interesting to the lovers of dramatic lore, as well as to the student of the sports and pastimes of our ancestors. Down to the middle of the seventeenth century, and probably much later, with the exception of a few houses extending westward along the bank of the river, and sundry places of amusement, the greater part of the land hereabout would seem to have been wasted and uninclosed. The Globe Theatre occupied part of the site now covered by the great brewery of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins.

Driven out of the city, and put to their wits' end for an honest livelihood, the poor players, who now began to style themselves "Her Majesty's servants," began to build theatres in all the suburbs; and to James Burbage is due the credit of having enabled them to do so. In fact, until he came forward to assist the poor dramatists by his skill as a carpenter, and, in some sense, manager, too, there was no combined effort at producing a genuine English drama. But from the moment that James Burbage, like a second Thespis, erected his wooden theatre in Shoreditch, the calling of the player began to assume a definite character, and acting grew into the dignity of an art and a profession.

Shakespeare found all these theatres, and others, too, in existence when he came to London from Stratford, and it is quite possible that, if it had not been for James Burbage, he would never have gone to the metropolis, or written for all time either "Hamlet" or "Macbeth." At all events, when he came to town and joined the company at Blackfriars, he became a fast friend of James Burbage, and of his son Richard, who became the Roscius of his age, and the original actor of many of Shakespeare's principal characters.

The elder Burbage did not live to see the lease of his first theatre expire, and the building demolished and carried across the river into Southwark, by his son Cuthbert; but he saw the Earl of Leicester's actors formally established as members of a recognized profession, and able to influence the age in which they lived. James Burbage died about the year 1594; his son Richard survived him for twenty years, dying two years before his friend, Will Shakespeare. It may be of interest to add that the whole Burbage family lived and died in Holywell—now High Street, Shoreditch—and were buried, along with several other "poor players," in St. Leonard's churchyard—"the little church around the corner."

In the time of Shakespeare, Southwark appears to have consisted of a line of streets extending from the bridge nearly to where now is the Borough Road, formerly called Long Southwark; Kent Street, then the high-road to Canterbury and Dover, and of which only the part near St. George's Church was lined with houses; a line of streets including Tooley, or St. Olave's Street, extending from the Bridge-foot to Rotherhite Church; another line of streets running westward to Bankside, to where is now the Blackfriars Road; and, lastly, Bermondsey Street, to Bermondsey Church. Excepting near St. Saviour's Church, there were at that time scarcely any back or cross streets. Near Bankside were the Bishop of Winchester's palace, the Globe Theatre, as already mentioned, the "stews," and two bear-gardens. The villages of Lambeth, Kensington, Newington and Walworth were then separated from Southwark, and from each other also, by open fields. Old London Bridge, so often mentioned in Shakespeare, and the street winding southward of it, were situated about a hundred feet eastward of the present bridge, and its approach from High Street. In April, 1577, the tower and the northern end having become decayed, a new one was commenced in its place, and during the interval, the heads of the traitors, which had formerly stood upon it, were set upon the tower over the gate of Bridge-foot, Southwark, which, consequently, came to be called the "Traitors' Gate." It may be remembered that Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher were among "the traitors" who were thus treated.

It is worthy of note that after the defeat of the Spanish

Armada, eleven of the captured standards were hung upon London Bridge, at the end looking toward Southwark, on the day of Southwark fair, "to the great joy of all the people who repaired thither."

In the sixteenth century the street on the bridge ranked with St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster Row and Little Britain as one of the principal literary emporiums of the city. "The Three Bibles," "The Angel" and "The Looking-glass" are some of the signs mentioned in the title-pages of books published at this date. John Bunyan used to live on London Bridge, and to preach in a chapel in Southwark.

In Shakespeare's time the Lord Mayor and sheriffs, on the occasion of opening Southwark fair, used to ride to St. Magnus's Church after dinner, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the former being vested with his collar of S. S., without his hood, and all dressed in the scarlet gowns, without their cloaks. They were attended by the sword-bearer, wearing his embroidered cap, and carrying the "pearl" sword; and at church were met by the Aldermen, all of whom, after evening prayer, rode over the bridge in procession, and passed through the fair, and continued either by St. George's Church, Newington Bridge, or the stones pointing out the city liberties at St. Thomas of Waterings. They returned over the bridge, or to the Bridge House, where a banquet was provided, and the Aldermen took leave of the Lord Mayor; all parties having returned home, the bridge-master gave a supper to the Lord Mayor's officers. The remains of Old London Bridge were not completely effaced till 1861.

The banking-house of Messrs. Hoare, in Fleet Street, stands on the site of the original Mitre Tavern, which was of Shakespeare's time. In some MS. poems by Richard Jackson, a contemporary of the great poet, are verses, beginning, "From the rich Lavinian shore," inscribed as "Shakespeare's rime which he made at ye Mitre." The lines run:

> "Give me a cup of rich Canary wine,
> Which was the Mitre's [drink] and now is mine;
> Of which had Horace and Anacreon tasted,
> Their lives as well as lines till now had lasted."

The Mermaid was situated in Broad Street, Cheapside, with another entrance in Friday Street. Here Raleigh instituted a club, of which Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher, Selden, Cotton, Carew, Marten, Donne, and many others were members; here it was that some of the famous wit-combats took place between Jonson and Shakespeare, which Fuller compares to a fight between a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. "Master Jonson (like the former) was built for higher learning, solid, but slow in performance; Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and his invention."

The noisy Devil Tavern, now Childs Place, had stood next the quiet goldsmith's shop, ever since the time of James I. Shakespeare must, day after day, have looked up at the old sign of St. Dunstan tweaking the Devil by the nose, that flaunted in the wind near Temple Bar. At the Devil the Apollo Club (almost the first institution of the kind in London) held its merry meetings, presided over by that grim yet jovial despot, Ben Jonson. The bust of Apollo, skillfully modeled from the head of the Apollo Belvidere, that once kept watch over the door, and heard in its time millions of witty things, and scores of fond recollections of Shakespeare by those who personally knew and loved him, is still preserved at Childs's Bank. They also show there, among their heirlooms, the "Welcome," probably written by immortal Ben himself, which is full of a jovial inspiration that speaks well for the Canary and the Devil. It used to stand over the chimney-piece, written in gilt letters on a blackboard, and some of the wittiest and wisest men of the reigns of James and Charles must have read it over their cups.

How often has Will Shakespeare passed Temple Bar, that wondrous old landmark, now, alas! removed to another site, and a "modern horror" erected in its stead! The Bar was of Portland stone, which London smoke alternately blackens and calcines, and each façade had four Corinthian pilasters, an entablature and an arched pediment. On the west (Strand) side, in two niches, stood as sentries Charles I. and Charles II., in Roman costume. Charles I, at some remote date, lost his baton. Over the keystone of the central arch there used to be royal arms. On the east side were James I. and Elizabeth. The good Queen Bess was pointing her bleached forefinger at Childs's Bank. The slab on the eastern side of the arch bore the inscription, almost effaced A.D. 1879, "Erected in the year 1670, Sir Samuel Starling, Lord Mayor; continued in the year 1671, Sir Richard Ford, Lord Mayor; and finished in the year 1672, Sir George Wateman, Lord Mayor."

The earliest known documentary and historical notice of Temple Bar occurs in 1327, the first year of Edward III.

Shakespeare makes mention of the Temple Garden and Hall in both "Henry IV." and "Henry VI." It is in the Temple Gardens that Shakespeare, relying, probably, on some old tradition which does not exist in print, has laid one of the scenes of his "King Henry VI."—that, namely, in which the partisans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster first assume their distinctive badges of the white and red roses.

> *Suffolk.*—Within the Temple Hall we were too loud.
> The garden here is more convenient.

Could Will revisit the glimpses of the moon, he would be astonished and delighted at the Temple Garden of today, laid out as it is with all the cultured taste of nineteenth century ribbon-border gardening, and abutting upon the Thames Embankment, one of the most magnificent causeways in the world. In the reign of Elizabeth the old Middle Temple Hall was converted into chambers, and a new hall built. The present roof is the best piece of Elizabethan architecture in London. The diary of an Elizabethan barrister named Manningham, preserved in the Harleian Miscellanies, has recorded the interesting fact that in this hall, in February, 1602—probably six months after its first appearance at the Globe—Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was acted:

"*February* 2, 1601(2).—"At our feast," says Manningham, "we had a play called 'Twelve Night, or What You Will,' much like the 'Comedy of Errors,' or 'Menechmi' in 'Plautus,' but most like and neere to that in Italian called 'Inganni.' A good practice in it is to make the steward believe his lady widdowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter, as from his lady, in generall terms telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gestures, inscribing his apparaile, etc., and then, when he came to practice, making believe they tooke him to be mad."

The wild, mad revelry of the Temple feasts has been chronicled by some of the most vivid pens of merrie England.

Shakespeare, in his dramatic works, makes frequent mention of Westminster, notably in "Richard II.," "Henry VI." and "Henry VIII."

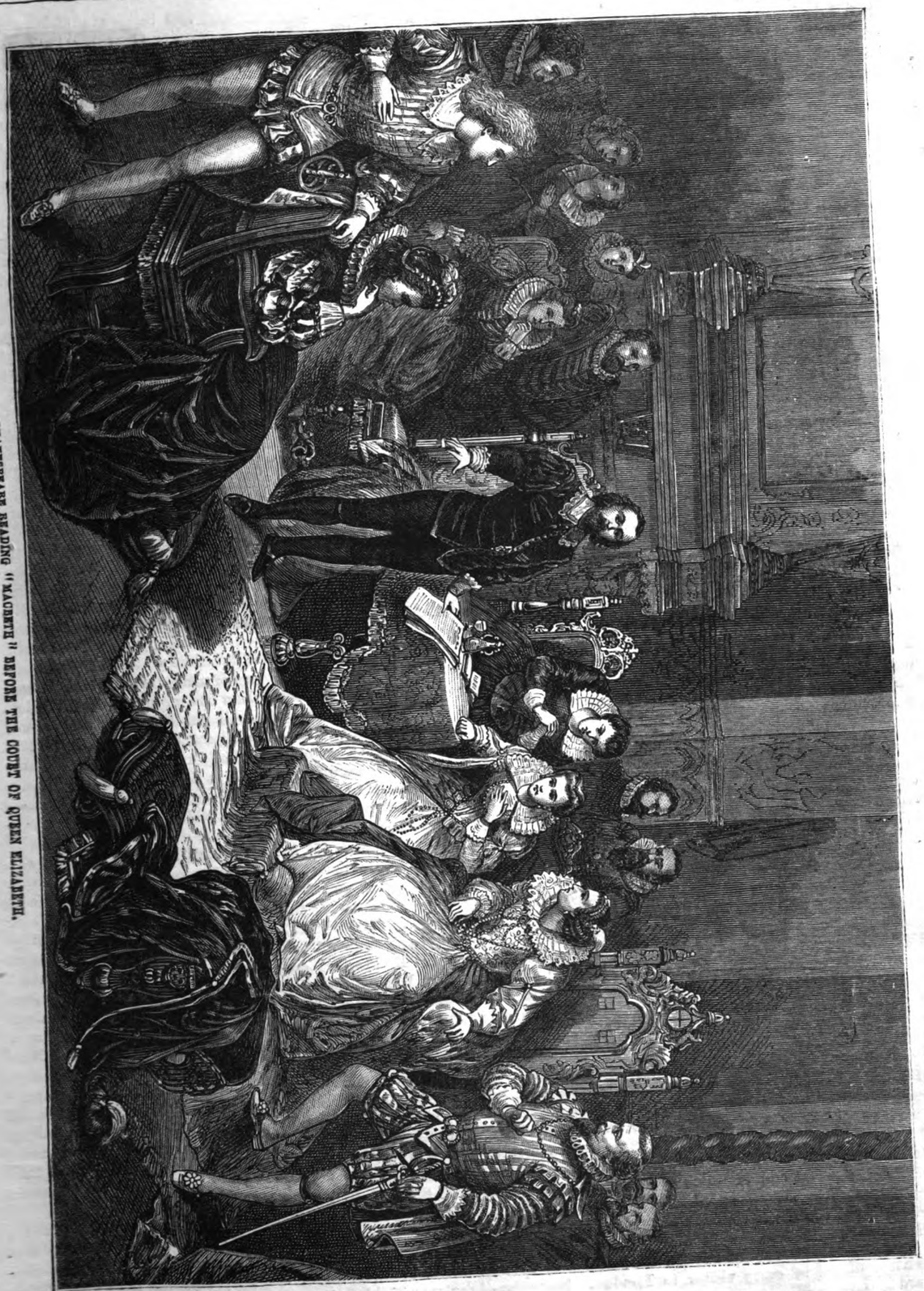
The old City of Westminster proper, with its venerable Abbey and its gloomy and narrow streets, once the residence of peers, courtiers and poets, constitutes, perhaps,

SHAKESPEARE'S LONDON DISAPPEARING IN THE GREAT FIRE.

the most interesting district of the great metropolis. Vine Street recalls the time when—as was the case also at Smithfield, in Hatton Garden and in St. Giles—there was here a flourishing vineyard. We find Ben Jonson living almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, and suffering from the double misfortune of palsy and poverty. From the night on which, according to the ancient legend, St. Peter came over the Thames from Lambeth in the fisherman's boat, and chose a site for the Abbey or "Minster" of the West in the midst of Thorny Island, down to the present day, Westminster has ever been a spot where the pilgrim to historic shrines loves to linger. Need we remind our readers that Edward the Confessor built the Abbey, or that William the Conqueror was crowned within its walls? We see the Jews beaten nearly to death for daring to attend the coronation of Richard I.; we observe Edward I. watching the sacred stone of Scotland being placed beneath the Coronation Chair of his forefathers; we hear the *Te Deum* sung for the victory at Agincourt, and watch Henry VII. selecting a site for his last resting-place; we hear, at the coronation of Henry VIII., for the last time, the sanction of the Pope bestowed formally upon the accession of an English monarch; we note Charles Edward, "Bonnie Prince Charlie," sitting disguised in the gallery, while he looks on and sees the crown which might, under other auspices, have been his own, placed upon the head of George III.; we pity poor Queen Caroline, attempting to enter the Abbey, in order to see the ceremony performed on her worthless husband, "the first gentleman in Europe"; and we view once more, in memory, the last coronation, and draw from it auguries of a purer and happier age.

THE LAST OF TEMPLE BAR.

Westminster Abbey contains a monument to our poet,



SHAKESPEARE READING "MACBETH" BEFORE THE COURT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

erected in 1740, at the public cost, ample funds having been raised by a special performance of "Julius Cæsar," April 28th, 1838. On this monument there is a full-length figure of the poet by Scheemakers, in the costume of his day, pointing to a scroll inscribed with the following lines, altered from the "Tempest":

> "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> *And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,*
> *Leave not a wreck behind.*"

The altered lines I have distinguished by italics. The text of Shakespeare runs thus:

> "And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind."

Above the head of the figure is a plate of polished granitic marble, with raised letters of brass:

> "*Gulielmo Shakspeare,*
> *Anno post mortem CXXIV.*
> *Amor publicus posuit.*"

Shakespeare, when living near the Bear Garden, Southwark, was evidently a thriving "warm" man, for in 1597 he purchased, for £60, New Place, one of the best houses in Stratford-on-Avon. In 1613 we find Will purchasing a plot of ground not far from Blackfriars Theatre, and abutting on a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, "right against the King's Majesty's wardrobe." Shakespeare's four shares in the theatre were valued at £1,433 6s. 8d., the poet's income at this time being estimated at £400 ($2,000) a year. The Blackfriars Theatre was pulled down in Cromwell's time—1655—and houses built in its room.

In "Henry VIII." Shakespeare refers to the Strand, that well-known artery connecting the City of Westminster with the City of London. The name is of Saxon origin, and it is recorded that in the Strand the Earl of Godwin and his son Harold drew up their land forces in the insurrection which they headed against Edward the Confessor, in A. D. 1052. Between the Strand and the riverside there are four or five great and noble families whose names and histories are interwoven with the vicinity — Essex, Howard, Norfolk, Sommerset, Cecil, Percy. We read that Queen Elizabeth, in Shakespeare's time, when she rode into the city, sat on a pillion behind her Lord Chancellor, wagons and newly-invented carriages being in disfavor with her Majesty. Adjoining the Strand, and close to the Church of St. Clement's Danes, is Clement's Inn, referred to in the second part of "Henry IV." Clement's Inn, the westean boundary of the new and magnificent Law Courts—not yet completed—was so named, as we are told, by Stow, "because it standeth near to Clement's Church, but nearer to the fair fountain called Clement's Well." It is stated by Dugdale to have been an Inn of Chancery in the reign of Edward II., but Percival speaks of it as dating back only as far as the reign of Edward IV. It is Clement's Inn that Shakespeare has made immortal as the home of "Master Shallow" in his Temple days. In the garden is a celebrated bronze figure of a negro supporting a sun-dial, which was brought from Italy early in the eighteenth century. The hall of Clement's Inn, the east end of which overlooks the site of the new Law Courts, is built of brick, and is an elegant, well-proportioned room. It contains very many excellent portraits.

At the northern end of the Strand is Charing Cross, so well known to every visitor to London. Some fanciful writers ascribe the name to *chère Reine*, alluding to the cross which was set up here by Edward I., in memory of his "dear Queen," this being the Eleanor who sucked the poison from the wound of her husband—a wound received from the poisoned dagger of a Moor while in the Holy Land. Shakespeare alludes to Charing Cross in "Henry IV." (Part II.). The new cross, which stands in the inclosure opposite the magnificent Charing Cross Hotel and railway depot, is 70 feet high, and cost £1,800. It is a reproduction, as nearly as possible, of the original, and the carvings generally, of the crochets, capitals, canopies, draperies, gargoyles, etc., agrees with the best remains of the English art of the thirteenth century.

An audacious board over two small shops in Aldersgate Street, in the heart of the city, No. 134, half-way down on the west side, boldly asserts that "This was Shakespeare's House." There is no documentary evidence, and not even a tradition, to connect the great poet's name with the house, or even with the street, often as he may have visited good Master Allyen's Fortune Theatre, in Golden Lane. The assertion is as impudent as that which claims a small house opposite Chancery Lane as the palace of Wolsey and Henry VIII. An antiquary of authority has clearly shown that no residence of Shakespeare in London is actually known. There was a house in Blackfriars which he purchased in March, 1612-13, from Henry Walker, abutting from a street leading down to Puddle Wharf, in the east part, right against the King's Majesty's Wardrobe, and the counterpart of the original conveyance of which—bearing the signature of Shakespeare—is in the library at Guildhall. That house is undoubtedly connected with Shakespeare; but, although he was the owner of it, none of his editors believe he ever lived in it. Mr. Knight, and other commentators, conjecture that this was purchased in reference to some object connected with Blackfriars Theatre; but in addition to that—although we do not positively know when Shakespeare retired from London—all his biographers are of opinion that he left London, and went back to his native Stratford to spend the remainder of his days, about the year 1610 or 1611. The only other place *probably* connected with Shakespeare's name was a property in St. Helen's Parish, in the ward of Bishopsgate. This is a subsidy roll of 1598, preserved at the Carlton Ride, in which the name of "William Shakespeare" occurs as the owner of property there to the value of £5, and on which a tax of 13s. 4*d.* was assessed. But that roll has the memorandum "affid." affixed to his name, and that means that an affidavit had been produced, showing that he did not reside in the parish or district. Shakespeare's name in respect to that property does not occur before 1598, nor is it heard of after that date. Besides, we are not to jump to the conclusion that every William Shakespeare then living in London was the immortal Will. These are the only two houses in London that can be associated with Shakespeare, and they have long since been removed off the face of the earth. The concocter of the board in Aldersgate Street, finding out that a public-house in that neighborhood had been mentioned as a place of resort of the most celebrated wits of the sixteenth century, at once jumped to the conclusion that this was "the house"; and further, that Shakespeare, being a wit of that period, took it for granted that the poet came there to slake his thirst, and so built this house with Shakespeare's name.

Perhaps one of the most interesting old city mansions in London is Crosby Hall, in Bishopsgate, now turned into a restaurant. It is one of the finest examples of Gothic domestic architecture of the Perpendicular period, and is replete with historic associations. It was built about 1470 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolstapler, on ground leased from Dame Alice Armfield, Prioress of the Convent

of St. Helen's. For the ground, which had a frontage of 110 feet in the "Kinge's Strete," or "Bisshoppesgate Strete," he paid £11 6*s.* 8*d.* a year. Stow says Sir John built the house of stone and timber, "very large and beautiful," and the highest at that time in London. Sir John, member of Parliament for London, Alderman, Warden of the Grocers' Company, and Mayor of the Staple of Elans, was one of the several brave citizens knighted by Edward IV. for his brave resistance to the attack on the city made by that Lancastrian filibuster, the Bastard of Falconbridge. Sir John died in 1475, four or so years only after the completion of the building. He was buried in the Church of St. Helen's. His effigy is fully armored, and the armor is worn over the alderman's mantle, while round the neck there is a collar of suns and roses, the badge of the House of York, to which the knight had adhered so faithfully.

In 1470, Crosby Hall became a palace; for the widow of Sir John parted with the new city mansion to that dark and wily intriguer, Richard, Duke of Gloucester. "There," says Sir Thomas More, "he lodged himself, and little by little all folks drew unto him, so that the Protector's Court was crowded and King Henry's left desolate."

Shakespeare, who was a resident in St. Helen's in 1598—a fact proved by the parish assessments—has thrice by name referred, in his "Richard III.," to this old city mansion, as if he found pleasure in immortalizing a place familiar to himself. It was in the Council Chamber in Crosby Hall that the Mayor, Sir Thomas Billesden, and a deputation of citizens, offered Richard the crown. It was at the same place that Richard persuaded Anne to await his return from the funeral of the murdered King Henry:

> *Gloucester.*—And if thy poor devoted servant may
> But beg one favor at thy gracious hand,
> Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
> *Anne.*- What is it?
> *Gloucester.*—That it would please thee leave these sad designs
> To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
> And presently repair to Crosby House.
> —*Richard III., Act* 1, *Scene* 2.

No original entrance to Crosby Hall now remains, except a flat-arched doorway communicating with the Council Chamber. In the centre of the oriel ceiling is still to be seen, in high relief, the crest of Sir John Crosby.

In "Henry V." mention is made of St. Katherine's Churchyard. St. Katherine Cree (or Christ Church) is the memorable building where Archbishop Laud performed some of those dangerous ceremonials that ultimately contributed to bring him to the scaffold. Between the years 1280 and 1303, this church was built, as a chapel for the Parish of St. Katherine's, in the churchyard of the Priory of the Holy Trinity, Christ Church, founded by Matilda, wife of Henry I., who created the parishes of St. Mary Magdalen, St. Michael, St. Katherine and the Trinity. Of the Church of St. Michael (at the angle formed by the junction of Leadenhall and Fenchurch Streets), the crypt existed in 1839, with pointed arch groining and clustered columns, the shafts of which were said to be sunk fourteen feet deep in the earth. Henry VIII., at the dissolution, gave the priory and the church to Lord Audley, who bequeathed it to Magdalen College, Cambridge. In Stow's time, the high street had been so often raised by pavements round St. Katherine's, that those who entered had to descend several steps. In the year 1628 the church, all but the tower, was pulled down, and the present building commenced, which was consecrated by Archbishop Laud, January 16th, 1630-3.

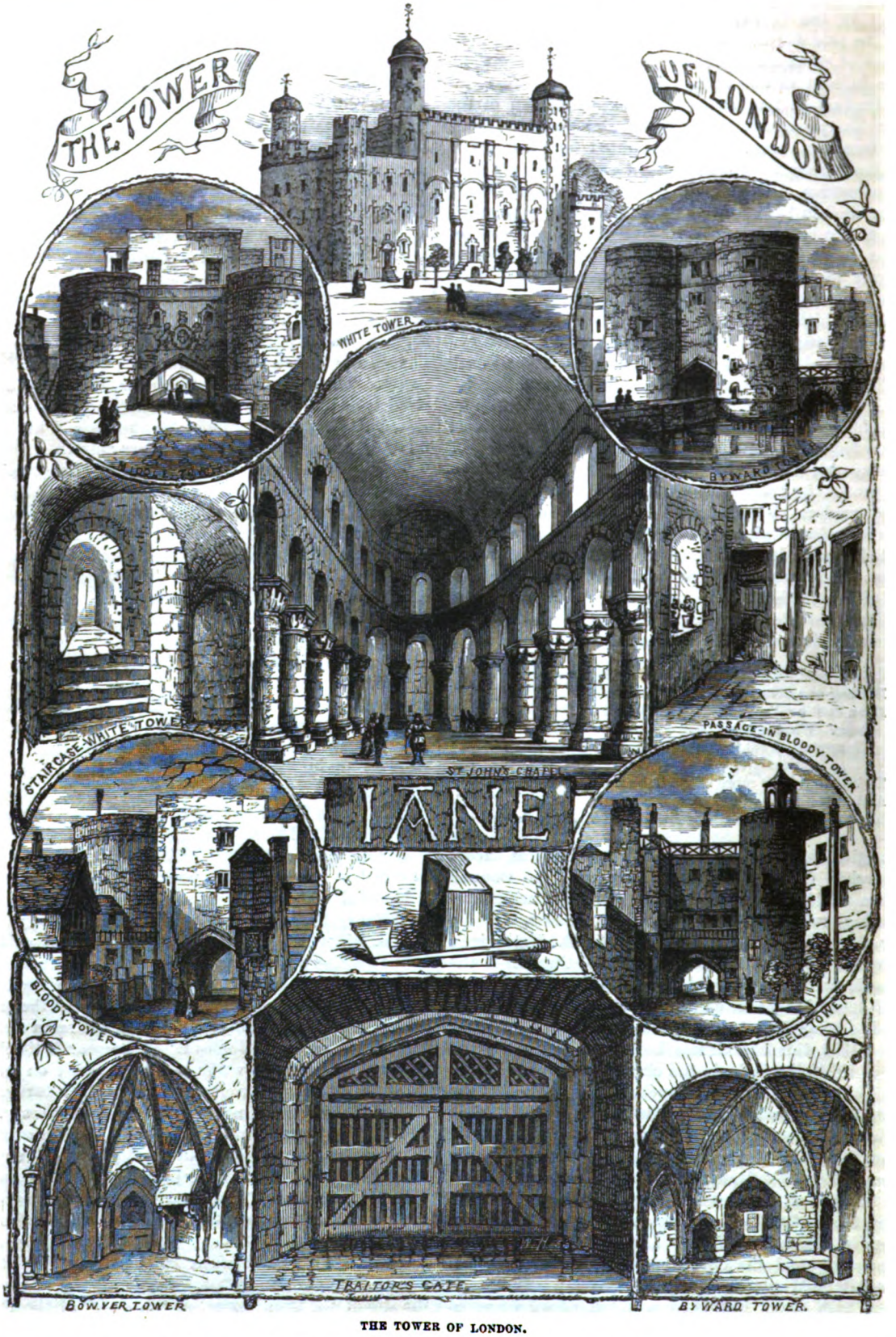
Many eminent citizens were buried in the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft, in Finsbury. Among them we may name John Kirby, the great Elizabethan merchant tailor; Stow, and Stephen Jennings, Mayor of London, another worthy merchant tailor, who, in 1520, rebuilt half the church. The present church, rebuilt 1520-32, consists of a nave and two aisles, with a ribbed and flattened perpendicular roof, painted and gilt, with flowers and emblazoned shields. The chancel has also paintings of the heavenly choir, landscapes and buildings. St. Andrew's boasts much stained glass, particularly a large painted window at the east end, containing whole-length portraits of Edward VI., Elizabeth, James, Charles I. and Charles II. It contains many valuable treasures, tablets and monuments, as might be expected in a celebrated city church lucky enough to escape the Great Fire.

In "Henry IV.," first and second parts, we find Shoreditch written by the hand of Will Shakespeare. Originally a village on the old Roman Northern Road, called by the Saxons Old Street, it is now a continuation of Bishopsgate Street. The old London tradition is, that Shoreditch derived its name from Jane Shore, the beautiful mistress of Edward IV., who, worn out with poverty and hunger, died miserably in a ditch in this unsavory suburb.

The Parish Church of St. Leonard is the actors' church of London; for, in the days of Elizabeth and James, the players of distinction from the Curtain, in Holywell Lane, and from "The Theatre," as well as those from Blackfriars Theatre and Shakespeare's Globe, were fond of residing in the parish. Perhaps nowhere in all London have rooms echoed oftener with Shakespeare's name than those of Shoreditch. The parish register records the interment of Will Somers, Henry VIII.'s favorite jester, d. 1560; Richard Tarleton, the famous clown of Queen Charlotte's time, d. 1588; James Burbage, d. 1596; and his more celebrated son, Richard Burbage, d. 1618; Gabriel Spenser, the player, who fell in 1598 in a duel with Ben Jonson; and Will Sly and Richard Cowly, two original performers in Shakespeare's plays. Another original performer in Shakespeare's plays, who lived in Holywell Street, in this parish, was Nicholas Wilkinson, *alias* Tooley, whose name is recorded in gilt letters on the north side of the altar, as a yearly benefactor of £6 10s., which sum is still distributed in bread every year to the poor inhabitants of the parish.

Moorfields and Finsbury are alluded to by Shakespeare in "Henry IV." and "Henry VIII." respectively. "This Fen, or Moor field," says Stow, "stretching from the wall of the city betwixt Bishopsgate and the postern called Cripplegate, to Finsbury, and to Holywell, continued a waste and unprofitable ground a long time, so that the same was all letten for four marks the year in the reign of Edward II." In the reign of James I. (Shakespeare's time), it was laid out in pleasant walks, and first built on after the great fire, when all the city was turned topsy-turvy. From Moorfields we have not far to go to Finsbury. It is generally supposed that the Bunhill Fields Cemetery, in Finsbury, was the site of the great plague pit, so graphically described (from hearsay) by Daniel Defoe.

In "Richard II.," Ely House acts as a landmark in the play. A little north of St. Andrews, Holborn, and running parallel to Hatton Garden, stood two rows of houses known as Ely Place. The present Ely Place and a knot of neighboring tenements, streets and alleys occupy the site of the town house, or "hostell," of the Bishop of Ely. In the reign of Elizabeth, Sir Christopher Hatton was the occupant of Ely Place. In Ralph Agas's map of London, in the time of Good Queen Bess, we see the vineyard, meadow, kitchen-garden and orchard of Ely Place just as Shakespeare saw them, extending northward from Holborn to the present Hatton Wall and Vine Street, and east and west from Saffron Hill to nearly the present

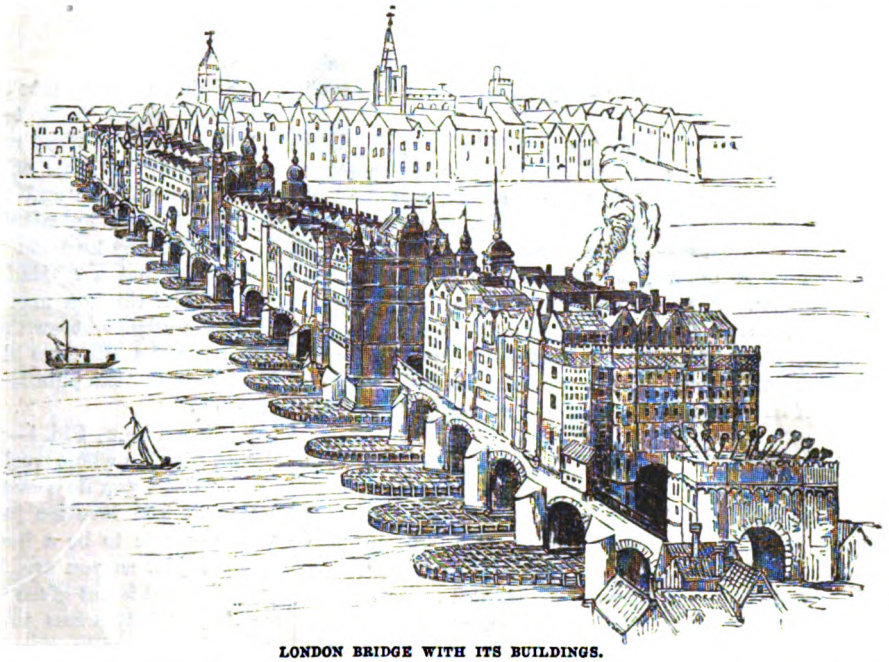


THE TOWER OF LONDON.

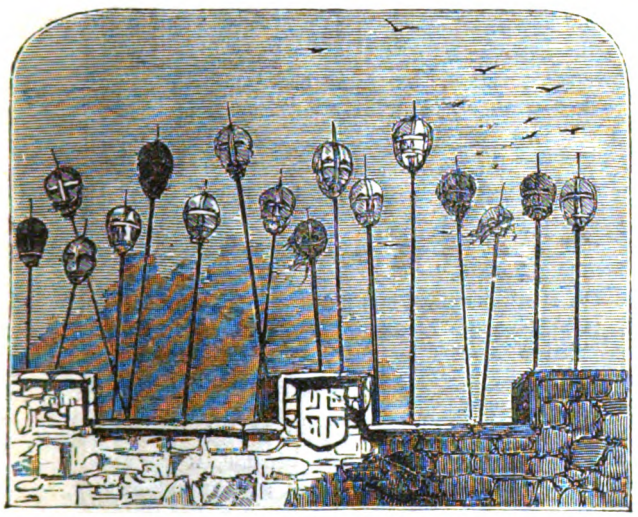
Leather Lane. A famous character in English history, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster," resided here at the close of his eventful life. Shakespeare, in his play of "Richard II.," Act 2, Scene 1, represents the dying nobleman, in Ely House, admonishing with his last breath his discomfited Templars. The pleasant gardens which surrounded Ely House rejoiced in the growth of fine strawberries, to wit:

> *Duke of Gloucester.*— My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holburn
> I saw great strawberries in your garden there.
> I do beseech you send for some of them.

We also find mention in Shakespeare of Datchet Meade, Windsor, Gadshill, Greenwich, Brentford, and other places, all more or less within reach of London, but which lie too remote for the *métier* of this article. Brentford alone would furnish material for a volume, as at this hour of writing it is almost as Elizabethan in aspect as when the "Immortal Will" spoke of his fat man—Sir John Falstaff. Datchet Meade, too, preserves much of that form when the "Merry Wives of Windsor" disported themselves at the poet's fancy. With Shakespeare's London we have had to do, and I trust that the odd peeps which we have taken will but serve to render the student of Shakespeare desirous of seeing for himself.



LONDON BRIDGE WITH ITS BUILDINGS.



DECORATIONS OF LONDON BRIDGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME—HEADS OF PERSONS EXECUTED FOR TREASON.

MADGIE'S HERO.

By the Author of "Gourlay Brothers," etc.

"So this is the end of all your romance, Madgie! this is the 'hero' you so often vowed you would marry! Well, I confess I am surprised."

"And disappointed, too—why don't you add that, Nellie?" Mrs. Bentick said, as she led the way to a cozy little sitting-room, where a cheery fire was burning. "Sit down, dear, and drink your tea, and have a little rest before dinner. Some day, perhaps, you'll have a better opinion of Phil, and even learn to admire him—who knows?"

"But, Madgie, he really isn't a bit handsome, nor romantic-looking, nor poetic, nor *anything;* and I did so hope and expect he would be—different." And Nellie Grahame paused for want of a word to express fully all she had expected Madgie Mason's husband to be.

Nellie and Madgie had been friends at school, and when they parted—the former to join her father in India, Madgie to take up her abode with her uncle, Captain Mason, at the Woodlands—they had vowed eternal constancy, and exchanged schoolgirl pledges of affection and remembrance.

Scarcely six months after leaving school Madgie was alone in the world, heiress of Woodlands and all her uncle's wealth, and with Doctor Philip Bentick for her sole guardian. Nellie was in India, and there seemed no immediate prospect of Major Grahame returning, and as Madgie had no other "dear friend," to Nellie she poured out all her heart on paper, dwelling at great length on her delightful, solitary, romantic life at Woodlands, and her unalterable resolution to marry a real *bona fide* hero, or remain for ever Madgie Mason.

And Phil Bentick was the end of all her dreams!

"He's decidedly ugly," Nellie said, glancing at a photograph which stood on the chimney-piece. "I'm sure, if I had the misfortune to marry such a man, I wouldn't have his likeness in every conspicuous

THE PILLORY ON LONDON BRIDGE.

place in the house. I'm surprised at Madgie, with her love of everything beautiful, and her own pretty face and fortune. She surely might have done better; and yet she seems happy and contented enough, though she was such a hero-worshiper."

Nellie had come, in accordance with a long-standing promise, to pay Madgie a visit. It was their first meeting since they had left school, five years before, and she had expected to find her friend just the same as ever—gushing, sentimental, impulsive—with a dreamy, dark-eyed lover-husband, fond of poetry, and with a decided air of mystery about him. Nothing could be more unlike her preconceived idea than Phil Bentick, with his rough, seamed face, cheery voice, hearty laugh, and burly frame—a busy, active, energetic, hard-working, practical country doctor, ten years older than Madgie if he was a moment, and, oh! so ugly.

And yet Philip Bentick had had his romance, too. He had been old Captain Mason's medical attendant, and after his death Madgie's sole counselor, "guide, philosopher and friend." Woodlands was a roomy, old-fashioned country house, buried in pleasant woods, five miles from a village, thirteen from a town. The nearest neighbors on one side were only rough-and-ready farmers, on the other poor fisher-folk, who tried to wring a wretched subsistence from the sea and barren westerly shore.

But Madgie was not lonely. She loved Woodlands, loved to wander all day through the gardens with a volume of poetry or an old romance in her hand, loved the distant glimpses of the sea, loved the dreamy solitude, which she peopled with heroes and heroines of her own creating—very delightful, but wholly impracticable individuals.

But with all her sentiment, Madgie was very charming, and it was not surprising that Dr. Bentick—despite his being her guardian, and a poor struggling country doctor into the bargain—should fall in love with her. It was what every one expected, and Madgie herself was the only person astonished or unprepared when one day, in plain, honest fashion, he told her of his love, and asked her to be his wife. It was as if Madgie had been awakened from a very pleasant dream by a rough shake. During the two years she had been at Woodlands she had become accustomed to the doctor. He had always been at hand to consult, to confide in, and take all responsibility off her shoulders. She was used to his honest face and kindly voice, to his constant attentions and occasional lectures, and in a way she liked them; but the first idea of loving or marrying him never entered her head, for the doctor was commonplace to the last degree, and entirely devoid of all sentiment and romance, and Madgie had set her whole heart on "a hero." But Phil Bentick was not destitute of feeling; and when Madgie, more plainly than politely, declined his proposal, the look of pain and sorrow in his clear, honest gray eyes would have accorded with the most extravagant protestations of despair and misery. But he did not give way to them—only apologized gravely for having troubled Miss Mason, and was taking his departure in the most matter-of-fact way, when Madgie burst into impetuous explanation.

"It's not that I dislike you, Phil, or like any one else better, and I know you're twice too good for me; only——"

"Only what, Madgie?"

Down went her brown head in confusion. It was not easy to tell a man to his face that he was not a hero, and that was the sole objection she had to Philip Bentick.

"Only what, Madgie?" he repeated, sternly. "Is it wealth I lack? or am I too old—too ugly, or have I simply the misfortune to meet with your general disapproval? Tell me what my failings are, that I may try and mend them."

Madgie looked up into the grave, earnest face that bent over her, and burst into tears.

"It isn't *any* of those things, Phil," she sobbed. "I'm sure you're handsome enough" ("just like 'Lara,'" she added, mentally), "and rich enough; and—oh, Phil, if you could only do something!—something great, I mean. I do so want my husband to be a hero!"

"Ah, is that it? Madgie, dear," after a long silence, "don't you think a man may be a hero without doing anything *very* great—without his name being familiar in men's mouths, his fame blazoned abroad by newspapers? Must he seek 'the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth'?"

"I love a hero, Phil!—a great, brave, famous man! I should like the whole world to know and respect my husband. Can't you do something—anything, Phil?"

"Can't you love me just as I am, Madgie? I don't want my wife to be a heroine, only sweet and true and lovable, just as you are, Madgie dear. I was not 'born great,' and it is not given to every man to 'achieve greatness.' My duty seems to lie straight before me here in this quiet little village, and I try to do it. Does that count for nothing, Madgie?"

"Yes, yes, I know. But, Phil, I cannot marry a mere country doctor whom no one ever heard of. If you really love me, prove it. Do some brave, noble deed—even try to do something. You know how immeasurably—

"'——high failure oversteps the bounds
Of low success.'"

"You do not love me, Madgie. Forgive me for having troubled you. Good-by."

"Phil, you know I do care about you—a little; but I love honor more."

Dr. Bentick smiled sadly at the girl's silly fancies.

"It all comes of living so much alone, and reading nonsensical romances," he mused. "Madgie's heart is all right, but her head is sadly wrong, poor child. She'll be wiser one day, perhaps."

But as the months passed by, Madgie showed no signs of improvement; indeed, she became, if possible, more confirmed in her "heroic" ideas, avoiding all society, and feeding her fancies with all sorts of poetic visions. The doctor no longer visited Woodlands in the old familiar, friendly way, for he felt that Madgie avoided him, and, when that was impossible, treated him with constrained civility.

"I'll go away for a time," he said, one evening, the last of his guardianship, for Madgie would be of age on the morrow. "I'll volunteer for a few months' active service on the Gold Coast. During my absence she may meet with her ideal 'hero,' or forget me—poor Madgie!"

The next day he went up to Woodlands to congratulate his ward on reaching her majority, and have a final interview with her lawyer, and mentioned incidentally his intention of going abroad for a few months.

"Going abroad, Phil?" Madgie cried, the color rushing to her pale cheeks. "When? where? why?"

"I have not been feeling very bright lately, and I fancy a change may do me good. An old college chum of mine, surgeon on the *Aphrodite*, has just married, and we're trying, if it can be managed, for us to exchange for a few months. His ship is ordered to the Gold Coast, and he can't possibly have his wife either precede, follow, or accompany him there. He'd enjoy a few quiet months here in Broadbay, and I shouldn't mind having a peep at King Koffee."

"And when are you going, Phil?"

"If it can be arranged, in about a fortnight. Clemens thinks there will be no difficulty, as he has some friends high up in the Admiralty, and he has married the daughter of the captain of the *Aphrodite*. I have no doubt it can be arranged; and, if not, I'll take a cruise to Ashantee on my own hook. I fancy I want a holiday."

"I hope you will enjoy it very much, doctor," Madgie said, her ardor considerably damped by his cool, careless way of speaking. Evidently he was not going to make a hero or a martyr of himself on her account; and yet, in her secret heart, she was delighted. An adventure was the only thing Phil required to make him perfect in her eyes; and an adventure, even if it were only a touch of yellow fever, could scarcely fail to befall him on the Gold Coast.

* * * * * * *

"Good-by, Madgie. I thought, a few weeks ago, I should be taking a longer journey; but our separation will be no less effectual, though only a few miles instead of a few thousand separate us."

"What do you mean, Phil? Aren't you going on the *Aphrodite*, after all?" and Madgie glanced despairingly at the huge chest and the numerous small parcels she had packed with such care for Phil's comfort and consolation on the voyage. "You have not changed your mind at the last moment, have you?"

"Yes, I have, but not altogether without a reason. You know poor Daventry?"

"Yes; what has he to do with it?"

"He's ill—down with smallpox, poor fellow! He has worked like a giant night and day this last fortnight at Millbay, where smallpox is raging. Daventry's wife is down, too, and their only child was buried yesterday I must go over at once."

"Into the very middle of infection! You shan't—you mustn't, Phil! Why, it's frightful in Millbay—every house infected!"

"And no doctor to look after the poor creatures; think of that, Madgie. Daventry, poor fellow, faced it all by himself—never so much as let me know the outbreak was serious; and it was only by the merest accident I heard of his illness. Now I must go, dear; every moment is precious. It may be long before we meet again, Madgie; we may never meet in this world. Heaven bless you always, darling—may you be as happy as I wish you."

"Phil, you mustn't go! What have you to do with Millbay? Phil, Phil! come back!"

But he was already far down the avenue, obeying a far more powerful voice than Madgie Mason's—the voice of duty.

Millbay was a remote fishing village about eleven miles from Broadbay, situated in a low, marshy inlet of the sea, and surrounded by stagnant swamps. The people were poor, ignorant, ill-fed, worse clad, and the low, unhealthy situation of the village, and undrained, unventilated houses, made them peculiarly liable to disease of all sorts. It was there Phil Bentick turned his steps unhesitatingly. With a brave heart he entered Dr. Daventry's residence and took his duties on himself. For weeks the disease raged with unusual violence—whole families were carried off, young and old alike; and with want, approaching famine, and virulent disease, Dr. Bentick struggled alone. No help came from any quarter. The inhabitants of Millbay were always secluded, and the place was shunned as if plague-stricken. Even the postman who toiled through the marshes twice a week forsook the place. Rank grass grew thickly in the middle of the long, straggling High Street; the boats drifted out with the tide unheeded; and the stealthy tread of some stricken parent or child, seeking assistance to bury their dead, was the only sound that broke the awful sultry stillness of the long, scorching August days.

"This is terrible!" Phil said to himself one evening, as he walked wearily along the seacoast, gasping for a breath of fresh air. "Thank heaven, Daventry is nearly well, for I feel I cannot stand it much longer. Mentally and physically I am worn out, and more likely to do harm than good. If I could only shut out this frightful picture for an hour, and get one breath of untainted air, I should feel better."

At that moment a low moan sounded somewhere near, and, pausing, he leaned over the wall to see from whom it came. Unconsciously, he had reached the village graveyard, a lonely spot by the shore, only distinguished from the surrounding marshes by a few rude headstones and rugged wooden crosses, and row upon row of new-made graves. By one of them a woman was kneeling, scratching with both feeble hands at a small fresh mound of earth, while now and again a low moan burst from her lips. She was ill, weak, emaciated, and the doctor recognized her as a woman who had suffered severely—recovering, as by a miracle, having lost her husband and five children. Three days before he had seen her with an infant in her arms, the only living thing left her; now it lay beneath her ragged cloak, the last of all her flock.

Vaulting over the low wall, the doctor approached her gently.

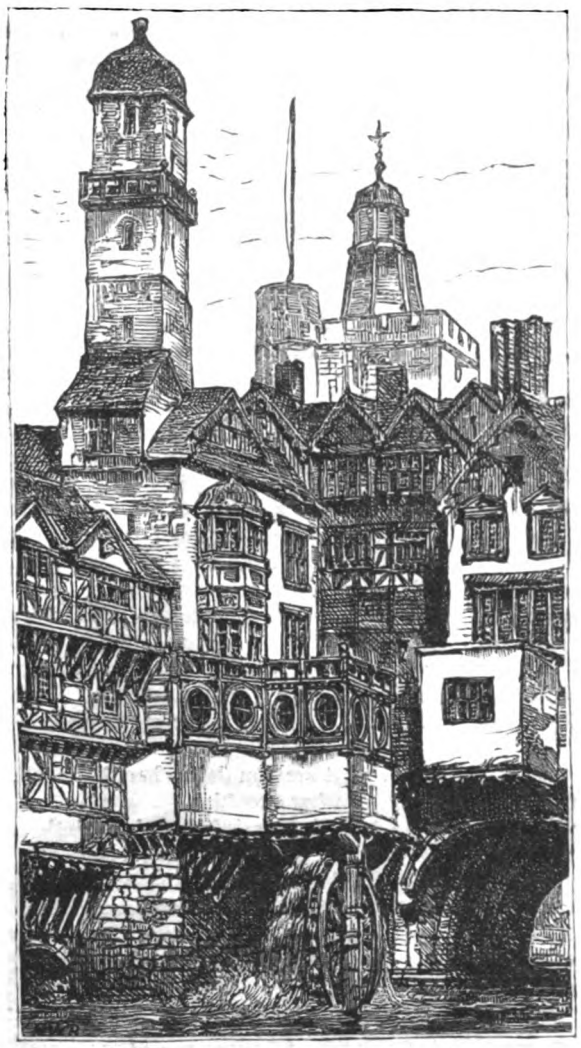
"My good woman, what are you doing here?" he whispered, laying his hand on her shoulder.

"Let me bury my dead!" she cried, fiercely, pointing to her cloak. "Go away, and leave me with my people!"

"No, no—let me;" and taking a spade that lay near, he dug a grave, and reverently placed the tiny form, wrapped in its mother's cloak, in it; then he covered it over hurriedly, and, taking the wretched mother by the arm, led her from the spot.

"Heaven for ever bless you, sir!" she said, bursting into tears, as she took a last look at the little grave. "Now I am, indeed, alone, the last of my name and race—father, mother, husband, children, friends—all gone!" and she sank down by the open gateway, and refused to move further. "Let me die here, sir!" she cried; "here, beside my loved ones. What have I done that the Almighty should leave me?"

Sick at heart, the doctor turned away. Such scenes had not been uncommon in Millbay during the preceding month, but he had never witnessed anything like it, and the horror of it was on his mind during the weary weeks that followed; for he, too, was seized with the frightful illness, stricken down as with a sudden blow. For weeks he lay hovering between life and death, and when he awoke to consciousness, the first face he saw bending over him was that of the poor mother he had seen before his illness. Day and night she had tended him with unceasing care, and seemed to forget her own illness and sorrow in watching over him. It was the end of August when he was taken ill; it was the middle of October before he was able to creep feebly out-of-doors and sit in the sunshine. Once only had he looked in a mirror, and then the reflection of his seamed, scarred, livid face staggered him. On no one had the disease made such fearful ravages; yet not a soul who survived in the village of Millbay but blessed every seam, and reverenced every purple scar, and found a beauty in them that might be coveted by an angel. Surely it was their prayers and blessings, their looks of love and tears of gratitude, that reconciled him at last to his terribly altered appearance. "If my love was hopeless before,



THE MILL AT LONDON BRIDGE.

it's doubly so now," he said to himself, one day. "Did any one ever hear, I wonder, of a pock-marked hero? and yet it was all wisely ordained. My duty lay straight before me, however it may end for me."

It was Christmas before the doctor thought it perfectly safe to return to his cottage at Broadbay. His own had been the last case of the disease in Millbay, and all signs of infection had long since disappeared. He had recovered his strength, too; his step was as light and free as of old, his voice as cheery, his smile as genial; but the deep, discolored scars were still on his face, indelibly printed there, and it was only those to whom he had ministered in their sore need that saw a radiant beauty in them. For himself, he had almost forgotten them. What was a scar or two on his face to the deep, deep, sore scars on his heart? Who would care a jot whether a poor, solitary country doctor was ugly, or the reverse? Such were his thoughts as he drove up to his cottage, with Mrs. Norton, the poor solitary widow, beside him. She insisted on following him and serving him, and she was so utterly alone that he had not the heart to say her nay. A blue line of smoke curled from the chimneys, a cheery glow of firelight danced on the window-panes, the door stood hospitably open, to his unbounded surprise.

"Ah! this is like coming home. What good fairy has been at work, I wonder?" he said, stepping into the light and warmth. "Madgie! oh, my darling, is it indeed you?"

"Me, Phil! why, of course; who else could it be?" Then drawing closer: "Dear Phil, can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you, Madgie?" he said, huskily; "forgive you what?"

"My folly. I'm wiser now, Phil, and I think I know the value of the treasure I once despised."

"Come nearer to the light, Madgie, and look at me. I'm less like a hero now than ever!"

"Phil, I wouldn't have one of these changed," and she laid her hand lightly on his cheek. "I would not give one unsightly scar for the Cross of the Legion of Honor. You are the hero of my heart now; long ago I wanted the hero of my fancy and imagination. Forgive me, Phil, and let us forget all my folly, for I'm heartily ashamed of it."

Just then the bells of Broadbay Church rang out a joyous peal, and friends gathered round to welcome back the doctor, and wring his hand heartily, looking the praises they could not speak. To go forth bravely in search of honor, and return victorious, is a great thing; to go forth and brave death at the call of duty is a good thing. And as Phil Bentick glanced round at the kindly faces about him, he felt he had his full reward.

A few weeks after, Madgie and Phil were married; and when Nellie Grahame came to pay her long-promised visit in the Summer, and heard by degrees the whole story, she was forced to admit that Madgie's hero was a real hero after all, and one "whose like" we do not meet with every day.

It seems odd to remember that in the time of Charles I. heavy fines were levied on country gentlemen who preferred dwelling in London to residing on their country estates. A certain Mr. Palmer, a Sussex squire, was made an example of by the Star Chamber. He was a rich bachelor, and pleaded earnestly for leave to remain in London, urging the not unreasonable excuse that his country house had been burnt down; but his judges fined him £1,000, and ordered him away.

A STREET IN OLD LONDON.

HIS SLEEPING PRINCESS.—"HOW LONG HE REMAINED THUS HE NEVER KNEW; BUT AT LENGTH HE RAISED HIS HEAD AND STARTED BACK, FOR SHE STOOD BESIDE HIM, 'CELESTIAL, ROSY RED.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WIPER AWAY OF TEARS.

O Thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!
The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When Winter comes are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes nor cheers,
And even the hope, that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
Our Peace branch from above?
Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day!

HIS SLEEPING PRINCESS.

By John Moran.

Chapter I.

IN glade and hillside hotly shone July's strong sun, till the air, heavy with the scent of Summer blossoms, seemed woven into a palpable gauze-woof. The landscape was bathed in ambient warmth, and the stillness was only stirred by the drowsy hum of insects or the faint twitter of some sleepy bird.

One object alone gave motion to the scene—a girl, who sauntered slowly down the path leading to Kilgorman Woods. As soon as she got beneath the shady trees, she took off her hat and shook out loosely her thick golden hair, over which the sun-shadowed changes danced and played as they fell through the interlaced branches. That golden aureole crowned her what her loveliness of face and figure proclaimed her—a princess, born daughter of Queen Aphrodite.

After walking some distance further, she turned indolently into a closely wooded copse, and presently reached a brook, which, falling above and below bare, moss-grown rocks, sent out spray to gem the herbage on either side, while in the midst it flowed in an eddying stream. The sunlight could not pierce here in its fullness, but it filled the place with a quiet warmth and rich color, occasionally striking some shadow into brightness by a sudden beam. Here was a sylvan retreat fit for this dryad, and here evidently it was her intention to remain.

First she idly plucked some wild-flowers that grew within her reach, and then, taking out a book, seated herself on a soft, couch-like mound close to the runnel's edge. A happy thought seemed to strike her, for in a moment she had bared—

> "Her hovering feet,
> More bluely-veined, more soft, more whitely sweet
> Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
> From out her cradle-shell,"

and with the happy *abandon* of a child, dabbled them in the cool water, while she settled herself luxuriously to read. At intervals she would lean back her head, displaying her firm, round throat, and close her eyes in dreamy, languorous enjoyment. Was it the charm of her book which took possession of her, or did the subtle influences and romantic beauty of the place steal her insensibly from herself? I know not; I only know that in one of these intervals the head remained longer than usual on the moss, mingling its burnished hair with the wild-flowers she had plucked, the long lashes scarcely quivered on the flushed cheek, and the little hand that held the book lay listlessly in her lap, while the other was thrown mechanically above her head. In short, my dryad had fallen asleep.

She had not lain long thus when the dense undergrowth on the opposite side of the stream was pushed aside, and a face appeared—

> "With as sunburnt looks
> As may be read of in Arcadian books."

The owner of the face, a young man and handsome, started when he first noticed the sleeper; then a beholder, had there been such, might have seen his look change from surprise to admiration, and his eyes seem as if they could never have their fill of gazing. At length he drew a long breath, and showed his teeth in a smile, as he produced a sketch-book and sat down on a stone. For the space of a quarter of an hour no sound broke the quietude, as the artist, who was dressed after a picturesque fashion, sketched away, his brown eyes dwelling on his lovely subject.

At the end of that time he closed his book and rose, looking wistfully at the stream, as if he would fain cross it. Just then, however, the sleeper stirred, and with a bound he disappeared through the shrubbery from which he had before emerged. The rustling noise alarmed her, and on her elbow she raised herself with a start, and stared around.

"Oh! I have been sleeping," she said, aloud; "I wonder what that noise was."

Then, stretching herself languidly, she withdrew her feet from the water, re-shod them, and picking up her hat, book and flowers, turned her back on stream and copse.

Meanwhile, the artist, Maurice Lambert by name, was strolling back to his lodging in the little Irish village, well pleased with his adventure, and wondering when he should again behold the sleeping beauty.

"I can make a good picture of it," he mused, as he lit his cigar; "perhaps inaugurate my fortune, if there be such a thing in store for me. I wonder who and what she is?—lovely, at any rate."

Thus ran the tenor of his thoughts all that evening. He took up book after book, but the one sweet face with its changing color beamed out of every page, and during the night reduplicated itself in dreams. Early in the morning he rose and mounted his canvas, for the resolve to paint the picture was irrepressible, and no less strong was his desire to know more concerning the source of his inspiration.

"Are there any pretty girls in this neighborhood, Mrs. Kelly?" he asked, after some little time.

"Purty girls, is it, sir?" Irish-like, the garrulous old woman made answer. "Did ye ever hear tell of the spot in Ireland where there wasn't galore? Why, there's Miss Loftus, an' Miss O'Leary, an' the Miss Curtises, an' lashin's besides; niver to spake of the queen of them, Miss Nina."

Hereupon Lambert skillfully led the nowise unwilling Mrs. Kelly into a dissertation on these various beauties, from which he arrived at the decided conclusion that the

peerless "Miss Nina" was the object of his quest. Not that Mrs. Kelly was much of a hand at definite description; but she left the impression on his mind that "Miss Nina" was bewildering beyond description—in short, such an one as Una, who—

"Made a sunshine in the shady place."

He further learned that Miss Nina Gorman, of Kilgorman, was an orphan heiress (at which intelligence his soul sank to his boots), restrained only by an old guardian, who looked on her as a miracle of beauty, goodness and cleverness; that she was by many considered eccentric and headstrong; that she had a legion of admirers, who endured alternately her ridicule and indifference; but that, beyond doubt, she was "the best and purtiest darlin' the Lord ever made."

For the "purtiness" Maurice could himself vouch, provided "Miss Nina" and his subject were identical—of which he had but little doubt. He had, moreover, experienced her unconscious power of sunshine-making, and was fully prepared to believe all good of her. So he lit his cigar and strolled out.

"Heigho!" he sighed, "what the deuce have I to do with heiresses?—a poor devil who has sometimes to solve very unsatisfactorily the problem how to dine on fourpence; with expectations, too, the most visionary and remote. Well, then, as Ancient Pistol hath it, 'the world's mine oyster, which I with sword' (I mean pencil) 'will open.' Come what may, I must see her once again, at any rate."

He was of that sunny temperament which lets the morrow take heed for the things of itself; and so, with sanguine hopes in his heart, and bright projects in his brain, he sauntered carelessly on in the glad Summer weather.

He was walking along a bypath skirting the woods—heading, in fact, for the spot where we first forgathered with him—when he heard a sharp scream, as of some one in pain. In a moment he sprang over the hedge, and was running toward the place whence the sound came.

A second cry guided him round a corner, and within five yards of a girl—the longed-for one, surely—on whose arm a fierce bloodhound had fastened. Rushing forward, he caught the brute round the throat with both hands, and strove to choke him off. This he accomplished, with some difficulty, in time to hand him over to a keeper, who, just at this juncture, ran up in breathless alarm.

Then Maurice turned to the girl, who had leaned up against a tree, and bravely bared her mangled arm. He looked for a second in her face—the fairest, he thought, that ever pain made pale—and said, quietly, though the hot blood surged through his veins the while:

"Will you sit down here, and allow me to bind up your wound?"

"Thank you—it is rather painful," she returned, faintly and half apologetically, as she handed him her handkerchief.

He took it from her, and filling his hat with water from a spring close by, bathed the dimpled arm so cruelly torn as tenderly as a woman could have done, bound it up—longing all the time to cover it with kisses—loosed the blue silk scarf from his neck, and, making a sling of it, passed it under the wounded member.

During these operations he had never dared to look in her face, and no word had escaped either; but now, as he finished, he glanced up at her. To his intense dismay, her eyes were closed and her face deadly white. Quick as thought he ran for more water, which he dashed on her brow, and had the satisfaction of seeing her revive and rise, smiling faintly, as she said:

"I have been dreadfully stupid to give you so much trouble, sir."

Then, while Maurice Lambert stammered out his protestations of delight at being of service, she turned to the keeper, who held the half-strangled hound in a leash. He had remained, watching the whole business in a helplessly compassionate manner, uttering a jumble of excuses, explanations and commiserations, which had all fallen on heedless ears.

"I told Mr. Burke before," she said, imperiously "that I wouldn't allow those dogs on my property. Now, tell him that if I see or hear of them once again, I'll have *them* shot and *him* prosecuted for this, as sure as my name is Nina Gorman!" The man commenced to explain, but she cut him short by saying: "I don't blame you at all, Ned; however, see that your master gets my message." Then she faced her deliverer once more, and holding out her left hand, continued: "I shall see you soon again, sir, and thank you better; at present, I don't feel equal to it."

"Let me walk home with you," he cried, eagerly—only to be damped by the rejoinder: "Thank you - no; I have but a few yards to go. Good-by, and many thanks."

And she walked slowly away, without even inquiring his name.

Poor fellow! She had spoken to him, and given him her hand; he had bathed and bound that soft, beautiful arm, tingling with desire to clasp her to his breast, and she had his scarf about her neck; and now he stood in a perfect tremor, watching her lissom, lovely figure till he could see it no longer, and feeling that round his heart she had bound something softer, yet ten thousand times stronger, than silk.

As he tore himself at length from the spot, it was with the sentiment of that old line of Ronsard's running like a refrain through his thoughts:

"Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle."

Chapter II.

Maurice Lambert went back to commence his picture, sadly conscious of his impotence to resist the spell cast around him, and as sadly expectant of bitterness in store. For the first time in his life he felt a fierce rebellion against his fate.

"Am I not a better man," he thought, "than thousands that roll in wealth? and yet this inequality is not enough, but I must be tormented by desires that can never know fulfillment, and love that can only breed eternal regrets. It is too hard, too bitter, to endure!"

All this time he worked impetuously at his picture, as if striving in his work to forget himself; but he found that impossible.

All night through he tossed sleeplessly, and at dawn rose and resumed his brush.

Later in the day he went out, and by an irresistible impulse turned toward Kilgorman, though he called himself an idiot a thousand times on the way.

Miss Gorman was ill, he was told, and confined to her room, so he turned wearily from the door, after leaving his card.

Several days passed in this fashion. He painted fitfully, wandered aimlessly, brooded incessantly, and inquired daily at Kilgorman, still receiving the same answer.

Mrs. Kelly wondered what could be wrong that he, once so merry and talkative, was now reserved and gloomy.

"Mebbe them paints is bad for the stummick," she said, confidentially, to one of her cronies; "I b'lieve a drop of that herb-tay I brewed meself, wid the laste flavor

of the stone jar in it, would do Mr. Lambert a power of good."

Ah, Mrs. Kelly, the potion was never distilled by human hands that could cure this disease. *Væ victis!*

On the first Sunday succeeding his double adventure, Maurice turned aimlessly into the village church. As he sat looking round him, there passed up the aisle—so near to him that her dress touched his arm—a young lady, followed by a stiff, elderly gentlewoman. Instinctively he felt it was Miss Gorman, and his heart beat tumultuously when, after seating herself, she suffered her eyes to wander over the congregation.

At length her glance rested on him, and he saw the faintest smile of recognition ripple over her face. On that day, from that moment, the church was truly to him "a little heaven below."

How the service was rendered, or what the sermon was like, he had not the vaguest idea. He only saw, heard, felt Nina, Nina, Nina.

When all was over, he waited in the porch till there bore down on him a golden-aureoled vision of loveliness, with blue eyes beaming and red lips parted, and tiny hands outstretched. This, at least, was what *he* saw.

"Don't think me ungrateful Mr. Lambert," she said, "for indeed I am not; but I have been so ill ever since, that I have not been able to look you up in the village."

Commonplace language this seems to you and me but to him—

"Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."

"I hope you are quite better now, Miss Gorman," he managed to get out.

"Oh, yes, thanks to your good surgery!" she answered. "But now I want to take you home with me, if you are not otherwise engaged."

Engaged! He would have thrown up an engagement to dine in paradise, or dance with the houris, had he made such.

"Oh, I quite forgot!" she continued. "My friend, Miss Shiel: Mr. Lambert, who saved me from that dreadful dog."

THE WIPER-AWAY OF TEARS.—"BUT THOU WILT HEAL THAT BROKEN HEART."—SEE PAGE 18.

Miss Shiel, an acidulous person in spectacles, who had hitherto occupied the background, surveyed Maurice suspiciously, and bowed grimly in response to his profound salutation, and then the willing captive was borne off toward an old, creeper-grown Irish house.

Totally oblivious of Miss Shiel's existence, he and his captor wandered through gardens, shrubberies and closes, talking on various topics; but Maurice only felt that there was a music in Nina's voice and a fragrance in her presence that he would gladly revel in for ever. After dinner, Miss Shiel, who, despite her Gorgon-like exterior, was but a frail mortal, succumbed to soporific influences in an easy-chair, and left the two to uninterrupted converse.

Nina, who by this time had learned the artist's calling, led him to a little room hung round with choice pictures, which she called her gallery.

Passing before these, she dexterously drew him out, and, being really an enthusiastic devotee of art, he talked so well and so long, that he started at last to find the twi-

light deepening, and his auditor gazing intently in his face. He reddened, and stopped abruptly, with some excuse for "talking shop," and then they returned to the drawing-room, where Miss Shiel still peacefully, if not altogether peaceably, slumbered.

Here, as they stood by the window, Miss Gorman said, suddenly:

"I suppose you have heard strange things of me? You know I'm looked upon as almost insane by some people."

"I have heard nothing but praise of you," returned Maurice, thinking he should like to have any one who spoke ill of her within arm's length.

"That is something new," she returned, smiling. "I manage my own property, therefore I am masculine; and I have established a school in the village, therefore I am presumptuous. The teacher is reported to have said once that he doubted if such a man as Adam ever lived; so rector, presbyter and priest alike taboo the school. However, he is a clever man and a good teacher, and, as I chiefly pay him, I choose to keep him, even if he were a Turk; besides, my school is filled with children, both Catholic and Protestant, and the other schools are almost deserted. Can you credit that?"

"I can well believe that nobody, or nothing, could resist you," answered Maurice—(from which fatuous remark it will be readily seen into what deep waters he was getting).

"No compliments, Mr. Lambert," she laughed, holding up her finger, "or I must class you with the other men who deal in such merchandise. The women only gossip about me. Their latest gossip is that I mean to marry my schoolmaster. Have you heard of it?"

"No, indeed!" he replied. "Mrs. Kelly, with whom I live, says you're the best and——"

"Hush!" she interrupted, with a comical warning gesture. "Old nurse always stands up for me; but you must not take her flatteries for gospel."

"But I do, and I must, always," returned Maurice, with far more earnestness than the occasion seemed to require.

"Heigho!" sighed Nina, as if she had not heard his last remark. "It's very hard trying to improve people who won't be improved, and who, when they would, are hindered in every possible way; and then to be reprobated

PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"ABOUT DAYBREAK WE AROSE, AND, AFTER PREPARING AND PARTAKING OF A FRUGAL BREAKFAST, STARTED FOR THE JUNGLE."— SEE PAGE 22.

PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"ON THE BORDER OF THE PATCH WE BEHELD A MAGNIFICENT PEACOCK IN THE ACT OF ASCENDING A LOW MOUND OF HARD-BAKED YELLOW CLAY."

and preached at by the prejudiced and pig-headed! It's this everlasting squabbling about nothing—this dragging of extraneous questions into every concern, that has kept my dear old country back so long. As for me, *Vive la Guerre!* I shall fight it out; only I wish, with Mickey Free, that a great many people, who shall be nameless, were 'crammed down the great gun of Athlone'; but this won't do at all. I'm on my hobby now, and must get off before I become angry. However, let me tell you, Mr. Lambert"—this with a demure look that was positively maddening—"I'm a very dangerous young person."

"I think you are," Maurice said, in a low, half-abstracted tone, not attaching her sense to the words, perhaps; but his answer was lost, as Miss Shiel most unwarrantably waked up at this juncture, and looking at his watch, he saw how time had flown.

So he promised to call soon again and bring his portfolio; and then, after regretfully taking his leave, he walked home in the starlit Summer night, with strong love and strange hopelessness flushing his face and chilling his heart.

Where had all his light-hearted heedlessness of the morrow vanished to? Surely it was to such an one as he that Sir John Suckling sang of yore—

> "Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
> Prythee, why so mute?"

The days passed as such days ever have passed, ever must pass, till the requiem of time and love is sung. He spent much of his time at Kilgorman, lotos-eating, sketching, reading, hearing Nina sing (which she did, to his ears, divinely), and losing himself in "the heaven of her eyes."

One day in their rambles she took him to her sylvan bower, little dreaming that there he had first seen her, and the hypocrite went into ecstasies over its charms.

Matters were getting serious, thought Miss Shiel, and so she said to Miss Gorman, telling her how wrong it was to encourage this nameless adventurer, and how people would talk—nay, were talking.

"Let them," returned that young lady, coolly; *n'importe.* "They have talked about less before. I like Mr. Lambert, and I'm Nina Gorman, of Kilgorman, perfectly capable of managing my own affairs, and resolved to do so."

Whereat Miss Shiel, who knew her quondam pupil's spirit well, was fain to submit, and await the issue, which soon came.

It befell in this way: Maurice had unwittingly let slip that he was painting a picture, and when Nina asked to see it he was forced to put her off.

This she thought strange, and having, with all her lovable loveliness, a tinge of the old Eden leaven, set out one morning to visit Mrs. Kelly, fully bent on getting a glimpse of this mysterious picture. Finding that Maurice was out, she began to chat with the old woman, and after a time said:

"Oh, nurse, I should so like to have a peep at Mr. Lambert's painting-room, now he's away!"

Mrs. Kelly informed her that she had strict orders not to let "a sowl" up or to touch a thing; but, for sure, he never meant to include Miss Nina; who could gainsay "the queen of them"? and more to this effect.

So up they went to Bluebeard's chamber, and entered. On the easel stood what was evidently *the* picture, and Nina, lifting the cloth that covered it, started and gave a little cry, while Mrs. Kelly, with uplifted hands, proclaimed it "her livin' image," invoking all the saints to deny if they could. Still Nina stood, with clasped hands and wide, eager eyes, till a glad expression overspread her face, and having gently replaced the cloth, she turned away, saying, absently:

"Come, nurse, let us go. Suppose Mr. Lambert should catch us here?"

In passing the table her glance fell on a scrap of paper scribbled over with her name. This she feloniously secreted, and bidding her nurse a mechanical good-by, left the house, and turned toward her secret haunt. Then she took out the paper, and examining it more closely, found these words on one side, headed:

"MY LADY."

How shall I best confess
My lady's loveliness,
Which no words can express?

Amid my lady's hair
Is set a subtle snare
To take men unaware.

Within my lady's eyes—
Twin lights in Loveland skies—
The music never dies.

Upon my lady's mouth
Brim kisses for Love's drouth—
Streams in the arid South.

About my lady's throat,
That swells with sweetest note
His talisman Love wrote.

Upon my lady's breast—
Heaven's purity exprest—
Is promise of great rest.

Between my lady's hands
Are gifts of Love's far lands,
Whose lord she yet commands.

Under my lady's feet,
To do her service sweet,
I lay my soul complete.

From out my lady's heart
(Would God 'twere my life-chart!)
My way lies wide apart.

And I can ne'er express
My lady's loveliness,
Or speak my soul's excess.

She read the lines twice, and kissed them, with a far-off smile on her red mouth.

"Poor old fellow!" she said, softly, and her eyes filled with tears. "He does love me dearly! How will it end?"

She looked up, and saw him advancing toward her with bent head. He had ended a fierce struggle with himself in that place where he had first seen her, and now his resolve was taken. Manhood and honor alike said, "Go." In another moment he heard her step, raised his eyes, and they met, she knowing so much, he so little.

"I am glad I chanced to meet you, Miss Gorman," he said, in a hoarse voice that trembled pitifully, "as I must leave this place to-night."

"Going away, and so suddenly!" the arch-traitress said, quite calmly. "Has anything happened?"

"Yes; this has happened!" he burst out, unable to contain himself longer. "I love you better than anything in this world, or any other, Miss Gorman—Nina! Forgive me—pity me. Good-by!"

He caught her hand, kissed it passionately, and was gone. Had he looked in her face, he might have been less precipitate. Back to his room he hurried, with bitter anguish in his soul, and sat down before the table, burying his face in his hands.

"Would to God I were dead!" he groaned. "Oh, my darling, whom I shall never see again! It is too hard!"

How long he remained thus, he never knew; but at length he raised his head, and started back, for she stood beside him, "celestial rosy red." He sprang from his chair, but his agony left no room for shame or speech, and his intense loving gaze made her lips quiver.

She laid her two little hands on his shoulders, and looked at him frankly in the face with her blue Irish eyes, while the color deepened a shade "from brow to chin," and the least tremor shook her sweet voice.

"I thought you were very brave," she said, in a low tone. "Are you not strong enough to stand against the world, so long as I know you to be a true man, and——"

For all answer, she was in his arms—

"Clear won at last, the thing of all the earth
That made his fleeting life a little worth."

Was her act unfeminine, unmaidenly? Perhaps so, to you, ye prigs and prudes; but to me, not. Womanhood like hers is royal by right divine.

Between these two there was, for a time, little articulate speech, but at length a faint voice asked, softly:

"And what is the picture to be called, Maurice?"

The question never dawned on him as strange. This picture had played so prominent a part in his own life of late, and was so inwoven with his new, undreamt-of happiness, that it seemed to him as if she had always known of it, and he answered with another kiss:

"My Sleeping Princess."

PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.

ORIGINAL NOTES OF TRAVEL, BY AUGUST LOCHER.

DURING my four years' residence in Bombay, India, I became acquainted with several officers of the Indian army, who, like myself, were inveterate lovers of sport, shooting and hunting; and whenever they could get leave of absence, we would start on hunting expeditions into the interior of the country, which abounds in wild animals of every description, from the tiny striped squirrel to the Bengal tiger and rhinoceros.

One of the most exciting, though least dangerous, sports, we found to be hunting the peacock, which magnificent bird is found in considerable numbers in the densest jungles throughout India, but is most abundant in the district of the Punjaub (the territory along the River Indus),

in Guzerat, along the base of the Himalaya Mountains, on the coast of Coromandel, among the Neilgherry Hills (on the coast of Malabar), and in the eastern portion of the Island of Ceylon, where they are so numerous as to be occasionally seen in congregations of many hundreds.

The peacock has, from time immemorial, been famous not only for the gorgeousness of its plumage, but also for the delicacy of its flesh, which is really far superior even to that of the turkey, although not near as white and inviting in appearance as the latter.

It was already highly esteemed as a tidbit by the epicures among the ancient Greeks and Romans, and Lucullus, who lived from the year 110 to the year 57 B.C., and other notorious Roman gormands of fabulous wealth, even went so far as to feast with their friends on dishes of peacocks' tongues and peacocks' brains.

The eggs of the peacock are likewise valued as a delicacy, and form to this day an important article of commerce in India.

Our nearest place for hunting this bird was an unusually dense jungle, which lined both banks of a small tributary, or, rather, one of the many sources, of the mighty river Godavery, which rises in the district of Candeish (a well-known cotton-producing territory of India), and, pursuing a very sinuous southeasterly course for nearly a thousand miles, throws its limpid waters into the Gulf of Bengal.

We reached the locality by traveling on the railway a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles to Candor, a lonely railway-station, surrounded by a vast, arid, very scantily inhabited, slightly undulating plain. There we would engage a native with a cart drawn by a pair of bullocks to convey us with our traps to a wretched native village called Woorgaum, situated about ten miles to the left of the railway-track, immediately in the rear of which village the tributary above referred to passes.

About two miles further down the river the jungle begins in right good earnest on both sides of the stream, which winds its course through a shallow, rugged valley.

One day I arrived at Woorgaum with two of my military friends, for the purpose of hunting the peacock; but having frequently heard accounts of troubles between European sportsmen and natives in consequence of the former killing this favorite bird of the Hindoos, especially of the higher castes of the Hindoo population, to whom the peacock is as sacred as the ibis was to the ancient Egyptians, we had taken the precaution of hiring an individual of the "Bheel" tribe to convey us by bullock-cart from Candor station to the hunting-ground.

The Bheels are a rather unruly, bold and warlike nomadic tribe of Hindoos, of the Presidency of Bombay, who live almost exclusively by cattle-raising, diversified, when opportunity offers, by "cattle-lifting," or cattle-stealing.

They care little about religion or creed of any description; indeed, they do not even pretend to profess any. Speaking a dialect of their own, and leading a genuine gypsy life, they may justly be termed the gypsies, or Bedouins, of India.

The Bheels are excellent *shekâries* (hunters), and track the game, nay, even scent it, with the acumen of the bloodhound. Many of them still use the bow and arrow, some the javelin, while the remainder possess single-barreled matchlock and flintlock guns.

It is utterly immaterial to them whether they are hired to assist in slaying the peacock, the antelope, the tiger, or a human being, if they are paid for their services. Notoriously unreliable and treacherous, however, they are generally disliked, and whoever has anything to do with them had better be cautious, and never give them the chance to "stab him in the back," which, owing to their insatiate lust for plunder and genuine feline nature, they are prone to do, if they think they can do it with safety.

Abhorred as "Pariahs" (outcasts, or below caste) by the Hindoos of the higher castes, because of their want, or, rather, contempt, of religion, and generally shunned by those of the lower castes, by reason of their treacherous, savage nature, the Bheels live very much the vagabond life of the more tractable of our American Indians.

In hiring an individual of this tribe, and treating him kindly, we knew that the true purpose of our arrival would not be betrayed to the natives of the village, the more so as we pretended to have come to hunt the wild pig or boar, which abounds in that district, and which, throughout India, is detested by both Hindoo and Moslem as an unclean and obnoxious animal, that they are very glad to get rid of, as it does great damage to their crops.

It being near sunset by the time we reached the village of Woorgaum, we hired a hut belonging to a Pariah, as no Hindoo of caste would reoccupy a hut which had harbored a Bheel. Our traps were transferred from the bullock-cart into this hut, the oxen tied to the spokes of the two wheels of the cart and fed, two chickens bought, killed, plucked, cleaned, seasoned, and then roasted over the fire, which we had lit in front of the entrance of the hut.

The day had been oppressively hot, but the evening was rather chilly, and a heavy dew was falling, so that, moved to pity by the shivering, almost stark-naked Bheel, whom we at first were loath to admit into the hut, we finally concluded to let him come in and lie down among us for the night—a kindness which he was evidently unused to and seemed to appreciate. We had, however, arranged to alternately watch him closely, each one to take his turn of keeping an eye open while the others were sleeping.

The fellow's only weapons were a bow and a few arrows, and, as we had taken the precaution of extinguishing the fire before retiring for the night into the pitch-dark hut, there was no danger of his doing much damage among us with them.

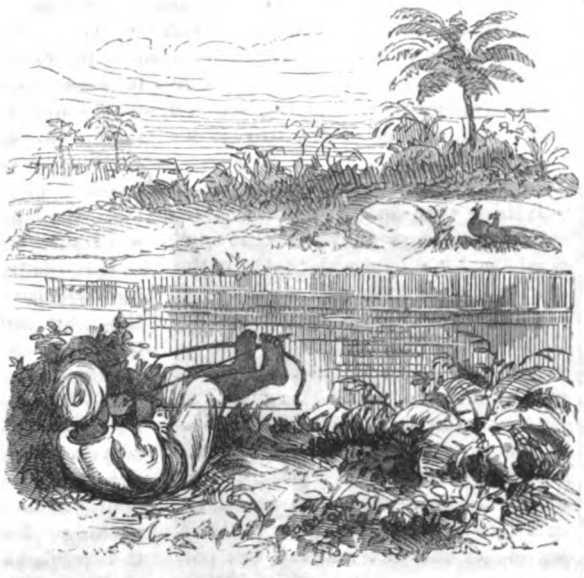
Luckily there was no need for distrust on our part. Instead of watching him all night, tired nature got the supremacy over our precaution, and all of us, the Bheel not excepted, slept as soundly as we ever did, upon a single blanket, spread on the bare ground.

About daybreak we arose, and, after preparing and partaking of a frugal breakfast, consisting of tea, eggs and crackers, started, accompanied by the bullock-cart, for the jungle.

On the way thither several troops of wild pigs roamed over the fields within easy shot range, but we refrained from "blazing away" at them, as we had firmly set our minds upon going for peacocks and nothing else, and a single shot fired in the vicinity of the haunt of that extremely wary bird will induce it to retreat into the most inaccessible recesses of the jungle, whence it will not readily reissue, and whither it is excessively difficult, and even dangerous, for man to penetrate; for, besides being alive with venomous reptiles and insects, they are well known to be the retreat of the tiger during the daytime.

It is the universal warning among the wretched natives of those jungle districts, and has actually become an East Indian proverb: "Where you see the peacock, look out for the tiger."

Indeed, it seems to be based upon positive fact and ample experience that these two animals are invariably found to share the same haunts; and the *shekâries* as well as the natives assert that they (the peacock and the Bengal tiger) live in perfect harmony together, and have never been known to hunt each other.



PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"'WHIZZ!' WENT THE ARROW, AND SURE ENOUGH, BOTH BIRDS, PIERCED THROUGH THEIR BODIES, AND PINNED TOGETHER, ROLLED OVER."

However this may be, certain it is that even Major Probin—the famous one-armed Indian tiger-slayer, who has, single-handed, rid India of more than three hundred Bengal tigers, and who, though a plain, modest, and not generally known personage, is, in my estimation at least, the greatest hunter that ever lived—neither Jules Gérard, Gordon Cumming, Anderson, Baldwin, Green, nor anybody else excepted—believes in the above maxim, and invariably inquires of the natives, who come to report to him the whereabouts of the dreaded feline monsters, whether there are any peacocks to be found in the immediate vicinity of the alleged haunts, and gives little credence to their reports if his inquiry is answered in the negative.

For this very reason no sensible sportsman in India ever thinks of hunting the peacock with a shotgun, although it would naturally be much easier to bag them with a gun than with a rifle; but the chances of meeting unexpectedly with its feline friend are such as to render a good rifle, and, moreover, a good-sized, reliable revolver, much more desirable for the sport.

The peacock does not leave the shelter of the inaccessible recesses of the jungle until the sun is well up in the horizon. This circumstance gave us ample time to select our shooting-ground, although the sun had already risen before we reached the outskirts of the jungle, which we found to be alive with boisterous green parrots, that chased each other through the tops of the lofty palm-trees and bamboos.

Thousands of ringdoves sat cooing in chorus on the gigantic stalks of the aloes, and on the uppermost branches of the chaotic mass of enormous prickly-pear bushes, while in every direction troops of long-tailed monkeys agitated the smaller branches of those strange giants of the jungle, the banyan-tree and the East Indian dragonblood-tree—the former remarkable for issuing hundreds of roots from its huge, horizontally-growing lower branches, which roots hang down toward the ground, and, as soon as they are long enough to reach it, they grow into the soil and form so many wooden columns or additional trunks of the mother-tree; the latter distinguished by being entirely destitute of leaves, but profusely studded all over with bunches of bright scarlet blossoms.

It was really amusing to witness the fantastic and ludicrous evolutions of the long-tailed, mischievous little imps, as they chased each other through the sunlit treetops and intricate network of lianas, vines, and other creepers with astonishing agility, caught each other by the tail, performed all manner of breakneck evolutions, and kept up a merry chattering all the while.

For nearly an hour we stood watching the heterogeneous animal life of the jungle, while the oxen browsed on the scanty herbs within their reach, when all of a sudden the loud and harsh, though to us welcome, cry, "*Táos, táos, táos!*" (which unquestionably gave the bird its Greek name of *taós*) struck our ear, and was the signal for us to commence operations.

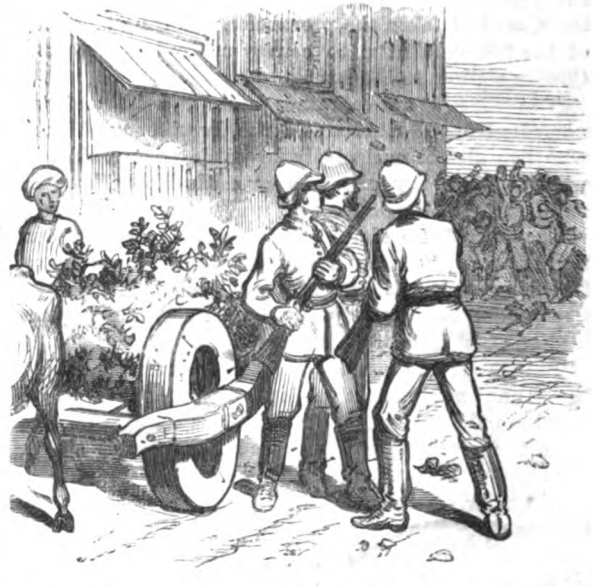
As it was utterly impossible for the bullock-cart to penetrate into the jungle, we told the Bheel to stay where he was until the report of our firearms should indicate to him our whereabouts, when he should immediately move on along the outskirts of the jungle, and halt again as near as practicable to the spot where, according to his judgment, the shot or shots had been fired.

As for us, we agreed to always keep as close together as possible, and, in case of a separation, to keep each other well informed of our respective positions by imitating the long-drawn, plaintive call of the East Indian blackbird.

Thereupon we plunged into the jungle, and had the greatest difficulty in pushing through the all but impenetrable chaos of bamboos, cacti, creepers and thorny bushes, which terribly lacerated our hands and faces, and simply ruined our garments, although the latter were composed of the strongest corduroy and linen.

Frequently we were compelled to make a wide circuit in order to get to a particular spot only a few yards ahead of us, so formidable were the barriers of cacti, prickly-pears, aloes, etc.; indeed, in some places I would have defied an elephant, or even the much thicker-skinned rhinoceros, to force its way through; and, as if nature had intended to render these vegetable fortifications still more impregnable, they fairly teemed with snakes, scorpions, lizards, huge spiders, irascible ants and other vermin, and never before did man so appreciate the invaluable services of a stanch pair of jack-boots.

After a hard scramble of more than an hour, during



PEACOCK-SHOOTING IN INDIA.—"THE MOB DREW NEARER, AND SENT ANOTHER VOLLEY AFTER US, THIS TIME HITTING THE CAPTAIN SEVERELY ON THE BACK."

which time I do not believe we penetrated two hundred feet into the jungle, we discovered a small patch of open ground straight ahead of us. Making cautiously toward it, and peering through the interstices of a screening bush on the border of the patch, we beheld a magnificent peacock, in the act of ascending a low mound of hard-baked yellow clay, profusely perforated, and familiar to us as a termite or white ant-hill, which rose out of the centre of the patch.

Immediately in the wake of the lordly cock followed three fine, large hens, which, nevertheless, could almost hide themselves under the prodigiously large, fan-like, gorgeously brilliant tail of the former. Intently listening, and cautiously surveying the surroundings for a moment, the cock stood on the top of the mound, but failed to discover us, screened as we were by a dense prickly-pear thicket. After satisfying himself that "the coast was clear," he began to pick up the termites which crawled around his feet, and the hens readily followed suit.

Now was the time to "blaze away" at them. Captain D. was to "take care" of the cock, the writer of the hen to the right of the former, while Lieutenant A. was to attend to the other two birds, which stood directly behind each other.

THE FRIEND OF THE FLOWERS.

Upon the captain's command we fired simultaneously, and the whole congregation upon the mound lay down as suddenly; but in an instant one of the hens sprang to her feet and reached the thicket before we could prevent it.

It is utterly useless to follow these birds, even if they are badly crippled, through the jungle, for in an instant they will be lost to one.

The peacock is very reluctant to take to wing, and relies for safety almost entirely on the swiftness of its legs. It is very fleet-footed and difficult to overtake in the intricate jungle, even for a dog, although one would fain believe that the enormous tail of the cock especially would prove a great impediment in running and dodging through the thicket; yet, strange to say, this is not the case, for the cock is even swifter than the hen, and remarkably expert in evading its pursuer by the most strategic zig-zag marches imaginable through the vegetable labyrinth, and a pursuit generally ends in nothing but the perplexity of the pursuer how to get out again, which is just the acme of excitement of this sport; and the strangest thing of all is the fact that a wild peacock is seldom seen with a ruffled plumage, or even with a damaged tail.

We picked up the three birds, and found them to be very heavy and fat. Anxious to take the cock (an unusually fine specimen) with us to Bombay, in as well-preserved a condition as possible, we bore our booty out of the jungle, delivering it to the Bheel, and ordered him to disembowel the cock carefully, and rub it well inside with pepper and salt, so as to keep it fresh.

Returning into the jungle, we forced our way through to the river-bank, where we expected to find the birds more plentiful, as it was about the time when they are in the habit of going for water.

Slowly advancing down the river, along the bank, and keeping well under cover, we bagged successively nine more of these splendid birds—two cocks and seven hens.

Close by where we shot the last two specimens was a clearing in the jungle, the existence of which we discovered by accident, as shortly after the two last shots had echoed through the forest, our Bheel surprised us by joining us with his ox-team, which were panting for water, and he had brought the animals down to the river-bank to drink.

Being by this time pretty hungry and thirsty ourselves, we concluded to sit down on the river-bank and attend to our stomachs, with the few provisions and the two bottles of sherry which were stowed away in the cart, carefully wrapt up in our blankets.

The Bheel met with great difficulty in his attempt to lead the oxen to the water's edge, which, to our surprise, both animals flatly refused to approach. Evidently suspecting the cause of their sudden refractoriness, the fellow looked around him, and discovered, close by, the remains of a recently killed antelope, to which he drew our attention.

Upon approaching the spot indicated by him, we beheld a portion of the entrails, the lower part of the fore-legs, and the frontal bone of the skull with the horns still fast upon it, lying scattered on the sloping river-bank, and more than fifty distinct footprints of a full-grown tiger in the moist sand and clayey deposit along the water's edge.

To judge by the still fresh and gory remains, and the perfectly distinct tracks, the Bheel, an experienced *shekâry*, was unquestionably right in asserting that the tiger must have surprised, killed and devoured his prey on that very morning, as the latter came down to the river to drink. The oxen had forthwith scented the recent presence of the dread feline monster, manifested the greatest alarm, snorted, tossed their heads, stamped the ground with their fore-feet, and would have bolted outright from the ominous spot, if we had not shifted about eighty yards further down the river, where the oxen soon quieted down—a sure sign that the ferocious brute was not, and had not recently been, in that immediate vicinity.

While eating, drinking and talking in the shade of a screening bush, our keen-eyed Bheel spied the head of a peacock protruding from behind a rock, or large boulder, near the water's edge on the opposite bank, and, motioning to us to keep quiet, asked for permission to try a shot at the bird.

Having already bagged as many as we cared for, and being desirous of witnessing how he could shoot, I offered him my rifle to test his skill with; but, to our astonishment, he declined to use it, stole on his hands and feet to the cart, and seizing his bow and arrows, returned to us. The bird, a fine cock, fully fifty yards off, had, in the meantime, issued entirely from behind the sheltering rock, accompanied by two hens.

Our Bheel sat down near us, with bow and arrow ready, and intently watched the birds; while we looked at each other, as if to say, "How preposterous an attempt!" The next instant one of the hens stood right abreast of the cock. Stemming the toes of both his feet against the middle of the bow, drawing the bowstring with the arrow in position gradually toward his body, and leaning backward sufficiently to get his eye in a line to aim at the birds, was the work of an instant. Whiz! went the arrow, and, sure enough, both birds, pierced through their bodies and pinned together, rolled over, kicked and fluttered spasmodically once or twice, and died.

In less than half a minute our opinion as to the serviceability of bow and arrow in expert hands had undergone quite a change, and we looked with unfeigned amazement at the humble native and his simple though formidable weapons, as he returned among us with the two birds so skillfully "bowled over."

By this time the day was waning, and, as we had agreed to return on that same day to Candor station, in order to hunt antelopes on the plains the next morning, it was high time to beat a retreat—the more so as we were then fully five miles from the village of Woorgaum, and at least fifteen miles from the railway station—quite a journey for tired man and beast to travel.

Hurriedly stowing away our game in the bullock-cart, and carefully covering it with twigs and brushwood in order to hide it from view, we started immediately on our homeward march.

The density of the jungle and the ruggedness of the ground compelled us to pass through the village where we had spent the night. My companions and I quietly tramped, the rifles upon our shoulders, behind the cart, preferring to walk, although considerably "knocked up" by the intense heat and fatigue of the day, to being shaken all to pieces in the cumbrous cart, rolling over stick and stone.

Unfortunately, none of us noticed in time, that, in consequence of the violent shaking of the vehicle while traveling over the rough road, the green foliage wherewith we had attempted to hide the contents of the cart got somewhat displaced, so that one of the peacocks became partially visible. Some inquisitive wretch of the village, however, must have made the discovery, for we had scarcely entered the place when, like wildfire, the news spread through the poverty-stricken nest that the *Feringhies* (Franks or Europeans) had killed quite a number of the sacred birds.

In less time than it takes me to write it, the entire population of the village came howling and hooting after us, accompanied by all the mangy curs of the place, which latter rushed up whining, howling and barking furiously at our heels. Presently a perfect shower of stones, bones, horns, cattle-dung and pieces of wood came down upon us, luckily without doing any damage; then came an avalanche of all the vile epithets of the Hindoostanee language, quickly followed by another shower of miscellaneous missiles, one of which hit the driver on the shoulder with considerable force, and must have hurt him. In an instant his bow and arrow were in position, and, had it not been for the presence of mind of Captain D., who simultaneously brought his rifle to bear upon the hot-blooded Bheel, and peremptorily ordered him to lay down his weapons, one of the excited natives would certainly have "shut up" for ever.

Emboldened by our seeming want of pluck, as we, determined to avoid bloodshed if possible, quietly marched on, without minding the furious, fanatic rabble, the latter drew nearer and sent another volley after us, this time hitting the captain severely on the back, and the writer on the elbow, and knocking off the lieutenant's hat; whereupon the latter, unable to control his temper any longer, turned around on his heels and blazed away at a big, shaggy dog, our foremost assailant, and, of course, shot him dead.

As soon as the natives saw that we didn't "make believe," but that our rifles were really loaded with powder and ball, and would, in case of emergency, be used upon those who became too rude, they cooled down considerably, and showed less eagerness to come to close quarters, so that all their subsequent missiles fell short of the mark.

By this time we had traversed the village, and our assailants, aware that they could no longer dodge behind their huts in case we should take it into our heads to turn

around and fire into them, did not venture beyond the cover of their wretched hovels, but continued to curse and abuse us lustily as long as they thought that we could hear them.

THE CASTLE OF CHATEAUDUN, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF EURE ET LOIRE, FRANCE.

THIS is one of the oldest and finest of the ancient castles of France. It towers aloft on its craggy height, visible almost always to a great distance in every direction, and basking in the sunlight like an eagle's eyrie. In the earliest days it must have been a hill fort, whence the beacon-fires flashed their summons through the land. How many castles were reared here and perished, none can tell; but one ancient tower, that of Thibaut the Treacherous, bears this inscription: "I was built by Thibaut the Old, or the Treacherous, Count of Duvois, in the beginning of the tenth century. My height to the cap is 90 feet, and to the fleur de lys, 138. My interior diameter, at the base, is 27 feet; my circumference within, 85 feet, without, 167."

Some centuries later—in 1465—John of Orleans erected the Holy Chapel, which has been restored within a few years. It was long the abode of the House of Longueville, whose tombs adorn the chapel.

The town has suffered many vicissitudes, especially in the frequent sieges and assaults on the castle in the wars that have desolated France. It has now a population of about 7,000, and is the well-built and regularly laid out centre of a lovely and prosperous agricultural section.

MOLLIE'S QUANDARY.

BY K. V. HASTINGS.

WARM, lazy, July sun, a rippling breeze blowing up from the Hudson, a cool veranda shaded by honeysuckles, a hammock, a novel and a pipe, all combined to coax Guy Wallace out of his mother's sitting-room and into the air. So darkly, deeply, beautifully blue was the water, so hazily soft the outlines of the Catskill Mountains, so sweet the fresh air to his city-worn brain, that he smoked, read and dozed till the sun began to creep down toward the west, tinging the hills with purple, flooding the water with rose—even touching the floating glories of Guy's mustache, and converting its gold into flame. He looked very handsome, as he lay there, tumbled on a pile of sofa-cushion, with his yellow curls all rumpled, and his eyebrows rubbed the wrong way; his white, duck-clad limbs swinging over the side, and the points of his slippers now and then touching the floor.

He was hatless, coatless, vestless—all of those garments being tossed on a chair near by. Not even a colored necktie relieved the virgin whiteness of his attire—only a blue-and-white fancy belt, and the green slippers aforesaid, rather old and rusty.

No one came near him except his young stepmother, and she was too busy with visitors all the afternoon to spare him more than a very brief interval between the calls. So he read and smoked till just as "low on the sand, and loud on the stone, the last wheel echoed away." Then he closed the book, and looked out through the sheltering vines, across the lawn, to the gate which led into the next place; for behind it he had caught the flash of a white dress.

Said gate flew open, and a young girl came toward the house, flushed and out of breath with running; laughing, yet casting startled glances behind her; and not in the least heeding Guy's terrier, that came yapping and snapping after her. She looked very pretty, scudding along, holding up the front of her dress, and her little Marie Antoinette slippers keeping up a brisk trot under its edge. She rounded the corner of the house, and Guy heard the "click! clack!" of her heels as she went springing up the front steps, and another "click! clack!" as she burst open the sitting-room door, and appeared before his mother.

"Why, Mollie! what's the matter?" exclaims Mrs. Wallace, surprised at this sudden onslaught.

The girl sinks into a chair, laughing.

"Oh, Mrs. Wallace! Ha, ha, ha! Can I stay here a little while?"

"Why, of course, my dear. But what in the world's the matter? Is the house on fire?"

"Oh, no—there's nothing the matter! Only I—well, I—there's somebody home I don't want to see, and so I ran away!"—bringing it all out with a sudden bolt.

"Oh, that's it, is it?"

"Yes. You see, I saw him coming from ever so far off—so far, I couldn't tell him from his darkey; but I didn't think he was coming to see us. And when I saw him drive in the gate, I jumped out the back window and ran over here."

And Mollie Averill subsides into a "sleepy-hollow" chair, suffocated with giggles.

Mrs. Wallace is a good-natured, buxom young matron, and she laughs, too.

"Why, you foolish girl! if your foot had slipped, you might have tumbled out and broken your neck."

"Oh, no; it's very near the ground!"

"Why didn't you go down and see him?"

"Oh, I couldn't!" replies Mollie, in an awe-stricken whisper. "He's perfectly horrid! I told mamma I never would see him again—that I'd certainly run away! And he'd no business to come, either!" she adds, with a sudden flash of baby-wrath. "I told him never to come again!"

Mrs. Wallace laughs merrily, and the unseen Guy pricks up his ears and inclines his head a little more toward the adjacent window. He no longer allows his slipper to scrape idly along the floor; even his breath is noiseless, and a mischievous smile creeps down from his eyes to his mouth.

"You told him not to come again? Ah! we all know what that means."

"Yes, I suppose you do," says the girl, with a penitent sigh. "I didn't mean to have told you, but I couldn't help it; and, anyhow, I don't mind you. And, oh, Mrs. Wallace! he's bothered me so, and I was afraid he'd do it again!"

"Of course, you don't mind me, Mollie!" remarks a rich tenor from outside the window.

Both ladies shriek, and Miss Averill flies to the piazza, but only catches sight of a white streak vanishing round the corner.

"Now, that was too bad of Guy!" exclaimed Mrs. Wallace, following her friend. "I'd no idea he was there—I thought he'd gone to his room."

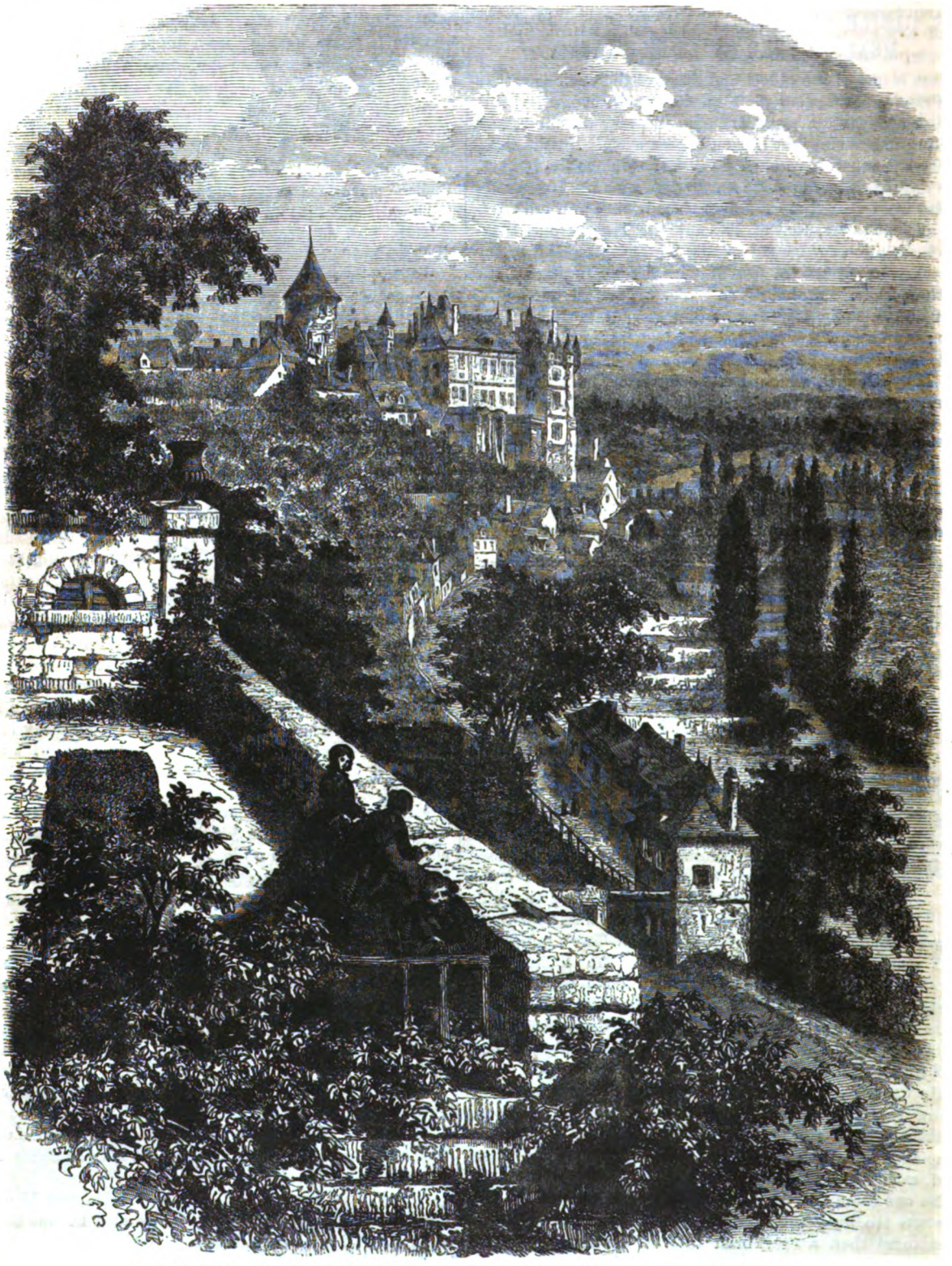
"Was it really Guy?" asks Mollie, with her cheeks all aflame, and her baby-mouth pouting, almost ready to cry. "I didn't know he was at home."

"Of course you didn't. The wretched boy! It's a shame!" And the "wretched boy's" stepmother sinks into the hammock and shakes.

"Don't laugh—it's dreadful! What shall I do?"—burying her mortified face in her hands.

"Why, you can't do anything. Ha, ha, ha! I beg your pardon, but I can't help it."

"Good-afternoon, ladies," says Guy, stepping out of the sitting-room, neat and complete in white coat and blue necktie. Mollie bows and stammers, but Mrs. Wallace tries to look severe.



THE CASTLE OF CHATEAUDUN, IN THE DEPARTMENT OF EURE ET LOIRE, FRANCE.—SEE PAGE 27.

"It's too bad of you. I'll go right home!"

"Oh, no—don't! And, besides, you can't. That man's there still."

"So he is"—dropping her hands in despair.

"I'm very much displeased with you, Guy," she says, pulling down her pretty mouth.

A tortoiseshell kitten comes rubbing and scrubbing against Guy's legs, and he pounces on her at once.

"Now, mamma, don't you scold, or I'll duck Buffer in the cistern," and he holds Buffer, kicking and scrabbling, over the water-butt at the corner of the piazza.

"But, Guy——"

"Another word, and I let go!"

Buffer is rescued by a simultaneous charge from both ladies, who, on condition of her release, promise to "say no more about it." So peace is restored, and the culprit proposes a game of croquet.

All adjourn to the lawn, where the field is laid out, partly screened from the house by a line of evergreens and shrubbery, and shaded by two great elm-trees and a rock-maple. A clump of cardinal flowers nod their scarlet heads in the breeze, and the dim outline of the Catskills—far, far away—make a background for Mollie's pretty figure.

Guy picks up the mallets from the grass, where they lie scattered, and hands them to the ladies, who merrily join in the interesting game.

"There, Mollie, there's the white for you—stands for youth and innocence, you know. And there, mamma, there's the red for you—becoming to your brunette beauty."

"How often have I told you, you scamp! not to call me 'mamma'? It's too absurd!"

MOLLIE'S QUANDARY.—"'HE'LL CERTAINLY GET YOU IN THE END, MOLLIE; IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME,' SAID GUY. MOLLIE STANDS LEANING ON HER MALLET, WITH HER PRETTY EYEBROWS ALL IN A PUCKER. 'WHY, HE CAN'T, GUY! YOU KNOW HE CAN'T!'"

"Well, then, my dear child, will you take the first shot?"

"Guy——"

"What's that noise?" interrupts Mollie.

"Carriage-wheels, I declare!" exclaims Mrs. Wallace, in disgust. "I was in hopes no one else would call today. Upon my word, what with hearing it's a fine day, and being bored about Miss Curtis's elopement, and being canvassed for contributions to the fair, my brain is almost addled! Do come and help me, Mollie."

"Oh, I can't!" breathes Mollie, fearfully peeping at the carriage from behind a tall lilac-bush. "It's his mother and sister, and I can't *bear* them!—they're almost as horrid as he is!"

"Oh! it's Phil Sadler, is it?" cries Guy.

Mollie colors furiously and turns away.

"You're very mean!—I shall go right home."

"You can't," teasingly; "he's there still. Don't you see his nig trotting the horses up and down?"

"No; you stay here, Mollie, and play with Guy till I come back. They won't stay long. I'll soon send 'em flying!"

Mrs. Wallace shakes a pretty fist at the carriage, and departs to kiss and be kissed, after the fashion of ladies in the same "set."

"You first, Mollie," says her adversary; and while the balls go skimming round the field after each other, he adds a straw or two to her burden. "You know, Mollie, if it's Phil Sadler, you might as well give up at once."

Miss Averill has sent her ball sidling through the centre-wicket, and now fires at his and misses it; then she looks up, troubled and surprised.

"What do you mean?"

Guy hits her ball and starts on a long run.

"Why, you see, Mollie—take care, you are right in the way of my wicket!—he's one of those fellows—that was a scratch!—one of those fellows who, when they've made up their minds to a thing, never give it up.—There, I'm through!—He'll certainly get you in the end, Mollie; it's only a question of time."

Mollie stands leaning on her mallet, with her pretty brown eyebrows all in a pucker.

"Why, he can't, Guy. You know he can't!"

"Oh, but he *will!* You might just as well do as the 'coon did to the Kentucky sharpshooter, and say, 'Don't hoot, Captain Scott; I'll come down!'—It's your turn, now."

"I won't!" says Mollie, viciously croqueting his ball to

the other end of the lawn. "I won't have him, anyway! I'll go off somewhere, where he can't find me!"

Guy brings his ball into position with one rap.

"You can't. In these days of detectives anybody can be found; and you know a man of his means can employ the whole force, if he likes."

Miss Averill plays, and then stands gulping, while her brown eyes fill with tears.

"But what can I do?" she asks, piteously.

Guy starts on another long run.

"There's only one thing I can think of. There, I said so! there's your father bringing Phil over to find you!"

"Oh, dear! I must run out the front gate!"

"You can't; if you stir from behind these bushes they'll be down on you. There's no way out of it, except to marry some other fellow!"

The girl colors painfully.

"Guy, don't be so absurd! Of course I can't do that. Oh, dear, they'll be here in a minute!"

"Stay behind these bushes and talk low, and they won't hear us. Ah!—why can't you do that, Mollie?"

Click! click! goes the garden gate, and Miss Averill peeps apprehensively between the leaves.

"Why, of course I can't! I wouldn't like to. And then, besides that, I don't know anybody who'd like to, either," says she, thinking more of the "coming man" than of the one beside her.

"Well, I'll tell you what," says her companion, airily; "suppose you marry me?"

She flashes round at him a look of surprise and fright from her wide brown eyes, and is about to flee; but his tone suddenly changes, and he holds fast her plump little hand.

"Don't run, Mollie," he whispers; "you'll go right into Phil's arms if you do. No, don't go the other way, either—there's Mrs. Sadler just coming out on the piazza."

"Let me go, Guy!" she gasps. "I *must* go—*somewhere!*"

"No, don't go, Mollie," and the arm slips round her waist. "If you'll take me, my darling, nobody shall ever trouble you again, if I can help it."

She struggles a little, but dares not make a noise, for the footsteps are very near, and the black-and-tan is yapping again.

"Please let me go."

"Won't you love me a little, my darling?"

The laughing voice has become very serious; the blue eyes look down tenderly into the brown, and the arm holds her very tight. All of a sudden Mollie knows she doesn't care to have him take it away; and just as a coarse voice on the other side the lilacs bursts into laughter, she stammers and whispers:

"I'll try if you'll never let him bother me again."

"Never again, my darling."

And as she looks up to see whether he is laughing at her, the compact is sealed on her sweet baby-mouth, and Mollie's quandary is at end.

A WATERFALL IN GUIANA FIVE THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

Barrington Brown, during his memorable survey of Guiana, reached the foot of Roralma, and ascended its sloping portion to a height of 5,100 feet above the level of the sea. Between the highest point he reached and the foot of the great perpendicular portion which towered above is a band of thick forest. Looking up at the great wall of rock, 2,000 feet in height, he could see that a forest covered its top, and that in places on its sides where small trees or shrubs could gain a hold, there they clung. The gigantic cliff itself is composed of beds of white, pink and red sandstone, interbedded with layers of red shale, the whole resting on a great bed of red diorite. The length of Roralma is about eight or ten miles; Kukenam is perhaps larger, and the area of Illebeapeur is certainly more extensive. It is impossible to view this wonderful group of mountains without realizing that far back in the youth of the world they formed part of an archipelago in tropical seas. That they are well wooded and watered is made certain by visible trees and the enormous waterfall which falls at least from Roralma.

A grand view of this cataract was obtained by Barrington Brown from the mouth of a cave, inhabited by guacharo birds, and situated 1,882 feet above the level of the sea. Through the clear atmosphere was distinctly visible at a distance of thirty miles the white thread of the waterfall. The Indians said it was the head of a branch of the Cotinga River, but it is more probably the head of the Caroni, a branch of the Orinoko. This tropical Staubbach is probably the highest fall in the world, and is at the same time of considerable bulk. The cliff of Roralma is 2,000 feet in height, over the upper half of which it fell like a plumb-line, and then descended with a slight slope outward. The remaining 3,000 feet to the valley below slopes at an angle of 45 degrees, and, being tree-covered, the rest of the fall is hidden by foliage. The invisible attraction of the causus savanna range of island mountains to naturalists arises from the inaccessibility. This should not be understood as the mere desire to excel others in a feat of climbing, but as the hope that some relics of the mammalian life of the so-called "miocene" period may have survived on those isolated altitudes, cut off from all communication with the living, moving world. If any of the miocene mammals lived upon them when the sea washed over their bases, the descendants of those animals may exist there still, as the lemurs exist in Madagascar, and a whole family of mammals, such as the kangaroo, in Australia.

Perhaps a balloon may one day solve the mystery which lends a charm to these island mountains; and the happy naturalist who lands—as one will, of course, land in time—on the summit of Roralma, may find himself among the descendants of the races long since blotted from the lower world, in which the evidence of their existence is recorded in the great stone books alone. Amid the forest depths, on which rests a large cloud, he may find, not the gigantic saurians of the youthful world—grim monsters of the fish-lizard form, but the great progenitors of existing mammalia. Leaving the tapir, one of the most ancient of extant creatures, at the bottom of the Roralma cascade, he may find at its top its gigantic cogeners—huge herbivorous animals, fifteen or eighteen feet in length; the dinotherium, a tapir-like creature, larger than the elephant; antique analogues of the mastodon, ancestors of the horse, the hog, and the great cats which, in the known parts of the continent, are represented by the jaguar, the puma and the ocelot.

The prospect of the dinotherium alone would be sufficient to compensate an enthusiastic naturalist for the labor of years. It is the largest of the terrestrial mammalia which have inhabited our globe, and deservedly found at the head of the thick-skinned animals, as the megatherium or gigantic sloth at that of the tardigrades. Probably the dinotherium would be found, if found at all, pursuing a life like that of the hippopotamus. Its great head and tusks are fitted for grubbing up aquatic plants, and, like those of the walrus, for helping the animal out of the water.

But the dinotherium is but one of the startling forms which might be looked for on Roralma, if its cliffs be really as difficult as painted. Lizards in the semi-ophidian stage might be encountered, and other animals which, as the little boy said who had been taken into a lecture of Professor Owens's, "had not quite made up their minds what they were going to be."

The question is, Is Roralma as inaccessible as it looks? From recent evidence there is a break in the waterfall at a point 1,000 feet below the flat, cliff-like summit. Now, 1,000 feet do not cover a very great height, and there is no good evidence as to the inaccessibility of the mountain. Travelers have looked from afar, and Indians have talked, and nothing has been done among them. Has any white man tried the ascent and failed? Is the scientific world of to-day going to give up as impossible what has never been seriously attempted?

THE ROSE JAR.—A RECIPE FOR AN OLD-FASHIONED PERFUME.

GATHER your rose-leaves in dry weather, remove the petals, and when a half-peck is obtained, take a large bowl and strew table salt on the bottom; then three handfuls of leaves, and repeat until all the leaves are used, covering the top with salt. Let this remain five days, stirring and turning twice a day, when they should appear moist. Add three ounces of bruised or coarsely powdered allspice, one ounce cinnamon stick bruised, which forms the stock. Allow it to remain a week, turning daily from top to bottom. Put into the permanent jar one ounce allspice, and adding the stock, layer by layer, sprinkle between the layers the following mixture: One ounce each cloves and cinnamon, two nutmegs, all coarsely powdered; some ginger root, sliced thin; half an ounce of aniseseed, bruised; ten grains finest musk; half pound of freshly dried lavender flowers; two ounces of powdered or finely sliced orris-root, and essential oils *ad libitum;* also any fine colognes, rose or orange-flower water, orange and lemon peel. Freshly dried violets, tuberoses, clove-pinks or other highly scented flowers should be added each year in season. Fine extracts of any kind will enhance the fragrant odor, while fresh rose-leaves, salt and allspice, made as at first, must be added when convenient in the rose season. Shake and stir the jar once or twice a week, and open only during use.

The delightful effect produced throughout the dwelling by the daily use of these jars is not as universally known as it should be for apartments rendered unpleasant by the odors arising from the kitchen. Noxious gases may be dissipated by the frequent use of the rose jar.

SPANISH TITLES.

TALKING of the Spanish aristocracy, it may be observed that the titled part of it is by no means so large as is supposed. The heads of noble families number about 2,000, and they alone, as a rule, bear titles. Even the eldest son of a duke (say of) Alicante, would only be called Don Juan or Don Alfonso d'Alicante during his father's lifetime. The young sons remain simply Dons—the Spanish equivalent of esquires. As to the qualificatives of titles, they are lightly esteemed, inasmuch as even a beggar must be addressed as "Your Grace" (Merced). The superscription on an envelope addressed to a duke would be, "A l'eccelentissimo Señor Duque de la Torre." So, at least, the wife of Marshal Serrano writes to her lord.

WHAT FARMER GREEN SAID.

BY J. W. WATSON, AUTHOR OF "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

A QUIET house, just off the road,
Of plenteous peace the sweet abode.
The roses twined about the door,
The porch with eglantine ran o'er;
While 'neath its purple flowers there sat
A jolly fellow, sleek and fat—
The master of this thriving farm,
Whose thrifty head and stalwart arm
Had pleased old Mother Earth so well,
She'd made his barns and bins to swell
With all the fatness of the land,
Bestowed from out her generous hand.

Along the sun-beat, dusty road,
A one-legged, jaded soldier strode.
He stopped and viewed the quiet scene,
In contrast with some spots he'd been;
Then humbly to the porch he walked,
And to the prosperous farmer talked.
"My friend, I was a soldier when
Our country called for willing men.
I lost my leg—the story's told—
I have not thriven as of old;
A bit of bread you'll not begrudge,
After my long and weary trudge."
The farmer scanned from top to toe
His form, then bluntly answered, "No!"

The soldier felt his bosom swell,
And said, "A drink from out this well
Will quench my thirst—by heaven 'tis sent,
And costs you not a single cent."
But still the farmer, like a foe,
Answered the soldier, gruffly, "No!"
"Good sir," the soldier humbly plead,
"I'm weary, foot-sore, almost dead;
A storm is nigh—not far away;
Within your barn pray let me stay."
But still the farmer frowned, and said,
"My barn's no place to make a bed."

The soldier now, with flashing eyes,
And cane upraised, in anger cries:
"You ill-bred, ill-fed man of greed!
I stood your friend in hour of need;
I risked my life, that you might live
Amid the plenty peace can give;
And now, from out your plenteous store,
You grudge me bread and drink, and straw
Whereon to lay my weary head!
You'd grudge me ground, if I were dead,
To hide me from your stingy eye:
Keep what you've got, and so, good-by!"

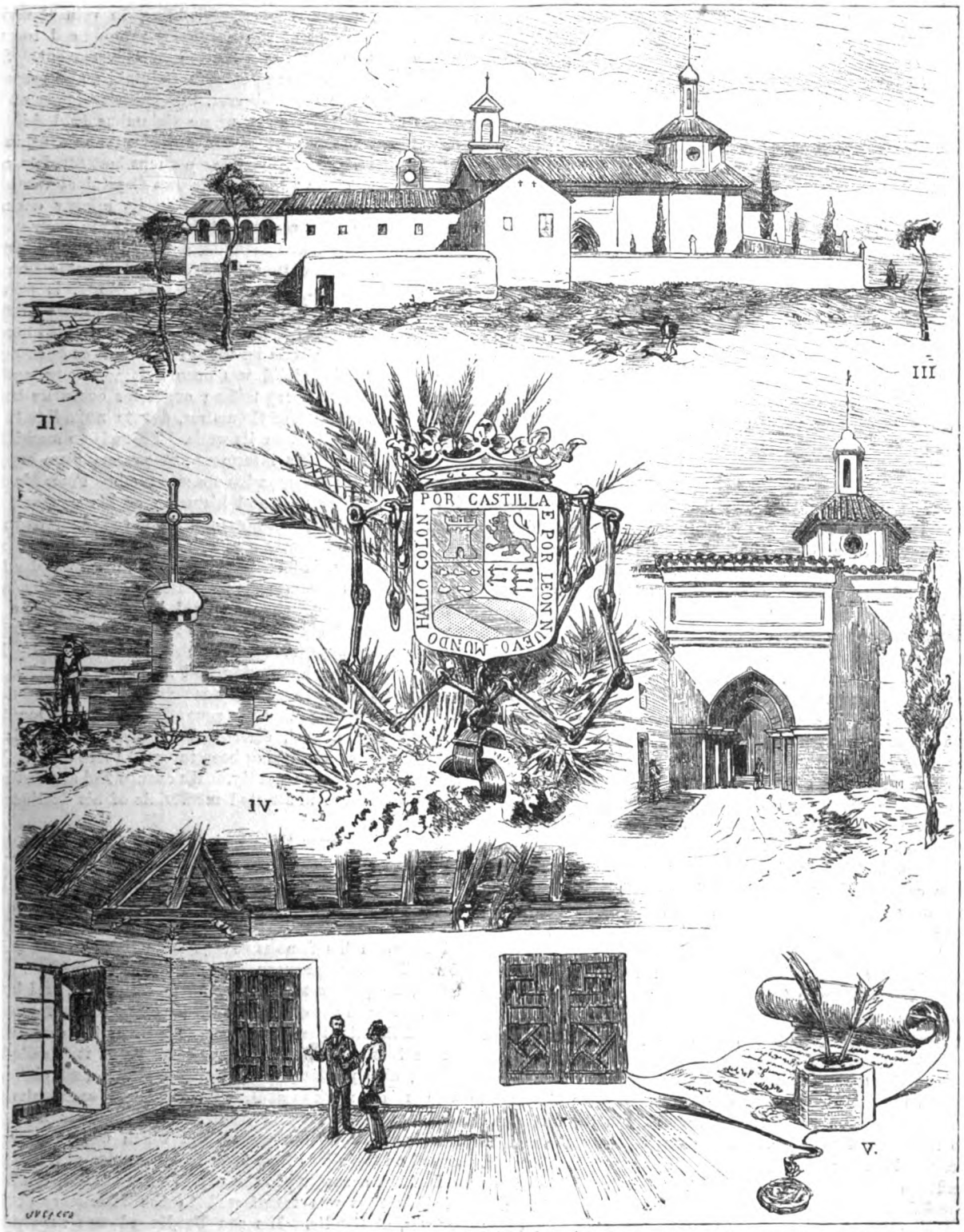
The farmer laughed, and as he rose,
Kept still repeating many "No's!"
"What is your name? John Brown. 'Tis good
Now, Brown, I'll ask you what you would
Have thought of me, if, with good meat,
Fresh eggs, fat pullets, bacon sweet,
I'd brought you out a bit of bread,
And when you asked for water, said
That you might drink from yonder tin,
When I've good cider here within?
D'ye think I'd let you sleep on straw,
With feather-beds on every floor?
Come in, my brave, and I'll forget,
While paying off our little debt,
That you supposed old Farmer Green
Could be so dreadful close and mean,
As grudge a bite, a drink or bed,
While he so bountiful is fed.
No, no, my brave! I never sin,
Knowing it such, and so—come in!"

COLUMBUS DEMONSTRATING HIS THEORIES IN THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.—FROM THE PAINTING BY MASSO.

SOME MEMORIALS OF COLUMBUS.

THE world gives Columbus its veneration, and deplores the trials and hardships that checkered his life. His biography has been written in many languages, yet, strangely enough, much of his career is hidden from us by vague mists and shadows, through which we see but dimly.

He lives rather in the great act that he accomplished than in our knowledge of his personal deeds or thoughts, his friendships or his wrangles, his habits or defects. We talk of him as born at Genoa; but this is disputed, and at best we can only aver that he saw the light in the district depending on that city. The earliest biographical notice of him is, strangely enough, in a note to one of the psalms in a polyglot psalter, issued by a Genoese bishop nearly a decade after the great discoverer passed away. He



1. CONVENT OF LA RABIDA. 2. IRON CROSS PRESENTED TO COLUMBUS BY THE GUARDIAN OF LA RABIDA. 3. MAIN DOOR OF CONVENT. 4. CELL OCCUPIED BY COLUMBUS. 5. INKSTAND USED BY COLUMBUS, AND FAC-SIMILE OF ROYAL ORDER FOR RAISING A CREW FOR THE EXPEDITION.

looked upon his illustrious countryman as a heaven-sent hero, and described him, not from unkind motive, as of poor and humble origin. But this his son indignantly denied.

The record of his baptism has never yet been found—that of his first marriage, to a Portuguese lady of Italian origin, was discovered in Corsica. That of his union with Beatrix, mother of his son Ferdinand, has eluded all research; and one class of writers delight to infer that the union was unblest.

Not only do we fail to identify accurately the place of his birth, but, in his long years of wandering, there are few places which have a long and well-authenticated record to connect them with him.

The Island of Madeira lays claim to possess in her capital, Funchal, a house in which Christopher Columbus long resided. His biographers give no details of his abode here, but we may well credit the claim of the people, which seems based on substantial grounds. The house is ancient and solid. It has stood the storms of centuries, and seems to bid defiance to time. It faces Esmeraldo Street; and, as you look at it from the north, the eye is caught by a peculiar and not unattractive window, double-arched above and triangular beneath—graceful, as though the heavenly curve were triumphing over the dull human lines that man must ever trace. In the rear a lancet-shaped door leads down massive steps to the court opening on the Calle del Jabon. The Columbus room—the saloon on the first floor—has a massive fireplace, plain and simple. Such is the home where he perhaps spent many happy hours with the wife of his youth; conning the Ptolemies then printed, and all the charts of modern navigators which he could reach, or gazing at the ocean that rolled ceaselessly before him, mocking with its laughing waves the unrest of his soul, that sought a solution to the question as to the land beyond its western margin.

In Spain, the ancient Franciscan Convent of Our Lady of Rabida, near Palos, still stands, and preserves with jealous care all memories of the great navigator, to whom its porch was the turning-point in his career—the spot where long discouragement and disappointment were gladdened by a ray of hope. Wayworn and weary, he sat down at its portal, to ask shelter for himself and his boy Ferdinand—sole companion of his wanderings. He did not dream that this solitary religious house was the studious retirement of a learned and far-seeing Franciscan, who left the noise and bustle of Court to devote his time to science. The convent door was opened by Father Marchena, who not only welcomed Columbus, but listened to him as no man had yet done. He caught the Italian's enthusiasm; and the great project, he resolved, should be tested. Confessor and trusted adviser of Queen Isabella, Marchena needed no influence to approach her and lay before her the plan which he had studied thoroughly, and could commend to her protection, both as a priest and as a man of learning.

The Convent of La Rabida preserves the iron cross which Father Juan Perez de la Marchena gave Columbus to plant in the New World, and which has been restored to its original position. It guards jealously the cell he occupied during his residence within its hospitable walls, and the inkstand which he used, and a fac-simile of the royal decree for recruiting men for the great expedition.

Salamanca is not unmindful of Columbus. In other days it was a famous city, and numbered among its population the highest of the haughty nobility of Castile. Its university was the pride of Spain; Ximenes was one of its professors, Cervantes a student. A bridge that was built in the days of the Emperor Trajan still spans the waters of the Tormes. Its grand cathedral, the Castle of Alba de Tormes, attract all travelers; but Columbus interest centres in the Church of St. Stephen, once attended by the Dominican Fathers. In their adjacent convent Columbus lodged in 1484, and unfolded to the learned his theory of a western voyage to the Indies; the learned Dominican Deza, with his friars, upholding in vain the views which the doctors of the university pronounced too vain and wild to merit the attention of Government. Salamanca is proud of her interest in Columbus, and preserves as a relic of the Christ-bearer, the Hostelry-house of Valcuebo within its bounds, where Columbus held his first conference. It has, moreover, reared a monument in his honor, plain, simple, massive—perhaps best fitted to commemorate the man; though our own Capitol at Washington, in its statue, and especially in its mighty doors of bronze, is a nobler monument than Spain can show.

Columbus died at Valladolid, according to the accepted statements. There, in a little deserted street called the Calle de Colon, a whitewashed house, No. 7, is pointed out as the last abiding-place on earth of the great Admiral of the Indies. Did Columbus really die in this obscure, one-storied house, with its three little windows opening on the street? Valladolid was once a famous city, and its annals, recording every trifling event for centuries before and after the death of Columbus, devote not a line to the fact that he died within its walls. There is no mention of his death, nor of his interment; it preserves no copy of any epitaph placed upon his obscure tomb. Peter Martyr, his own countryman, and historian of his voyages, was then in Valladolid, but gives not a line to Columbus in his letters. Not till nearly a month afterward a Government paper mentions, incidentally, that Columbus was dead.

Amid all his reverses the Franciscans clung to him, and, as the story runs, when he died unhonored in the inn they bore his body to the modest Church Santa Maria la Antigua, still overshadowed by the great cathedral. It is a venerable church, wearing well its seven centuries, but there is no tablet there to his memory. If he was buried with pomp, strange that the pomp found none to mention it. Harrisse, a cool, clear-headed investigator, finds no actual proof of his having been interred there at all. Valladolid disappoints us sadly. We cannot feel any enthusiasm before such ill-attested memorials of his death-scene and burial.

Seville preserves the precious Columbus library, some at least of the books over which he spent his studious nights and days—some, perhaps, that were borne with him when he sailed beyond Iceland, attempting to solve the secret of the sea; some that may have crossed the Atlantic with him on his famous voyage from Palos to San Salvador. The margins are arabesqued with his notes, and here, really, we penetrate to his mind and thought, and begin to understand the enthusiasm of his character. The cathedral of Seville, too, boasts a rare relic of the discoverer. In an immense monstrance, or *cussodia*, as it is called in Spain, all sparkling with precious stones and elaborate with artistic work of skill, is incased a smaller monstrance, made of the first gold brought by Columbus from the islands which he discovered, and which was thus consecrated on the altar of his faith to the service of God.

In 1509, according to the will of Diego Colon, the body of Columbus was transferred to the Monastery of Las Cuevas, at Seville. His son Ferdinand was interred in Seville, and his tablet is still to be seen in the cathedral; but of Christopher Columbus himself there is no memorial, either at Las Cuevas or in the cathedral. An inscription found in some works as having been his epitaph is a mere poetical flight of fancy. No historian or annalist

describes any tomb or tablet to his memory there. In 1537 the Spanish Government, at the instance of the family, authorized the interment of his remains in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, and twenty-two years subsequently Las Casas states that they were actually there.

How strange a lot! No witness of his death or burial; none of the removal of his remains to Seville, or thence to the city in the Western World selected for his final resting-place. All is vague, all uncertain. The world rolled on, and took no note of the death or fame of Columbus.

Inclosed in a stone chest, the remains of the discoverer lay in the Cathedral of Santo Domingo, and as no mention is made of any tablet, there seems to have been nothing to mark the spot. A synod held at the close of the seventeenth century affirms that they lay there, not as recorded on sculptured stone or shown by storied bust, but as attested by the oldest inhabitants of the city. A century later, when a French writer sought definite knowledge, there was the same statement, an appeal to the memory of the aged. This tradition pointed to the gospel side of the sanctuary.

In time Spain lost one-half of the island, and in 1795 ceded what remained in her hands to France. The Spanish officials, before withdrawing in that year, resolved to bear away the remains of Columbus. On the 21st of December an opening was made where the remains were traditionally held to lie. There, according to the official statement, were found "some thin pieces of lead, indicating that they had been a box of that metal, and some pieces of bones, like limb-bones or other parts of the body of some deceased person." These were collected, with the mold found there, properly incased, and with solemn religious and civic honors conveyed to Havana. The official Act, strangely enough, does not, from beginning to end, mention the name of Columbus, or indicate that anything was found to verify, in any way, the identity of these remains with the illustrious man whom they sought to honor.

So hastily was all done, that a doubt has always existed whether the remains still honored in Havana are really those of Christopher Columbus, or of some member of his family.

In our time the doubt has been increased, and a violent discussion has arisen, in which writers in Cuba, Santo Domingo, Spain, France, and, incidentally, in England and this country, have taken part.

Santo Domingo has ceased to have its titular archbishop; but in our time, Mgr. Roque Cocchia, Bishop of Orope, was appointed to exercise episcopal authority there. He was a student, and had already made diligent research into the history of the missions of the Order to which he belonged—that of the Capuchins—and had published the result of his labors, establishing a reputation as a judicious historical scholar. It was fortunate that such an antiquarian presided in the cathedral, for in April, 1877, he was notified of the discovery in the gospel side of the cathedral of a vault containing a metal casket. On his return to the cathedral he repaired to the spot, and, after satisfying himself of the fact, had it formally opened and examined on the 26th of June. On the casket an inscription, "El Almirante Don Luis Colon, Duque de Veraguas, Marques de. . . ." is still legible.

They had thus come upon the vaults of the family of Columbus, and further investigation was natural. On the 10th of September, in the space between a vacant vault and the main wall of the presbytery, a rough stone was met, and on breaking off part of this, another small vault was discovered, containing a metal casket. The bishop was immediately summoned, and thrusting his arm into the opening, rubbed off a deposit formed on the casket, and saw some lettering, which proved to be "Per Ate Y." Further examination was deferred till persons of official rank were summoned to make a solemn Act in the Spanish style. The hole was then enlarged, and the box extracted and placed in the bishop's hands. When the exterior of the box was cleansed, they could read, "DE LA A. PerAte" on the two sides, and in front "C. C. A." The box was opened, and found to contain human bones. The top of the lid, on being freed from the crust formed on it, had cut in it, "ILLtre Y ESdo VARON Dn CRISTOVAL COLON."

The joy and emotion of all present were intense. The box was borne to the pulpit, and thence the bishop addressed the throng which crowded into the church.

All were convinced that these were really the remains of the great discoverer, and that the unidentified remains borne to Havana in 1795 were those of some other person. Bishop Roque Cocchia, in a pastoral letter, announced the discovery. This excited the discussion. A Cuban writer, Lopez Prieto, assailed the theory, and not only arguments were adduced, but the good faith of the Vicar Apostolic of Santo Domingo was challenged. The Spanish Government used its influence, and even in this country the newspapers were employed to carry on this system of weak argument and personal abuse; strange elements for a grave historical discussion. In Spain, the Spanish Academy of History undertook to examine the subject, and a memoir, addressed to it by Señor Colmeiro, followed the same course. Harrisse, a student well known in this country, has, however, examined the whole matter impartially, and the Spanish Academy owes it to its own well-earned renown to remove from its escutcheon the stain made by the ill-judged work of Colmeiro. Archbishop Roque Cocchia has since calmly reviewed the whole question, and every critic must admit that all that can be considered evidence supports the authenticity of the remains found, while the Spanish side is characterized by lack of evidence at every point of its chain of argument. The case, as found, with the inscriptions, complete our series of illustrations of Memorials of Columbus.

THE TRADING RAT.

By A. S. Fuller.

Among the many strange animals one meets in the Rocky Mountains, the hairy-tailed or trading rat is perhaps the most unique and interesting to the naturalist. It is a common remark that "there is no one thing in nature more wonderful than another," and while this may be true to those who seek "first causes" or origin of things in general, still there are some objects, animate and inanimate, that command attention, and interest us more than others.

The trading rat seems to possess some human traits of character, that makes one think that he has either been taking lessons of man, or man of him, in the matter of trading, if nothing more. If Darwin is in want of an original type of the genuine "swap," he can find it in this little animal, for it is not only sharp and cunning in driving a trade, but, like a majority of its two-legged congeners, it endeavors to get the best end of the bargain.

A few weeks since, while standing near one of the mining camps on Old Baldy Mountain, in northern New Mexico, I made the acquaintance of what is called by the miners the hairy-tailed rat (*Neotoma occidentalis.*—Cooper). One of these rats was stretched full length on the logs of a hut near by, watching our movements, and seeming to

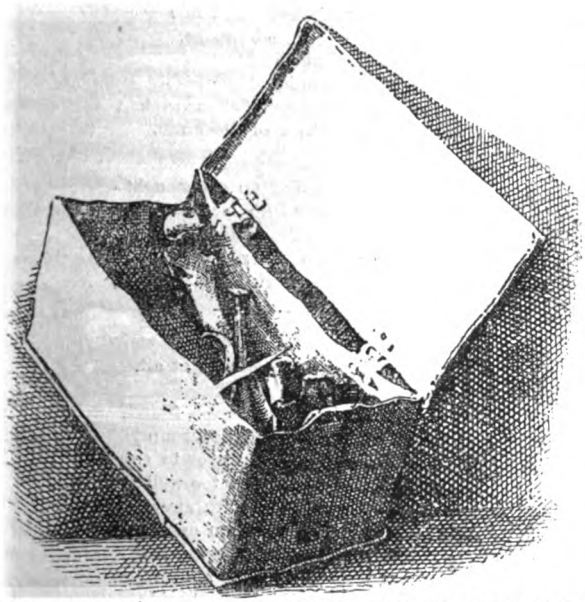
COLUMBUS HOUSE AT FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.—1. MAIN DOOR ON ESMERALDO STREET. 2. LANCET DOOR AND STEPS LEADING TO JABON STREET. 3. WINDOW IN FRONT. 4. MAIN ROOM ON FIRST FLOOR.—SEE PAGE 33.

take much interest in what our party were doing. His glistening black eyes were indicative of mischief, as well as intelligence of no mean order; while the general make-up of the animal showed that he was of a higher type than his namesake that inhabits barns and cellars in older and more thickly settled parts of the country. Wishing to obtain an opportunity of a closer examination of this inhabitant of the mountain, and expressing my desire, a lad of some ten years, standing near by, replied, "I'll get you one." "Do it, my boy," said I, "and I'll give you this silver dollar," drawing one of our "In God We Trusts" from my pocket. Away went the lad, and soon returned with the dead rat in his hand.

"How did you kill it?" I inquired.

"With a stone," he replied, at the same time gazing very intently upon his silver dollar, turning it over and around as though it was something that he had not been accustomed to handle, or call his own.

We soon learned that killing rats, birds and other kinds

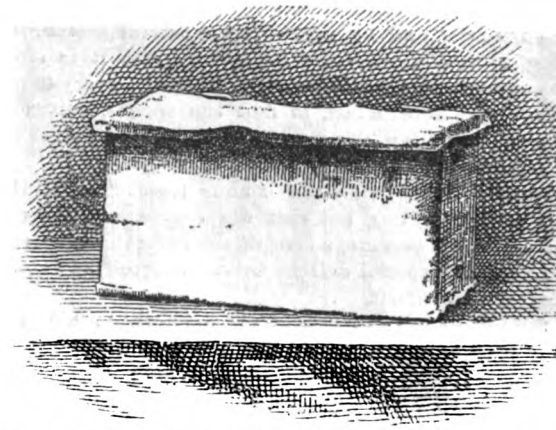


SOME MEMORIALS OF COLUMBUS.—CASKET FOUND IN CATHEDRAL OF ST. DOMINGO IN 1877—INTERIOR.—SEE PAGE 33.

of small wild game was an everyday pastime with these miners' children, for, by constant practice, they become very expert, and can throw stones with a velocity and accuracy that make such rude weapons dangerous in the hands of those who know how to use them.

But to return to the rat, which I had been holding in my hand while the boy's skill in throwing stones was being discussed. This hairy-tailed, or, what I think should be called, "trading" rat, measures sixteen inches from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail. He is covered with rather long hairs, mainly of dark brown on the back, with a sprinkling of yellow, and gray on the sides, shading off to nearly pure white underneath. The tail is also thickly covered with hair of the same colors as that on the body. Upon the whole, he has very few points in common with our Eastern rats; in fact, he does not belong to the same genus, according to the classification of our best zoologists.

Upon expressing a desire to learn more of the history of this little denizen of the mountains, every miner in camp had a story, or a number of them, to tell about him, all agreeing that he was a

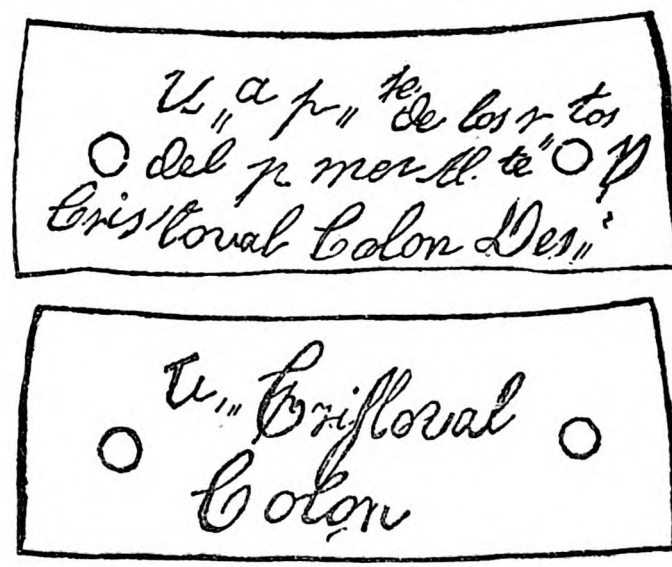


CASKET FOUND IN CATHEDRAL OF ST. DOMINGO IN 1877—EXTERIOR.

great thief, which, I think, is a slander, as their own statements fully proved.

That these rats enter houses, camps and mines, and take things that do not belong to them, is doubtless true; but the universal testimony of the miners, their wives and children, is that the rats never take an article without leaving something in its place. They make a trade, but never actually steal an article. They will come in at night and carry off spoons, knives and forks—in fact, almost anything of the kind; but will invariably leave a chip, stick or stone in place of each article taken.

The miner with whom I was stopping for the day said that one evening he brought home a peck of potatoes and laid them on the floor in one corner of the room, but the next morning they had all been removed, and piled up in the opposite corner, by one or more of the rats, and a pile of chips and bark left in their place. The rats had neither eaten nor carried away any of the potatoes, but their propensity to mischief or trading had induced them to bring in chips, and move the tubers across the room. They also seem to be very fond of trading chips for tobacco, and, although it is not known that they either chew or smoke, my host assured me that one of the little rascals actually carried off a pound of plug tobacco, a pipe and a box of matches, leaving a few chips on the shelf from which these articles were taken. Next morning a search was made for the missing articles, and all were found in a pile under the corner of the house, none the worse for moving. The



INSCRIPTIONS ON ST. DOMINGO CASKET.

telltale chips and sticks always give a clew to the author of the mischief, and by instituting a careful search, the missing articles can usually be found. But it is often quite annoying to the miner's wife, when in a hurry to get her husband his breakfast, to find the spoons, knives or forks gone, and a few chips carefully laid in their place by these mischievous traders in household wares.

These rats, however, do not confine their labors to the houses of the miners, but visit the diggings, and every tunnel and shaft becomes a favorite resort for these traders, where they take special delight in carrying off any small article left lying about.

As the miners quit their work at night, they are in the habit of leaving pieces, or whole candles, as the case may be, on some jutting ledge of rock near the mouth of the tunnel, where they will be ready for use when returning to work next morning. But if there are any of the trading rats about, all these candles will be gathered up and carried far into the mine, and probably all placed in one heap; the stick or chip left in the spot from where each candle was taken, informs the miner who has been around in his absence. The rat has no taste for tallow or wax, consequently never eats the candles or the pieces gathered up; but they are nice things to hold and carry in his mouth, and perhaps he enjoys hearing the miner curse him in the morning, while safely hidden in some fissure in the rocks.

I would not care to become responsible for all the stories told by the miners in regard to these rats, but the above are among the most simple and easy to believe, besides being of almost daily occurrence during the Summer months, among the mines in the mountains of New Mexico.

"WALKING LEAVES" AND "WALKING STICKS."

THE several insects popularly known by these names are not confined to Australia. There are many "walking sticks" in our Northern and Western States, belonging to the genus *Spectrum*. One, the most common, has no wings; it is about four inches long, and looks, when not in motion, exactly like a small piece of a twig. The female is somewhat stouter than the male, and of ash color, her lord being of a greenish-brown hue.

The bodies of some of the species have excrescences which appear like the knobs or bark of a tree, and the delicate legs of the creature seem like little branching twigs, the long, slender antennæ resembling still minuter sprays. These are the very large walking sticks met with in the East Indies, Australia and South America, and the mischief some of the family do to the cocoanut palm in the Pacific Islands is very great, for the similarity in their hue to the color of the objects on which they feed prevents birds and other animals from discovering them and lessening their ranks.

The "walking leaves," or leaf insects, are even more astonishing, and they vary in color from the delicate yellow tint of the bursting bud to the dark rich green of a full-grown leaf and the decaying brown of Autumnal foliage. Their wings seem modeled to resemble the leaves on which they rest, and the very joints of their legs expand into a fold like some half-opened leaflet. The imitation is perfect, and, to still carry on this strange resemblance, even the eggs laid by some of these insects can scarcely be distinguished in shape and color from seeds.

Sir Emerson Tennant kept a walking leaf under a glass shade on his table, and it there laid a quantity of eggs, which, he states in his work, were "brown and pentangular, with a short stem, and slightly punctured at the intersections." The "praying mantis," of Italy and the South of France, belong to the same family as the leaf spectre and walking-stick insects.

THE CARVER AND THE CALIPH.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

(We lay our story in the East.
Because 'tis Eastern? Not the least.
We place it there because we fear
To bring its parable too near,
And touch with an unguarded hand
Our dear, confiding native land.)

A certain Caliph, in the days
The race affected vagrant ways,
And prowled at eve for good or bad
In lanes and alleys of Bagdad,
Once found, at edge of the bazaar,
E'en where the poorest workers are,
A Carver.

Fair his work and fine
With mysteries of inlaced design,
And shapes of shut significance
To aught but an anointed glance—
The dreams and visions that grow plain
In darkened chambers of the brain.

But all day busily he wrought
From dawn to eve, and no one bought—
Save when some Jew with look askant,
Or keen-eyed Greek from the Levant,
Would pause awhile—depreciate—
Then buy a month's work by the weight,
Bearing it swiftly over seas
To garnish rich men's treasuries.

And now for long none bought at all,
So lay he sullen in his stall.
Him thus withdrawn the Caliph found,
And smote his staff upon the ground:
"Ho, there, within! Hast wares to sell?
Or slumber'st, having dined too well?"
"Dined!" quoth the man, with angry eyes,
"How should I dine when no one buys?"
"Nay," said the other, answering low—
"Nay, I but jested. Is it so?
Take then this coin; but take beside
A counsel, friend, thou hast not tried.
This craft of thine, the mart to suit,
Is too refined—remote—minute;
These small conceptions can but fail;
'Twere best to work on larger scale,
And rather choose such themes as wear
More of the earth and less of air.
The fisherman that hauls his net;
The merchants in the market set;
The couriers posting in the street;
The gossips as they pass and greet—
These things are plain to all men's eyes;
Therefore with these they sympathize.
Further (neglect not this advice!),
Be sure to ask three times the price."

The Carver sadly shook his head;
He knew 'twas truth the Caliph said.
From that day forth his work was planned
So that the world might understand.
He carved it deeper, and more plain;
He carved it thrice as large again;
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost,
—Ah, but the Artist that was lost!

CENSURE is most effectual when mixed with praise; so, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to go in company with it.

THE STORY OF A PILGRIM BOTTLE.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"NO, SIR; we can't make any use of them. You seem to have no notion of what the public require. Now, is that your idea of a pleasant design for wall-paper, sir? This thing, which looks like the half of a scarecrow, what do you call that, sir?"

"That's the split-eagle pattern," I answered, in a crestfallen tone.

"Split eagles! And who the deuce wants to see a hundred—a thousand—no, hundreds of thousands of split eagles on his walls? Why, sir, it would be a sort of delirium tremens to a fellow. Not that any one would recognize a likeness to our noble national bird in these things—they are more like skeletons of starved chickens. I'm sorry to disappoint, but we don't like your style. Now, here is something like a wall-paper."

And the wretch held up a very lively design, indeed—a garden trellis, with morning-glory vines running all over it, and pink and white blossoms everywhere.

"There, you see; nature itself. Makes a perfect bower of a room. If you could do anything in that way——"

"But decorative art should not copy nature," I said, very firmly, though there was a strange choking in my throat; "it should typify, not imitate."

The fellow smiled, as though compassionating my ignorance.

"All right, sir. I know what my customers like, and what will *sell*. Good-morning."

I bowed in a dispirited way, and went out. It was a drear November day, and a fine, mist-like rain was falling. I had eaten a penny roll for breakfast, and I was provided with the requisite amount for the same ample repast for dinner or supper. I was a young man, with plenty of energy, but I belonged to the great army of the unemployed. I was artistic in my tastes, and had advanced ideas on the subject. I was an artist of the future, and therefore at present could find nothing to do. I was just starting in life, but could not get the chance to start. I had wonderful ambitions. I saw Fame's misty ladder rising before me, its summit cloud-capped, but I could not find a place for my feet, even on the first round.

I walked gloomily to my lodgings, but made a slight detour that I might look once more in a certain window, to which I had made many pilgrimages of late. I had stood there, sometimes a half-hour at a time, studying a certain Limoges pilgrim bottle. I had rashly spent my last money in buying one of the same shape, in the hope that I might succeed in making a good imitation and sell it luckily.

The clouded blue background baffled me; the strange tawny tints of an inexplicable flower were hard to catch; the heaped-up color, as if it had been thrown on in lumps; the long, straggling stem, the half-faded leaves—all these made a difficult task.

After making another study of it, I went on toward the quarter where I lived. The mist had turned into a decided rain, and it was nearly dark, although not yet five o'clock. In the narrow street where stood the dingy house in which I made my home, the lamps were already lighted, and showed the dirty, glistening walks and squalid surroundings. But I hurried to the miserable shelter, for a chill, not wholly from the weather, seemed to freeze my blood.

Heartsick as I was, I went first to the window to examine my pilgrim bottle. If that sold, my prospects would brighten. I could not see the outline of it, standing there, so I groped about for a match. Horror! it was not there!

One glance at the floor showed me the fragments. My last hope was shattered. I sat down and covered my face with my hands. I must own to some unmanly tears. I had no money to buy again, to experiment any more. I had no friends from whom I could borrow, for the poor have so few friends, and I had seen how soon a man's friendly smile froze over when the idea of borrowing was introduced. I was sick, faint, hungry. There lay my work—ruined!

And the tints were so good—a little brighter, perhaps, but a success.

I sat for a few moments paralyzed, and then I called Mrs. Sproule, my landlady—deferentially, of course, because I owed her rent. Besides, she was stout, and resented coming up-stairs.

"Look at that!" I said, with contained wrath. "Do you know how it happened?"

"Lors, now, how should I?" she answered, indifferently. "Likely it's that Lucindy, drat her!—she's allers a-droppin' somethin'; or the cat."

"If Lucinda did it, she must pay for it!" I exclaimed, reviving somewhat at the idea of getting damages out of some one.

"More like the cat, since you set it in the windy," answered Mrs. Sproule. "An' talkin' of pay, Mr. Grandon, it would come wery conwenient like if you'd settle up."

"I'm sorry," I answered, "but just now it is impossible. Next week, perhaps——"

"Oh, come now," said Mrs. Sproule, working herself up into wrath. "I can't stand this sort o' work now, I can't. Parties as can't pay must go. That's the ticket. Come, now!"

"I've given you an answer," I said.

"But not the money," she answered, sharply. "Ugh! I've no patience with yees. An able-bodied young fellow a-spongin' on a poor widder! Go to work! a-wastin' of yer time daubin' up crockery—an' hidjus daubs, too, you make. As I was sayin' to Lucindy, 'Wotever is the thing like? Nothin' in the 'evings above or in the earth beneath.' Remember, now, young man! my money in two days, or go it is!"

And then she was kind enough to leave me alone, and I heard the clock strike six. I took out my pocketbook and scrutinized it carefully. I squeezed it, in hopes a lucky dime had lodged somewhere. Then I looked through the rickety chest of drawers for something to sell or pawn. They were, alas! almost emptied already.

One by one I picked up the few articles lying there, and dropped them again with a sort of groan. It was no use. Fate was too hard for me. Here was an old pocketbook that had been taken from my father's pocket when he was found dead—murdered, and thrown into a ditch. My father, it must be confessed, was a *mauvais sujet*, and I had no reason to mourn his demise. I was no more alone afterward than before; yet I could not forget the shock of it. I was only a boy of fifteen at the time, and it seemed to open before me terrible vistas of crime. Murdered! I was haunted for days by the fearful scene called up by a vivid imagination. The stealthy stab with a sharp, glittering knife—the groan—the fall!

I never saw the old pocketbook—a peculiar one, of a dull olive green, with a red rim about it—without recalling that time with a shudder. This empty pocketbook was all the heritage left me. He had probably been robbed,

for there was no money left about him. Empty, did I say? there were a few scraps of torn paper in it which I had kept, and tried sometimes to put together into some sort of meaning, but in vain. I took them out mechanically on this night, those yellow bits of paper; but I was in no mood to make any more vain attempts. I soon pushed them back again, and shut the drawer.

I believe I said I had no relatives. I had, however, a godmother living about six miles off, and I decided on going down there on this night. Her husband, my godfather-in-law I might call him, was a gruff, overbearing, purse-proud man, who esteemed a person according to his success in life. You may, therefore, imagine his opinion of me.

But there was a daughter.

I could not spend that evening alone with my despair. The very thought was maddening.

I picked up the remains of the pilgrim bottle, and gazed at them with the grief of one who sees a shattered hope before him.

> "As looks a father on the things
> Of his dead son, I looked on these."

There were the strange, tawny pink buds, struggling out of the cloudy blue gloom of the background; the yellowish green leaves had caught the very tint of the original—and the wandering stem: ah! it was too much.

I laid the fragments down tenderly, and hurried away.

Mrs. Sproule eyed me suspiciously as I passed her open door, as if she feared I carried my belongings surreptitiously away.

The night had closed in stormy and cold, but my old frieze overcoat, once purple, but now with a bloom all over it like a plum, kept out the rain.

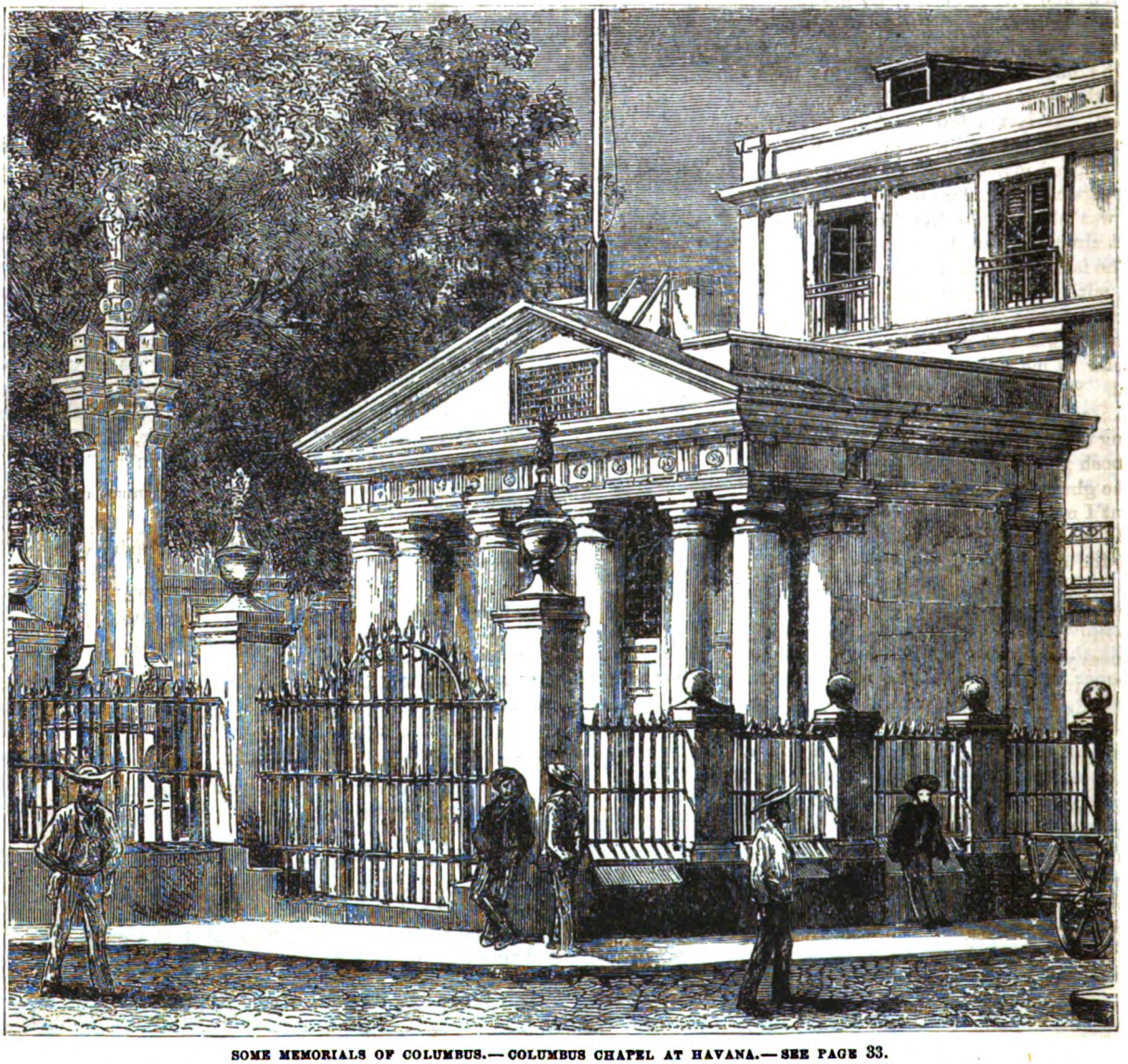
It was the last of November, and the stores already had put on a holiday appearance. I could see their bravery through the slanting showers; their splendor struck athwart the gloom of the night, and brought a new pang.

What part had I in Christmas cheer and joy?—I, with starvation staring me in the face, a gaunt spectre which would not be laid.

I must confess that the fat turkeys aggravated me, so gorged with overfeeding as they appeared; and the savory strings of sausages, how appetizing they appeared. I did not notice the fruit much; I was too hungry.

I had six miles before me, and I felt already faint and sick; so I spent my last cent for a penny roll.

What a wretched walk it was, through mire and water,



SOME MEMORIALS OF COLUMBUS.—COLUMBUS CHAPEL AT HAVANA.—SEE PAGE 33.

with a keen wind cutting my face like a knife all the way; but I tramped on in a sort of grim despair.

I would look once more in Nelly Masters's sweet face, and then—let death come: "the shorter the struggle, the longer the sleep."

Hiram Masters had been a banker in the city I was leaving; but had retired two years before and bought a handsome place in the country. I had often been there, although I could see that I was not a welcome guest to him. I braved all his sneers and cutting words, for Nelly's sake. Her mother, a silly, inconsequent sort of woman, who had been cowed into imbecility by her ferocious husband, still seemed to have some lingering tenderness for me in her heart which she dared not show; but I felt grateful for it.

Oh! how long the way was. My head fairly reeled before the end, and the road seemed to rise and fall like waves. At last, a few twinkling lights showed the little village of Burnham—a mere suburb of the city.

I dragged myself through the gate, and leaned exhaustedly against the pillars when I rang.

I was shown into the library, where the warmth and light almost sickened me.

The family were all there Nelly, in a pretty olive-green silk, with her fair hair gathered in a mass of curls behind, and short ones clustering about her white forehead. Perhaps she was not a regular beauty; but her face seemed sweeter to me than all the fabled beauties of the Greek ideal. She had soft, bluish-gray eyes, of the appealing kind; a straight little nose, and a mouth—well, it's no use trying to describe Nelly's mouth—in fact, most descriptions are bosh; I could not even paint that soft, fleeting smile, or the ghost of a dimple that always——

But I must not linger over Nelly, or I shall never get on.

Old Masters, whose head was as bare as a plaster cast, save for a fringe of gray hair about it, had fierce gray eyes under a gray thatch, and a set of false teeth, which he seemed to gnash as he talked.

"Oh! hullo, Noel!" he growled. "Down again? No business yet, I suppose?"

"Not just now," I said.

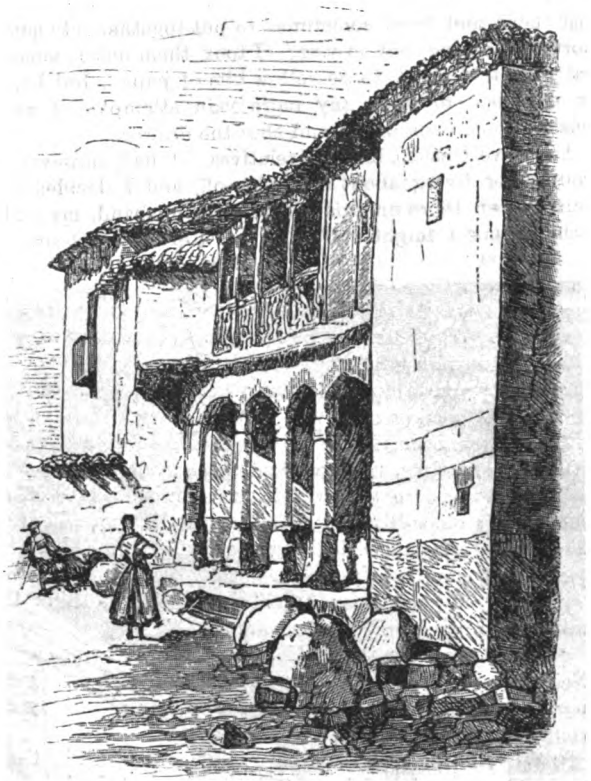
"Oh! how wet you are!" cried Nelly. "Let Sam take your coat."

"You're dripping all over the carpet," growled old Masters.

"Come near the fire," suggested his wife, whom I had always called Aunt Pam.

I hurried out of the library—which, I have forgotten to say, was furnished in most luxurious style. Old Masters prided himself on having all that money could buy, and he kept an accurate account of the prices, so that he could state them to any visitor. He knew nothing of bric-à-brac,

MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS AT SALAMANCA.



VALCUEBO HOSTELRY AT SALAMANCA, WHERE COLUMBUS HELD HIS FIRST CONFERENCE.

but he bought it as he did his library: so much a volume. He never read one, or understood the other. He would, nevertheless, point various objects out with pride:

"Hideous, isn't it, that majolica plate? Well, it stood me in—about fifty dollars. It's genuine—what do ye call it? You know—well-authenticated what's-its-name?"

I had sent away my rough wet coat by Sam, and sat down before the cheerful fire, shivering somewhat from the chill of the weather and the chill of the welcome. Nelly was silent, but her sweet, pitying eyes were upon me. Aunt Pam went on nervously knitting, and old Masters eyed me maliciously.

"Eh!" he grunted; "in my day a young fellow would scorn to be dawdling around in such a useless way. I'd go and break stones in the road——"

"But Noel is not strong enough," ventured Aunt Pam.

"Then let him sell peanuts," growled the old hyena; "or dance a tight-rope, or learn to eat fire. Blast me! juggling tricks are better than idleness!"

I did not answer. I felt that I was turning white, and the room began to swim.

"Bless me, the boy's going to faint," cried Aunt Pam; and Nelly forgot prudence and sprang to my side.

"Can we get you anything?" she whispered.

"I'm—hungry," I answered, in an almost inarticulate voice, forgetting all pride; "that is all."

The others did not hear, but Nelly sprang up and disappeared. Soon an ample tea-tray was brought in. How delicious was the bread-and-butter! how the cold meat disappeared!

"Umph! not very ill, I take it," growled the old man. "Did you ever read Solomon, young man?—'if a man will not work, neither let him eat.'"

"But Noel wants to work, papa," said Nelly, goaded into my defense. "He can't get it; he's tried everything. You know these times are not like when you were young."

"Bosh! Where there's a will there's a way. Look at me. I began without a cent; no help, no favor from any one. Let him begin at the bottom of the ladder; sell peanuts, I say."

And then he buried himself in his newspaper, and I was thankful.

"I did know a man, really, Noel," mildly meandered Aunt Pam, "who made an immense fortune out of dolls' eyes; the first who made them open and shut, I believe. Don't you know, Nelly—those Beadles, who lived in Park place; you turned down Wintergreen Street, and it was a white house, two, or, well, perhaps three doors from the corner, on the right side. And they had such poor relations, too. Why, Mr. Beadle's cousin's sister used to——"

And so on in a mild stream till bedtime.

"S'pose you mean to stay all night?" growled old Masters, at last getting up with a yawn.

Nelly and I had arranged by cabalistic signs, understood by ourselves, that we must have a few words alone; so, when I was sure the old folks were in bed, I took off my shoes and stole softly down-stairs to the library, where my darling waited for me, looking very sad. We had known each other from babies.

"Oh! you poor, poor boy!" she cried, "to think that we have so much and you are starving!"

"Never mind; it is a cordial to see your dear face again, Nelly. I can live on that for a week. But I own I feel pretty low to-night," and then I told her about my discouragements and the pilgrim bottle.

"Why, I think we must have one very much like that," she said, more cheerfully. "Dear old boy! don't give it up. See here; I have a five-dollar gold-piece here. You must take it for a new capital—and—I'll lend you ours to copy. It stands to reason that you'll do better with one before you. Now, I'm sure you'll succeed this time, and there is really such a fancy for this sort of thing at present——" I took the shining gold-piece the dear little girl pressed upon me so anxiously.

"You are an angel," I said, "and I must take heart again, since you do not give me up."

"I never know exactly where papa keeps his keys," Nelly said, as she rummaged about. "He likes to change the place, I think. I know the pilgrim bottle is in this cabinet, and he'll never miss it for a few days.'

She had found the key of the small drawers which were in the bottom of the cabinet, and I stood by her side looking on as she opened them.

As she opened the last—of course the key was in the very last—I saw lying there a small olive-green pocketbook, with a red rim about it, the exact counterpart of the one I had left lying in my drawer at home.

I cannot tell why the insane idea crossed my mind that this pocketbook also contained some scraps of paper, or why I felt an irresistible longing to examine it. But I did; I stared at it as if it had been the ghost of mine, and, while dear little Nelly had her back turned, I snatched up the strange phenomenon and slipped it into my pocket. I must see what it held, and I promised myself that I could make a chance to return it the next day, even if I had to tell Nelly the whole story.

"Here it is," said Nelly, holding up the pilgrim bottle before my covetous eyes.

It was a gem. The groundwork a rich brown, paling into a buff, and out of the gloom, great white trumpet-shaped flowers bloomed amid odd tufts of green.

"But it is so large," said Nelly.

"Oh, I think I have a pocket in my old frieze which will hold it." I said; and on making the attempt it proved successful. "But how gingerly I will have to walk with such a precious load! I shall start out on my pilgrimage with new courage, darling."

"It is so little—so little I can do for you," murmured my darling, in such a softly pathetic voice, that I could not resist snatching her up in my arms and pressing kiss after kiss on her sweet lips.

"You have done everything!" I cried—"you have given me back hope and life! Oh, Nelly! if I could only believe that one day you would be mine, I could bear anything. But that old curmudgeon of a father of yours——"

"Humph!" said a gruff voice at the door, which made us start and tremble as if a thunderclap had interposed, or the floor yawned in a gulf under our feet. In fact, I should have welcomed any such yawning chasm at that moment, if I could only have vanished in it utterly.

"Humph!" growled old Masters, a baleful fire gleaming out under the gray thatch of his eyebrows. "The old curmudgeon would see you blown into perdition before he would give you his daughter. Ho, ho! this is the plot, is it! You are to step into fortune by an easy process—no hard work for my gentleman! By Jove! an easy way to get rich, by deluding an innocent girl. Go to bed, Nelly! You are a hussy—a bold, forward hussy! So you meet young fellows when the old folks are snoozing, do you? Go, girl; I shall not forget it."

"How can you abuse your position to slander your daughter," I said, roused to indignation for Nelly. "Is it anything that she should have remained here with me a few moments? haven't we played together from children?"

"You—young jackanapes!" he cried, almost inarticulate with fury. "Don't let me see you again! You've abused my kindness, you scamp! you've betrayed my hospitality, you villain! Don't darken my doors any more. I'll not turn you out in the storm to-night, because I've promised my foolish wife; but don't let me see you in the morning, sir. Mind that, you idle dog!"

Nelly stood there, pale as a ghost, her pretty, beseeching eyes fixed upon my face, or I should have felled the old man to the floor. My blood boiled so, that it seemed as if a hundred wheels were turning in my brain. I longed to go out of the house at once, but the storm was terrific, and I was not strong enough to face it.

"You are arrogant because you are prosperous," I said, in a choked voice; "but there are worse ways of getting money than marrying a rich wife."

I don't know what demon prompted me to say this. I had heard vague rumors that he had not been very scrupulous; but I never calculated on the effect of my words. His face flamed, and I heard his teeth gnash frightfully. A sort of convulsion passed over his face; but he could not articulate a word, and he turned away, and walked up-stairs, holding on to the balusters like a weak old man.

I crept up to the little bedroom appropriated to me, trembling from head to foot with excitement. The gas was burning low, and I sat down, weak and shaken, beneath it.

"The purse-proud old wretch," I thought; and then I remembered the pocketbook. How could I ever return it now? what madness ever to have taken it!

I opened it, wondering at my own temerity. Why should it be odd that there were two pocketbooks alike? Probably there had been a thousand made at the same time.

But—ah! this *was* odd. No one could deny that this was a singular coincidence. In old Masters's pocketbook there were *scraps of torn paper*; just as yellow, just the same in number, and with disconnected letters on them, as in my father's.

This roused me from dwelling on the stormy scene that

had just passed, and took me into a bewildering region of doubt and conjecture, which kept me awake all night.

The morning was frosty and clear. A new day! Somehow, it always brings a little hope. There are so many possibilities in a new day! I rose very early, and was slipping quietly out of the house, when Sam arrested me.

"Miss Nelly, sir, said as 'ow business would call you up herly, as the cook has a bit o' steak an' a 'ot biscuit ready, sir."

Dear Nelly! I thanked her in my heart for her thoughtfulness, for I had lived low lately, and did not feel very strong for the walk.

It was still early when I found myself on the road, the ground frozen, the frost sparkling everywhere. Pleasant little country houses were scattered here and there. One, half hidden in honeysuckle, which still bravely held its leaves and a few fragrant buff blossoms, had a bill on it—"To Let." That bill seemed to open the gates of dreamland to me. If Nelly and I had the place, what a delightful home it would make! Just imagine what a Christmas would be together, in our own house, with no ogre to gnash his teeth at us—alone with our love. Ah!

A long-drawn sigh over the bliss of it was brought to a sudden end by the fall of something almost at my feet. The something was a man. He had not fallen from the clouds, evidently, but from a high, spiked wall that he had apparently been trying to scale. He lay as one dead, and I saw he wore an odd uniform, and his hair was cropped.

"An escaped lunatic, I suppose," I thought, remembering that this was the wall of an asylum. "Poor dog, he has escaped the madness of life altogether."

But, bending over him, I found he still lived, and I looked about for water, and remembered the pilgrim bottle.

"He has never had such a lordly drinking-cup before," I thought, when I had found some water and was trying to restore him to consciousness.

I bathed his head, and he opened his eyes, then swallowed a mouthful and looked around timidly.

"Oh!" he said, with a shudder, and most painful utterance. "Don't—let—them take me again!"

I felt sure the poor fellow had had a fatal fall, and that it would not be long before he would be beyond all mortal fear.

"You are safe," I said, consolingly. "I will take care of you."

And I stripped off the old frieze coat and put it on him to cover the well-known uniform. A carter happened to be passing by, and I hailed him.

"Just take my friend to the nearest cottage," I said. "He has had a bad fall."

Between us we lifted in the groaning man, and in a few moments he was laid in a clean bed in Mrs. Grig's cottage, and the good woman herself was waiting on him kindly, while her son went for the doctor.

The man lay there silently, with his eyes fixed on me. He was not very old, although gray was sprinkled in his hair, and deeper lines than those of time marked his face.

"I am going to die," he said, at last, quite calmly. "I have really escaped this time."

"Oh, wait for the doctor's opinion," I answered.

"You will see. I am right," he said, "and I am glad."

He was right. The doctor said at once that he would not live till night. He forced the truth from the suave man of medicine, and smiled.

"It is the best news I have had for ten years," he said, looking at me. "Man, you wonder. But if you had been buried alive for years, you'd be glad to die out and out."

I was once more alone with him when he said that, and I felt an awful pity for the poor creature, so—

> Mad from Life's history,
> Glad to Death's mystery-
> Glad to be hurl'd
> Anywhere, anywhere
> Out of the world."

"If there is any one to whom you wish to send a last message——" I said.

"Yes, there is some one!" he cried, with sudden strength. "Tell Hiram Masters that I have gone to tell my story to the Judge of the living and the dead."

The words struck me like a blow. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead. I drew out my handkerchief, and the old olive-green pocketbook fell on the bed. The man, crushed and dying as he was, seemed to recoil in absolute terror.

"What!—whose?" he faltered. "Who are you?"

"My name is Noel Grandon," I began.

"Grandon! Oh, my God!" he groaned. "And your father—how did he die?"

"He was foully murdered," I answered. "And now you must tell me why you ask."

"I will, with God's help," he moaned. "He must have brought you here. But I must tell it in few words. You will not give me up, now I'm going before—a higher court? A little water."

I gave him a drink, and he began to speak very feebly:

"Your father and I were friends—such friends as boon companions make. We drank together, we gambled together, we won—mark you, we *always* won together. We had our own ways. Well, at one place our gains amounted to twenty thousand dollars; we had broken the bank. There was a hue-and-cry about cheating. We took our gains and escaped. We wished to deposit them in a safe spot till the noise was over. Your father thought of Hiram Masters. He was president of a bank. We did not dare to go openly. We went at night. He took the money and gave a certificate of deposit. We did not trust one another, so we cut the paper into bits, and each tock half. The money was not to be given till both halves were produced. I happened to have two new pocketbooks, which my nephew had given me as samples—he was in the pocketbook line. I gave one to your father, and kept one. We put the papers in them."

The man paused and choked. I gave him more water.

"As we went away, in a lonely spot the devil took possession of me. I wanted all. I tried a blow first, but he defended himself. Then I took a knife. But I did not find the pocketbook. Some one passed, and I was forced to hide myself. So I committed the crime, but did not get the prize."

"And then?" I muttered.

"Then, after a year, I went to Masters, to try and get my half of the money. He is a worse villain than I. He denounced me, or threatened. I was weak. He offered to take care of me. He took the pocketbook, and sent me to the asylum. There, among gibbering maniacs, I have lived. Part of the time I was mad."

"And if the papers in these pocketbooks are put together?" I asked.

"They make a certificate of deposit for twenty thousand," he answered; "and it is yours, if you are James Grandon's son. It is a small reparation for me to make, to give up my share, which I have never had; but that rascal Masters can be brought up now. If he can be punished, I die happy. I have repented my crime, with tears, for ten years. God must forgive me. I wish I had died when I was learning my prayers at my mother's knee!"

The disclosure overcame me. I felt stifled, and went to the door for a breath of fresh air. Old Masters was just passing along the road, and I slipped back, that I might not be seen. But the lynx-eyed old man was not to be deceived. Stranger still, he crossed the road toward the house. When I saw this, I went back boldly and met him at the door. I saw that his whole face was convulsed with wrath, but I was ready for him. He did not seem able to speak.

"Well, sir?" I began, to help him along.

"Blast your impudence!" he said, in quite a hoarse voice; "I want my property. If I had my way I'd have started out with a policeman, though I didn't know you were skulking in the neighborhood."

"It's well you thought twice before bringing a policeman," I said, "or he might have had more business than he expected."

The old fellow grew blasphemous.

"My pocketbook, you sneak-thief!" he cried; "and that other thing, blast me, the what's-its-name. Oh, my daughter owned up."

"Then she told you she lent me the pilgrim bottle! As for the pocketbook, it does not belong to you."

His face twitched.

"What—what?"

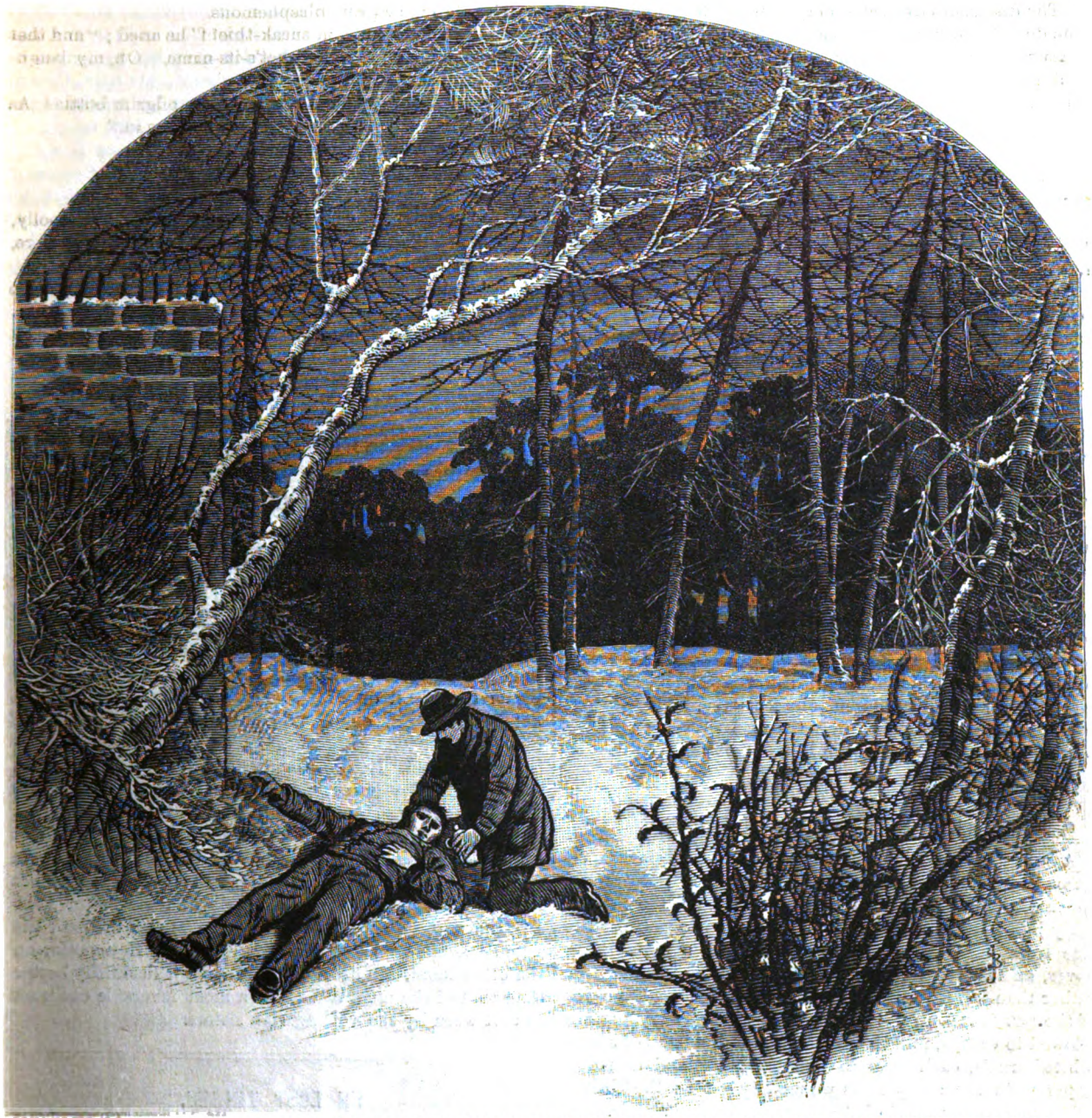
He could not say more.

"I know what I am talking about," I answered, coolly, "because the real owner of the pocketbook is lying here, at the point of death, and he has told me his story."

"His story, eh? A lunatic's story! You'll not make much of that," he faltered.

"We'll see. Remember that I have the other pocketbook, and between them we may make a certificate of deposit for twenty thousand dollars."

THE STORY OF A PILGRIM BOTTLE.—"IT WAS A GEM. THE GROUNDWORK A RICH BROWN, PALING INTO A BUFF, AND OUT OF THE GLOOM GREAT WHITE TRUMPET-SHAPED FLOWERS BLOOMED AMID ODD TUFTS OF GREEN."—SEE PAGE 39.



THE STORY OF A PILGRIM BOTTLE.—"HE HAD NOT FALLEN FROM THE CLOUDS, EVIDENTLY, BUT FROM A HIGH, SPIKED WALL THAT HE HAD APPARENTLY BEEN TRYING TO SCALE. HE LAY AS ONE DEAD."

The man's courage left him then. He saw the game was up

"Is poor Neal in there?" he said, his face quite white. "Dying, did you say?"

"Dying, because he tried to escape from the living death to which you had consigned him," I answered.

"I'd—I'd better not see him, I think——"

"I think you'd better not."

"We can arrange this, Noel," he went on, in a cringing tone that I hated more than his tyrannical one; "no need to let it get out of the family; the money's all right; you can have it. I've used it, it's true, but I've plenty to pay up."

"And Nelly?" I asked. "I care more for her than for the money."

"You shall have her," he answered, looking as if he had swallowed a very bitter pill. "She, poor little girl, it would break her heart if this got out."

"It shall not, if you keep the conditions," I said.

And then I went in to the poor man, who had fallen into an uneasy slumber.

He did not wake from it, but slipped quietly away from the troubles and the crimes that had embittered his life.

I shuddered as I looked at him, and remembered how he had struck down his friend in cold blood, and sent him all unprepared before his Maker. *He* had time given him, at least, to repent. What a mystery it all was!

Old Masters had forgotten the pilgrim bottle, after all, and I had the courage to go to the house to return it.

I met a very different reception from the last; so I grew bold enough to press my suit for a very early day.

"Twenty thousand is a small fortune," I said; "but, under *the circumstances*——"

"Yes; under the circumstances!" said old Masters, gnashing his teeth; and I felt that I should never love my father-in-law.

Nelly made a few objections when I told her my dream of keeping Christmas in our own house.

"Only four weeks!" she exclaimed.

"But money will do it, and we will be at home. Oh, what unutterable joy to me, after Mrs. Sproule's lodgings!"

"I suppose it isn't very nice," said my darling, nestling up to me.

"Oh, it's charming!" I said, laughing; "furnished in strictly Eastlake style. No bent wood." And then I told her of the pretty little cottage in the honeysuckles, and she consented.

What a Christmas Day it was, to be sure! Never did the solemn yet joyous church-bells usher in greater joy and peace to two hearts than to ours, as we looked about our home, decked in holly and evergreen, and furnished according to *my* ideas of correct decoration.

Nelly, flitting around in her pale-blue merino, with hollyberries in her hair, was quite correct art, also, in my opinion.

We did not care that the storm fell without. Indeed, when Nelly peered through the window, and announced that the sleet was driving like mad, and that papa would never venture out such a day, I felt I only needed that to complete my felicity.

And Nelly has enshrined the pilgrim bottle as one of our household gods; for she says, "If you hadn't broken yours, you poor boy, you'd never have walked out that stormy night, and I should never have offered you ours, and you would not have seen the pocketbook, and you would not have had the quarrel with papa, and gone out early in the morning and met the man who told you the story——" and so on, like the House that Jack Built.

HOW RICE IS COOKED IN JAPAN.

A recent traveler in Japan says: "The Japanese do know how to cook rice, so for the benefit of grocers and consumers in the United States I investigated the matter. Only just enough cold water is poured on to prevent the rice from burning to the pot, which has a close-fitting cover, and is set on a moderate fire. The rice is steamed, rather than boiled, until it is nearly done; then the cover of the pot is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture are allowed to escape, and the rice turned out, a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the soggy mess we usually get in the United States as a mealy potato is to the water-soaked article.

"I have seen something approaching this in our Southern States, but I do not think even there they do it as skillfully as it is done here, and in the Northern States but very few persons understand how to cook rice properly. I am sure that if cooked as it is here, the consumption of this wholesome and delicious cereal would largely increase in America."

MONTENEGRIN WOMEN.

Deprived of all moral or social pleasures enjoyed by her sex elsewhere, it might be fancied that the woman of the Black Mountain would find in her home a reward for the hardships she endures, and for her unremitting devotion to the men of her family. Nothing of the kind. Within the compass of the domestic walls the men are even more brutal than despotic. However careful the wife, the husband finds a pretext for scolding and grumbling. The wife who remonstrates is soon convinced that silence is the best policy. No Montenegrin woman dares concern herself in her husband's affairs. Whether he goes out or comes in, she is not permitted to make any inquiry, nor show in any way that she worries over his prolonged or unusual absences. When he is absent, his wife, though threatened with death, will never reveal his whereabouts. No husband writes to his wife, no matter how long he is away from home. In the vicinity of Mustar I met a woman whose husband had been two years in Constantinople. Through a friend's indiscretion she learned of his whereabouts sixteen months after the separation. At first, I thought I had met with a very rare exception, but I soon discovered that it was the general rule. A Montenegrin laughed at me when I expressed indignant surprise. "Write to a woman—to one's own wife!" said he, in scorn. "Are we doves, or men?"

HUNGARIANS AND ROUMANIANS.

The Hungarians, all who have traveled on the Danube know, are dandies in their own fashion. They delight in clean shirts, richly embroidered in red and black; in cotton drawers or trousers, edged with lace and crochet work, such as English ladies affect upon their clothes, and in magnificent Hessian boots, which are brushed to brightness at least once a week. The male Roumanian, on the other hand, is dirty and careless in his attire. A filthy sheepskin jacket, swarming with fleas, is his chief garment; short trousers, of leather or the coarsest cloth, and the everlasting conical cap, together with some minor articles, among which the pistol or knife, stuck in the waistband, must not be forgotten, completing his attire. But when we turn from the men to the women, we find that the comparison is reversed. Nothing can well be more wretched than the dress of the Hungarian women on the banks of the Danube. At Mohacs, for example, one saw them marching down to the banks of the river to get water, clad in a pair of their husband's enormous boots, a short petticoat scarcely reaching to their knees, and a sheepskin jacket that also was evidently the property of their better half. In Hungary, in short, while the man is well dressed, his wife or daughter is clad like a savage. In Roumania, on the other hand, the dress of the women is decidedly better than that of the men, and offers a most favorable contrast to that worn by their Hungarian sisters.

THE LOST TRIBES.

It is interesting to trace the fate of the different tribes of Israel. A part of Simeon was absorbed in Judah. A part, as we learn from I. Chron. iv. 42, migrated to Mount Seir, and ultimately were lost among the Arabs. The Rechabites seem to have taken the same direction, namely, toward Arabia. Reuben appears to have lost itself in Moab. Gad and the half tribe of Manasseh were absorbed in other peoples. Of Ephraim, probably Issachar, and the other half of Manasseh, the well-to-do people were deported by Sargon; the poorer classes, with settlers from Babylonia and Elam, formed the Samaritans, so hated by the Jews. Asher, Naphtali, Zebulon, and the greater part of Dan, so far as they were not lost in the neighboring Phœnician and Aramaic population, formed, with some admixture from the Jews proper, the despised Galileans. Judah, Levi, Benjamin, a part of Simeon and a part of Dan, with stray families from other tribes, are the modern Jews. Among the Jews of Habor, or some of the Jewish tribes of Arabia, it is not impossible that valuable discoveries may yet be made.

HOW TO JUMP FROM A STEAMER IN CASE OF ACCIDENT.

It is worth while for persons who travel on steamboats to know and remember that they have little chance of escaping with their lives if, in the event of an accident, they leap into the water in front of the paddle-wheels while the wheels are in motion. In spite of their efforts they will be drawn close to the side of the vessel, and suffer a blow from the wheel, which will either kill them outright or disable them so that they can no longer help themselves. They should leap from behind the wheels if possible, when they find it necessary to take to the water. A person used to the water, if compelled to leap from in front of the wheels, may escape the stroke of the paddle by diving as deep as possible, without making special effort to dive away from the vessel. If the boat is moving with nearly her usual speed, the wheel will be likely to pass over him before he rises, and his chances for escaping will be fair. In cases where communication with the after part of the vessel is cut off by flame, it is best to remain on the boat as long as possible, and, if forced to take to the water, to plunge headlong. Persons diving in that manner do not come to the surface as soon as they would if they descended to the same depth dropping feet first; and they go deeper with the same effort, unless they have trained themselves to hold the limbs entirely rigid, descend perpendicularly and not move hands or feet until they begin to rise. Very few persons who are accustomed to swimming in salt-water have acquired the art of sinking feet-foremost to any considerable depth.

AN ARTIFICIAL MONASTERY.

The owner of a rich villa, a Sicilian nobleman at Bargeria, near Palermo, has a fondness for satire, which he has exemplified in a novel manner. After occupying the villa for some time, he turned it into an artificial monastery, which you understand only after entering it. In the cloisters you see groups of monks standing, sitting and kneeling, and you are about to retire, believing that you have invaded their privacy, when you discover that they are wax. They look exceedingly pious and solemn, as if they had entirely relinquished sublunary affairs, and fixed their hopes and thoughts on a very melancholy heaven. The sarcasm lies in their exact resemblance in face, form and manner to the nobleman's different acquaintances, noted for their worldly and selfish disposition—well-bred egotists and sycophants, who frequent the tables of the rich and hang on the favors of the titled. Their secular expression is skillfully blended with one of sanctimoniousness, and yet the likeness is accurately preserved. The effect is ludicrous, and the figures are stinging sarcasms embodied in wax. The originals do not like it, as may be supposed, but they do not want to quarrel with the nobleman, of whom they speak as a humorist that will have his way, and so try to hide their chagrin. A number of new toad-eaters have carefully kept away from the Sicilian's entertainments, fearing that they shall be reproduced in his monastery.

SUNDAY IN NEW MEXICO.

Now that there is so much talk about keeping Sunday, it is interesting to learn that there is probably not a community in all this broad land where Sunday laws are so stringent, so rigidly enforced, or so universally obeyed as in New Mexico. The Mexicans predominate in the population ten to one, and their religion is imperative in its prohibition of work, or play either, on Sunday. The minority of Americans have to fall in with the prevailing custom, and the result is that Santa Fé is said to keep Sunday more strictly than any other American city. And New Mexico has, somehow, never impressed itself upon the country as producing the highest type of civilization.

AMERICAN TOURISTS IN ENGLAND.

In common with most Americans who visit the Tower of London, Dr. Furness, who has recently been in that city, felt what a desecration of the place is involved in using as armories the chambers most splendid in poetic memories and historic associations. Along the walls upon which the most eminent characters in English history have written their names or recorded their sorrows, are now muskets and other weapons arranged in stars and various patterns. Upon these the conductor expatiates, to the all but entire exclusion of references to history. So long as guides are taken from the class which now supplies them, it is, perhaps, as well that the historical associations of the Tower should be allowed to rest. "As one who has visited not a few places of historical interest at home and abroad," says an English editor, "I may say that the views of history one would obtain from trusting the statements of guides and *ciceroni* would be not a little confusing. American visitors of intelligence bring with them their own knowledge of history. None the less, they are anxious to vivify it by connecting it with the exact scenes of familiar events, and it would scarcely be superfluous to place the guides in a position to state who were among the more illustrious occupants of each chamber."

Some of the explorations of American visitors perplex not a little the modern occupants of buildings in England associated with memories of departed greatness. The distinguished editor above mentioned told, also, how he called at one of the houses in which Johnson is known to have resided, and asked to be shown the room in which he is supposed to have lived and worked.

"This is the room, sir," said the little Abigail who conducted him. "Leastways, I am told as it is, for the genelman wasn't here in my time."

How long will it be ere England's new system of national education puts an end to this state of affairs? The answer of the little "domestic" might have been taken out of the pages of Dickens. It is worthy of the Marchioness.

"A SHOOTING."

"A shooting" has rather a special meaning in Scotland. It denotes an area of field, "forest" or moor over which gentlemen armed with deadly weapons bring down various kinds of game, estimating their booty not by any monetary standard, but by the pleasure of proving themselves to be crack shots. Many of these shootings are very valuable, and are advertised to be let for the season, or for a term of years, with the same publicity as houses and other buildings are elsewhere. We are told, for instance, of one shooting of 25,000 acres, well stocked with grouse, black game, partridge, roedeer, hare, wild duck, woodcock, pheasant and rabbit; and having a shooting-box or lodge conveniently located and handsomely furnished. Another advertisement points to the fact that there are an episcopal church and a doctor near at hand; while the proprietor supplies the tenant with housekeeper, gamekeeper, etc. Another dwells on the advantage that a well-horsed stage-coach or a steamboat passes at no great distance from the lodge. Whether these shootings are rented for a single season, or on lease

for a term of years, is a matter of agreement. The rents named range between very wide limits, £40 or £50 per annum up to £2,000 or £3,000, or even higher. Let us notice one instance, without exactly specifying the name, locality or date. The lodge is a fine, handsome house, elegantly furnished; has four dining and sitting rooms, thirteen principal bedrooms, nine servants' bedrooms; the kitchen department replete with every appliance; hot and cold water apparatus; coachhouse, stabling for twelve horses, rooms for coachman, groom, gamekeeper, gillies and gardener. There are 20,000 acres of well-stored grouse and low-country shooting, and 10,000 acres of deer-forest. There is a right of salmon-fishing on several miles of a famous river, and good trout-fishing on small lochs and streams. The lodge is within two miles of a post-office and a railway station. A grand affair this, which none but a man of ample means could afford, seeing that the annual rental named is very heavy indeed.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS—A MENAGERIE SCENE.

THE LOVES OF SNOWDON EARLE.—"'I'M NOT GOING TO LEAVE HIM! I'M GOING TO STAY—IT'S MY PLACE TO STAY HERE, AND NO ONE SHALL KEEP ME OUT OF IT ANY MORE.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

HIERONYMUM.

By Pauline.

The gold sun smiles a sad adieu
On flowers and streams and woods to-night,
And long hills doff their dreamy blue,
To wear his crown of parting light.
At this sweet time fair Memory brings
Her garlands from the withered Past,
And sheds a radiance from her wings
On joys that were too bright to last.

Oh! still the echo of thy words
Rings through my heart in ling'ring chimes,
Like music of rich Summer birds
That trill in air their rippling rhymes.
And still my spirit bows to thee,
As some sent messenger from heaven,
To whom the tide of harmony
In all its glorious strength is given.

Around my life a richer hue
Thy warm soul-atmosphere has thrown—
Like flowers that drink the sunlight through,
Deep in that wine-like life I've grown.
On the bright day our eyes first met,
When perfumes reeked from every grove
(I feel the sweetness of it yet),
I knew my soul had clasped its love.

Brimmed with the poet's high desires,
The humming solitudes are thine,
Where Nature in baptismal fires
Lifts to her child her bright propine;
And glitt'ring down the ocean walls
Her mystic meaning pales and burns;
And through the sweet earth's emerald halls
'Tis writ with mosses and with ferns.

An elfin world of gracious gleams
Thy pure tones fling athwart my soul,
And evermore in sliding dreams
I hear immortal rivers roll.
I drink the glorious light of Love,
I freshen in the heavenly dew,
And feel the Spirit-ocean move
The great pulsations of the True!

And born within that noble land
Are Thoughts and Feelings white alway;
They walk upon the starry strand
And seem the children of the Day.

I bless thee! yes! that thou canst bring
A realm like this within my ken,
Thus, all its milky glories fling
A lustre on the brows of men.

Perhaps, within the future's maze,
Together we shall rove the plains,
Where light supernal round us plays,
And Truth falls down in golden rains.
Our souls may pierce all mystic state,
All glades of blue, all symbols deep,
And take from off the eyes of Fate
The lids of their unstirring sleep.

Oh, joy to wander thus with thee!
To feel thee with me, high and strong;
To live within thy melody,
The fragrance borne from off thy song!
There, down the wide columnar aisles,
Cloudsprent with dewy, amber floss,
Perchance we'll walk Love's shining miles,
And kneel before the lucent Cross.

Night from her ebon halls on high
Comes down the world with darkened sweep;
Her trailing skirts touch earth and sky,
And stars among her tresses sleep;
I kneel in worship unto her,
As slow she treads the blue, blue sea,
And listen to the downy whirr
That drips her murm'ring minstrelsy.

Oh, love that all my being fills!
Oh, passion of the pulsing heart!
Oh, flower that blood-red dew distills!
Its heat through all my senses dart!
As tropic growths in tropic seas,
Unfold to wooing airs each plume,
So, thou hast been the sunlit breeze
That kissed my soul-life into bloom.

And I, through all the years that roll
In freighted wavelets over me,
Shall hold thee as a star-like soul
That dipt my life in melody.
And I shall bless thee evermore,
For the dear light that soul has given,
Till life shall break on Lethe's shore,
And swell within the chimes of heaven.

THE LOVES OF SNOWDON EARLE.

I knew what I was doing—yes, perfectly well—when I wrote that note asking Nina Vandyke to spend a week with us. I knew her whole life—all of it—that is, all that it behooved me to know: that part wherein she had loved Snowdon Earle and he had loved her, in the days—not so many or so long ago—before he married *me*. I knew the whole story—how they had been engaged, and, quarreling, had parted; but when he met me, the sting was three years old, healed over, to all appearances, and forgotten. *I* never dreamed of it, God knows!

He had kissed me, sleeping and waking, and I never guessed that another woman's lips had drained the fire and sweetness from his mouth. I had been his wife two months—two months of blind, unreasoning bliss—before I knew that my kingdom was only a bubble shining in the sun, a castle in the air.

Never mind how it came to me; it was sharp and sure and unmistakable. He never knew that I had found it out. He only saw that I had changed a little. How could I help it?

As for him, it was in his nature to be outwardly tender. Snowdon Earle could have driven a dagger clean into a woman's heart and watched her die, if need were, but he could not have spoken an unkind word or offered an intentional slight, even to one whom he hated "with the hatred of hell." He was always gentle and tender with me; only, being a proud man to the last fibre of his nature, he checked the old warmth of manner as *mine* iced over.

After a little while—a very little while—I ceased to be afraid of his enforced kisses, or to shrink from the caresses which he had given me, I knew, only as my right.

So, when nearly a year had gone by since our wedding-day, Nina Vandyke, passing through New York on her way South, came to visit us. It was against his wishes—my husband's. He said so, once, briefly, and then dropped the subject for ever.

"Do you particularly wish to have Miss Vandyke here?"

He was standing before me, looking down with his stern, pure face, whose shade of melancholy so many young ladies had called "romantic."

"Yes, very particularly."

"I never thought you liked her much."

"No? Why, I'm devoted to her," I said, carelessly, staring past him into the fire. I knew he was annoyed. He stood there, pulling his curling brown mustache, as he did in such moods, with unsteady fingers.

"I'm sorry that you are."

"Sorry! Why, pray?"

"Because—for a thousand reasons—Miss Vandyke is the last person I care to have for a guest—your guest and mine."

I held the note up in my fingers, weighing it daintily, and glancing at the address which I had just written, as I answered:

"As you please, of course. I've expressed *my* preference in the matter; but it lies wholly in your hands. I can toss the invitation into the fire if you say so."

Without turning my eyes on him, I saw the strong, slender white hand move quickly, impulsively, as if to snatch the note, and then Snowdon folded his arms tightly over his chest again.

"If it gives you any degree of pleasure to send it," he said, in the cold, courteous tone that always covered a hurt, "I haven't one word to say."

And so the letter went.

* * * * * * *

"Oh, how exquisite! What perfect taste! Snowdon is quite a lover yet, isn't he, Maidie, dear?"

How she says it!—such a compassionate, soothing lie as one feeds a fractious child upon! Nina Vandyke bends over the great basket of flowers that has just been handed in "for Mrs. Earle," and glances from them up at me with a false, sweet smile. She came to us, knowing just how much of Snowdon Earle's heart had been hers in the past; she had no need to stay twenty-four hours, I fancy, before she knew as well how little of it belonged to his wife in the present.

"Unmistakably a lover's offering, eh?" I answer, carelessly, drawing the basket to me. "Well, it doesn't happen to be from Snowdon; I'm indebted to Mr. Herbert Clive's perfect taste on this occasion."

"Oh, Maidie, dear!" Nina says, in gentle deprecation this time. She has such an innocent, girlish way of speaking, and of using those great brown eyes of hers—a piquant, pretty fashion, which makes even one who knows her age forget the stubborn fact that she is just one year younger than Snowdon Earle—and Snowdon is twenty-nine. "Surely," she is saying, softly, hesitatingly, "you do not receive flowers from any gentleman but—your *husband?*"

"Will you be a believer in total depravity for ever if I admit that I do?" I arch my eyebrows rather contemptuously; I've no faith in Nina's soft, shocked tones.

"Don't laugh at me—I suppose I'm a very foolish little thing, after all; but really, Maidie, it seems to me as if a wife ought not, *could* not, accept a flower from any hand but the dearest one."

She looks down with a tender, saddened face, and sighs. I am not the only one who hears that sigh and sees the pretty falters of the drooping eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Earle! how you startled us!" she cries, turning swiftly as he comes into the room. "Have you seen Maidie's lovely flowers?" hesitating a little, and glancing at me as if for a cue. Something in the look makes my face redden and glow as if kindled with a flame.

"No," he says, looking down at them, not at me.

"Aren't they lovely? Such exquisite roses! You are so fond of roses, I know," and her voice falls a little—just a little.

"I particularly dislike them," turning away and walking across the room without another glance. When he walks back again—Snowdon has such a restless fashion of wandering up and down—his own peculiar nonchalance and indifference has wrapped him round again completely.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you about the seats at Booth's to-night, Maidie," he says, quietly. "I found it impossible to get those you wanted, and I was obliged to take a box instead."

"I detest a box!"

"I'm exceedingly sorry, but I could do no better. I knew neither you nor Miss Van Dyke would care to sit in the last rows."

"It doesn't matter, I suppose. I believe Nina likes a box—don't you, Nina? As for me, I'm not going."

"Not going?" cries Nina.

Snowdon never stirs a line of his face. His eyebrows are lifted up, and his blue eyes look steadily down.

"No!"

"Is there any special reason why you don't wish to? Will you wait for another night? I can change the tickets."

"No, thanks," I reply, indifferently. "I don't care to go at all. I'm satisfied with 'Richelieu'; if Nina will excuse me, I'll withdraw from the party. You don't mind going without me this once, I'm sure!"

"Maidie, dearest——"

It is Nina—not he. *He* says not one word. I know I am rude; I cannot help it, for I know, too, that in another minute I shall burst into tears before them both, and I would rather die than show the quiver of a single nerve.

So, in the very midst of Nina's speech, I leave the room, swinging one of Herbert Clive's roses in my hand, rush into my own room to fling myself down and cry as children do—as I have done every day of my life since Nina Vandyke came into the house at my own wish and will.

It is the rarest of events now for Snowdon to come to my room; but, as I lie there sobbing this late afternoon, he walks directly in. If he knocked, I have not heard it.

"Maidie, for heaven's sake! what is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? But there *is*—there must be something!" he says, kneeling down by the bed where I have thrown myself. "My darling, why can't you tell me? For God's sake, Maidie, if we two *cannot* be as husband and wife to each other, give me, at least, the right of a *friend* to help you—answer me, child," he says, with bitter entreaty.

And I feel, lying there with hidden face, the soft touch of his hand on my shoulder—round my neck—clinging there for an instant. Then I push it away.

"I told you there was nothing at all. I—I'm nervous—my head aches; I only want to be left alone," I say, trying desperately to steady my voice.

Still he kneels there, drawing his breath a little quicker, as if in pain.

"Will you never want anything else of me?" almost in a whisper "Maidie, do you know what you're doing? Do you know that this life is *killing* me?"

No answer. I force myself to lie still with the bitter knowledge in my heart—how well I know it only God knows—and *I* dare not tell Snowdon Earle!

"Won't you speak to me? Maidie, it's the last time I'll come to you and ask for a single word. For God's sake, say it now, unless you *hate* me; answer me, and tell me what hurts you. Say one word—that you trust me—that you're sorry! My God! you might say as much to any stranger, if you saw his heart broken as mine is!"

Still I keep my face buried deep in the pillow; he is waiting with drawn breath and throbbing pulses, but I *cannot* say a word.

How long he kneels there, clinching his two hands hard together as they rest against the bed, and bending nearer and nearer all the time, I never know; it might be hours or minutes. But he starts to his feet at last, stands lingering over me one second, and then turns and walks straight and steadily out of the room.

It is the last time that he will come—he has said it—and the words keep ringing over and over in my wretched head as I lie there all alone—the last time—the last—the very last!

They went to the theatre together without me. I sat in the parlor when they had gone, and the roll of carriage-wheels had died away down the quiet street; I was staring into the fire, at a visionary, anxious face, sparkling and smiling, with brown eyes and dancing dimples, and at a man's face beside it, sternly sweet and pure and sorrowful, that softened and grew glad just for the brown eyes' sake—and the devil was stirring stronger in my heart, whispering closer in my ear, when Herbert Clive came and found me there alone.

I don't know why I saw him—because I was desperate and mad, I suppose, and nothing in the world seemed to matter very much—even that he loved me, and should tell me so. What did Snowdon Earle care? and why should I, whose heart lay in me "as an ash in the fire"?

So I let Herbert stay, and I let him go on in his own fashion, and only listened to him with a weary, pitiful, disdainful smile. What he said was an old story to me; I had heard it from him before ever Snowdon's day. And I sat there wondering what it was all worth, pitying him a little and myself a great deal, and scarcely hearing the words he said, when the carriage-wheels came rolling back again, and stopped just as the clock on the mantel-piece struck ten.

"Maidie, dearest—oh!" Nina rustles into the parlor, starts at the sight of Mr. Clive standing on the hearth-rug before me, and then recovers herself with graceful ease. "Good-evening, Mr. Clive! Well, isn't this a surprise, to see us home so soon? I'm positively ashamed of myself, giving Mr. Earle so much trouble; but I was seized with one of my old attacks of faintness while in the theatre, and I thought, perhaps, I had better leave quietly, at once; you know how I hate a scene, Maidie! I'm *so* sorry, for Mr. Earle's sake," she says, turning toward him as he enters the room.

THE DISPUTED DEER.

She does not look at all faint; her cheeks are flushed and her eyes glitter with an illy-concealed *something*—is it triumph? I almost think so, as I see her catch *his* eye.

He bids good-evening to Herbert Clive in just the same courtly, distant fashion that he extends to all his wife's friends; only I see his face turn paler.

"I insisted that Mr. Earle should send me home in the carriage," Nina says, sweetly, "and stay to see the end of the piece—Booth was perfectly magnificent to-night!—but he wouldn't listen to it, and I really feel quite miserable to think of having deprived him of so much."

A CURLING SCENE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY J. G. BROWN.—SEE PAGE 55.

"Not at all," replies Snowdon, abruptly, as though she had spoken to him. He walks up to my chair, rests his hand on the back of it for a moment, and then turns away again. "I shall go back to the theatre, I think—I shall be in time for the last act," glancing at the clock. Herbert volunteers some remark about the length of the piece, and Nina regrets again that her foolish faintness should have caused so much trouble—only *I* have nothing to say, as my husband, with a brief "Good-night," walks straight out of the house again.

Nothing to say—not a word. Let them think as they please; let Nina have her triumph, and Snowdon Earle his sting of wrath. He *can* be angry, I suppose, at the thought of his wife's deliberate deception. Let them make a stratagem out of this miserable chance, if they will. I have nothing to say. I would die sooner than lift a finger in extenuation of what seems to me so mean, so base; my pride swears me to silence as I lie tossing all night in the dark, in my silent room, listening for a single footstep. The dawn is yellow in the sky before that step comes home, and I turn my face to the wall to sleep—to sleep, and wish it were to die.

* * * *

"You are looking so miserably ill, Snowdon!"

I hear Nina say it as I stand on the library steps, reaching down a book, and the curtains of the alcove hide me, I suppose, from their notice.

"I am overworked, that is all. I have had very little rest for a fortnight past."

(It is twice a fortnight since Miss Vandyke came to visit us, "on her way South." She cannot *bear* to leave us, she says, and our dear little gem of a house is *so* attractive!)

"Those troublesome cases of yours!" I hear in the next breath. "Do you know, they worry *me* more than they do yourself, I verily believe! I hate to see you overtasking yourself as you do. I used to say long ago, you remember, that I wished you were anything but a lawyer, Snowdon——"

A CURLING MEDAL.

I spring down the steps; I cannot hear any more. But just that little stirs a new chord in my heart—a great fear, as I look at Snowdon Earle and see how colorless and haggard his young face has grown, and how sick with an utter weariness.

I see more than this as the days steal by. The gulf between us cannot be wider than it is, since the night he met Herbert Clive with me. But on the other side of it, where he stands, I can see his old love drawing nearer and nearer to him. She loves him, I know, better, perhaps, than in the past, before their foolish mistake parted them, or grief had taught her the secret of her own heart. I see how faithfully she molds herself to please him; how utterly she identifies herself with his wishes and interests; how subtly she steals into his confidence; and I look on helplessly all the while, and eat my own heart out in my wretched isolation.

Do I wish that she had never come? I think it scarcely matters very much. I had lost him all the same, and it is better perhaps that I should stand face to face with my misery, and not see it darkly in a dream.

He was working very hard—harder, perhaps, than there was need, for he plunged into his work as a sort

of desperate relief from the home-life that was no solace to him, as to other men. And the time came, inevitably as it must, when his strength broke down. One afternoon, very early, he came home and went straight to his room, and the next day there was a doctor's coupé at the door, coming and going twice. And I stood by the bedside, staring down at a flushed, unconscious face, and two wild, bright eyes that did not know me, and listening while a grave voice in my ear told me how my husband was "suffering from too great strain on all his powers"—how dangerously ill he was, and how the fever had gone to his brain, and it might——

"Will he die?" I said, harshly shaping the one thought that was eating into my soul.

I saw the grave face look a trifle shocked and startled at such quiet speaking.

"Nobody can answer that question now, Mrs. Earle."

Only God! and I *cannot* leave it patiently in His hands—I *dare* not say, "Thy will be done!"

"Don't *speak* of my leaving you, Maidie, dearest," Nina says that night, with her arm around my neck. "Let me be something more than a mere butterfly friend—let me stay and help you nurse him. Indeed," she says, with gentle superiority, as she might speak to a child—"you are not fit to have all this burden on your shoulders—you're so utterly unused to sickness, and so nervous and delicate, dear. I shall speak to Dr. Howell to-morrow about having some one to relieve you."

By to-morrow there was a hired nurse and I, Snowdon Earle's wife, sat helplessly outside the room where he lay tossing and moaning, and listened with a great, hungry longing for one word on those unconscious lips that might bring me a drop of comfort. I never heard my own name—never; he raved and muttered of places and people I had never known; of his college days—of eternal tasks that once set him to grope through unanswerable problems; of these "troublesome cases" that he never should finish now, and the courts where they were to be heard, and the people who listened—and once, only once, I heard Nina's name.

They did not let me see him very often—"Mrs. Earle was so excited and nervous," Miss Vandyke said, "that it was better she should not be much in the room." She had quietly taken the responsibility into her own hands, and I submitted in a dull, hopeless fashion, always with the old thought in my heart—what did it matter? If my husband was to open his eyes to consciousness, he would never miss me; it was not *my* face that he wanted at his bedside, nor *my* hands to hold in his weakness, when life seemed slipping away from him. Nina—only Nina; it was better so.

But there was one day, when I had stolen into the room, and the nurse had left me there a little while, when Snowdon was lying quite still in a dull stupor from which there was no fear of my waking him. There was nobody to watch me then; I had him all alone just for a minute, and I lay down by him, and took his heavy head in my arms and kissed and cried over it—he was mine, all mine just then, and there was none to take him from me.

The soft, curling lips could not feel my kisses, nor shrink from them, nor the weak arms put me away. He lay, helpless as a child, unconscious as the dead, with my cheek against his, and my hot tears on his face; and all the pent-up passion in my heart broke over him like a mighty flood—and he lay there and never knew.

"Mrs. Allen—why, Maidie, *you* here?" It is Nina, coming softly in without a rustle or a sound. "Maidie!" she cries, hoarsely, "for heaven's sake, what are you thinking of? You must be mad!"

She lays her hand on my shoulder, but I fling it indignantly away.

"My dear child"—sinking her voice to a gentler tone in a second—"this is dreadfully imprudent. How can you do so, when you know that Snowdon must be kept quiet? Come with me. Let me take you away, dear. You *must* go!"

She tries to draw me from the bed, but I clasp my arms tighter around my darling. I can defy her at last!

"I'll not go! I *will* stay by him! I can have him *now!*" I cry, bitterly. "He is dying, and he belongs to me at last—he's mine, my husband! Leave us alone, Nina Vandyke!"

"Maidie, Maidie, dear, you don't know what you're saying!" she cries, in desperation. "Oh, Mrs. Allen!"—turning as the nurse comes in again—"Mrs. Allen, *do* speak to Mrs. Earle, and beg her to go—tell her how terribly imprudent this is. It is so positively necessary that Mr. Earle should be kept quiet!"

I give one look at his face. Oh, God! to see that awful quiet swept away, and the soul in it once more! Its wasted, weary hush, patient death-in-life, calms me as if he had spoken.

"I'm not going to leave him! I'm going to stay—it's my place to stay here, and no one shall keep me out of it any more. Go away and leave us," I say, turning my face to his again—"I want to have him all to myself—my boy——"

And I whisper the rest to him, as they turn and go—whisper over all the passionate, fond old words that I dared once to say aloud; sob out all my vain love softly, when he cannot hear or answer it. I have him "all to myself" at last. And the minutes slip by, and there is no sound in the room except the watch on the table ticking faintly, and his heavy breathing; nobody comes to disturb us since I have taken my place.

I am lying beside him, with my cheek upon his hand, and my eyes have never moved from his face, when I see his eyes open large and slow, and the very *self* of Snowdon Earle, asleep so long, looks clearly, wistfully at me through their blue.

"Maidie—it's Maidie, isn't it?" he says, very faintly.

I start up, trembling and ashamed that he has found me there.

"Yes, I—I'll call some one," I say, hurriedly. But the weak hand that I hold closes over mine, and keeps me.

"It is always *some one else;* I want you," piteous and pleading as any child. "Maidie, I want my wife!"

"Me?" I slip down on my knees, as if I were praying to him.

"My wife—my own little wife. It can't hurt you now," he whispers. "I'm dying, little one—and I love you so!"

"Not me!" I cry, the pent-up agony finding voice at last. "Oh, I've known it all this while! I know you love *her*, Snowdon! It's Nina—not me!"

I bury my face out of his sight, but I feel his hands creep round my neck and clasp there.

"My poor little girl!" There is a hush of great wonder, and then his voice comes solemnly, full of pity, and something sweeter, stronger far. "My darling, I was a boy once, and I had a boy's dream—it was nothing more. It never could be anything more, when *you* were in the same world with me!"

"But—it *can't* be—you—you don't love me—*you*——" I whisper, as all the old cruel days of coldness and defiance roll back like a great stone on my heart.

I listen, breathlessly, and the answer comes.

"Not love you! My wife, I'm *dying* for you!"

"Take me, too, then!" I cry, wildly, despairingly; and in my anguish I gather him back into my arms, close to my heart, as if there could be a clasp firm and fast enough to bind in the soul which God has called away. Death—if death comes—must take us both. I am his wife, and I will go down with him into the grave, just to lie as we do now, safe in each other's arms, for ever and for ever.

* * * * * * *

"And so he died?"

The grave doctor who came twice a day had said that it must be, and the wise nurse "gave him up." But love and I took him into our hands and saved him. From the day that Snowdon Earle woke up and found his wife again, life fought so strongly in him, that it won at last. The *finis* to our story must be written by another hand, I pray to God, years hence.

A GOSSIP ABOUT CURLING.

"Of a' the games that e'er I saw,
Man, callant, laddie, birkie, wean,
The dearest, far aboon them a',
Was aye the witching channel-stane."
—*The Ettrick Shepherd.*

As most readers know that curling is a sort of "bowls" played upon ice, and many have seen it played, we shall say little in this brief sketch descriptive of a game that owes to its accompaniments so much of the undoubted fascination it exercises over a host of enthusiastic devotees. We propose, rather, to gather together a few stray notes and anecdotes of curling and curlers, and the feats done on the "Transparent Board," since the Scotch took to this manly and invigorating game.

But when was that? Endless disputes have raged about the origin of the sport; papers have been written to prove, on etymological and other grounds, that it was, and that it was *not*, introduced into Scotland by the Flemish emigrants who came over toward the end of the sixteenth century. All the words in the technical language of the game are of Low Country origin; but the "Noes" thought nothing of that, especially as one waggish enthusiast of their party had, they thought, triumphantly settled the native origin of the game by the lines in "Ossian," telling how, "Amid the circle of stones, Swaran bends at the stone of might." He, however, was completely eclipsed by a poet of the old *Scot's Magazine*, who tells us, in many verses, how—

"Auld Daddy Scotland sat ae day
Bare-legged on a snawy brae,
His brawny arms wi' cauld were blae,
The wind was snelly blawing;"

when to him comes the king of gods, rebuking him for his grumbling against the weather:

"Quo' Jove, and gied his kilt a heeze,
'Fule carle! what gars you grunt and wheeze?
Get up! I'll get an exercise
To het your freezing heart wi'.
I'll get a cheery, heartsome game,
To send through a' the soul a flame,
Pit birr and smeddum in the frame,
And set the blude a-dinling;'"

and forthwith told him all the mysteries of our game.

Where doctors so differ, we shall not attempt to decide; but it is certain that no authentic mention of the game occurs in any work till about the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the Carse of Gowrie, indeed, there is a model of a curling-stone in silver, which is played for annually by several parishes. Tradition says that it was given as a challenge trophy by King James IV., himself a keen curler, during Perkin Warbeck's visit to his court. If it was so presented, then certainly this merry monarch must have omitted to pay his silversmith for it, as, in the accounts of his Lord Treasurer, though there are many entries relating to the King's other games of golf, football, "cach" (tennis), "langbowlis," "kiles" (skittles), and many others, not a word is said about curling; and it is quite clear James was not a keen player, or else some expense would have been incurred in connection with it.

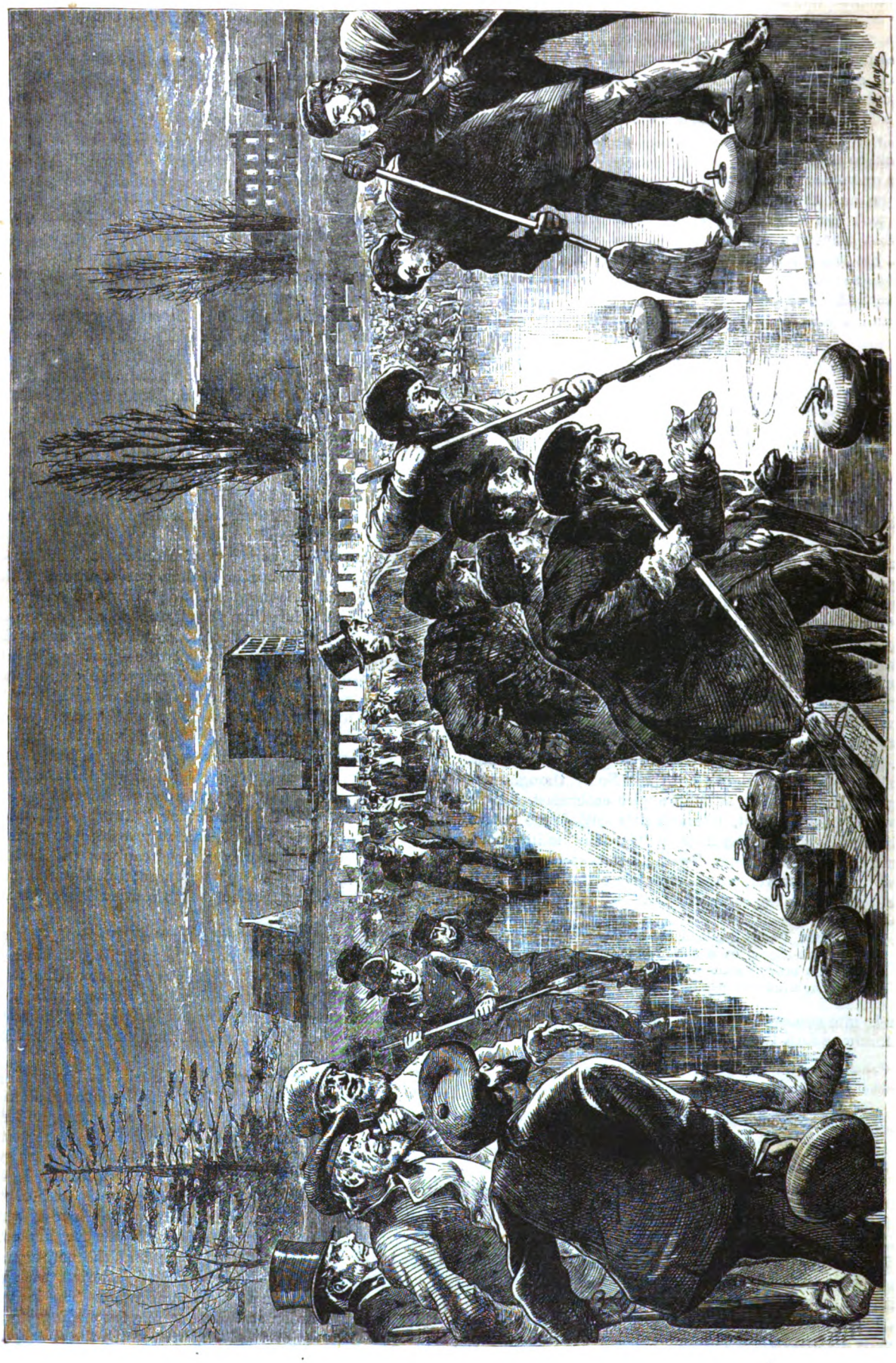
The unfortunate Henry, Lord Darnley, amused himself during the severe Winter (1566-7) he spent in exile at the little town of Peebles on the Tweed, by curling on a flooded meadow, now part of the clergyman's glebe. He was as fond of this game as was his wife, Queen Mary of Scots, of golf and pall-mall—amusements she liked so much that she put a weapon into the hands of her accusers by playing them in the fields at Seton a few weeks after Darnley's tragic end at the Kirk o' Fields.

Camden, in his "Britannia," published in 1607, speaks of this game as if it were well-known then. He mentions that, "To the east of the mainland [of Orkney] lies Copinsha, a little isle, but very conspicuous to seamen, in which, and in several other places of this country, are to be found in great plenty excellent stones for the game called curling;" though he was mistaken in calling them "excellent," as, upon trial, that great authority upon this game, Sir Richard Brown, of Lochmaben, pronounces them "not worth a rap."

Sir William Scott, younger, of Harden—a member of that noted family of border raiders, one of whom is the hero of the "Mickle-mouthed Meg" story, when he, a captive, had set before him the alternative of the rope or wedding his captor's ugly daughter, and wisely chose the latter, thereby getting an excellent wife—having got into trouble for his connection with Jerviswoode's and Lord Tarras's conspiracy, and their correspondence with Russell, Shaftesbury and the "Carolina Company," we are told by Lord Fountainhall in his gossipy "Decisions," that a party of the forces were sent out to apprehend him, but that a William Scot, of Langhope, getting notice of their coming, went and told Harden of it, "as he was playing at the curling with Riddell of Haining and others." It was said Harden was so engrossed in his game, and so unwilling to spoil it by leaving, that he narrowly escaped capture, and had to ride hard before he baffled his pursuers; but Fountainhall does not bear this out, as he makes Harden leave the ice at once.

About the same time an unfortunate Bishop of Orkney got into a scrape; his "process," says Baillie, in his Letters, "came first before us: he was a curler on the Sabbath day"—a libel, as it turned out, on the worthy bishop, as he neither curled on Sunday nor in Orkney; "for the bishop, like other dignitaries of modern times, resided anywhere but in his see."

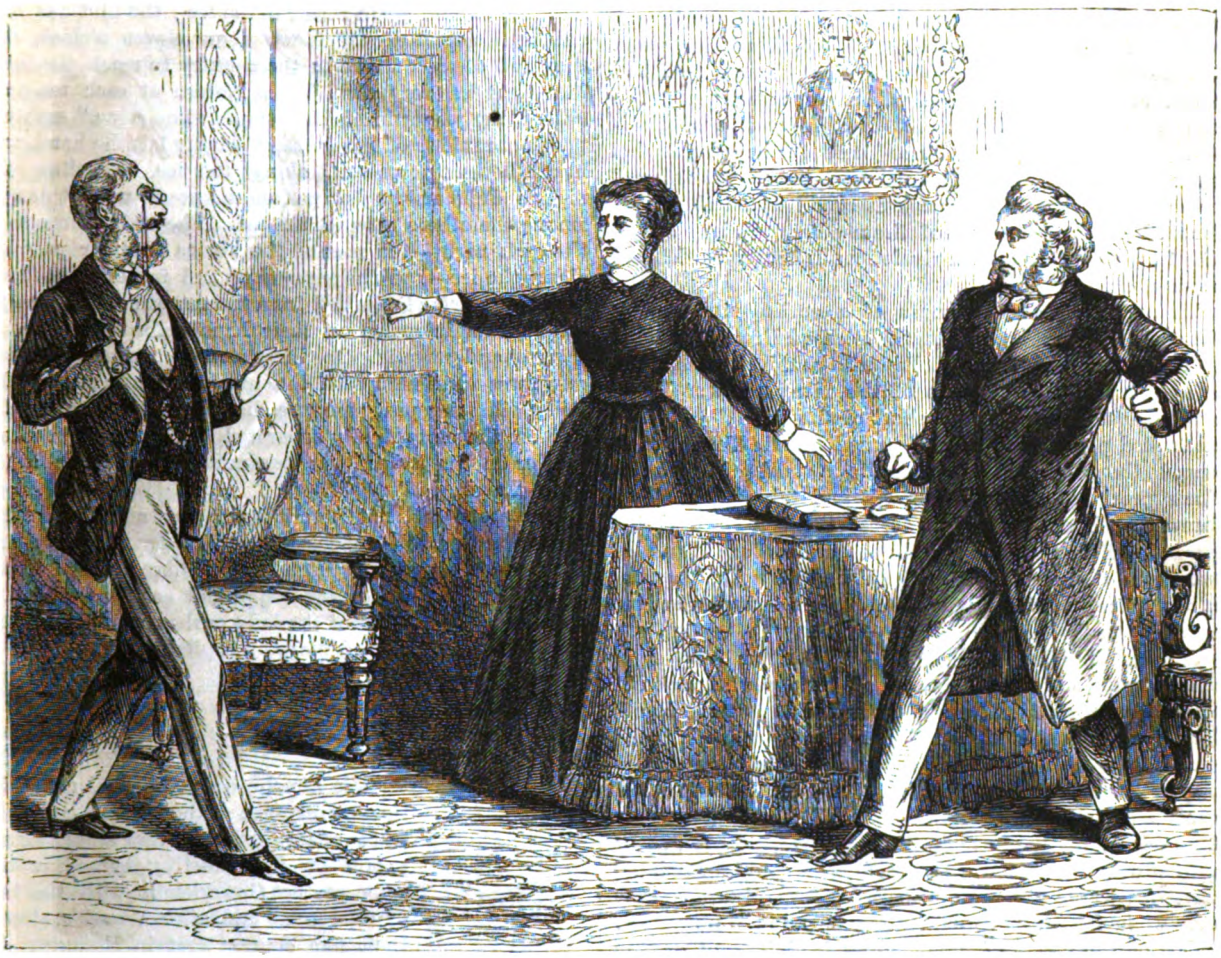
Many amusing stories are told of such Sunday curling. Long ago it was believed that this was the favorite amusement of fairies on a fine frosty Sunday afternoon, and no doubt this helped as much as anything else to keep superstitious youngsters off the ice, lying there before them temptingly as only forbidden fruit and Sunday ice can. In an early number of *Blackwood*, a good story is told of "a peddler, well known in Dumfriesshire, whose love of gain was generally considered as an overmatch for his conscience, but who was withal very fond of the amusement of curling, who chanced to pass Loch Etterick, with his pack on his back, upon a Sabbath morning. The ice was evidently in fine order, and there were a few curling-stones lying on the banks of the loch, with which the shepherds of those mountainous districts had been in the habit of



A CURLING EXCITEMENT—INTEREST AT ITS HEIGHT.

occasionally amusing themselves. Watty hesitated a little. . . . On the one hand there was the Lord's Day, and the sin, and so forth ; but then, on the other, appeared the stones, lying quite ready—the fine board of ice, together with the absence, at present, of all human eye. In a word, the result of this deliberation was an advance made by Watty into the middle of the loch, where he quietly deposited his pack, and had recourse to a pair or two of the best stones he could select. Everybody who understands the game knows quite well how Watty would proceed. He would just set a stone on each tee, and then try to hit it off. The sport, no doubt, was imperfect without a companion, and so Watty felt it to be. He gave a glance or two to the surrounding hills, as if half desirous that Will Crosby—a wild, reckless body—might heave in sight and bear a hand ; but there was no human creature within view. The play became tiresome, and Watty, in order to rest and resolve upon future measures, seated himself quite at his ease upon his pack. No sooner had he done this, however, than, with a boom and a roar that made the ice shake and sink beneath him, an invisible, and consequently a fairy, curling-stone came full drive against Watty's shins. The instinct of self-preservation restored Watty immediately to his legs, and, in the course of a certain number of hasty strides, to the adjoining bank. This was doubtless a visitation upon him for his profanation of the Sabbath. What was to be done ? The pack was in the power, at least within the dominion, of the Fairy Queen, and to contest the possession upon her own element seemed little short of madness. At this instant another fairy stone made its presence audible, and Watty, unable any longer to resist his terrors, fled. He fled to a shieling about four miles off, and with the assistance of Will Crosby, whose faith was not much stronger than Watty's, possessed himself *next morning* of his lost goods. The story I have often heard him tell with a serious countenance ; nor have I the smallest doubt that he believed every word which he said."

About the beginning of last century the good folks of Edinburgh used to curl on the Nor' Loch, and so highly was the game esteemed, that the Town Council used to march in a body to the ice, headed by a band. When this loch was drained, the headquarters of curling in the east were shifted to Duddingstone Loch, in the shadow of Arthur's Seat ; and under the auspices of this and many other clubs the game was immensely improved and turned into a highly scientific exercise, instead of the rough and clumsy amusement it had been in its early years, when it bore a strong resemblance to quoits on ice—indeed, in many places it was called "kuting"—and was played with "channel-stanes" picked out of the bed of a stream, and roughly shaped into an oblong form, with a niche to admit the points of the player's fingers. In December, 1830, a kuting-stone of this kind, bearing the initials I. M. and the date 1611, was dug out of the foundations of an old house in Strathallan ; and the Duddingstone Society possess several like it, which were fished out of Linlithgow Loch early in this century.



THE GOWERLEIGHS' GOVERNESS.—"HER VOICE RANG OUT, CLEAR, DISTINCT, BELL-LIKE IN ITS VIBRANT TONES. 'THE MISERABLE WRETCH WHO DARES ASK YOU FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAND IS MY HUSBAND!'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

The curlers of Lochmaben in Dumfries have been long celebrated for their excellence. They have given a phrase to the game, "Soutering," which has puzzled philologers to explain before now. Soutering means defeating an opposing party in so hollow a way that they stand "love" when the victors are "game." In Lochmaben there was a rink of seven players, all shoemakers—Scoticè, *souters*—by trade, who were so expert that not only did they conquer all comers, but often without allowing their opponents to score a single shot—hence the phrase. On the same loch, during the French war, there was another rink, headed by Sir James Brown of Colstoun, famed all over curling Scotland as the "Invincible Board of Lochmaben." Many are the feats recorded of these doughty champions. So marvelous was the skill of Deacon Jardine, chief of the Souters, that he could with his stone thread a needle! He attached with a piece of shoemaker's wax two needles to the side of two curling-stones, just the width of the one he played with apart; then upon two stones in front, similarly apart, and in the line of direction, having affixed two *birses* (bristles), he played his stone so accurately that, in grazing through the "port," or opening between the stones, it would impel the birses forward through the eyes of the needles. Unique as was this feat, it has often been rivaled in difficulty by delicate shots of other curlers.

There have been instances of a curling-stone being thrown a mile upon the ice. Sir Richard Brown says that in his day there were many alive who could throw a stone across the Kirk Loch—one of the many lakes at Lochmaben—"a feat not much short of the above." Once a celebrated player of Tinwald, named Lawrie Young, challenged the Lochmaben curlers to a trial of strength. Their president stepped forward, and taking his stone, threw it with such strength across the Mill Loch that it jumped off the brink upon the other side and tumbled over upon the grass. "Now," said he to Lawrie, "go and throw it back again; I will then confess that you are too many for us."

Captain H. Clapperton, R. N.—an African traveler of some repute sixty years ago—used to play with an enormous mass of granite, known far and wide as "the Hen." This rough stone weighed about seventy pounds; and yet, such a strong man was Clapperton, that he not only played some capital shots with it, but could hold it out at arm's length, and whirl it about as if it were a feather. An uncle of his used even a heavier stone, because, as he said, no other curler on the Lochmaben ice could throw it but himself. These were rough-shaped stones, almost as they were when found, and would never be allowed nowadays.

One of the Dukes of Athole, very fond both of curling and skating, suggested a game in which both were combined. The skater, armed with a long pole, impelled his curling-stone with it; but, though it was described as "an elegant mode—making a highly interesting game," it never took either with curlers or skaters, never at any time best of friends on the ice.

At a time when the game was not as fashionable with the Scottish nobility as it is nowadays, "Archibald the Handsome," the ninth Duke of Hamilton, was a great patron of curling. He often headed rinks from Hamilton in contests with other parishes, and took the keenest interest in the "spiel." Once in the "dear years," when meal *was* meal, the fate of a game depended on a critical shot being played; his grace called out to the player about to attempt it, "Now, John, if you take the shot and strike away the winner, your mother shanna want meal a' the Winter—I'll send her a boll"—a prize John had the satisfaction, both as a curler and a son, of winning.

When the game is over for the day, victors and vanquished retire together to the inn, where they allay the enormous appetites engendered by the keen frosty air and their healthy exercise. "Beef and greens" is the invariable fare—"curlers' fare"—washed down by copious tumblers of toddy, under the influence of which the battles of the day are fought over again by voluble tongues; old jokes—venerable, but all the better liked for that—are retold, and all is mirth and jollity. Strange are the pranks sometimes suggested by the too potent toddy, and many are the stories told of them; here is one that takes us back to the ice again, but by night this time:

A large party of Kilmarnock curlers had been playing all day in a match, which they had won. After dinner, while the social glass was being drained, it was proposed that they should again repair to the ice; the hint met with universal approbation. It was about eleven o'clock, and they had to walk a mile in the country to reach the loch. The night was very dark, but a lantern at each tee-head guided the player in his delivery. "The stone," says the poetic chronicler of this game, "having left the hand, was heard booming, unseen, along the ice, 'startling the night's dull ear,' its destination unknown, until it dashed among the others around the tee. The stilly calmness of the dark night—the roar of the stones in their progress along the ice—and the screaming and fluttering of flocks of wild waterfowl, startled from the margin of the loch by the unusual intrusion on their haunts, formed a scene of interest and novelty. In these strange circumstances the game was continued with the utmost enthusiasm and hilarity, till long past 'the wee short hour ayont the twal'; and ere the party finally separated, 'gray morning, like a warder on his tower,' was beginning to smile upon the snow-clad world."

Our space will not permit us to say anything of the "Curling Court"—a mock tribunal—a secret society, and the scene of frequent "High Jinks" like those of Counselor Pleydell; nor of the songs and song-writers of our game, nor even to tell of the lady curlers who have before now adorned a rink and played a capital game.

THE GOWERLEIGHS' GOVERNESS.

SHE was a pale, quiet woman, not older than twenty-five at the furthest, and with traces of former beauty that always struck people on first meeting her. She had come to the Gowerleighs with the best of references, and after a week's stay at their fine country-seat in Enderley, became quite a favorite with motherless little Elsie and Geordie, with Miss Adelaide Gowerleigh, the grown-up daughter, and with good-natured old Squire Gowerleigh, who always made it a point, by-the-way, to like everybody.

But *why* Mrs. Fanshawe had become a favorite is quite another matter. Nobody thought of explaining their reasons for being fond of her, which it may be safely affirmed admitted of no definite explanation. Whatever charms Mrs. Fanshawe may have possessed, conversation was assuredly not one of them. She *never* spoke, except when speech was a positive necessity. Now and then, but by no means often, she smiled. Occasionally she accepted the genial squire's very cordially worded standing invitation "to be sociable, and mix with the family." But generally her time, after school hours, was spent in the privacy of her own apartment. The essence of unsociability, you will say; and yet everybody who had seen Mrs. Fanshawe

since her arrival at Enderley, somehow, liked her. Her residence in the house had been of about three weeks' duration, when one evening a servant knocked at the door of Mrs. Fanshawe's room, with a request that she would attend the squire in his study below-stairs. The governess promptly acquiesced.

When Mrs. Fanshawe entered the study and quietly took a seat at respectful distance from the squire, he "ahem-d" and "aha-d" very imposingly for several minutes, as if thoroughly at a loss how to open conversation.

"I sent for you, Mrs. Fanshawe," he finally began, "with a view toward asking of you, madame, a favor—a most *important* favor."

The lady bowed in silence. The squire would rather she had spoken; but, gaining self-possession, he proceeded:

"You may have noticed, Mrs. Fanshawe, the feeling of affection which I entertain for the son of my friend and neighbor, young Mr. Graham Blanford. As you know, he frequently dines at the house, and is an intimate visitor here. You may also have noticed the evident attachment which he feels for my daughter, Adelaide."

Another grave inclination of Mrs. Fanshawe's head—no more. The squire waited for a reply, but as none came, he continued:

"Possibly you may have heard, madame, that my daughter Adelaide has, till within a few weeks, reciprocated Mr. Blanford's attachment; that they have been considered throughout Enderley an engaged couple. I purposely use the words 'within a few weeks,' for during that time my daughter's feelings have undergone a sudden and very surprising revulsion. A gentleman now staying at the hotel—a certain Mr. Effingham Walters, of whom I know nothing and care as little—has used the hundred accomplishments of a city-bred dandy to alienate her heart from its former love. He has succeeded, for a time at least. Were I to consent to Adelaide's immediate marriage with this person, she would eagerly embrace the opportunity of becoming his wife. But my consent has been withheld in the hope of convincing her that Graham Blanford is far the superior man of the two. This, however, seems, so far at least as concerns my powers of persuasion in the matter, an almost impossible task. Adelaide, in spite of all my arguments, persists in her preference of the worthless, fortune-hunting fop, with whom she is so singularly infatuated. Can *you*, Mrs. Fanshawe, do nothing to convince this foolish girl of her own headstrong conduct? She likes you; I believe that you have already gained peculiar influence over her. May I rely upon your making one attempt to effect the desired change?"

Several moments elapsed before Mrs. Fanshawe responded to the squire's concluding question, that gentleman, meanwhile, becoming rapidly more and more embarrassed at her delay in accepting his proposal.

"You may rely upon me," the lady at length said. "I will do my best."

And with this monosyllabic response, the conference between Mrs. Fanshawe and Squire Gowerleigh ended.

As the former was passing through the lower hall, on her way to her own chamber, a hand lightly touched her shoulder, and a gentleman's voice addressed her in respectful tones.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Fanshawe, but I am aware on what subject the squire has been speaking; indeed, it was through my advice that he made the request which you have doubtless just heard. May I join with him in earnestly begging that you will use all the influence in your power over Adelaide?"

The speaker was Graham Blanford, a tall, well-built man of three-and-twenty, with honesty and truth written in very legible characters upon every feature of his handsome face.

"I will do my best," replied Mrs. Fanshawe. That was all she said. Then she passed on.

"I wonder if her 'best' means four or five words of Spartan laconicism to Adelaide?" grumbled poor Graham, very discontentedly, after she had gone. "If so, I think Mr. Effingham Walters stands a very fair chance of becoming the squire's son-in-law—miserable, crafty coxcomb that he is!"

Tea at Gowerleigh Manor was rather late that evening. On seating herself at table, Mrs. Fanshawe leaned slightly toward the squire, next to whom she sat, and said, in a low voice:

"Miss Adelaide will not be down this evening."

"You have spoken with her?" eagerly inquired the squire.

Graham Blanford, who was seated on his other hand, bent forward to catch her reply.

"Yes."

That was all. A servant entering at this moment, put an end to further discussion. But it is doubtful whether Mrs. Fanshawe meant to say more than the monosyllable she had already uttered. For, while the servant was still in attendance, she asked to be excused, rose from the table and left the room.

"Provoking woman!" muttered Graham Blanford.

"Enigma!" was the squire's annoyed *sotto voce*.

Before either gentleman had finished his meal, a card was handed to the squire, on reading which his face flushed angrily. Then he handed it to Graham Blanford, and rising from the table, left the room. The card contained the name of "Effingham Walters, Esq.," printed with innumerable flourishes.

Three minutes later the squire entered the parlor, where Mr. Effingham Walters awaited him.

An elaborately costumed gentleman of the genus "swell," with a pink-and-white complexion, and the most surprising of blonde whiskers, rose from the sofa on the squire's entrance.

"I have come," he began, with perfect self-possession, both in voice and manner, and an affected drawl in his mode of speaking that was rather ludicrous—"I have come, Squire Gowerleigh, to request in marriage the hand of your daughter, Miss Adelaide. I am aware that such a marriage is viewed by you with disfavor. I am aware, also, that you attribute to me the base motive of seeking to possess myself of the large fortune she has inherited from her mother. I am—— Oh, good gracious! who *is* that?"

Mr. Effingham Walters, a very picture of dismay, was staring fixedly at the door. Upon its threshold stood Mrs. Fanshawe.

"Do you know me, John Robertson?" her voice rang out, clear, distinct, bell-like in its vibrant tones. "The miserable wretch who dares ask you for your daughter's hand, Squire Gowerleigh, *is my husband!* It is five years since he deserted me in New York, but I have managed to keep a tolerable account of his *aliases* since then, and I readily recognize Effingham Walters as one of them."

A desperate, hunted look was suddenly assumed by the Apollo-like countenance of Mr. Effingham Walters, as the squire strode furiously toward him with clinched fists.

Somehow, he managed to evade the sweeping blow that would have leveled all the pride of his coxcombry had it touched him, and slipping past his injured wife, who made a dexterous seizure of something from his person as he rushed by her, the rogue disappeared an instant later, through the hall door. From that evening Enderley heard

BLARNEY CASTLE, IRELAND.

BLARNEY CASTLE.

THIS picturesque edifice, of antiquarian and jocular fame, almost coeval, is situated in the village of Blarney, about four miles northwest of Cork. It consists of a massive square tower, that rises broad and boldly. A short distance to the southwest of the castle is a lake, said to abound with a species of leech. It does not afford one good subject for the pencil, being without islands, the margin swampy, and the adjacent trees planted with too much attention to regularity.

It is a very generally believed tradition that, before Blarney surrendered to King William's forces, Lord Clancarty's plate was made up in an open chest, which was thrown into this lake, and has not since been recovered; nor does this appear improbable, as we understand repeated attempts have in vain been made to drain it.

In 1814, Mr. Milliken, whose well-known song of "The Groves of Blarney" has identified his memory with the place, gave Mr. Crofton Croker a clumsy silver ring for the finger, which had been taken out of the lake by a boy who was fishing in it.

In the highest part of the castle is a stone usually pointed out to visitors, and which has the legendary property of conferring on the person who kisses it such persuasiveness as to compel the hearer to believe anything he asserts. It is no easy matter to reach the stone, and still more difficult to kiss it.

of him no longer. Mr. Effingham Walters became henceforth "a memory and a name."

"How can we ever sufficiently thank Mrs. Fanshawe?" said the squire to Graham Blanford, whom a hearty roar of rage from the elder gentleman had attracted thither. "Her timely exposure of this scamp was superb. By Jove, Mrs. Fanshawe," turning to that lady, "I cannot find words to——"

The squire paused. A feeling that very much resembled horror thrilled him from head to foot. The lady, with a quiet smile, was extending toward him nothing more or less than one of the blonde whiskers of Mr. Effingham Walters!

"You don't mean," ejaculated the squire, "that you tore it out by the roots?"

"Oh, no. There were *no* roots, Squire Gowerleigh; the wretch's whiskers are false!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the squire. "Very cleverly done, Mrs. Fanshawe—very cleverly done, *indeed*. Will you oblige me by showing that trophy to Adelaide when you go up-stairs this evening? I think the effect will be rather disillusionizing. Eh, Graham?"

"I have already explained the identity of Mr. Walters to your daughter," was Mrs. Fanshawe's reply, "which accounts for her non-appearance at the tea-table. I mentioned to you that I immediately recognized the *alias* of Mr. John Robertson on hearing it this evening. Miss Adelaide will have a severe struggle with her own heart, but depend upon it, Squire Gowerleigh, that the result will be humility, repentance, and a joyful return to her old love."

And so it was. Adelaide Gowerleigh is now the happy wife of Graham Blanford. Mrs. Fanshawe, yet retaining her position of governess, is still the same silent, reserved oddity of womankind. And the squire, remembering how she once spoke to such excellent purpose, likes her better than before.

AMBER.

BY EMMA NORTH.

LESLIE THORNE sat idly at his desk in the Senate, twirling his mustache with one elegant white hand.

It had been a dull day for the members, and especially dull for him; his Bill he had worked for with such interest had passed both Houses—he knew it would win—his enterprises always did, and he had nothing else to wish for. He had succeeded in everything he undertook since he began, seventeen years ago, a poor newspaper-boy in a printing-office, steadily

HIERONYMUM.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 50.

gaining wealth, friends, position, everything. Did I say everything?

If ever glossy broadcloth hid an aching heart, it was the one beating dully under Leslie Thorne's immaculate vest. If ever genuine sorrow looked from a pair of fine eyes, it was that which clouded Leslie Thorne's. His fair face, rounded and almost boyish in its outlines, had that glossed-over look of woe, the ennuyed look of premature age, that will settle on such young faces sometim

When scarcely twenty, he had married the belle of the city where he lived; he did not love her, but he felt a spiteful sense of pride in winning her. She was beautiful, accomplished and high-strung.

He was over-sensitive, tyrannical and selfish, from early success. They lived together a few miserable years, and separated. Since then society had courted and flattered him as much as ever; brilliant women had smiled on him even more, till he had little faith left in them; though he treated them with polite courteousness, he mistrusted and despised them.

He was just now thinking that there never was, and never would be, any one in this world for him to care for, or to care for him, and wishing he might die, if he were only certain as to his future destination, when he caught the words of a blear-faced lobbyist, and one of the former members, in the next desk.

"Pretty as a bird, isn't she?"

"Not so very pretty; but got a deal of mesmerism about her; brought me over before she had said a dozen words. Calculated to say something rough to her, but some way I couldn't."

"How old is she?"

"Dunno; looks young, and looks old; mighty queenly way with her for such a little woman; there she is now, making for Thorne, I'll be bound."

Leslie stretched his aristocratic neck past the sergeant-at-arms' room, indicated by the men, toward the lithe young figure approaching him. Though he had such a poor idea of women, he was not above the curiosity of seeing one.

He looked sharply at the girl's face—no, it was not handsome, but so bright and intense, it beguiled you into thinking it pretty, when it was only a common, freckled face, already sharpening with the unmistakable look of an over-worked woman.

A little shiver ran over Leslie Thorne. Some way it seemed to him the sweetest face he had ever seen, and the sweetest of mesmeric voices he had ever heard, that said:

"I came to ask if you would vote for me for engrossing-clerk?"

Vote for her? Why, if she had asked him to fly, he would have tried to have done so.

'Indeed I will. Sit down a moment, and tell me what I can do for you," offering her the inevitable Brussels-covered senatorial arm-chair.

AMBER.—"I CAME TO ASK IF YOU WOULD VOTE FOR ME FOR ENGROSSING-CLERK?"

Oh, women, who sit tenderly cared for at home, not depending upon clerkships for a living, do not blame Amber West as she takes this chair, for flashing at him her prettiest glances, and smiling her sweetest smile, knowing that her bread-and-butter depended on a good impression. Also, do not blame Leslie Thorne, who was a great lady-killer, and the handsomest man in the Senate, for flashing back at her just as winning glances, and for making himself so agreeable, partly out of pity for her, and partly to try his power over this blushing girl.

To kill the time, and for the sake of a flirtation, he used all his influence for her, rejoicing when she got the situation, and before the week was out found that for the first time in his life he had fallen madly in love with a girl he had only intended to patronize.

Each day he spent with her he felt himself growing better and happier, and he grew to have more faith in women, watching her. He had found truth and purity where he had least expected to find it; frankness and innocence in the midst of that corrupt and worldly legislature, just as we may sometimes find violets blossoming in the darkest corners.

Amber met all his advances timidly and wonderingly, remembering, humbly, how Dallas Graves, back where she

used to live, had pretended to love her in the past, and had left her on account of her blind father and her poverty, to marry an heiress older than himself even, thereby breaking, not her heart (such women as Amber do not break their hearts), but breaking her life up into bits of dull blanks, called Mondays and Tuesdays and Wednesdays, etc.—long, loveless, sunless days, that had no kiss or smile in them for Amber.

Having grown used to being shocked at home and abroad, she was not startled very much when one of the Senators told her (what Leslie had attempted, but never dared to venture to tell her) that he had a wife living. She was only grieved, and accepted it as her necessary fate to be disappointed.

In spite of her blind father, Leslie Thorne loved her—in spite of his fellow-senators laughing at him, and calling him "spooney on the little clerk"; and when he received her tenderly reproachful note, asking him why he had so deceived her, and requesting him to cease his attentions, he loved her more devotedly than ever.

Both went back to their homes when the session closed in the Spring, he to his elegant leisure, she to long days in a musty office, over her copybooks, at a less lucrative salary than at the Capitol, her past Winter only a brilliant memory with a cloudy ending.

* * * * * * *

A green May Day, Dallas Graves lounging drowsily over a book of paintings in the open window-seat of his elegant apartments. Outside the tulips flamed brightly; the May wind came in heavy with laburnums.

At the toilet near him, in front of the big cheval-glass, his wife was making her after-dinner toilet. Dallas watched her listlessly, although he had all these details by heart.

First, the spot of rouge, softened down by the white on either cheek; next, the little line of antimony under each eyelid; then a diamond pendant fastened in each thin ear; then that tall ruff and that broad band of velvet with the diamond clasp to hide her scraggy neck—how rounded and lovely those shoulders used to look to him in his courting days through the deceitful puffings of white *crêpe* and *tulle!*—then that little wisp of her own hair, let down out of crimping-pins, and arranged to make the most of it. What lovely hair he had supposed she had! All those glossy switches and ringlets she was pinning on, or most of them (he was not quite imbecile), he had thought grew there, instead of being bought at Parker's.

Here his wife dropped her teeth into the tumbler with a crash, and put aside the point-lace curtains.

"There goes that everlasting Amber West again, this scorching day, in her hot black dress! Is it true, Dallas, that you used to wait on her?"

Dallas gives a great start, and his book falls from his fingers into the tulip-bed beneath the window; but he only says, carelessly:

"Who told you that, Mary?"

"The Gaston girls; and more than that, they said everybody in the city thought you expected to marry her, till you brought me here."

"Tell the Gaston girls to mind their own business!" said Dallas, petulantly.

"Oh, you needn't be so savage about it—it does not trouble me any. I only thought it on a par with your usual taste. She looks forsaken enough, at all events."

Forsaken! If there ever was a mournful word that took you almost down to the steps of Hades, it is that one word *forsaken*. There is such a wail in it of the selfishness of human kind, the faithlessness of those who are their brothers' keepers!

Dallas picked up his book again, but he did not see the pictures; the flushed, tired face of little Amber West looked up at him from every page he turned. She had not looked toward the house as she passed; she had loved him as few men get loved in this lower land, and was trying to have him think she did not love him at all. He had loved this girl, but this world *crowds* us so, the present moment, the *now*, are all that we are sure of. Then there is nothing so dangerous as a veteran coquette, nothing so convincing as to have all your relatives tell you what a good match it will be.

Now he had left Amber and married another, she was just as sweet, just as frank, just as smiling to him as ever; but such an old, old look had crept into that little face! such a quivering of the sweet red lips! such a flushing and paling of her peachy cheeks when he spoke to her!

* * * * * * *

Another scorching hot day, with Amber West dragging past as usual in her hot dress. Dallas is at the bay-window, looking hungrily out at her. What a world of comfort he had taken with that girl in the old time!

"If people gossiped as much about me as they do about Amber West, I would kill myself!" broke in Mrs. Graves, suddenly.

"If you were as pretty as she, and were obliged to write for five cents a folio, no doubt you might have the chance," observed her husband, sarcastically.

"As *pretty as she!* You know very well you told me before you married me that I was the handsomest woman—of my age—that you had ever seen."

"Well, yes," still more sarcastically; "but *then* I was a fool."

"Dallas Graves, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I hate that Amber West, and I wish I was dead!" And his wife went off into an angry fit of hysterics.

Some months later Dallas had occasion to think of his unkind speeches, when his wife lay dead in his darkened home, and for a while he was truly miserable with that blank loneliness we all feel when one we have grown accustomed to seeing daily passes out of our life for ever.

Amber West and her copybooks went past regularly, a little more blithe and red-cheeked, it seemed to him, than usual.

After a while he wondered would she favor his suit again if he should tender it? His self-conceit whispered she would, for she smiled and blushed just as she used to when he spoke to her, and he got a notion of putting himself in her way and following her up and down dark nights, when she did not know he was near.

She was looking happier, at all events, and she dressed better than formerly. Her hat had blossomed out in a bunch of baby rosebuds, and her face also blossomed beneath it like a rose as well. The neighbors, noticing the change, remarked, in pleasant little asides, "that she expected to get him the second time, and they hoped she would have her labor for her pains."

It was late one August afternoon when Dallas intercepted Amber coming home early from her Saturday's work. He does not, this time, stand afar off and follow her at a distance. He thinks he has a right to walk with her now, and he takes her arm with an assured air of proprietorship.

She starts the least bit in the world, and turns on him her old bright smile.

"We meet quite often," she says, innocently.

"Yes, and it is to be hoped we may meet still oftener in the future."

"What do you mean, Dallas?" Amber is never one of the kind to make a pretense or waive a subject.

"Why, you must know that I want you to be my wife. I love you—indeed, I believe I have always loved you, and I have no greater wish than to call you mine."

"I am very sorry," says Amber, sweetly; "I did not suppose you had any more serious intention than when you used to walk with me, or I should not have given you the trouble of this confession. I have been engaged all Summer to Leslie Thorne, of Albany."

"What, Senator Thorne?"

"The same," says Amber, her voice full of tremulous joy, and the least bit of womanly triumph in it. "He is now a widower, and we are to be married in September."

Dallas Graves turned away with a whitened face. All the sunshine of his life seemed to be going round the corner with Amber, who was turning about gayly, nodding and smiling back at him, and waving him an eloquent good-by with her parasol.

CHILLON.

THE transformation at Chillon is, indeed, startling. Formerly there was a little narrow path that ran around the shore, and the great rocks plunged abruptly down into the waters of the lake. Chillon, the fine old castle with its grand memories of *Le Petit Charlemagne*, Pierre of Savoy, and its sadder ones of the good old Abbot of Corbie, the true "Prisoner of Chillon," instead of jolly old Bonnivard, to whom Byron gave a glory unmerited—Chillon of my day stood on a sort of island. Who does not remember Byron's description:

> "Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
> A thousand feet in depth below
> Its massy waters meet and flow;
> Thus much the fathom-line was sent,
> From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
> Which round about the wave enthralls."

Twenty odd years ago we used to drive there and spend the whole Spring or Autumn day. We would be rowed across in a little boat to the then solitary castle. How often I have sat in the Duchess's chamber for hours, and while I looked out from the window on the enchanting view, felt as far removed from our world, its trials and cares, as if I had been translated into another sphere. No such delicious loneliness exists there now. The rocks have been blown up to make a pathway for the railroad, and the locomotive goes whizzing and snorting along where the lake waves used to dash up against the stones. The castle is attached to the mainland. You drive to the gate, and find a regular show place. The name, "Chillon," is printed in tiles like a shop-sign of the Bon Marche, on its venerable historical tower roof. The entrance court is hung with photographs and has stands of Alpine sticks for sale, with cases of little wooden Swiss cottages and rubbishy crystal and ivory jewelry to tempt the tourists. A guide accompanies a crowd of travelers through the building, and as they file into hall and chapel and chamber, she drones over the same rigmarole you hear in all medieval castles of Europe where tourists go gapingly in crowds.

SURVIVALS.

IN the Shetlands, old women still employ the spindle and the whorl, exactly as their ancestors employed them 4,000 years ago, the only difference being that modern whorls are far less ornate than their antique predecessors. Near Inverness, a potato does duty instead of a stone or clay whorl.

At Barvas, in the Island of Lewis, the people manufacture handmade pottery without a wheel, as rude as the rudest ever discovered among the relics of the stone age or in use among the modern savages. Yet the inhabitants of Barvas are not clothed in skins, and eaters of raw flesh; "in intellectual power and in their mode of living, they are just what their neighbors are." Manchester cottons, Staffordshire crockery, Sheffield cutlery, West Indian sugar and Chinese tea may be found in the self-same cottages where these primitive jars and bowls are fashioned. Thus, the very rudest arts may co-exist in a single community side by side with the most advanced.

Similarly, the "Norse Mills" of Shetland are the simplest and most ineffectual application of water-power known among men; yet they answer the purpose of their makers well enough, because water-power is abundant, and there is no need to economize it by such cunning inventions as overshot wheels.

The beehive houses of the Hebrides form another example of a surviving archaic type, equally out of keeping, at first sight, with our existing civilization. The rough bone buttons, the stone beds, the one-stilted plows, the wheelless carts, dragged along upon their tilted beams, and the bismar, or rude steelyard, used in many parts of Scotland, give rise to similar reflections.

But the strangest instance of all, is the all but modern stone implements found in Shetland. These consist of rough flint flakes, shaped by chipping, and quite recently used as knives or hatchets. So far as mere external appearance goes, they might be implements from the drift, were it not for the absence of that peculiar weathered appearance which is the distinguishing mark of genuine paleolithic specimens. The pre-glacial flints are discolored for about a quarter of an inch from the surface, and display a banded outline when fractured. The Shetland implements, on the contrary, are apparently all but modern, and are found under circumstances which do not seem to imply any remarkable antiquity.

A QUEER OLD LADY.

HOW DIFFERENT people appear at different times, as, when we are sick or well, rejoicing or mourning, laughing or weeping! A few days since I met an old lady who nodded very familiarly to me, and yet I hesitated to call her by name, lest I should miscall it. She looked old, and yet young; soft and smiling, and yet wore stern frowns. She was fair in face, yet her hands were iron. It seemed as if the wind would blow her away, and yet she moved with the strength of an elephant.

"Why, sir," said she, "you seem to stare at me, though you have seen me a thousand times before."

"That may be, madam; but I never saw you so loaded down with all sorts of things. I am curious to know about them. Would it be rude if I should ask you a few questions?"

"Not at all; ask away."

"Well, what are you going to do with those small, thin, ladies' shoes?"

"Why, make the ladies wear them, to be sure."

"Not in this cold, wet season? Why, I can scarcely keep my feet warm in these thick, double-soled boots. I must have overshoes. How can they wear such thin, cold-catching shoes?"

"Oh, sir, I have only to bring them to them, and the dear creatures put them on, and never hesitate a moment. They know me!"

"And those little half-dresses, hanging on your arm?"

"They are to put on little children, in cold weather, or

to walk out in—naked at the knees, naked at the neck, and scarcely covering half the body. You can't think how eager parents are for these dresses."

"What have you in this little tin box?"

"Lozenges, sir—troches, hoarhound, candy—things that always go with thin shoes and thin dresses. And this bright red box, sir, contains what is called 'conscience-salve,' which I always keep on hand to rub on the conscience when any one feels that he has done wrong in obeying me. It's in great demand, sir, and a certain cure."

"What is in that bundle, madam?"

"This? A few knick-knacks, which I sometimes distribute in the Sabbath-schools, in the shape of dialogues, speeches—things to make people laugh, and to prevent the school from feeling too serious or thinking too much about religion. You must understand, sir, that I continually have to attend church, to regulate things there, and see that the bonnets are right, the rings are bright, and the dresses complete; yet religion itself I hate as poison! And here is a box of the finest—what shall I call it? It is a sort of wit and smartness, which I deal out to preachers, with which they spice their sermons, and become popular. I sell them by the gross. They are growing in demand, and they are a real saving of conscience and heartache. Warranted to keep in any climate—a kind of sensation powder."

"Pray, madam, what are those screws for?"

"Why, to pinch the feet and make them look small, without regard to corns and bunions. They can't wear those little, dear little, shoes, except you have these pinchers to go with them."

"And that great heap of books in your arms?"

"Those? They are the latest, most exciting, and the weakest and most silly novels. But I hand them out, and shake my head with a smile, and crowds read them."

"Well, madam, I'm very inquisitive, I know, but I do want to know what you have in that great bag thrown over your shoulder?"

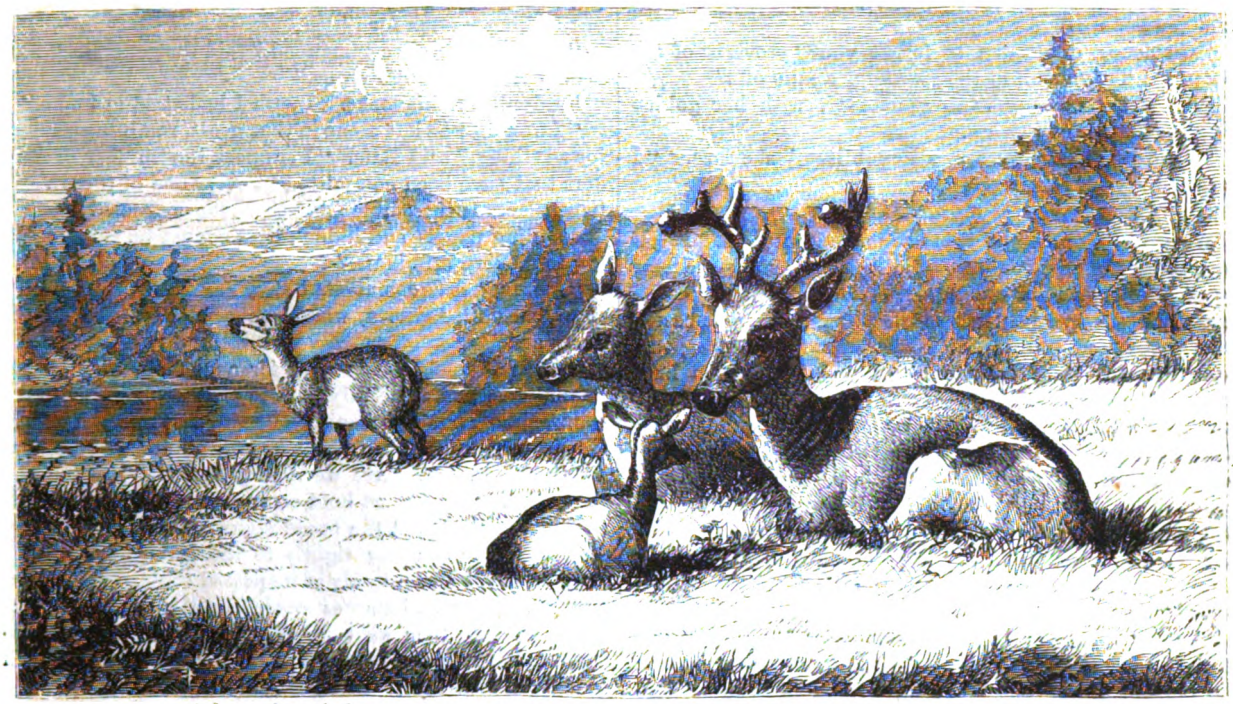
"A great variety of valuables—such things as 'late suppers'—in great demand, and which send people to the grave early, and thus make room for more. Then, there are 'late hours,' and 'late rising,' and all manner of hair-dressing, and expensive dressing—things that ladies must have, even if their husbands fail. Here are diamond pins and rings—just the things to stir up envy and create extravagance Here are gold watches, cigars, meerschaum pipes, gold-headed canes, eye-glasses, and all manner of things to suit all manner of people. And I laugh and coax and frown and command, till I get them to wear and use them, and do just what I please. Now, I have just stopped to talk with you a few moments, don't you see what a crowd have gathered round me?—low necks, thin shoes, muslin dresses, tight boots; some on crutches, some coughing, some breathing short, all crowding to get near me; and when I move you will see how they all run and rush and crowd after me. Oh, sir, I am the great power of the world. I rule kings and queens, beggars and philosophers. Don't you see?"

"REMEMBER THE POOR!"

"Truly, madam, truly. And now, *may* I ask your name?"

"Name! FASHION, sir; my name is MRS. PREVAILING FASHION! I thought everybody knew me!"

THE bearing and training of a child is woman's wisdom.



DEER REPOSING BY THE LAKESIDE.

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

Monsieur Shirley has decided that we are to visit Venice, and I am surprised to find how little the fact interests or excites me. My sensations all seem to have fallen to a dead level. *Here*, I have Monsieur Shirley on land; *there*, I shall have Monsieur Shirley on water! and, if this condition of stagnation lasts long, I shall be tempted either to pitch him or myself into one of the canals.

If it were only Venice as it used to be!—the city of romance, where life was a perpetual drama, and its everyday scenery picturesque and dramatic, with no "half-lights" about it, but all strong illumination, or deep shadow! But a modern Venice! dirty—it is said to be fearfully so, notwithstanding the abundance of water—dull, indescribably so, I have heard; a city of decaying palaces set in a marsh! And with Monsieur Shirley always at my side! The idea is suffocating!

* * * * * * * *

I feel more hopeful of being able to *endure* Venice, for I learn that Rafe is going there, also. Perhaps I may get a chance to meet her on one of the canals! She has kept her word to Monsieur Shirley religiously—that is to say, she has neither spoken to nor looked at me since his last visit to her studio. Of course, ever since she was seen *en masquerade* on the streets of Florence, Monsieur Shirley's bad opinion of her has been confirmed. But, when I am married! How I long to have the bit in his mouth and the reins in my hands! . . . . Clemence came to me to-day in a new toilet—a "combination" of strawberry-and-cream color cashmere and light-blue silk—which she put on, probably, to give effect to the announcement that, as she must now begin to look out for herself, she had decided to devote herself to the lassoing and capturing the great American lion.

"Although something of a barbarian," she went on to say, "he is evidently frightfully rich, and needs such a woman as myself to tone down his robustious good humor, and educate his somewhat florid manners. I think I have only to let him see that I am *favorable*, to bring him to my feet. There he is now, dancing attendance on that little Bohemienne!"

I could not help smiling to hear Clemence—herself adventuress to the backbone—thus designate Rafe, who has a profession, and makes money by it.

"She would prove a dangerous rival, Clemence," said I.

"A rival!—that child! Why, Monsieur le General must be sixty years old!"

"But some people have the bad taste to prefer lamb to mutton, you know."

Clemence laughs, but there is a malicious glitter in her eyes.

"My dear, 'tisn't every man who knows that his lamb is mutton. You do succeed in looking wonderfully young, Florestine."

"*Merci*," I reply, carelessly. "Clemence, sometimes I have half a mind to let Monsieur Shirley know *what* he has bought with this pretty diamond ring, and the promise of a plain gold one." Clemence shrugs her shoulders.

"*Pas si bête!* One doesn't burn down the bridge unless one is sure of a boat to carry one over; and the waters are too deep for you to wade across, *ma chère!*"

"What if I try a gondola?" I say, significantly.

"Ah! I'm afraid that chance is lost to you. The riches seem to have taken to themselves wings."

"If I could only meet him in Venice!" I reply. "He has encountered me in every place I have visited in Italy, so far."

"A silver spoon in the mouth is better than a gold one in a jeweler's window."

"Clemence, do hasten to forget your 'proverbs of the people.' They smell of the *pot-au-feu* a mile off!"

Clemence takes my snub graciously, with her golden citizen of America in view.

"I am intending to marry a Republican," she says. "I must be myself *citoyenne.*"

* * * * * *

We are in Venice, and it is not so bad, after all. It has something the effect of old and dilapidated stage-scenery, by daylight, with its crumbling, stained and moldy-looking palaces, very green where the water laps their bases; very yellow and brown, in streaks, where the waterspouts have leaked through their grinning gargoyles, which have lost half the terrors of their original aspect, in gaining a strangely wrinkled and toothless look. The water, that is always lap-lapping hungrily at the rough and broken edges of the marble steps from which one *lurches* into one's gondola, looks green and slimy in the sunshine. But by moonlight, presto! the whole scene changes, and Venice—like Venus rising from the sea—becomes all white and shining, as to her marble palaces; all silvery gleam and velvet gloom as to her winding water-ways; suggestive of a thousand romances and mysteries, musical with the soft halloo of her gondoliers, bright with the diamond eyes of the perfumed beauties reclining in the hearse-like gondolas.

Monsieur Shirley has provided Clemence and myself with a gondola and gondolier, as he would have supplied us with a carriage and coachman, had we been in any other city. Fortunately, he does not think it necessary to accompany us in all our promenades on the water, as he thinks we know no one in Venice yet. If I ever prayed to the saints, I should implore them to keep from him the knowledge that Rafe means to come here, perhaps is here now. I have threaded the principal canals every day, in the hope of meeting her.

* * * * * * *

To-day I was fortunate enough to encounter her, in the company of Clemence's "barbarian" and Madame Van Zandt. Our two gondolas "saluted" each other, and then joined company; our gondoliers, also, proving to be acquaintances, and exchanging remarks in the Venetian dialect over our heads, as we moved along in unison, Clemence making snatches of remarks to her "barbarian," while I vainly tried to win more than a glance and stiff bow from Rafe, who was devoting herself, mischievously, to playing on the fears of Madame Van Zandt, who is horribly afraid of the Venetians, and looks upon every one of them as an embryo bandit, only waiting for circumstances to develop his inherent wickedness.

"Well," said Rafe, "the waters of these canals look smooth enough, considering what is beneath them. If we only knew how many skeletons we are sailing over, we should never wish to get into a gondola."

Mrs. Van Zandt began to look quite nervous. When she is at all agitated she shows her teeth alarmingly. I whispered to Clemence that I thought we saw quite bones enough above.

"I suppose people have been murdered and thrown into the canal for objects of much less value than Mrs. Van Zandt's beautiful brooch," continued Rafe, with cruel deliberation. "I never dare to wear any nice jewelry, these gondoliers look so murderous. Now, just look at this one of ours"—she dropped her voice—"his eyes look like stilettos, and are ominously near one another, and that thin, curved nose of his is as cruel as the beak of a hawk."

"Goodness gracious, general!" said Mrs. Van Zandt, in a tremulous whisper; "what did you engage such a villainous-looking wretch for?"

"He was highly recommended," said the general. "Rafe is only trying to frighten us."

"I don't like his looks. I wish I had staid at home."

"I wouldn't be left alone in that great, rambling palazzo for anything," said Rafe. "I suppose the number of murders that have been committed in every one of these Venetian palaces is incredible; and then, the concealed passages and sliding panels and hidden doors must be very tempting to modern criminals."

"Mercy, yes!" commented Mrs. Van Zandt. "I wish I were back in America, where we can see where all the doors are."

"Then it would be so easy for a gondola to glide up behind one, and somebody in it to pull some one into the water, almost before it could be known that one was gone."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Van Zandt, glancing apprehensively behind her. "Are we almost at the Ducal Palace? General, I think I must hold on to your arm."

When we landed at the broad stairs of the Ducal Palace, Mrs. Van Zandt clung tightly to the general's arm, and grasped it yet more closely as we passed the deserted court, with its pillars and statues marred by the green stains of the damp, and then went up the "Giant's Steps," where we found the warder awaiting us, with an enormous bunch of keys in his hand.

"He looks as if he had just been let out of the prisons himself," said Rafe; and, indeed, he was frightfully emaciated and hollow-eyed, with a tangled, grizzly beard, and long elf-locks hanging from under his cap.

"I wish I were at home," murmured Mrs. Van Zandt, as we entered the gallery from which the first range of cells opened. I disliked the odor, and told Mrs. Van Zandt that I would stay with her while the others visited the two ranges of cells below.

When they came back, Rafe showed a little sketch she had made of the cell in which the prisoners were stabbed and strangled, with the blood-stains put in with a red-lead pencil. Then the guide drew back the bars of a massive door, and it flew back with a scream like the shriek of one of the tormented; and, ascending a winding-stair, we stood in the covered arch across which the feet of the condemned passed to their death, and which is called the Bridge of Sighs. It is lighted only by two closely-barred windows, and, while we were looking from these at the broad canal called the Giudecca, the torch of our guide went out. The old man made a thousand apologies, and I could feel Mrs. Van Zandt tremble as she looked anxiously into all the unlighted corners. He went out to re-light his torch, when a deep sigh breathed through the gloom. Then my hand was seized and passionately kissed, a grayish figure detached itself from the semi-darkness, and I heard a door opposite to that by which we had entered swing open, and then close with a clang.

Mrs. Van Zandt screamed shrilly.

"Hush!" said the general, "here is your cicerone. Did you know of any one being here when we came in?" he asked the old man, in Italian.

He looked bewildered, and holding his torch above his head, peered around him.

"Some one just went out at that door," said the general, pointing to it.

The old man went up to it and shook it.

"It is never opened, signor."

The general tried the door also, but it yielded no more than the wall.

"It is very mysterious," said he, as we followed the cicerone down the stairs again.

But I said nothing to any one of my little adventure, until we were out in the open air, when I proposed to the general that he and Mrs. Van Zandt should occupy our gondola with Clemence, while I had a *tête-à-tête* with Rafe.

"All right!" said the cheerful old warrior, while Clemence grew radiant; but Rafe was set and stern as she replied that she preferred the general's society to that of any one else.

"Will you go with me, Monsieur le General, or stay and flirt with Mademoiselle Rafe?" asked Clemence, insidiously.

Rafe colored, the general laughed.

"She doesn't know what is good for herself," he said. "Let the two little ones go together. Their craft will skim the waters like a bird, with two such doves in it," and he seated himself by Clemence's side.

Rafe did not look at me as she took her place, but her eyes flamed and her cheeks flushed, while her lips, set in one scarlet line, said, as plainly as words, "Open me if you can."

"Rafe," I said, "why can't we be friends?"

"Miss Amberside," she returned, "has not Mr. Shirley said that he does not even wish us to be acquaintances?"

"That is one of the reasons why I am determined not to give you up, and when I am married you will find that I *will not* give you up."

As soon as I had said this I felt that I had uttered an imprudence, but she did not seem to remark it.

"I think I had quite as soon be given up," she replied.

"What a strange girl you are!" I said. "Can't I make you like me in any way?"

"I don't dislike you; I only don't care for you particularly."

It was very odd, but this speech actually *hurt* me—and I so seldom care for any one!

"I think we must be antipathetic," she went on.

"I think there is one bond between us," I said.

She looked up at me quickly; a flashing, interrogative glance. It lasted but a moment, and she was again the icicle she had been since she first entered the gondola.

"Do you recollect that picture you showed me—Glaucus and Nydia?"

"Ye-es."

"Do you know that I have seen your Glaucus repeatedly?"

She looked me full in the face; her face was flushed, her eyes eager.

"I thought I should interest you at last," I said.

She turned her face away, the color died from it; the regular profile seemed to be cut in marble.

"Shall I tell you a little about him?" I asked, watching her curiously. She might look as cold and hard as she pleased, she had given me a glimpse into her "inner consciousness." She *had* cared for him at some time!

"Talk on any subject you please," she said, with a very well gotten up little yawn. "One thing will probably interest me as much as another."

"I think this will interest you, if you are fond of romance."

She leaned back, closed her eyes, and resolutely put away all expression from her face; and, beginning at the beginning, I told her all the circumstances under which I had met her "model" and my "guide." She might, and did, control her muscles, but she could not her blood. Her color brightened and paled alternately as I went on. When I concluded with the supposition that it was he who was in the Bridge of Sighs, and told how he had kissed my hand, she said, quickly:

"I think it very possible. All Italians go mad over white skins and fair hair. That last incident is interesting. I will make it the subject of a picture, and call it the Ghost's Kiss, supposing it to be the spirit of one of those who were executed in the Ducal Palace."

She spoke naturally enough, but I thought her lips quivered slightly.

"Wouldn't you like to see him again?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Be gracious to me, then, and I promise that you shall do so, if I meet him again."

"But, Mr. Shirley?"

"Venice is large. Mr. Shirley need not know everything that happens."

CHAPTER XIX.

"IT IS NO SIN TO KISS THE DEAD."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

AM sitting under the skies of Venice as I write; and I cannot believe that the skies of paradise were lovelier, or arched above more beauty than this same dome of dazzling blue, still opaline with the fading tints of the rising sun.

I have risen because I was too happy to sleep. So happy, and yet so unhappy! With the rich fruition of my hopes before me, and yet with nothing to look forward to. With a golden harvest waiting for my sickle, and yet not the first sheaf can be mine!

It was after moonrise last evening, and I was sitting in the balcony upon which my window opens, and looking down into the canal, from which my own face looked up at me, ghastly and contorted, like the face of one newly killed and thrust beneath the shining waters. As I looked, a ripple disturbed the features, seeming to make them smile in a ghastly fashion, and the black prow of a gondola shot across them. I looked up; the moon shone on the face of my American!

He motioned to his gondolier to pause; he stared at me, as if I were a ghost.

"Madame!" he said, almost stammering. "*Is* it Madame d'Arbrai?"

"It is I," I replied, calmly. It did not seem so very strange that we should meet thus. Nothing seems strange in Venice.

"I—I did not know that you were here! Have you been here long?"

"But a day or so."

"It is a lovely evening, madame."

"It is, indeed."

"Will you favor me with your company, madame?"

"You are very kind, monsieur."

"You will not need to go around to the steps, for I think you will find a little gate in the railing of your balcony, and if you will trust to the strength of my arm, you can easily descend from it to the gondola."

I went back to my room, put on my Spanish mantilla, and came back again, without stopping to think. I found the gate in the railing of the balcony—made purposely for elopement, I should fancy—and half sprang and was half lifted from it into the gondola. The American seated himself beside me, the gondolier stood to his oar, and we darted down the canal, leaving a tremulous wake in the parted waters.

I was so surprised to find myself here, and in such company, that I could not speak for several minutes, and the American was as silent as myself. At length I made some remark upon the phosphorescent light that sparkled on the

waters, and the red gleam from the lighted palaces which opposed the white moonlight, and cast fiery reflections in the canal. He replied, and again we were silent, and I began to count the reflections, as we passed, between my wonderings why I had been shown so signal a favor by one to whom my society seemed so little desirable.

"Mademoiselle Beatrix is well?" I asked, at last, as we glided into the Giudecca, which was braided with the silver lines of the many and devious tracks continually crossing and re-crossing each other, of the gondolas with which it was crowded.

"She is well, I thank you, madame."

"I was thinking what a pity that she should not be here to-night."

"I am not sorry to have you with me instead, madame. I feel that—I—owe you—an—apology."

"An apology!—*me*, Monsieur Shirley?"

"You may not remember my offense, madame, but I have not forgotten my happiness."

I was silent.

"Madame, as we have not been alone since—that time—in the garden—I have had no chance to say——"

"Say nothing, monsieur. Let all that be as if it never had happened."

He bent toward me; his breath was warm on my face.

"Do you suppose I can ever forget that our lips have met?" he said, passionately. "I am now the betrothed of my cousin, but, when we sat by the fountain in the garden at Florence, madame, *I loved you!*"

He loved me! Then, why this barrier between us? He loved me! Then, why does he not love me still?

"You loved me, monsieur?"

"Yes, I loved you. It had been before, but I knew it not until that instant. Madame, believe me, I would never kneel to any but the woman that I loved."

"You loved me, monsieur?—and now——"

He sighed heavily.

"*Now* I am the betrothed of my cousin."

A gondola now passed us, and a shower of flowers fell into our laps. Alas! they fancied us to be two lovers! One of them struck my hand—it was a *passion-flower*.

"I accept the omen," said I, holding the flower toward him. "It must be enough that you have *once* loved me. When the dead meet in Hades, they see each other, as God sees them all, for the vail of the body no longer hides the transparency of the soul. Then are many wrongs made right, and to the joy of the redeemed is added the pure delight of saying, without sin or shame, to the soul beloved on earth, 'I love you—I have always loved you.' We are dead to each other, are we not?—parted as effectually as if seas rolled between us!—and I say to you, my American, I loved you when we were in the garden at Florence, and I shall love you still, when we meet hereafter."

He turned and looked at me when I began to speak. I did not attempt to hide either my face or my heart from him. I let the moon search the one, and his eyes the other.

"It is no sin to kiss the dead," said he, softly, as our gondola slid smoothly from the Giudecca into the canal that would carry us homeward.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

CLEMENCE and I were prowling around the canals to-day, as usual. I use the word *prowling* advisedly, for Clemence was scenting the track of her "barbarian," as she calls him, and I was in search, either of Rafe or my mysterious admirer, as chance should present them. Chance brought me Rafe—and madame. With the gold-dusted atmosphere of Venice giving new brilliancy to her Titian hair, and new light to her long, dark eyes, she was handsomer than ever. And Rafe, with a something palely pink and fleecy drawn over waves of brown hair, and contrasting creamy cheeks and jet-black brows and lashes, was as lovely in her way as madame in hers. With these two radiant creatures dazzling in the sunlight, I naturally overlooked the Van Zandt, and the small, pale B. C., who accompanied them.

Madame greeted me with a pallid smile; she looked as if she could easily have dispensed with my society. Rafe gave me a little bow and a half smile. I could not quite determine if the last were friendly. Clemence inquired, with too evident anxiety, for Monsieur le General; and when we found they were on their way to the Cathedral of San Marc, and expected the general to join them there, Clemence decided that we would go there also; and, our gondolier keeping stroke with theirs, we went on, side by side.

I listened to Rafe, who was talking to madame of the inexplicable fascination the canals had for her.

"Were I a diver," said she, "I would go down and bring up some of the bones of the old Republic. Then, think of all the rings by which the Adriatic has been wedded to her hundred Doges! Why does not some one go down and steal them from the fingers of the faithless old sea witch, who dimples and dances to-day around the tombs of her dead lovers, as if she made merry over her widowhood!"

Mrs. Van Zandt, whose fingers are quite covered with costly and weighty rings, seemed to think there might be something personal in this remark, which she evidently did not quite understand, and looked doubtfully at Rafe, who caught the glance, and said:

"What do *you* see when you look into the canal?"

Mrs. Van Zandt gazed contemplatively over the side of the gondola.

"I see some very dirty water," she said.

"Now, I will tell you what I see," said Rafe. "An old man, with his white hair and venerable beard mingled with the sand, which is grasped by his convulsed fingers. He was murdered for his gold." Mrs. Van Zandt shuddered. "I also see a young man, in the dress of Titian's portraits. His long hair is disordered and uncurled, his hands lie helplessly by his side, one still clinched in the death-struggle, the other open, with retracted fingers and rounded palm, as if appealing to the heaven which heard his dying groan. He lies partly on his face, but the waves lift him tenderly and turn him gently on his back, showing the dark eyes, yet open; the nose, whose fine lines are growing sharp; the mouth, parting above the glistening teeth, through which the sea gurgles. His embroidered shirt, which is fastened with jeweled buttons, that gleam through the gleaming waters, shows a ragged rent above the heart, through which slowly wells a red stream, and the waters carry its red stain upward, as if to bear the guilty witness to the surface. This one was murdered for revenge."

"How do you know?" questions Mrs. Van Zandt, her trembling interest in the description leading her to forget its imaginary character.

"My dear, you are horribly realistic!" says the B. C.

But Rafe silences her with uplifted finger, as she bends over the edge of the gondola, gazing with dilated eyes into the water.

"I see them all," she says. "And this one is pitiful—poor old man! He was a prisoner in the Ducal Palace, and, having walked over the Bridge of Sighs to a bloody death in the darkness of that horrible vault, lies, emaciated to the last degree; foul with the squalor of his long imprisonment; hollow-eyed, tangled in the unkempt

masses of his hair and beard, with his talon-like nails clinched into his palms, and his ghastly limbs contorted in the last agony, but a smile of perfect content upon his face, for he is *free!*"

"Goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Van Zandt, drawing a long breath.

The tears were streaming down madame's cheeks, the B. C. was using her pocket-handkerchief, and even I was conscious of a peculiar constriction of the throat. As for Clemence, she was also gazing with interest into the water, but she was admiring her own reflection. Rafe looked around at us, and burst out laughing. She held out one hand, palm upward.

THE FALCONER'S DAUGHTER. BY FREDERICK TAYLER.

"Some baiocchi, for the love of heaven, good ladies and gentlemen! I am sure, I think you might contribute something, for never did I see any people more moved by the tale of an improvisatore."

"You little actress!" said madame, wiping her eyes.

"So you see there were drawbacks to a life in the golden days of Venice," continued Rafe. "I had rather be sitting in this gondola to-day, a poor artist, dependent on my pencil, than be lying at the bottom of the Giudecca, with the jewels heired from some sixteen generations of nobles on the ten bones I once called my fingers."

"Aren't we almost at San Marco?" inquired Mrs. Van Zandt, plaintively.

"There is the piazzetta," said the B. C., and our gondolas swept up to the landing stairs in a magnificent curve.

All the Italian churches are miracles of gold and precious stones; of splendid mosaics, and pictures horrible and beautiful in the extreme; of indescribable filth, and the odors rising from it, and from the throng of worshipers; which odors are somewhat vailed and overpowered by the fragrant clouds of incense, when High Mass is being celebrated. But the cathedral of San Marco was now deserted, with the exception of those who were at mass in a distant chapel, from which the solemn tones of a chant rolled down through the gloomy arches, and were re-echoed from the vaulted roof, as if by the voices of the departed

The close and sepulchral atmosphere, unrelieved by the clouds of incense, made itself very perceptible to our foreign noses; the mosaic pavement, sunk in deep indentations, made very visible the dirt that incrusted its superb coloring, and defaced the work of a master hand.

While we were straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of the gilded and rainbow ceiling, a beggar, who had been kneeling behind one of the pillars, came forward and held out his hand for alms. His long white beard and waving silvered hair, his large, pathetic eyes, caught Rafe's eye in an instant, and she offered him two scudi if he would let her sketch him. He assented, and she was taking out her never-failing pencil and paper, when the old man caught sight of madame, who was standing with her arms folded

in her mantilla, that had fallen from her head, her eyes raised, more as if in meditation than in examination of the vaulted ceiling, a bright glow on her face, and her naturally curling hair, disordered by a wind that had arisen when we were on the canal, tossed into a thousand rings and tendrils.

"Principessa!" said the old man, making a quick step toward her.

Madame started, and turned her eyes toward him.

"Giacomo!" And the color went out of her face like the light from behind a transparency, and she put out both her hands, with the palms outward, as if to ward off some dreadful apparition. But the old beggar rushed forward, and flinging himself on his knees at her feet, seized her hands, and bowing his face upon them, covered them with tears, while sobs and half strangled utterances escaped from him in a tempest of mingled joy and grief. She stood there like a statue, neither moving nor speaking, with her eyes staring straight before her, until they closed with a short sigh, her head fell back, and she sank upon the pavement.

The old man gave a cry like that of a faithful dog which sees its master expiring, threw himself down beside her, lifted her head and laid it on his knee. He touched her forehead, and bent to see if she breathed; then raising his eyes to us, said:

"She is dead!"

"She has only fainted," said Rafe, who had found a receptacle for holy water, dipped in the old beggar's high-crowned hat—oh, profanity!—and now dashed the water over madame's face. She sighed, opened her eyes, and looked around her, while Rafe lifted her into a sitting position and fanned her with the hat.

"The old man has fainted now!" I exclaimed; and then somebody said, "What has happened?" and, turning, I saw Monsieur Shirley standing behind me, and looking across me at madame. I explained as much as I could, and then he went up to Rafe, saying, very gently:

"This is too much for you;" and putting one arm around madame, raised her to her feet. She looked around her wildly, turned her eyes downward to where the old man lay on the pavement, and murmuring, "Then it wasn't a dream," made a step toward the recumbent form, but Monsieur Shirley prevented her.

"One moment, madame!" he said, going up to the beggar and lifting his head from the floor. "I thought so," he said, gently laying it down again.

"Thought what?" asked Clemence, sharply, looking askant at the white, peaceful face, and drawing her skirts from its contact.

"That he is dead."

Madame drew her mantilla around her face, as several persons began to hurry forward from different parts of the church. One of them was a priest, and madame went up to him, and, unclasping a heavy gold band from her wrist, laid it in his hand, saying:

"I have no money with me, but this will serve to bury him respectably." Then she added something in an undertone.

She then approached the corpse, bent over it, and looked at it fixedly, and as she turned away a large tear fell down upon the dead man's face. Then Monsieur Shirley offered her his arm, and led her from the church down to the landing-stairs, where he assisted the others into their gondola, and then took his seat in ours.

I had expected a sharp rebuke for the companionship in which he had found me, but he said nothing, sitting with his hat slouched over his eyes like a meditative Spaniard. And all that time our gondola—our gondolier evidently supposing us to belong to one party—was following in the wake of that in which madame was sitting, her head on her hand, and half hidden by the vail of her loosened hair.

A gondola had been following us all this time—a fact that would have been in no way remarkable had we been either singing or engaged in lively conversation. I know Monsieur Shirley did not perceive it until it grated on our keel, as our gondolier paused in the rear of madame's gondola, which had stopped at the steps of a palazzo. I looked around then, and saw two men standing erect in the strange gondola, one of whom took off his hat to me, while a deep flush passed over the face of the other; and I recognized the chevalier and—the Protean personage who had played the parts of mourner, guide, jockey and pastry-cook's assistant in our brief Italian drama.

To my surprise, Monsieur Shirley, instead of ordering our gondola to be turned homeward, as I had expected he would do when he saw Germont, remained staring at the handsome unknown, and biting his lips as he did so. *Jealous!* I thought, and scarcely dared to meet the magnetic gaze which so eagerly sought my face. I was the only one who did not seem to experience a species of mental earthquake on the advent of this mysterious personage, for Clemence nipped my arm until I almost screamed, madame was as white as a ghost, and Rafe was as pale as madame.

"Rose-Marie," said Germont, with his finely diabolical smile, "have you no greeting for *our cousin?*"

Why did he emphasize those last two words? and why did madame give her brother such a pallid, questioning glance as she rose in the gondola, stammering out some unintelligible words? If she was agitated, the newcomer was not, for he assisted her to step out upon the landing-stairs, and then stooped and kissed her hand before he released it.

As soon as madame had left the gondola, Rafe gave the signal of return; but Germont said:

"Miss St. John, my sister wishes you to come in," and then proceeded to introduce to Clemence and myself "My cousin, the Signor Guido."

When he was named to Monsieur Shirley, he repeated "Signor Guido ——?" with a pause after the "Guido," as if to inquire the surname that should follow it.

"It is simply Guido—as one would say Mr. Henry or Mr. Richards in English," Germont explained.

"I understand," said Monsieur Shirley.

I looked around as our gondola darted away, and saw Rafe stepping out upon the landing-stairs, while the handsome Guido was following us with his eyes.

CHAPTER XX.

A COUSIN THROUGH ADAM.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

On our return to the palazzo, after the death of my faithful Giacomo, I chanced to look back, and saw a gondola following us, in which were Philippe and the stranger of the French Ambassador's ball. As soon as they had landed, he introduced him to all as "our cousin, the Signor Guido." I am sure the American thought it strange, for he looked at our "cousin" very oddly. And now I recollect that this young man has romantically attached himself to Miss Beatrix since her coming to Italy. Can he be jealous?

To my astonishment, Philippe, who had forbidden me to visit Rafe's studio, requested her, in my name, to come into the palazzo; and she complied, but seemed to leave her gondola with a strange mingling of reluctance and

eagerness. I said to her: "Do you wish an Apollo, an Adonis or a Ganymede for one of your pictures? If so, let me introduce my brother's friend to you."

She shrank from my extended hand, and became a little rose.

"You already know him? Ah, I remember the so often-repeated face in your studio at Florence!"

"I do not know him," she replied, and slid her hand within my own.

It must be so, for he evidently did not recognize her, although he looked at that charming face with eyes that seemed to appreciate its loveliness. But he turned away as Philippe approached her and said:

"Mademoiselle, you and I have not agreed very well. Let there now be peace between us."

"A good large piece, monsieur."

"You asked me to sit to you once, and I declined. May now implore, as a favor, to be *allowed* to sit to you?"

"Monsieur, you can implore as much as you please."

"And you will let me sit to you?"

"Why do you wish it?"

"Why did *you* wish it?"

"To study you as a subject."

"And I wish to study *you* as a *queen*."

"A *queen*, monsieur?"

"Every young and pretty woman is a queen. If married, she has one subject; if unmarried, scores—all aspirants for the crown matrimonial."

"But this has nothing to do with your sitting to me, monsieur."

"It has a great deal to do with it, if you will pardon me for contradicting you, mademoiselle."

"In these days queens must submit to contradiction; and, in some degree, to the wishes of their subjects. You may sit, monsieur."

"A thousand thanks, mademoiselle! Now, Rose-Marie, as we can leave our cousin in such very good hands, I would wish a little conversation with you."

I always dread Philippe's "little conversations," but I was constrained to lead the way to my chamber, and then Philippe set a couple of chairs on the balcony, saying:

"There will now be no *unseen* listeners. Have you any objections to a cigar, my sister? Now, as we are mutually comfortable, you would like to know who our cousin is? You say nothing, but your eyes express that curiosity that is so charming in women, so odious in men. Well, our cousin is a young man of good education, and a fine income—in fact, one of those fortunate fellows who always do pretty much as they please in the world."

"I need not ask you if he is really a cousin of ours?"

"Of course he is—through Adam. By Jove! I could wish some of my relations could count no nearer connection."

"Then you do not know his name?"

"I introduced him to you—Signor Guido. Politeness should prevent you from inquiring further. Suppose you should introduce your daughter as Mademoiselle Josephine, and some person should ask, Mademoiselle Josephine *what?* Would you wish to reply, Josephine *Germont?*"

"Philippe, I have acceded to your wishes; you have no right to insult me now."

"Then oblige me by keeping silence on the subject of our cousin's appellation. I do not think Mademoiselle Beatrix will trouble herself much about it."

"But her cousin may"

"The American? Bah! If mademoiselle's heart should chance to incline to the handsome Guido, the very fact of his namelessness will inflame the proud American's anger against *her* as well as against her inamorato. Have you no other question to ask me, my sister? Why do you not inquire the cause of my sudden tenderness for the pretty artist?"

"I—am—surprised."

"The little one is sharp, and I wish to distract her attention from the wire-pulling incident to my pretty little puppet-show. If I adore her sufficiently, she will be apt to think me a very worthy personage. You know that my success with yourself has always been more than moderate."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

I MUST confess that I cannot understand Monsieur Shirley—I, who have studied so many men. He not only has not annihilated Clemence and myself for being found in the society of his two *bêtes noirs*, Rafe and madame, but he has actually permitted Germont to bring his "cousin" to call upon us; although, to Germont himself, he is barely civil, evidently speaking to him under a protest.

As for me, I am no longer *ennuyée;* this young Italian has acted like a cordial on my deadened sensations. To be sure, he is only a Signor Guido—"a *guy*," as Miss Maud Van Zandt spitefully translated it—instead of a prince or a count; but, were he a royal duke, he could not be more fascinating, more highly accomplished or more of a gentleman. Monsieur Shirley acknowledges that his manners and person are elegant, but I am quite sure that he does not like him. Is it because he remembers the various disguises he assumed *for my sake?* It is evident that he is very rich, or how could he own that famous racer, for which he was said to have paid a fabulous price? He has letters of introduction to some of the noblest families in Venice, so he must have been in good society to have obtained them. He has a fine voice, and sings superbly, so he may be an operatic tenor, Mrs. Van Zandt suggests, with feeble malice. She has developed an attenuated spite since she has learned of my engagement to Monsieur Shirley. He dances finely, therefore he may belong to a ballet-troupe [Blanche]. He speaks several languages, so he may be a *chevalier d'industrie* [Maud]. Madame says nothing—but he is her cousin, which, I suppose, excuses the tenderness of her eyes when she looks at him. Clemence says that madame had quite a flirtation with him at the French Ambassador's ball. Clemence also says that she no more believes him to be madame's *cousin* than I am Monsieur Shirley's cousin; she thinks they are all *adventurers* together. I laugh, and insinuate that, if so, they are not the *only* adventurers in this part of the country. She is angry, and says she hopes I won't be such a fool as to give up Monsieur Shirley for a person of whom we know absolutely nothing; and adds that she thinks his willingness that we should receive any one who had been so very devoted to me, seems suspicious. It looks as if Monsieur Shirley might be willing to transfer me to this other man. She is so very coarse!

Rafe behaves very strangely about Signor Guido—of course, now I am permitted to see madame, I have stretched my permission so as to see Rafe, also. She absolutely and resolutely denies all knowledge of him. I instanced her story of her model.

"I invented that to amuse you," she said.

"The pictures you painted?"

"Ideal," she replied, looking me steadily in the face, without lowering her eyes or changing color in the least.

To me, her proceedings are perfectly incomprehensible. She is painting Germont into a picture—the Chevalier Satan—Mephistopheles, as she calls him. He is very devoted, and she accepts his devotion, returns his Mephistophelean smiles, listens with apparent pleasure to his

Satanic tones, walks open-eyed within the sphere of his serpentine attractions.

Is it jealousy that I feel, to see this diversion of a love that once was mine?—and I sometimes fancy that he enjoys my evident uneasiness—or is it simply a human shrinking from seeing a lovely nature drawn into that which we know to be the ooze and slime of an ill-spent life? I ventured to remonstrate with her, one day.

"Rafe, you cannot *love* that man?"

"What man?" innocently.

"The chevalier."

"The idea of calling him '*that man*'! How could I know to whom you refer?"

"Perhaps he is, to you, *the* man?"

"He is something more than a man."

"Then you *love* him?"

"Why do you think so?"

"Why, you never listen to any one else when he is speaking; your eyes follow him when he leaves the room, and greet him when he enters; you are silent when he is absent, and gay when he is present, etc."

"And is that your idea of being in love? Why, then, you must *adore* that—ah!—*Italian young man!*"

"You know that I am betrothed to my cousin."

"Then this is only a flirtation?"

I went up to her—I threw my arms around her.

"Rafe, I wish you did not like the chevalier."

She slipped through my arms like a little snake.

"Do *you* want him?" she asked.

"I? No; I don't like him. I fancy, from what I have heard of him, that he is little better than a whited sepulchre."

"At least, I am not bones, to inhabit therein."

"You are a plump little *frog*—just the thing for his snakeship's palate."

"I may be a *frog*, but I am not therefore *green*, Miss Amberside."

I have met with the usual fate of meddlers. I wonder if she will report me to Germont? If so, he will believe me to have been actuated by jealousy.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

"COUSIN GUIDO" came into my room to-day, when I was sitting there alone. I feel an indescribable degree of tenderness for this young man, whose voice and manner are as irresistible as his very handsome face. I feel a desire to pet and caress him, as I would a lovely child, and sometimes forget his nearly six feet of stature, in the winning charms of those pathetic eyes and that appealing voice.

As he seated himself by me to-day, my handkerchief slid from my lap, and as he stooped to pick it up his rich, bright curls brushed my knee. They looked so exquisitely soft, that I could not resist the temptation to touch them, and passed my hand lightly over his head.

"Thank you, madonna—oh, thank you!" said he; and as he raised his head I saw tears in his eyes. "I have often dreamed of such a touch upon my head—I, who have never known a sister or a mother."

"I was actuated by a childish desire to touch anything so silken soft."

"Let me kiss the kind and beautiful hand that did my poor hair such a favor." And while he was performing this pretty osculation, Mademoiselle Beatrix opened the door, and paused with her hand on the lock.

"Come in, mademoiselle," I said.

"I fear I am guilty of an intrusion," she responded, stiffly. "Monsieur le Chevalier said I should find you here. I will call again."

"Mademoiselle does not understand that in Italy a kiss of the hand means nothing," I said, as the door closed behind her.

"I will go and explain," said Guido, starting up.

"No; sit down, signor. It is better as it is. It is better that she should suppose it to mean more than it does."

"Why, madonna?"

"Because, my friend, you are very fascinating, and mademoiselle is betrothed to her cousin."

He became quite pale, but rallied immediately.

"That means nothing in England. It is not a solemn engagement like those we enter into in Italy."

"In this case it *is* a solemn engagement. You are not thus of yourself; you are repeating Philippe."

"Your brother?" His face flushed a little.

"I recognize his sophistries. Your own sense of honor would never allow such suggestions."

"Madonna, your brother has lived much in England. He has assured me that the ladies there break such a contract as they would change their gloves when the tint displeases them."

"Yes, I knew Philippe spoke through your voice."

"Madonna, you are a woman, a charming woman, and with you constancy is a virtue; but it is not so with all women."

"Signor, you belie your mother."

"A mother is always good, madonna; but mademoiselle is not my mother. 'She is a woman, therefore to be wooed—she is a woman, therefore to be won.' And, madonna, you have told me that I am—dangerous!"

He blushed as he spoke.

"You *are* dangerous, signor; an unprincipled man is always dangerous."

"But, madonna, if mademoiselle should choose——"

"Mademoiselle will do very well, if you do not put ideas into her head. At present, she loves her cousin, and I have no reason to suppose that anything would make her unfaithful to him eventually."

"Madonna, you are my good angel! If I promise not to make myself—dangerous, will you stand by me? will you continue to give me good counsel, and allow me the privileges of a brother?"

"I will, Guido."

"Thank you for calling me *Guido*. How sweetly you say it! I can shut my eyes and think it to be the voice of my mother. Say it again, please, and once more lay your hand upon my hair."

He bent his head. I caressed it, and kissed the white forehead half hidden by the rich, abundant hair.

"Guido," I said, "what I have said is *between us two*."

"Always, madonna."

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

I WENT to madame's room to-day. Germont had met me, and told me to go in without knocking, as I would be sure to find her there. His face wore its malicious smile when he said this. I wonder if he suspected what I should see? What I *did* see was her *cousin* kissing miladi's hand! A very pretty way to inaugurate a flirtation! And she looked up so *very innocently*, and said:

"Come in, mademoiselle."

I excused myself; and as I closed the door I heard her laugh about my misconstruction of Italian manners. Pretty *manners* for a woman of her age! I have no idea how old she may be; one can never guess at the age of a *red*-haired woman; but she must be older than Guido, who is evidently expected to be flattered by madame's condescension. The echoes in these palaces are so very loud, that I could not help hearing him say: "I will go and explain."

THE MUSIC TEACHER AFTER HER WEARY DAY

"No; sit down, signor;" (she calls her cousin *signor!*) "it is better that she should suppose it to mean more than it does."

Then he asked why, and she replied:

"Because you are very fascinating, and she is engaged to her cousin."

Then I thought I heard some one coming, and I went away.

So he is warned, for fear that I may fall a victim to his fascinations, or he to mine! Which is it, madame? You think, madame, that you have warned him against a little English schoolgirl—you little know that I am the famed Amber Witch, at whose feet more men than you have ever known have fallen, even as Sisera fell at the feet of Jael. You have roused in me that desire of conquest that has so long lain dormant. May you be held responsible for the result!

CHAPTER XXI.

AN ORAL CONFESSION.

From the Journal of Rafe the Waif.

O-NIGHT I cry, *Mea culpa!* Yes, I come to you, my white-robed confessor, to stain your unsullied pages with the ink of my confessions, for I have been guilty of "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." I have hated—yes, I have *hated* the girl who has *my* name, *my* beautiful, oddly-colored hair, and who also has taken from me the only man for whom I ever felt anything like love. And yet I am sure that what he feels for her is but a continuation of his former feeling for me; that, in pursuing her, he has thought himself to be pursuing me; that, in all his varied disguises, his one thought has been of the girl-artist who painted him in Rome. But I never was as beautiful as she is—never! And I could not win him back now, should I try. Of course, I have *envied* her—this comes next in the list of my offenses. Then, I was actuated by *malice* when I accused her of warning me against the chevalier because she wanted him herself; and I have been *all uncharitableness* in my general treatment of her.

Oh! if she only knew how I hate him!—Mephistopheles, I mean (but I consider hatred of him to be a positive virtue); how, every time he kisses my hand, I just scrub it clean, and try to "sweeten it with all the perfumes of Araby"; how his every glance makes my blood boil, and my fingers clinch on anything I may have in my hand, as if they held that white throat of his in their clasp; how I have to say to myself "Madame! madame!" again and again, to keep from shrieking out my loathing and detestation of him; how to breathe the same air with him sometimes seems to suffocate me; and how I never look into one of the canals without fancying how he would look if he lay on the bottom! I don't doubt, even there, he would be composed and elegant, his arms at just the right angle, and his fingers neatly outspread.

But I thank her, here, for the warning so ungratefully received then; and I swear that if ever I get a chance to do her a kindness, it shall be done ungrudgingly.

I have been thinking, too, is it right to let my Cousin Laurence be imposed upon, without saying a word? The B. C. has been at me about it. She says that if *I* do not speak, *she* must. But what if circumstances should render saying *anything* unnecessary? If she takes Guido she will not care for Cousin Laurence—and I do not see how any one *can* resist Guido!

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I have been seeking "distraction," as the French say, by making a thorough study of Venice. Many vain regrets, useless longings, and temptations to dissatisfaction and despondency, have been worked off at the point of my pencil, and my portfolio is full of pillars, porticos, windows, gondolas, human heads, "bits" of the different canals, winged lions, and other monstrosities, from which confusion I almost despair of producing any clear result. Only one thing promises anything; that is a sketch of madame, with the old Giacomo at her feet, which I propose to work up into a large picture, and for this purpose shall go again to San Marco, to study details.

* * * * * * *

I went to the cathedral, and, while drawing, my thoughts were busy with an imaginary history of the connection between the beautiful, luxuriously brought up lady and the beggar who died at her feet, when I almost jumped out of my skin, hearing some one speak to me in English. I looked up, and saw—Guido!

Why was it, that instead of seizing on the happiness opportunity had placed in my way, to enjoy his society at this moment, so exclusively my own, I was tempted perversely to wish him away? I had fancied that, in devoting myself to my art, I was learning to forget him, and hardening myself to the fact that our two lives could never have a point of contact, beyond this present time. I was resolved that I would appear not to recognize him, and then, perhaps, he would go away!

"I beg your pardon," he said, as I continued to regard him, as if looking at him in a long perspective, "but you are Miss St. John?"

"Yes."

"You do not recognize me? I have met you several times in the *salon* of Madame d'Arbrai."

"Ah! yes; you are the Pole!"

"A Pole! No, mademoiselle."

"A Hungarian, then! Monsieur Raffolsky! Ah! monsieur, I have always loved Poland, since I read 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.' And you, who are so young, so brave, and have seen so much sorrow—how I pity you!"

"*Me*, mademoiselle!"

"That wretch of an Emperor! How the knout must have hurt!"

"Mademoiselle!"

"And then, that night in the dungeon—when they poured all that water on your head, drop by drop."

"Mademoiselle, you bewilder me!"

"It must have bewildered you! And, oh! monsieur, Siberia! It makes me shiver to think how cold you must have been!"

"But, really, mademoi——"

"Yes, *Italy* is warm enough, as you say; and you must be thankful that you haven't to kill any bears, now, for the sake of their skins?"

"But, I assure you, mademoiselle, you mistake me for somebody else."

"Ah! you feel one of those attacks coming on?"

"Attacks? What attacks?"

"Intervals of forgetfulness of your own identity—the result of that wound inflicted by a bear's paw, when he almost tore the scalp from your head."

"Mademoiselle, I begin to believe I *am* insane!"

I pretended to shrink away from him.

"Mademoiselle, you must be willfully mistaking my identity. Madame d'Arbrai has told me that you are eccentric——"

"I must be going now, monsieur—my gondolier——" I sprang past him; he followed me. I flew down the cathedral steps, ran across the piazza, and jumped into my gondola, which receded from the landing-place the instant that I signaled to my handsome Jacopo, whom I had chosen from all the gondoliers of Venice, because of his purely Greek nose.

When I reached home I was so flushed that the B. C. remarked it; but I laid it all to the sun of Venice, instead of to a son of Italy. I sought my balcony for coolness and refreshment; and, while sitting there, indolently fanning myself, I saw a gondola making its way down the canal on which our piazza is moored—for all the houses of Venice seem to me to be simply anchored in their places, ready to sail off at any moment. I thought I recognized the crisp shine of the uncovered head peering through from the cabin of the gondola; and I thought in dismay that I had made a mistake in piquing this young man, for in doing so I had possibly excited his interest.

I flew to the B. C.

"B. C.," I said, "if any one comes here—a young man—remember that I am a 'model.'"

Then I rushed away, leaving the B. C. agape with astonishment, and flew into my Cleopatra dress.

When I came back, the B. C. was standing precisely as I had left her—a statue of surprise.

"Now, B. C.," I said, "you must pose me on some cushions—those covered with the silver brocade, and set that empty picture-frame up before me. I've changed my mind, and decided to be a picture."

"A picture! Dear me, child! Have you been doing anything dreadful? Is any one after you?"

"Nothing very dreadful, but some one *is* after me. The dark orange drapery at the back, and the great silver dish at my elbow. That is it. Now, a little artificial gloom. I mustn't be seen in too strong a light. And remember, if he asks for Miss St. John, you're the only Miss St. John in existence."

A tap on the studio door. The B. C. called out, "Come in," in a curious little quaver, something between laughing and crying—and the door opened, and admitted Guido.

The Cleopatra faced the door; his eye was riveted at once.

"I beg your pardon, but that painting is wonderfully life-like. I actually thought that the face blushed as I looked at it. I never saw such an illusion!"

The B. C. had assumed a stiff little attitude of expectation. He recognized it.

"I—I came to see Miss St. John," he said. "Is not this her studio?"

"It is. I am Miss St. John."

"But you are not the Miss St. John I am looking for. Is there another studio in this building?"

"I do not know of any."

"I must have been misinformed. Is that picture of your composition?"

Fortunately the question was so worded that the B. C. could answer Yes, though she did so with such reluctance that I am sure he must have thought her ashamed of her "composition."

"Mademoiselle, I will give you any price you may ask for a copy of it; unless you will sell the original."

This was too much for me. My lips curled at the corners in spite of my efforts to keep them straight. Guido retreated a step, his eyes opening to their utmost width.

"Monsieur, it's—my—a—model!" cried the B. C., scarlet with confusion.

"And she understands English?" said Guido, quickly, staring thoughtfully at my recumbent figure.

I hastened to sit upright.

"May I offer you my hand to step out of your frame, Mademoiselle Rafe?"

"How did you know?" I exclaimed, unguardedly.

"You had on those same little shoes this morning, and I recognized them, and the shape of the foot in them. I assure you, Monsieur Raffolsky has excellent eyes."

I laughed, I couldn't help it, when I introduced him to the B. C.

"May I recommend to your distinguished consideration the Polish refugee and martyr, Monsieur Raffolsky?" I said.

"Monsieur Raffolsky!" she repeated. "Why, I thought this was your mod——"

I stopped the B. C. by a look, and then met Guido's eyes, which were regarding me attentively. I began to be afraid of those eyes, for they are keen, with all their softness, and I am afraid they might see Beatrix Amberside, even through the Oriental hue of my skin; and I know it is my *duty*—why is that which is right generally made disagreeable to us?—to save Cousin Laurence from the adventuress who has taken my name. I do not believe *she* is so much to blame, poor girl. She looks too young and innocent. The B. C. and I both agree that the prime mover in the scheme is that bold, black-eyed "miladi."

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I spent last night in metaphorical sackcloth and ashes. Why couldn't I have "held my own" better? Of course, his finding me out in that ridiculous masquerade broke the ice between us, as nothing else could have done. When he came around the next morning I tried to freeze over again, but he wouldn't "see it," as the boys say, and then I couldn't keep my eyes from sparkling when he told me that he had called to extend to me a permission—what fine language he does use, to be sure!—given him by Prince D——, to visit his gallery of paintings—one of the most celebrated private galleries in Europe. A poor artist doesn't often get such a chance as that, and there is in this collection a certain picture I have been just longing to see. Of course I couldn't avoid saying "Thank you," and then I asked him when I might go.

"Now, if you wish."

"Can you give me the direction?"

"It is necessary that I should accompany you."

I thought this a good opportunity for giving him a dose of *ice-cream*, so I shrugged my shoulders and said:

"How tiresome!"

He smiled.

"I will try to endure it. But I am the St. Peter of this paradise, and without me you cannot enter."

"Well, it is necessary to die to go to heaven. I will endure the pain for the consequent pleasure. Madame goes with us, of course? You are too new an acquaintance for me to accompany you alone."

"If madame will so far condescend."

Madame would and did condescend—and oh! I must confess that the pictures would not have looked half as well had he not been there. It's a case of Robin Adair. . . . . He has been again, with an invitation to visit another gallery, that some people would kiss the owner's boots to be admitted to. I'm going—I can't help it. *Peccavi!* and I am afraid, if I have another chance, I shall *peccavi* again. . . . . This makes the fourth time I have been out with him and madame. I know I should have put madame first, but, somehow or other, he always comes first in my thoughts. And he begins to look at me in a way that makes my eyes fall and my cheeks burn. And I tear my

hair every night at my folly, and do it up the prettiest way I can every morning. Fortunately, it's a *wig*—I don't dare to put on any but my Raphael "crop" now, for fear he may suspect me of masquerading, for he has made several allusions to a former residence in Rome, lately—and asked me once at what time I was there—the *first* time that I visited the city. To which I replied:

"Oh, some time in the reign of Augustus."

CHAPTER XXII.

MOONLIGHT IN VENICE.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

FOR several days I had seen nothing of Rafe, madame, or the handsome Guido. It seemed as if madame's warning had proved effectual. I knew that Germont was away—some one said so—and the thought has "lain heavy on my soul," for when he is away, I don't know what mischief he may be hatching. I fancied that he might have taken his sister—perhaps Guido—with him. As for Rafe—well, I supposed that she hadn't forgiven my attack on Germont.

To-day I encountered her at a chestnut-stand. She looked at me oddly, I thought. I said to her:

"Why do I never see you now?"

She replied:

"I am so very busy."

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Oh, pursuing art, as usual."

Maud Van Zandt was with me, and she said, as soon as we had passed:

"Pursuing that Signor Guido, she means. I have seen him, her and Le d'Arbrai"—Maud *will* make mistakes in her genders—"going out together every day for the last week. Dear me, how indignant you look! Well, I thought when any one was engaged——"

"The smell of those burning chestnuts suffocates me. Let us get out of their range."

* * * * * * *

I felt that it was time "to carry the war into the enemy's country," and for two or three days I have been trying to intercept Guido, in the most natural manner possible, that there might be no appearance of design. To-day the fates favored me, for, seeing him approaching in a gondola, I loosened my hair from those odious braids, and with it all rippling over my shoulders, ran down the landing-stairs to speak to our gondolier, but, as I reached the fourth step, slipped and fell. These gondoliers are so stupid, and ours was lying on his back in his craft and did not see me. I had seen he was asleep from my window. Guido came to the spot at a bound, as it were, and was out of the gondola and at my side in an instant, raising me, with his arms and hands all entangled in my long hair—my glory—my witch-net to catch the hearts of men. It glistened like spun gold in the warm Venetian atmosphere; it trailed its amber lengths over his arm, and lay like spilt sunshine on the rough stone; it seemed to grow riotous in its release from its long restraint, and sent out shining filaments to catch the faint sea-breeze, and rolled a flood of warm curls over my face, which was glowing all too bright a red for the faintness I affected.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, in the most deliciously intoned English.

I kept my eyes shut and said nothing. I knew that my hair was flooding him, that my head was on his breast, and I had known men almost go mad for me under similar circumstances; but this man—can the warm blood of Italy run in his veins? I thought—carried me into the palazzo as calmly as if I had been a roll of goods, laid me on a divan, and deluged me with about a gallon of tepid water.

Of course, I revived then—I was absolutely longing to box his ears!—and went through the ceremony of asking where I was, what had happened, etc. Guido told me (he had withdrawn to a respectful distance), and then asked if he should not go for miladi or my cousin. But I was not to be defeated thus. I said:

"If you will assist me to rise, I will see if any bones are broken."

He gave me his arm, and I took a few steps.

"Nothing is the matter, you see; my ankle is not even sprained."

"I was afraid you might be seriously hurt; and even now you are looking very pale."

I was pale with rage at his stupidity, but I said:

"A little fresh air will obviate that difficulty."

"Shall I open the windows?"

It was fortunate for him that he was some distance from me—I should have bitten him!

"I think," I said, "that a short distance in the gondola——"

"I will speak to your gondolier."

I was almost suffocated, but I managed to say:

"Monsieur Shirley does not like me to go alone." And this actually forced him to say:

"I am very much at your service, if you will permit me to accompany you."

I accepted, and, saying that I must change my dress, I ran up-stairs to my room; and with the inspiration that excitement always gives one, in a wonderfully short time I was dressed *à la merveille*, with my hair massed high upon my head, and low upon my forehead, in a dress of soft black stuff, *that had escaped the sea-water;* it had an open neck, and ruff of yellowish old lace. A narrow gold collar, from which an opal pendant swung, clasped the "imperial throat" that poets have rhymed about; and a black mantilla, fastened to my hair by opal pins, covered my head and draped my shoulders.

Guido absolutely started when he saw me. His eyes grew luminous and his face flushed, and I felt his hand tremble as he lifted me into the gondola, whose black beak swung around—and, for the first time, we were alone together on the waters of Venice. It was toward sunset, and though I had heard of the "gold-dust atmosphere" of Venice, I had never fully realized it until this moment, when we seemed floating through molten gold, between long lines of golden palaces, while the sky was flaming orange at the horizon, then fiery yellow shading to softest amber overhead. The very air seemed filled with golden particles, and the oar, every time it rose from the water, shook off a golden shower.

To glide through this enchanting scene, with Guido at my side, was like a bit from ancient Venice. Not even her dead and gone young heroes could surpass in beauty this young Adonis, whose chestnut locks the atmospheric Midas had turned to brightest gold, giving a mellow tint to the transparent pallor of his skin; while his eyes deepened, and his lips seemed to grow more vividly scarlet in the peculiar light. And I was conscious, too, from the glances and only half-whispered remarks of the occupants of passing gondolas, that I was no longer the English schoolgirl, but my old Parisian self. Why did Guido keep his eyes so resolutely averted from my face?

We floated in silence for some time. At last Guido said, in that soft voice of his:

"Mademoiselle Beatrix, when English young ladies are betrothed, as we say, do not they wear a ring upon the left hand?"

"Yes—on *this* finger," said I, extending my left hand.

While dressing to go out with him, I had slipped the ring that Monsieur Shirley had given me from my hand, and locked it up in the case from which I had taken the opals. Well, what if I didn't choose to wear any outward and visible sign of my bondage? Had he not been warned?"

Guido did not speak for some moments; then he asked me if I had ever been on the Rialto. I said that I had walked across it once. He proposed that we should land, and see the beautiful Venetian shellwork that is so deservedly famous. I assented, and we reached it just as the shops were being lighted for the evening. I could not help looking for Shylock and Antonio as we passed through the busy throng, and paused at one of the most brilliantly lighted shops, where an ugly little brown girl was bargaining with the merchant, long strings of snowy shells dangling from her thin arms, while a young Apollo stood near, bare-limbed and bare-armed, his beautifully formed shoulders showing through the rents in his shirt. I thought of Anzoleto and the young Consuelo.

The merchant displayed his wares, and Guido bought an exquisite fillet of white shells, fragile as frostwork, and flushed with pink on the inner lip, and some bracelets to match.

"Will you do me the favor to wear these?" he asked, holding them toward me.

"What, *white* on my blonde hair? Keep them for Rafe, if you please; the effect would be lost on me."

There was an exquisite chaplet of carved coral—a mass of tiny flowers, not pale, insipid pinks, but the deep, glorious red of the sea-dulse. Guido saw my eyes turn toward this, and bought it instantly.

"Did not Venus wear such when she rose from the sea?" he asked. "And you must have bracelets, also, even if Venus did not wear them."

Hearing a strange language, several persons had gathered around us, and one tall, brown fellow, with a bandit-like beard, emboldened by vicinity, took up a stray curl of my hair in his broad hand, and burst into a torrent of Italian adjectives. Guido looked around, raised his hand, and the offender lay at my feet. A cry arose, and black heads began to surge into the shop, with fierce eyes and angry voices. Guido snatched me up, bore me through the press and down the steps, and, almost before I could breathe, I was in the gondola, my corals in my lap, and Guido, panting and breathless, by my side.

"Allow me to commend your coolness, mademoiselle."

"How could I fear, under the protection of that strong arm? But did you not hurt your hand?"

"A slight bruise, only."

"Your hand is quite discolored. How sorry I am!"

"This will cure it," he said, taking one of my hands, laying it lightly over the bruised hand, and then stooping and kissing it.

When his lips touched my hand, I, who have had a king at my feet, felt a thrill of triumph at this simple act of homage from a young Italian whose lineage is unknown, and whose very name expresses doubt and obscurity. As he raised his head, his eyes met mine; they lost their sudden softness, and he drew back and looked at me searchingly, I thought. Then he leaned forward and said:

"Mademoiselle, what have you done with those pictures you painted in Rome?"

At first, I thought he was insane; then, all at once, the truth came upon me like an avalanche: Rafe had painted him in Rome; he had supposed me all this time to be Rafe; and Rafe is the true Beatrix Amberside!

The gondola rocked under me, as if a tempest raged in the canal; the towering palaces on either side toppled down upon me; I was crushed—dead; and then, I was sitting opposite the handsomest young man in Venice, who was watching me curiously. I *must* speak—say *something*. Silence now was worse than suspicion, it was *condemnation!* I spoke; how faint and far away my voice sounded in my own ears!

"Which ones do you mean?" And then I thought, hurriedly: Could the wildest imagination conceive such generosity? She knows who I am, or, rather, who I *am not*, and has never sought to expose me!

"The picture of myself," he said, slowly, with his eyes still on me.

"Oh! I have them with me; I always carry them with me."

I could have sworn somebody else said this, for I was saying all the time to myself—What is the reason? There must be a reason! Can she have done anything to make her afraid to bear her own name?

Then I heard Guido's voice speaking from an immeasurably long distance:

"Will you do me the favor to lend me one of them?"

"Which one?" I said, or, at least, that dread voice spoke for me, for all the while I was thinking profoundly, Will she let me have one? I *must* have one. If she has done such a great thing for me, why should she hesitate to do a little thing?

"The Glaucus," he said.

"You shall have it," I replied, and then we went on in the dreamlike splendor of the Italian moonlight.

If the sun had changed everything to gold, the moonlight as quickly transmuted it to silver, and the canals were a broad silver ribbon, and slender, silver chains linking the silver-white palaces together; and Guido's face looked unnaturally pale, and his eyes seemed to grow larger and darker every instant, until I feared that at last I might see a skull peering from under the shadow of his broad hat. I suppose I was a little bit mad, for I felt an almost irresistible desire to plunge into the silver bath that was lying all around me, and so put an end to my doubts and fears for ever. That my ready assent to his proposition had dissipated Guido's doubt was evident, for he had drawn near to me again, and his eyes were telling me how fair I was, when I felt the keel grate on some obstruction, and found our gondola was lying along our landing-place.

"I shall come for that to-morrow," Guido said, in my ear, as he assisted me to leave the gondola; and then some one rose from the steps, and I saw that it was Monsieur Shirley, and his voice sounded very cold as he asked:

"Where have you been, Beatrix?" He took hold of my hand as he spoke. "Why, your hand is like ice!" he said. "I am very much displeased with Lady Amberside for letting you wander off, no one knows where. Come into the house as quickly as you can."

And putting his arm around me, he drew me quickly up the steps.

It was evident that he thought I had been off alone. It was such a comfort to find out that I had not been detected, to be caressed and cared for, that I gave a long sigh of relief that was half a sob.

"Why, Beatrix, you are not crying because I scolded you?" he said, stooping, and kissing me with more warmth than he had shown me for some time.

This sense of protection was grateful to me; I returned his kisses, and he was growing quite lover-like, when the door of the *salon* opened suddenly, and Clemence stood on the threshold, for I could see her tall figure and elaborate costume outlined against the light.

"I bring you a Frost Lady," he said, quite gayly, for him, leading me into the *salon*. Then he withdrew his arm, with a smothered exclamation—and no wonder, for he had been kissing his little cousin Beatrix in the corridor, and she had turned to the baleful Amber Witch in his very arms!

I could see myself in the long mirror opposite, white as snow, with deep carnation bloom, made taller by my black, sweeping robe and glittering amber crown; with my eyes like stars, and the opals at my throat sending out tiny flames, which seemed to burn my white, round neck.

Madame bent forward and looked at me, as at a stranger, Mrs. Van Zandt put up her eyeglass, Maud and Blanche exchanged whispers, the general said: "A perfect Venus, by —— by those corals she has brought with her from the sea!"

Clemence now came forward, and grasping my arm, hissed in my ear: "Are you mad?" Then aloud: "Why, Beatrix, what are you masquerading for?"

"It is Beatrix?" said Monsieur Shirley, staring at me. "Good heavens! what a likeness!".

I knew he was thinking of the picture he had found among his brother's effects.

"Yes; of course it is I. Whom else could it be?"

"And where have you been?" asked Clemence, angrily. She was furious with me, and so asked this question, when she had better have been silent.

"Oh, I fell down the steps of the landing-place, and, of course, such a fall would make any one look pale. So, Signor Guido, who picked me up, recommended a little fresh air, and we have been to the Rialto, and, as you see, I am laden with spoils."

"You accepted those from a stranger?" said Monsieur Shirley.

"Why not? They cost almost nothing, and he has bought some lovely shell-ornaments for Rafe."

"Miss St. John is—disengaged."

"Shall I throw them into the canal?" I asked.

"Hush! not so loud. You may keep them, if you will only put your hair in braids again."

"I am betrothed, and I wish to look like something besides a little schoolgirl. I will give up the corals, but I won't wear those ugly *tails* any more."

"Not even to please me?"

"I will make myself ugly to please no one. You should have heard the people in the gondolas say, '*Bella! bellissima!*' when they saw me!"

He looked at me, very reluctantly, but I saw that his eyes confirmed the popular voice.

(To be continued.)

SELF-CONFIDENCE.—There are certain obstacles in every path that can be overcome only by the presence of self-confidence. There are outward hindrances to encounter, opposition to meet, difficulties to surmount, prejudices to sweep away, the very presence of which will terrify and appall the wavering and despondent, while they will melt away before the firm dignity of self-respect and self-reliance. There are also the innumerable obstacles from within—inclinations to curb, passions to restrain, desires to guide, temptations to resist; these also need not only the power to deal with them, but a confidence in that power that can alone make it effective.

THE WOLF AND THE MOUSE.

A WOLF into the wilderness one day
Bore off a stolen sheep, and on the prey
Fed to the full. Then, finding he could not
Devour it to the bone upon the spot,
Resolved till supper-time the rest to keep,
Beside it laid him down, and went to sleep.
Meanwhile, the smell allured a neighboring Mouse
To creep with caution from his tiny house.
A particle of meat he slyly stole,
Then swiftly sped him back into his hole.
Yet, spite of all his care, the Wolf awoke,
And into cries and lamentations broke—
"Halloa, there! Murder! Robbery! Will none
Fetch the police? I'm ruined and undone.
Confound those miscreant Mice! Oh, shame and grief,
That any four-legged thing should be a thief!"

KRILOF.

BALKED BY A BERRY.

BY HORACE L. NICHOLSON.

AMONG the Christmas amusements of my youth, keeping jovial company with snap-dragon, bon-bons, family coach, forfeits, and a hundred-and-one games and pranks, now consigned to the limbo of Old Fashion, was an innocent little performance from which I used to derive much fun and pleasure.

A holly berry spiked with a pin, and about three inches of the stem of a clay pipe, were the simple implements with which I could amuse myself for hours together. Having placed the point of the pin down the hole of the pipe, I would throw back my head, strike a theatrical attitude, put the other end of the pipe in my mouth, and blow—no roaring blast, but a gentle, scientific breeze, that would cause the pinned berry to gyrate in a most comical manner.

I was wont to imagine that this toy was a veritable red-bodied, small-headed, long-legged dancing puppet, that obeyed my bidding and performed my will. By changing the position of the berry I varied his movements. When right at the head of the pin, he would throw his long leg round and round the neck of the pipe at a most alarming rate; when placed in the middle, he would execute the most marvelous acrobatic feats, and when tired out would wind up by plumping into rest safe in the centre of the pipe-tube.

Continual practice made me so proficient in this art that I was often called upon to give an entertainment to my friends, when I would put myself in all sorts of queer and uncomfortable positions to blow—lie on my back, stand on my head, blow with my eyes bandaged, with my legs tied, with my hands behind my back; in fact, as I retrospect now I am afraid I must often have made myself look excessively ridiculous and foolish on these occasions. I remember once when I was strapped and corded in a style that would have taxed the powers and ingenuity of the Davenport Brothers, lying on my back, with the little red, pot-bellied gentleman capering frantically before my eyes. I gave a little extra strong blow, and lo! he was gone. Where, nor I, nor any of the watchers could tell. I was undone and lifted up; I shook myself, examined every conceivable part of my clothing; but no, there was no sign of the retiring dancer's hiding-place. My parents and a few visitors at supper that evening were startled out of their seven senses by a most unearthly yell, and when they had sufficiently recovered to take notice of anything what-

ever, they saw me with one hand violently rubbing the seat of my trousers, and with the other vigorously shaking a leg of the same garment.

These exertions were rewarded by my seeing drop on to the floor my lost little friend, and all feelings were forgotten in the joy of recovering the inflictor of the pain. How he managed to find his way to that particular part of my anatomy, or why he had such ill-feeling toward me in that quarter, are mysteries to me at the present moment. These recollections take me back twenty years of my life, and many Christmases rise up before me, some to taunt, some to cheer, and others to bring regrets and sadness; for this traditional festive season has lost its glory. The time of gladness, of forgiveness, of good fellowship, of the death of old feuds and the birth of new hopes, of universal love and concord, of feasting and mirth, is now only marked as the harbinger of unpaid bills, of hatred, strife and uncharitableness, of family disagreements, of drunkenness, vulgarity and caddism, of empty boards, and bottles of adulterated wine. Ho! again for a few of the Christmases that linger lovingly in the chambers of my mansion of memory, when Jack Frost came faithfully and did his duty honestly, giving us icicles on the eaves, snow upon the housetops, slides in the gutters, and plenty of safe sport upon the lakes and ponds.

I can recall ringing in the new year in the Forest of Dean, when every tree shook his frosted head like an aged patriarch beneath the keen North wind—Switzerland has never presented a more imposing snow spectacle than that. I have danced Sir Roger in the kitchen of a West Somerset farmer on Christmas night, and enjoyed more honest, hearty glee than I have ever experienced in a West End drawing-room. I remember Christmases when the Thames overflowed, and I have thrilled at a five miles right-away skate over the flooded meadows, from Caversham to Pangbourne. I can recall, too, when the Father River was covered with blocks of ice, tons in weight; and I have lain the night through, listening to them crushing against the piers of Barnes Bridge. I have spent Christmas on the Severn, at Sharpness Point; in Paris, under siege, and among scenes of heart-rending distress; among the Scotch hills, with Presbyterian severity; and I have Christmased in Normandy, where every tree seems green with mistletoe. But the reference to my holly-berry episode has specially brought to mind a Christmas Eve, nearly ten years ago, when the ambition of my life was crushed, my candlelight effectually extinguished, and my peace of mind upset for quite a fortnight.

I was a young man then, and had the conceit to imagine myself good-looking. Turned two-and-twenty, with a long, fashionable mustache, that had cost me many anxious hours, and sundry guineas, to cultivate; a beard, whereon every hair had an allotted place; my perfect figure (in stays) arrayed in the most correct garments that Poole could turn out, I fancied myself, in those days, a thoroughly fascinating fellow.

Christmas found me at Blightham, a quiet little Kentish village, possessing one of the oldest and quaintest Norman churches in England, which stands on a little hill, looking down on the village, nestling snugly in the valley beneath. It is one of the sleepiest, slowest, bumpkinest of villages now; what it was ten years ago, before a line of railway invaded the privacy, and upset the equanimity of the lethargic inhabitants, can be better imagined than described.

There is no county so rich in antiquities, so full of interesting records of olden times, so dear to the archæologist, as Kent; and I love to revel among its treasures of historic lore. The cromlech of Kentish ragstone at Aylesford, the Roman Amphitheatre at Richborough, the Tumulus of Laberius Dorûs, Upnor Castle, the Roman remains at Barham Downs, Ightham and Keston, the Saxon earthworks at Bayford and Dover, the Danish encampments at Blackheath, Kemsby, Swanscombe, Walmer and Milton, the ecclesiastical remains, including old parish churches, abbeys in state of ruin, fine old castellated mansions, the magnificent hall and gateway of Eltham Palace—all are rich in interesting associations; but none have for me more pleasant memories than Blightham, with its Norman Church, its old Moat House and its quarried hills lined with larch and fir.

The Rector of Blightham, who rejoiced in the name of Polehampton—in print, The Honorable and Reverend Roland Polehampton. M.A.—was a little fat, round-faced, red-cheeked man, who, by reason of his name and his figure, was universally known as the Reverend Roley-Poley. His four daughters, whose ages ran down from twenty-three to fifteen, were æsthetic in taste, and high church, by virtue of paternal instruction. But Blightham presented little scope for the development of art outside the ecclesiastical, and the decoration and adornment of the old church; therefore, upon all feasts, fasts and festivals, were duties that the four Miss Roley-Poley's took upon themselves with great zeal and enthusiasm. They found plenty of willing helpers among the daughters of neighboring squires and well-to-do farmers, and at Adventtide, Eastertide, Ascensiontide, Whitsuntide, Trinitytide and Christmastide, not to mention the Eves of Saints' days and Holy days, as ordered by the Prayer-book, the walls of the sanctuary, that had braved the weather for nearly six centuries, echoed the sacred laughter and pious glee of a half-score girlish hearts and voices.

On the particular Christmas Eve that I remember, the hammering and the chatter were running a very hard race for first place. I was down on a visit to my Uncle Gregory, whose hop-gardens and cob-plantations covered over two hundred Kentish acres. My cousin Kate was lieutenant to the Roley-Poley girls in all their decorative enterprises, and was the *confidante* of the rector's third daughter, Dora, aged eighteen. I was very fond of my cousin Kate, because, through her, I found myself frequently with Dora Polehampton, the jolliest, the plumpest, freshest, prettiest, daringest, darlingest, most impudent little piece of feminine creation that ever danced the Lancers, or rode to hounds. The fact was, I was head-over-heels in love with Dora, but was too bashful to confess my affection, and ask her to accept my hand and heart.

Of course, I assisted at the decorations. There was only one other member of my sex, a big horsey fellow, arrived that day, on a visit to the rector's, and I left him to attend to the requirements of the six other girls, while I devoted my attention to cousin Kate and Dora. Kate, however, was only a matter of form; it was Dora who commanded my every movement, my every thought, and my every glance, as I handed her up crosses and triangles. I nailed up the devices and garlands that her hands had fashioned; I assisted her to mount the steps to adjust the designs upon the gaselier; I pricked my hands in selecting suitable pieces of holly for her; I raced round the churchyard in search of yew and laurels—in short, I was her slave. But I looked forward to my reward—yes, we were all to go up to the rectory when our labors were finished, and before I left I was determined to pluck up courage, and know my fate. I had reserved inside my hat a dainty sprig of mistletoe, and I was resolved at all hazards to claim its privileges, and to gather honey from my beloved Dora's cheeks.

At last we were done. The aisles were swept; furs,

cloaks and wraps were brought from the vestry, the ladies carefully protected from the cold, and we prepared to depart. We looked upon our work, and were well pleased. Every pillar, beam and rod was hidden beneath evergreens with their berries, whose hues were in beautiful harmony with the fine dark color of the old oak pews. Only the altar and font remained to be finished, and fresh flowers were to be brought for them in the morning. I offered to see all was securely fastened, and lock the front door. By the time I had done this, the rest had cleared out, and I found Kate waiting for me in the porch We soon caught up the others, but I had no chance of Dora's society, for she was in close *tête-à-tête* with the "other fellow," and my natural bashfulness kept me from intruding. However, my jealousy was awakened, and I watched that "other fellow" for the rest of the evening with great suspicion.

You can imagine my astonishment when, directly we got indoors, I saw him, before the whole company, kiss my beloved under the mistletoe as if he had my right to do so, and she seemed to enjoy it. I had half a mind to step forward and follow his example, and, for the rest of the evening, keep Dora to myself; but I was too bashful. The only words I could say to her before I left were, "Good-night."

On our way home I inquired of Kate who "that jockey-looking upstart was." My defeat was complete when she answered: "Why, don't you know? That is Dora's young man!"

You could have knocked me down with your little finger. I was beaten, betrayed, and utterly forlorn. I did not go to church on Christmas morning, and returned to town on Boxing Day, without saying adieu to my lost love.

* * * * * * *

I hear some one ask, What has all this to do with my title? I have been forgetting. That fellow's name was Alfred Berry. I go to my desk and unearth two cards, tied with some white satin ribbon, that have lain there nearly nine years; on them I read, "Mr. A. Berry," "Mrs. A. Berry."

THE HIGHLAND PIPER. BY FAED.

PATRON SAINTS OF THE TRADES.—In the Middle Ages, every trade had its patron. That of the shoemakers was St. Crispin and St. Crispinian; of the goldsmiths, St. Eloy; of the cutlers, St. John the Baptist; wine and grain dealers adopted St. Nicholas.

WE should not despair of the goodness of the world if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is inclosed in our apartment is colorless.

ALEXANDRINE TINNE, AFRICAN EXPLORER.

By M. Betham Edwards.

The sedentary part of mankind, which is the vast majority in civilized countries, will ever be especially attracted toward the records of adventurous travel undertaken by women. Sitting by your fireside, and reading of Lady Hester Stanhope's Bedouin wanderings in the Syrian Desert; of Lady Duff Gordon's daily life among the Fellaheen of the Nile; or of the gallant Lady Baker's participation in her husband's African perils—our minds are powerfully and agreeably affected by the sense of contrast such experiences present to those of ordinary existence. It is without doubt chiefly an impatience of conventional society, a domestic routine, narrowed by custom and fashion, that leads women of such courageous type far out of the beaten track. Sedentariness is not a normal condition of things, and most young people possessed of high spirits and good health would choose an out-of-door, breezy, adventurous life, if choice were possible. This feeling, up to a certain point, is a natural and healthy one. On the threshold of life, all is so new, so marvelous, so enticing! We would fain know what the great world is like—take part in its ever-changing, many-phased development, do as others have done before us, and discover or create for ourselves. Added to the inherent adventuresomeness of youth, we must take into account the romance attaching to Eastern travel. There is a magnetic fascination for some minds in Oriental life—that strange mixture of Biblical simplicity and primitiveness, with the splendor and poetry of the Arabian Nights. It was certainly the desire of adventure, as well as a craving for the fabled East, that actuated the career of Alexandrine Tinné, a veritable page of romance itself, and at the same time as daring and luckless a chapter of African exploration as any on record.

ALEXANDRINE TINNÉ.

Visitors to Algiers some years ago will remember the air of mystery hanging about a certain yacht lying off the harbor. Rumor spread all kinds of glowing reports about the mistress of its motley crew—Europeans, negroes and stately Nubians. Some said it was an Oriental princess; one invented a love affair, to account for the lonely wanderings of this female Odysseus; another hinted darkly at some political mission from far-off Mussulman courts to the chiefs of the Sahara. The bare truth, when at last it was made known, was almost as marvelous as anything fiction could invent on behalf of its owner. The yacht, indeed, belonged to a lady, young, beautiful, and possessed of queenly fortune, whose existence, almost from childhood, had been spent in the East; who had already accomplished several voyages of discovery in Central Africa; and who, undaunted by the mishaps of former pioneers in the same direction, now projected an undertaking, which, if carried out successfully, must place her in the foremost rank of African discoverers.

This courageous young lady—for she was in the flower

of her youth—was born at the Hague in 1839, of mixed parentage, her father being an English merchant long resident in Holland; her mother, a Dutch baroness, daughter of that famous Dutch Admiral van Capellen who assisted Lord Exmouth at the siege of Algiers in 1816. Thus Alexandrine directly inherited some of her unusual mental and physical qualities. By the death of her father, whilst she was still a mere child, she became one of the richest heiresses in the country; and her mother, who must also have been a remarkable woman, gave her as choice and expensive an education as that bestowed on a young princess. She was early introduced at Court, where she soon grew to be an especial favorite of the Queen; but these glimpses of royalty, and constant intercourse with the most cultivated and artistic circles of the capital, acted upon her in a wholly unexpected manner. What high tastes, culture, and elegant surroundings could do to make the young heiress in love with such a life were hers. Everything was placed within her reach—the pleasures of the world, as well as those of the intellect, distractions of every kind, the prospects of a brilliant marriage, and an enviable social position. Young, beautiful, rich, gifted, she yet turned her face upon the future that beckoned so enticingly, and in her eighteenth year quitted the Hague, never to return.

Her first journey was on an ambitious scale, and evidently determined, for once and for all, the bent of her career. In company of her mother and aunt, she visited Norway, Italy, Constantinople, Palestine, and the Nile, spending the Winter at Cairo. Egypt, however, with its influx of European tourists and cosmopolitan element, despite its unspeakable picturesqueness and grandeur, failed to satisfy the aspiration of the enthusiastic young traveler. She wanted to throw heart and soul into the life of the African explorer—to devote her fortune and energies to the cause of geographical discovery; to contribute toward the solution of those vast problems which have perplexed travelers of all ages and countries; lastly, to report on the slave-trade, and to do what in her lay for the oppressed people of the "dark continent."

With schemes no less ambitious than these, she started on a voyage of discovery in Central Africa, her companions being her mother and aunt, worthy daughters of the brave Dutch admiral. The journey alone, for enterprise and originality, sufficed to place her among the fraternity of African explorers, and is severally described in the London *Times* of November, 1862, under the head of "Lady Travelers on the White Nile"; afterward in Petermann's well-known geographical publication, "Mittheilungen"; also in a communication read before the Royal Geographical Society of London.

"A thousand miles on the White Nile" is no small achievement, as a glance at the map will show. Their project was attended with many difficulties. No climate is more fatal to Europeans than that of the White Nile; every possible obstacle was then put in the way of travelers by the slave-driving authorities and their abettors. Undismayed, however, Alexandrine and her companions set off from Cairo in January, 1862, with three Nile boats, containing provisions for twelve months, large quantities of money, chiefly in copper, and a numerous train of servants. At Korosko they quitted their *dahabeeyahs*, and purchased a hundred camels, starting for Abu-Hammed through the Nubian desert. Being largely provided with water, the caravan did not suffer much; but great was the general joy, when, at last, after this monotonous peregrination in the blinding sand, the pinnacles of Abu-Hammed were descried rising amid palm groves and granite crags, the Nile flowing beyond in majestic fullness and splendor. Our travelers proceeded to Khartoum, capital of Egyptian Soudan, built near the confluence of the White and the Blue Nile, a modern town of between 40,000 and 50,000 inhabitants, and of considerable importance from many points of view. In the first place, it is the seat of local government established there by its founder, Mohammed Ali; secondly, it is the great halting-place and centre of ivory-hunters, slave captors, and travelers generally.

At the time of the ladies' visit, Musad Pasha, the Turkish governor-general, ruled with military sway, oppressing the people, draining the country of its last resources, and carrying on a vast commerce in slavery. The fame of this young heiress's great wealth and her protestations against slavery had already reached Khartoum, and it was well known that what she saw in Africa would be reported in Europe; as might be expected, therefore, every possible obstacle was put in her way. The intrepid young lady—she was only twenty-two at the time—insisted, however, and being backed with a queenly fortune and influential protection, she gained her point, starting from Khartoum in a steamer placed at her disposal by a brother of the Khédive of Egypt.

This voyage was full of picturesqueness and poetic charm. The river-banks were luxuriant with palm-trees, mimosas and acacias, peopled with birds of great variety, and monkeys; and the little villages alongside formed a succession of pictures in the mellow atmosphere, an amber light toning down the brilliant hues of day. Whenever the party alighted, the appearance of the young leader of the expedition aroused the most lively curiosity. A superb horsewoman, blonde, handsome and commanding in appearance, as she galloped with her escort through the negro villages, it was rumored that this was no lesser personage than a daughter of the great Lord of Stamboul. Her youth, her beauty, her courage, and, above all, her kindness to the black race, won all hearts, whilst even the emissaries of Turkish rule in these parts treated her with courtesy and respect.

Such a life as this was in perfect harmony with Alexandrine's tastes, but she could not for a moment shake off the painful impression produced by the curse of slavery that lay on the land. Her purse was ever open to those needing help, though, of course, against this evil as a whole, she was powerless.

The journey was continued eastward, nothing daunting Alexandrine. They duly reached the Nu Lake, where the White Nile joins the Gazelle River, as dismal and unhealthy a spot as any in Africa, one vast swamp meeting the eye on every side, and life being made insupportable by musquitoes.

There is nothing in all nature more deadly and repulsive than these swamps of the White Nile, but the travelers escaped malaria, and pursued their way to the Austrian missionary station of Heiligenkreuz, a veritable European graveyard in the heart of Africa! Sixty souls in all, missionaries and laymen, lie buried here, some martyrs to religious zeal, others to a love of science and humanity. One of the latest of these, Wilhelm von Harnier, sportsman and naturalist, who had only halted at the mission-station for rest, magnanimously sacrificed his life in attempting to rescue a negro from an enraged buffalo.

Various excursions were made by the ladies in the neighboring villages, mere congeries of straw huts, inhabited by a quite naked population, whose food consisted chiefly of bats, snakes, termites and roots. On the 30th of September the party reached Gondokoro, having successfully accomplished a journey of upward of a thousand miles in these almost unknown regions. Gondokoro pleased them greatly, and Madame Tinné wrote home, in

glowing terms of the pleasant terraces, planted with lemon and tamarisk trees, and of the fertile negro villages, where, so long as the maize lasted, the inhabitants did nothing but sing and dance. Excursions were made in the environs, where they found a rich plain, dotted with fine trees, and peopled with flocks and herds.

The return to Khartoum was safely accomplished, and the fame of the unique journey made by ladies soon reached Europe. As they sailed up the river toward Khartoum, they encountered the *dahabeeyah* of Sir Samuel Baker, who was just quitting it, and the great explorer touchingly alludes to this rencontre, in his *opus magnum*. Salutes were fired, handkerchiefs waved, so long as the steamers remained in each other's sight. "Little did we think," wrote Sir Samuel, "that it was the last time we should see those friendly faces, and that the little exploring party was doomed to so fearful an end." The journey had cost the ladies $30,000 !

At Khartoum they halted for a time, falling in with other travelers equally enthusiastic, and with them maturing ambitious schemes of adventure and discovery. It must be remembered that at no time was more enthusiasm displayed concerning African exploration than on the occasion of the three ladies' expedition to Gondokoro. Speke and Grant had just accomplished their remarkable journeys; Sir Samuel Baker was on the eve of setting out for his great voyage; Petherick had brought home a vast collection of spoils from the White Nile; and German and other travelers were meditating expeditions in all directions. It was the beginning of an epoch rich in geographical results, as a glance at the map and the history of African travel of the last thirty years will show.

The achievements of some of the more recent explorers are alone enough to take one's breath away. The great Livingstone led the van, exploring vast tracts which had hitherto been mere blanks in the African map, discovering the Lake Victoria Nyanza nearly under the Equator, and the Lake Tanganyika further south, also the great River Lualaba; and, among other exploits, tracing the Zambesi River from the interior to its outlet in the Indian Ocean. Infected by his ardor, came the gallant Speke and Grant, who shared with Sir Samuel Baker the glory of discovering the sources of the Nile. To the latter we owe also the discovery of a second great lake, the Albert Nyanza; and, furthermore, one of the most important expeditions into Central Africa for the suppression of the slave-trade. Stanley's search after Livingstone is another memorable exploit. Starting for Zanzibar in January, 1871, Stanley, with 200 men, succeeded in reaching Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika, whither Livingstone had just arrived from the southwest lakes. Stanley explored the region between the Lakes Albert Nyanza and Tanganyika, descended the river Livingstone had discovered and named, the Lualaba, to its mouth—a stupendous feat, unfortunately accompanied by many sanguinary encounters with the natives. Lastly, we have Cameron's more peaceful and equally magnificent journey—the first performed by an Englishman across the African Continent in its central latitudes, beyond the western shore of Lake Tanganyika to the Atlantic seacoast of Lower Guinea. Nearly 3,000 miles were accomplished on foot, the most important part of his travels lying in the interior west of the great lakes and rivers discovered by Livingstone, and which Cameron found to be connected with the River Congo.

Such are a few of the splendid results of African exploration within the last thirty years, to say nothing of the journeys of Barth, Schweinfurth, and other daring travelers in different regions. No wonder that Alexandrine Tinné, whose mind from her earliest years had been turned to exploration and adventure, now caught the general glow. At Khartoum, the great meeting-place of African explorers, Petherick, Grant, Speke and Baker, she was not long in finding others ready to enter into her schemes, and thankful to avail themselves of her pecuniary resources.

These kindred spirits were two Abyssinian travelers, Drs. Steudner and Heughlin, Germans, the first a botanist, the last a naturalist, who were only awaiting such an opportunity to carry out their project of penetrating into unknown regions of the White Nile. Here we must follow the narrative of Dr. Heughlin, who has published, from a naturalist's point of view, one of the most interesting volumes contributed to the literature of African exploration.

Dr. Heughlin and his friend had reached Khartoum—the Canterbury of these pilgrims—some months before the return of the ladies from Gondokoro, and the first part of the doctor's work is devoted to a previous journey made into East Kordofan. We will pass by this portion of the work, highly interesting as it is, and devote our attention to the narrative of his journey made with Alexandrine Tinné and her companions on the White Nile and Gazelle River.

The travelers soon matured their plan, which was no less ambitious than that of a voyage to the lake-sources of the Gazelle River, thence by land to the country of the famed cannibal tribes, the Nyam-Nyam. Such an undertaking required preparations on a large and costly scale, but in this respect no obstacle presented itself.

Alexandrine, the leading spirit and prime mover of the expedition, undertook to furnish the necessary funds, and a relation of her own, the Baron d'Arkel d'Ablaing, also an experienced traveler, joined the party. But there were hindrances not of a pecuniary nature. The Baroness van Capellen, Alexandrine's aunt, was too much weakened by fever to undertake another journey as yet, and some delay also occurred in getting together the necessary provisions and retinue. Large quantities of provisions were taken, chiefly consisting of biscuits, meal, butter, rice, coffee, tobacco, wine and brandy, also wax-lights and soap; besides these, copper bracelets and bars, fine glass beads, woolen stuffs, salt, etc., for barter, and vast stores of money. The clothes of the ladies seem to have occupied an enormous space, and for each of the travelers was provided a riding-horse or mule.

At last the entire company was embarked, making 200 souls in all; this number including ten Dutch women-servants, an Italian ship's steward, a Turkish officer with ten soldiery belonging to a Khartoum regiment, besides twenty Berber paid soldiers, several Arab interpreters and scribes, the rest of the crew being composed of negro servants and sailors. The baroness had finally decided to remain at Khartoum. Four camels, besides thirty donkeys and mules, and several riding-horses were also carried. A steamer, two dahabeeyahs and two ordinary Nile boats convoyed the expedition, which created no little astonishment among the inhabitants. The gentlemen started first, the ladies following a few days after, and very picturesquely and graphically does Dr. Heughlin describe their experiences by the way.

This is the kind of picture he gives us from the White Nile: "To our right we have the large island of Nabreh, and, as we proceed, come in sight of many smaller ones, the river widening as we go, its entire breadth not, however, being perceived from the boat. Vegetation becomes more luxuriant, and on a larger scale; the bushes are alive with the notes of birds, sounding clear across the transparent water. Splendid is the white plumage of the osprey, gleaming in the midst of the dark-green shining foliage;

SPORT ON LAKE NU, AFRICA.

no less that of the little white heron, resting on dark, fallen tree-trunks. On an overhanging branch stands the shy, snake-necked cormorant, with fiery-red eyes fixed on his slippery prey; then, plump as a stone, he darts into the water, after a long interval showing his head and neck above. One of his comrades seems to feel a little too drenched after his late immersion, for he sits in the sun, spreading out his beautiful plumage of dark metallic green to dry. The piping call of the cheerful jacama is changed at intervals for the deep, full note of the red-billed shrike, as he sits hidden in the thicket; bright yellow weaver-birds twitter in crowds on the boughs, whilst from the depth of the shade is heard the cooing murmur of the turtle-dove. Stiff and stark, like the stem of an old tree, the crocodile takes his rest, sometimes with wide-open jaws; here and there is seen the hippopotamus, as he lifts his giant head from the troubled water, now scattering it in showers, now raising his fearful voice, which is echoed from the distant shores; not far off we encounter dozens of carrion birds, whilst a pair of huge storks fly high over the green shore."

One spot is described as an Eden brooded over by perpetual, enchanting calm, with lofty trees, tasseled by parasitic flowers; the acacia Nilotica wafting balmy perfumes, multitudinous birds singing in the branches, and splendid tropic plants, in rich crimson bloom, abounding everywhere.

On the 10th of March, the flotilla of the ladies steamed into Meschra-el-Req, on the Gazelle River, flags flying, guns firing in their honor, all the inhabitants flocking out to behold them. The travelers had lingered by the way on account of the scenery, and no wonder, for in spite of much dreary swamp, and the unhealthiness of the harbor itself, there are scenes of positive enchantment on the Gazelle River. Take the following extract from Dr. Heughlin's account of every-day scenes: "Before daybreak we sailed in a southwesterly direction, having a moderate breeze, the early rays of the sun lighting up the splendid tropic landscape. Noble trees were growing here and there; mighty tamarisks in loveliest bloom spread their branches over the thick undergrowth; acacias of different kinds, mallow-trees, and, close to the river-side, a diversity of water-plantains and water-lilies. Out of the trees darted large carrion vultures and ravens, flying straight across

MISS TINNÉ AND HER ATTENDANT.

the horizon; the thicket was alive with shrikes, bee-eaters and wattle-birds, whilst in the brushwood were tiny warblers, swallows, woodpeckers, bulfinches."

At Meschra-el-Req the party halted some time, awaiting further supplies of provisions from Khartoum, also the necessary bearers for their projected journey; and the country was thoroughly explored meant me. Both naturalist and botanist found plenty of scope for observation, even the swamp regions offering a great diversity of fauna and flora. Dr. Heughlin found in the islands near Meschra fine soap-trees (Balanites), and a variety of Euphorbiaceæ, also, growing between the reeds and rushes; a tall, beautiful white Silene, Medicago, and numerous Leguminosæ, besides great varieties of flowering water-plants.

Tired at length of waiting for the promised bearers, the gentlemen set out for the land of Djur and Dör, in search of them, leaving Alexandrine Tinné and her companions at Meschra. Their journey was a deeply interesting one, but the deadly climate was doing its work. Both had suffered by turns from fever and dysentery, as indeed had most of the party, and this journey proved even more fatiguing than their former ones had been. They pushed on, however, as best they could, alternately on foot and on mule-back, through the desert grass, and under the burning sun, reaching, after several days, a park-like wilderness, as they describe it, known as Schet-Abu-Sebrum. Here they found wells, fresh herbage and lofty trees—sycamores, figs, acacias, spreading their shadow over wide glades wherein sported the giraffe and the antelope. Soon, also, they saw stately specimens of the Dôleb palm. But on the vision of one of these spectators, all earthly scenes were soon to close for ever. Dr. Steudner, a true martyr of science, for his journeys were made simply and purely as a naturalist, succumbed to African fever at Wau, and was buried by his companion on a hillside, beneath stately trees, "in the midst of that magnificent nature whose true servant and reverer he was."

Dr. Heughlin now made the best of his way to Bongo, in the country of Dör, where he succeeded at last in hiring bearers at an exorbitant price—$2,500—for the transport of baggage twenty-five miles! Six weeks after his departure, he returned to the ladies at Meschra, to find them all suffering more or less from fever. The necessary provisions, however, appeared from Khartoum, and, undismayed by so many mishaps, the party set off for Bongo, halting at the park-like wilderness before named, and reaching their destination in June.

This journey was a most painful and tedious one, on account of the rains. The ladies, mounted on sumpter mules, got drenched to the skin, without any possibility of drying their clothes, and a large quantity of provisions were spoiled on the way by the soaking received. As soon as they reached Bongo, matters improved. The rains ceased, the tropic vegetation burst forth on a sudden in all its luxuriance and splendor, flowers and birds appeared in abundance, and the party regaled on fresh vegetables, fruit and wild honey. Huts were built under the direction of Alexandrine, and, in a kind of fortified encampment, the ladies settled down, as it was hoped, to recruit their strength and enjoy the beauty of the season. Madame Tinné, however, and her trusty woman-servant, could not recruit their forces. Both died a few days after their arrival at Bongo. The younger Dutch maid sickened, also, chiefly of homesickness, and Dr. Heughlin, as well as several of the men, were ill with fever. He narrates how, after the death of Madame Tinné and her maid, he used to go every day from the *zeeribah*, or fortified encampment, where he was staying, to visit Alexandrine, a considerable distance, and often accomplished with the utmost painfulness and difficulty. "It was all I could do," he writes, "and frequently my strength failed me on the way, so that I had to rest, sometimes not reaching home till midnight, sometimes falling down on the way with an attack of fever. The Dutch girl, Alexandrine's maid, was often beside hesrelf with home-sickness, bewailing her unlucky fate, to die so young, so lonely and so far from home."

In this trying time, nevertheless, and in spite of the anxieties and grief weighing upon their spirits, Alexandrine Tinné and Dr. Heughlin made the most of their opportunities of studying the country and people, that unhappy, harmless, slave-driven population for whom both felt such warm sympathy. These Djur and Dör folks are extremely musical, and their music is described as being in the highest degree harmonious, and chiefly of a pensive character. Their melodies are, for the most part, in a minor key, in correct time and rhythm, and are arranged both as solos and part-songs. Their favorite instrument is a kind of mandoline, with five strings, one overlaying the other. They are great dancers, very superstitious on the subject of ghosts, fortune-telling and the evil eye, but of any kind of religion have not a trace.

Dr. Heughlin's account of their life amid this strange people and grandiose nature is delightful reading, especially to lovers of natural history.

He gives a striking account of the Dôleb palm, the majestic butter-tree (Butyrospermum Parkii), also of the wild bees and the native method of trapping the honey, and describes the flowers, plants, birds and animal life generally with accuracy as well as enthusiasm.

Unfortunately, the scheme of penetrating as far as the land of the Nyam-Nyam had to be abandoned, to the great mortification of Alexandrine Tinné and himself. Everything was against them. The only persons who could further their plans, the noted slave-traffickers at Bongo, at whose caravanserai or zeeribah they had stayed, put every possible obstacle in their way, asking the unheard-of sum of 1500 Austrian thalers for the transport of their baggage to the Kosanga River, a bare three days' journey. Even a sum so exorbitant would have been willingly paid, but there were other hindrances; it was the wrong season of the year, and the general health of the party was not in a condition for further enterprise.

It was decided to start homeward, that is to say, toward Khartoum, taking with them the bodies of Madame Tinné and her maid. On the way they met with not a few misadventures. As soon as the Lake Nu had been traversed, and they were fairly on the White Nile, they were stopped by one of those huge weed drifts that often obstruct navigation in these channels—a wall of reeds, grass, papyrus and other water-plants, which it took two days and the combined labor of 150 men to clear away.

Further on they had an encounter with pirates, *i. e.*, slave-captors; shots were exchanged, some natives were wounded, and one of the pirate-boats was disabled. A slave family, moreover, was rescued by Alexandrine and carried to Egypt.

At last Khartoum was reached, after an absence of a year and a half. The Baroness van Capellan, Alexandrine's aunt, had died there during her absence. We can scarcely wonder that even the intrepid spirit of this remarkable young lady should quail before such accumulated misfortunes. Just as at Bongo, in the solitudes of the Gazelle River, she had shut herself up in her fortified encampment to mourn the death of her mother, she now retired to a village a little removed from Khartoum, refusing to see any one or enter the town. When her grief was spent she returned to Cairo.

This journey, so fatal and luckless as far as its main ob-

ject was concerned, must by no means be regarded as a failure. It was fruitful not only in geographical, but botanical and ornithological, results. The gallant Steudner and his friend Heughlin, who, be it remembered, could not have pursued their journeys but for the generous invitation of Alexandrine to join her party, made extensive observations on the natural history, as well as manners and customs, of the countries they passed through, and also added in no inconsiderable degree to our geographical knowledge of remote regions.

They gave tidings of a river, hitherto unknown, the Sena, which flows toward the Nyam-Nyam country in a westerly direction, and is navigable; also of a vast lake with flat shores to the south of this part of the White Nile.

Alexandrine had now passed three entire years in Soudan, and in spite of the privations and sufferings she had gone through, was more wedded to the life of an African explorer than ever. Freedom, adventure, even danger, had unspeakable charms for her, and the grandiose aspect of nature in the East, its vast solitudes, its picturesque population, the glory of the desert—all these things filled her mind with delight, and were in harmony with her aspirations and tastes. Conventional life became more and more unpleasing to her. By degrees she discarded European habits, adopting the graceful Arab dress, which well became her stately figure; she was served by Arab and negro attendants only, and her Cairene villa was entirely furnished after Oriental fashion.

Four years she spent quietly at Cairo and in yachting. Smyrna, Naples, Rome, Tunis, Algiers and Tripoli were visited by turns, an incident occurring at the latter place which led to her last and fatal expedition. Just whilst her yacht happened to be lying off Tripoli, vast caravans arrived from the Sahara, laden with spoils of those marvelous lands whence Barth, Rohlfs, and other recent travelers had borne such glowing tales. The enthusiastic girl wanted no other stimulus. She immediately prepared for a journey, which in cost, splendor and daringness was to throw her former achievements into the shade. Had she succeeded, she would haved one what no other European traveler had hitherto accomplished, and would assuredly have secured a foremost place among African discoverers. Her plan was to travel from Tripoli to the capital of Fezzan, thence to Kuka in Bornu, and taking a westerly direction, make her way by Lake Tschad and Wadai, Darfur, and Kordofan to the Nile. A glance at the map will show the extent of country to be traversed in such a journey, though a word of explanation is necessary for the full comprehension of its daringness.

The country of the Touaregs, aptly called the Gate of the Sahara, has ever been the barrier between North African caravans and the rich spoils in gold-dust, ivory, and skins of Soudan. Veritable pirates of the desert, levying blackmail alike on the caravans that come or go, the Touaregs, though possessed of fine physical qualities, being handsome, strong and brave, have the reputation also of being the most faithless tribe of Africa. "Courageous, patient, cunning, like all animals of prey," says one who knew them, "never trust yourself to their tender mercies. If you receive the hospitality of a Touareg, you have nothing to fear whilst in his tent; but he will send word to his nearest neighbor to assassinate you, and will share the plunder with him."

Oddly enough, these cruel tribes are said to have much clearer notions on the subject of domestic morality than most of their neighbors. Polygamy is almost unknown, and women enjoy a greater amount of liberty than among other savage races. But the Touareg is, both by nature and habit, pirate and bandit, lying in wait for a caravan like a beast of prey, on its approach rushing forth with horrible cries to slay and pillage. It is on this account that the journey from Algeria to Timbuctoo is so rarely attempted, and most generally with tragic results. Only a few years back, a learned and distinguished traveler, a Jewish Rabbi named Mardocheus, versed alike in natural science, Oriental language and literature, started from Algiers for Timbuctoo with a numerous caravan. This remarkable man was bent not only upon scientific explorations of the country, but also upon establishing direct commercial relations between the French-African colony and Soudan. He had everything in favor of his enterprise, being supported by the Algerian learned societies, and peculiarly fitted by virtue of his own acquirements for transactions with the natives. Month after month, year after year, have passed without tidings of Mardocheus, and there can be little doubt that he and his band have shared the fate of so many other travelers, and have fallen victims to the perfidy of the Touaregs.

It must not be supposed that an experienced traveler like Alexandrine Tinné undertook a journey through the territory of the Touaregs without all possible precautions. On the 29th of January, 1869, her caravan, composed of fifty souls—only three of the number being Europeans besides herself—and seventy camels, started from Tripoli, reaching Sokna in Fezzan on the first of March. Here she found, as she believed, a trusty ally in a certain Touareg chief, to whom she had been recommended, named Ik-nu-ken, who promised to escort her himself as far as Ghat. An insurrection breaking out just then in his dominions, he was obliged to absent himself, promising, however, to send her a proper substitute. From all that she had seen and heard of this man, there seemed no reason to accredit him with treacherous intentions; but, instead of one escort, two Touareg chiefs appeared, both deputed, so they said, from her friend; both promising to see her in all security to Ghat; and, without doubt, one having planned to murder her beforehand. This man was an enemy of Ik-nu-ken, not an ally, as he pretended to be, and it is supposed that the massacre and pillage of the caravan were determined as much by revenge as by cupidity.

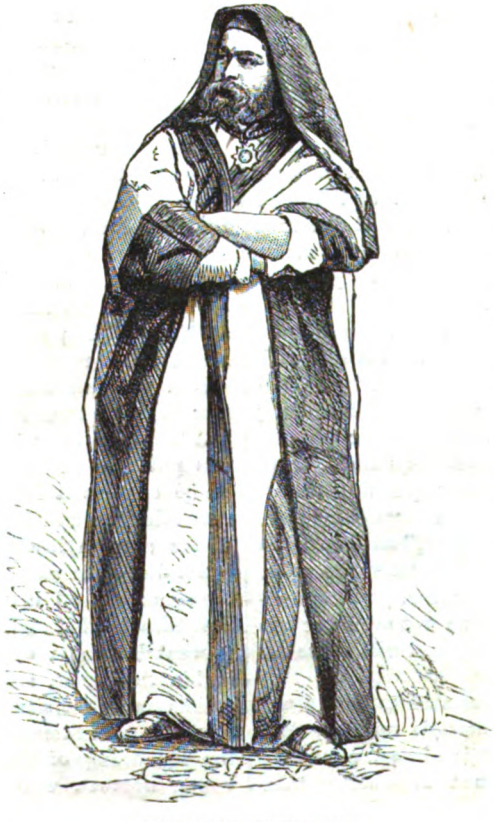
We may conceive with what high spirits Alexandrine set out. She saw herself on the eve of making a wholly unique and important journey, every step of the way being fraught with marvel and novelty. Her brain was doubtless busy with all kinds of grand schemes for the future, the realization of long-nursed dreams and projects, having not only in view the satisfaction of her own curiosity, but scientific and philanthropic ends. She had chiefly at heart, be it remembered, the amelioration of the slave-driven population of Africa, and always hoped to achieve something on their behalf.

A few days after her departure the murderous scheme was put into execution. Early in the morning a quarrel broke out—as it is supposed, intentionally—among the camel-drivers, and hearing the noise, the young mistress of the caravan hastily quitted her tent to see what she could do in the way of pacification. Her appearance was the signal agreed upon for the massacre. One Touareg first disabled her right hand by a sabre-thrust, in order to prevent her from using her revolver; then, with a rifle-ball in the breast, achieved his deadly work. The others rushed on to the slaughter. The three Dutch sailors, her sole European attendants, were next assassinated, and then the plundering of the rich caravan began. The faithful young negroes, who adored their kind young mistress, were carried off with the spoil, and the bodies of the victims left unburied on the sands. Thus perished, in the

THE TOUAREGS.

flower of her youth, one of the most enterprising lady travelers, and one of the most courageous women, who ever lived.

It is easy to criticize such a career, to urge that much she attempted was visionary and impracticable, that she risked her life and those of her companions inconsiderately and to little purpose; in fine, that it was one at variance with common sense and expediency. Judged according to ordinary standards, so, indeed, it appears; but in such cases the usual tests are inappropriate; for if prudence and deliberation were the first points consulted in framing our existences, then, indeed, there would be no more voyages of discovery undertaken. If, moreover, existence, for itself, ought to be valued beyond all else, then little could be adduced in favor of one hazarded, like hers, a thousand times for what may appear very inadequate motives. But is it so? and what favor, in that case, could personal courage find at all when called forth, not by duty and philanthropy, but by scientific ardor and craving for adventure? The truth is that there is no more splendid possession than courage, whether moral or physical; and it is for this reason that young and old, learned and simple, delight in deeds of daring, no matter in what may be their field. The same intrepid spirit that leads women like Alexandrine Tinné to expose their lives to the deadly African fever and the knife of the Touareg, leads them under other conditions and circumstances to encounter the perils of a hospital and the pestilential haunts of the sick poor. It is courage of one kind that impels the brave spirit to speak out when the whole world is against the truth; and of another, that urges the tiger-slayer to the Indian jungle, or the Arctic explorer to the North Pole. True heroism, like the chameleon, wears many colors; and when we admire the humble telegraph clerk, who, at the risk of being immediately shot by the enemy, cut the wires of which she had the control; the noble English princess who lately sacrificed her own life



THEODORE VAN HEUGHLIN.

to maternal duty, or the French nun who threw herself upon a mad dog to shield the children entrusted to her care, we are but admiring the same quality which marks Alexandrine Tinné among the noteworthiest of her sex.

WOMAN'S HAIR:

AS GLORY AND AS PROPERTY.

By Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

When Eve, mother of all living, was driven from the gates of Paradise, she snatched, so says the legend, a fruit from the forbidden tree, and planting it in the cold outer world—scene of her exile—gave to her descendants the banana, sole relic of Eden in a naughty world. This legend may be true, and it may be traditional—which is not the same thing; but it is absolutely certain that Mother Eve carried one treasure out of Paradise, which remains to this day a thing of beauty and a joy for ever to her descendants; and this was the luxuriant head of hair bestowed upon woman as a crown of glory—not lost even in the fall.

Among the minor mysteries of human nature may be ranked the feeling, deeper than all custom or fashion, in favor of long hair upon a woman's head, short upon that of a man. True, caprice occasionally dictates the reverse,

MODERN HAIR-DRESSING.

HAIR-DRESSING IN THE DAYS OF POWDER.

but these caprices generally indicate an unnatural and unhealthy state of mind in people or individuals who exhibit them. Thus, the long, curled and perfumed locks of Alcibiades and Sardanapalus; of the "mignons" of Henry III.; of the gay cavaliers of Charles I. whose love-locks seem to have been one of the recognized sins of the monarchy—were among the straws infallibly showing the current leading effete and corrupt manhood to swift destruction, and enslavement to a more robust race, be it Hun, Scythian, Bernese mountaineer, or Roundhead brewer. On the other hand, the women who crop their heads of Eve's glory, are generally such as led the French revolution in hair, *à la Titus*, or later, in a lower depth, haunted the guillotine in bristling shorn locks, scarcely covered by the *bonnet rouge;* or who, in our own day, seek to inaugurate the yet madder revolution wherein woman is to be hurled from her throne, her ministers of grace — modesty and tender mystery — slain at her feet, and she precipitated into an unequal combat with man for

rights far less precious than those bestowed upon her by nature.

So far the general rule, but always with exceptions. Fashionable dames in our own and several other ages have found it convenient to cut their own hair, leaving only sufficient to serve as foundation for structures of a style so artificial and elaborate that many hours must be consumed in their manufacture. But these cannot come into the category of short-haired women, since they feign a virtue though they have it not, and only abandon nature that they may counterfeit her in art.

Another of the minor mysteries of human sentiment is the tenderness, the romance, the pathos attaching to the hair of one we love. Looking at the matter in the calm light of reason, there seems no better cause for treasuring the shorn hair of our darling than her shorn finger and toe nails, or a piece of skin made into parchment, like Jean Zizka's; and yet it is not quite the same thing. When distance or death removes our *alter ego*, how universal the desire to possess, even more than a picture, a lock of the hair to kiss and fondle, to contemplate with streaming eyes, to inclose in gold and jewels, to wear close above the aching heart, to weave into ornaments—or perhaps, with some of us, to compose one of those hideous trophies one sometimes sees in country houses or city attics—hideous yet respectable, for they evince the tender yearning of love to preserve a memorial of the beloved, although in the most grotesque and revolting form.

The sentiment for living hair is more comprehensible, for there is something very curious, almost sentient, in the feel of flowing and well-kept hair, especially hen there is already an acute sympathy between the wearer of the hair and the owner of the fingers which caress it. What more harmonious occupation for Corydon than "toying with the tangles of Nærea's hair"? what more tender proof of betrothed love than when Laura, suffering from headache, allows Frederick to let down her back hair (supposing it is all her own), and try that odd effect of magnetism resident in the finger-tips of some persons.

It was not until he saw her bathing at Long Branch, her golden wave audaciously floating down her back in proof of its genuineness, that Lord Mountcarmel made up his mind to confer the peerage upon Aura Oillardo. How sorry we all are when the time comes when Arty's sunny curls must be shorn, in token that he now assumes the *toga virilis*, and ranks among the born rulers and slaves of his mamma's sex! Is it any comfort to know that Roman boys had their hair cut for the first time with much ceremony upon their seventh birthday? Perhaps Portia, Marcia and Cornelia looked at the poor, shorn curls with just the heartache of Mrs. Montagu Murray to-day, and said in their Latin just as honestly as she in her English: "I have lost my baby boy!"

Passing into the realm of art and literature, we find ourselves enmeshed in hair, like the martyrs doomed to death by the wild cow, who were first secured in a network of horsehair, and pinned to the earth. In the heavens above us blazes Berenice's Hair, tribute of astronomy to the universal theme. In the waters beneath float the mermaidens, whose beautiful sea-green tresses are at once the admiration and destruction of their victim. Upon the rocks of the Rhine sits the Lorelei, softly singing and "combing her golden hair," as her surest lure to the unwary fisherman. Below the waters again, in the lurid realms of Pluto, the horror of Medusa's head is augmented by the transformation of its crown of glory to writhing snakes.

Coming back to earth, we find the oldest Book describing, with obvious admiration, the length, the weight, the beauty of Absalom's hair—a warning, by-the-way, of the destruction awaiting effeminate men. Homer, almost as venerable an authority, luxuriates in the beautiful hair of "Troy's proud dames," as well as that of la belle Hélène. But if we say poets, we may as well confess at once, that without an ample supply of Hyperion locks, and flowing tresses of all shades of color, abundance and habits of growth, the poet, like the hair-dresser, may as well "shut up shop."

Shakespeare, in nineteen of his plays, makes forty-three allusions to hair, celebrating its shades of color, from Lear's white and dishonored locks to Juliet's tresses, blacker than the raven's wing; touching even in "As You Like It" upon the tradition assigning red hair to Judas Iscariot, the traitor.

Another peculiarity in the universal sentiment for hair, is the violent preference or dislike aroused by its lighter shades, and a corresponding apathy to the darker hues. Nobody indulges in more than a mild distaste toward black hair, nor feels a shuddering repugnance toward brown, but place golden and red in their places, and you find the world flying to arms in passionate partisanship for or against their hues. The Turks have a tradition that Constantinople shall be subjugated by yellow-haired warriors, and see with terror this color predominating on the heads of their hereditary foes, the Russians, and their dangerous allies, the British.

A philosopher of our acquaintance is eager in accumulating proofs of his theory that yellow-haired persons, especially women, are always treacherous, cold-hearted and spiteful. Supporting this theory, we find several modern novelists fond of depicting their female villains as yellow-haired and green-eyed, with feline attributes to match.

On the other hand, what painter, poet or visionary ever imagined angels, cherubims, goddesses, or any ideal form of ethereal loveliness, but with a glory of golden hair? and in how many forms of tender admiration have they described mere mundane beauties as "rayed like the morn," with "little heads sunning over with curls," or, like the Fair One with the Golden Locks, who wrapped herself in them as a mantle.

Red hair has evoked even more zealous partisanship than yellow. The ancient Greeks burned their red-headed prisoners, with marks of disgust and hatred. The Romans, on the contrary, dyed their hair red. Lucretia Borgia, most admired and hated of women, had red hair; so had Elizabeth of England. The Scotch dislike and fear red-headed persons, and the Spanish artists selected that hue as the fitting livery for the dishonored head of Judas. Modern fashion follows the Roman rather than the Grecian standard, and both red and yellow hair are frequently assumed by those whose heads nature has clothed in a sombre hue.

White hair has also, at various times and places, been the subject of very contradictory feelings. "The hoary head of age" almost invariably commands respect and deference, but many persons, especially among the feebler sex, are not ambitious of claiming attention on the plea of venerableness while the plea can be denied; and when, as in our arid American climate and feverish lives, it often does happen that the hair becomes prematurely gray, many persons resort to dyes, restoratives, and various forms of wigs, to conceal the fact. Probably most of us remember grandmammas, maiden aunts, or even mothers, as wearing an abomination called a frizette, generally auburn of hue, but sometimes of a ghastly black, whose hard color threw out in bold relief the yellow tints and hard lines of the ageing face. Modern taste has very largely corrected this false standard, and taught that nature generally understands her own business, and that nothing so tenderly softens and caresses the losses of youth, as the soft cloud

of white hair with which she overshadows them, while in the case of premature grayness, there is something infinitely piquant and attractive in bright eyes and glowing color, contrasted with white hair.

At some periods, Fashion herself has recognized this fact, and simulated white hair with powder. So extensive did this fashion become in England and on the Continent during the last century, that in England a tax of one guinea per annum on each powdered head brought in a revenue of from ten to forty thousand dollars during the last years of the eighteenth and first years of the nineteenth centuries. Powdering being a decidedly slovenly operation, if ill performed, gave rise to a new branch of industry; for not only were powdering slippers and gowns essential for both sexes, but a gauze tunnel was invented for ladies to hold before their faces during the operation, lest powder and rouge should combine unpleasantly upon the cheeks, or the carefully applied patches lose their jetty blackness. As the hair must first be prepared with pomatum, or oil of some sort, to retain the powder, the compound when complete was, as one may imagine, of considerable weight, very clogging to the pores of the skin, and far from clean. In fact, although one may not venture far in this unsavory subject, it is matter of history that in the days of elaborately powdered heads, the finest ladies of the land had constant occasion for the friendly office one may see Neapolitan beggars rendering to each other's heads in an artless and *al fresco* style.

At one period of the last century the monstrous and grotesque usurped all other degrees in hair-dressing. No lady, or even lady's-maid, could pretend to build up the hideous structures, rising a foot or eighteen inches above the head of the wearer, and absolutely compelling carriage-builders to elevate the roofs of coaches and sedan-chairs to accommodate them. These structures took the forms of trees, of ships, of birds, of helmets, of nameless combinations of bows, knots, curls, fuss and frizz, built up with cushions, rats, pins, as much hair as the wearer possessed, either by nature or purchase, and beyond them as many feathers, flowers, ribbons, laces and jewels as could be fastened on. Sometimes the result was finished with white powder, like frosting on a cake; sometimes with gold powder, like the body-guard of King Solomon upon a royal progress; sometimes, but more rarely, the red or golden locks shone in their natural color. When one fancies or sees depicted such a head-dress as this, in combination with monstrous hoops, sacques, farthingales, Louis Quinze shoes, powder, patches, rouge, and corsets like engines of torture, one first wonders at the powers of endurance of the women of that age, then smiles complacently at thought of the superior wisdom of to-day.

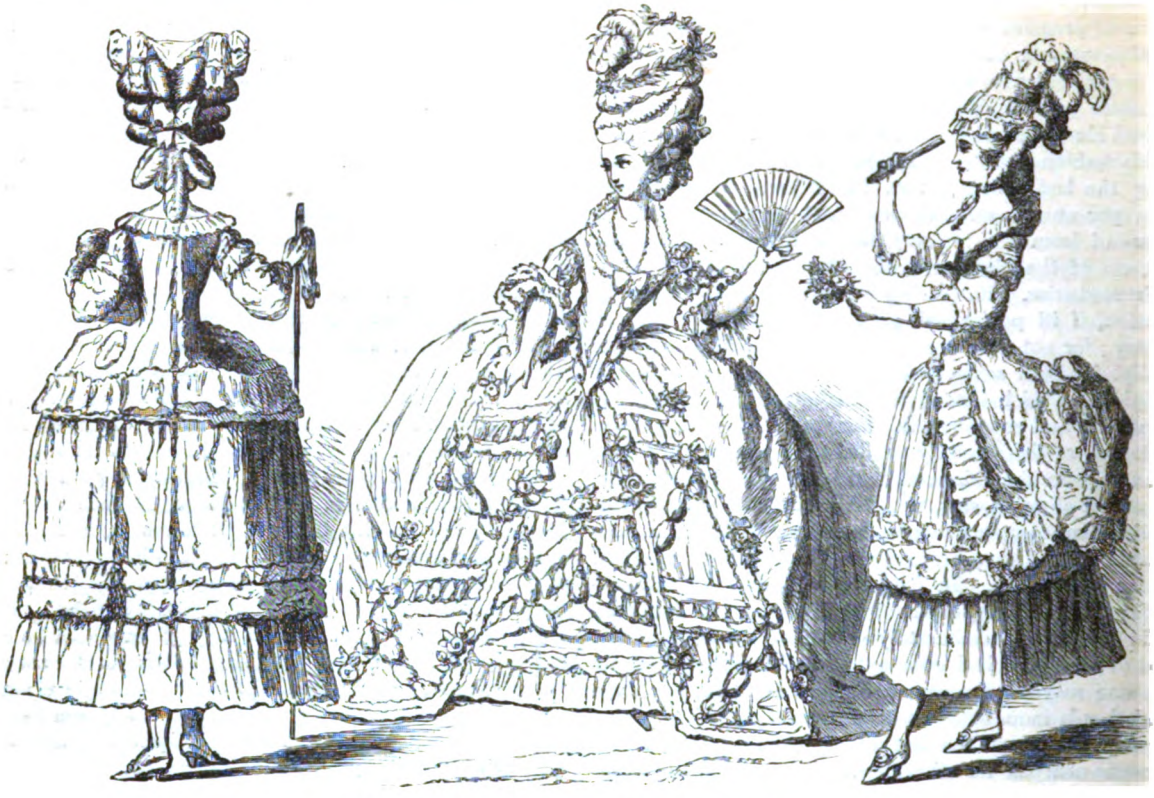
Not the least inconvenience of those head-dresses was the fact that so much time, money and endurance was expended on each operation that it could not be daily renewed, and the luxurious dames of the Courts of Louis Quinze, the Regency, and the Grand Monarque, with their sisters of England and Germany, were obliged to sleep in chairs, or with their necks supported upon hollowed wooden pillows leaving the head suspended, upon the night before some great Court festivity, and at no time to indulge in the delight of laying a free and careless head upon a springy hair pillow, and leaving it to roll at its own sweet will into each cool corner in succession. The origin of powdered hair is not the least admirable of its attractions. The ballad-singers at the fair of St. Germain invented it, hoping by their ridiculous and unnatural appearance to attract gapers, who should contribute sous as well as jeers; and some waning Court beauty, finding the idea a suggestive one, adopted and adapted it.

It is always an open question whether men imitate women, or women men, in extravagances of fashion; but the fact remains that we generally find the exquisites of both sexes pursuing parallel lines, whether as in Arcadia. Daphne wears a wreath of roses in her flowing tresses, while Damon crowns his manly curls with oak leaves; or whether, as in the days just referred to, Madame la Marquise, with a full-rigged frigate of powdered hair upon her head, sails through the minuet de la reine with Monsieur le Duc, in a *perruque* so flowing, curled, powdered and be-ribboned, that it should have originated in Bedlam, or sent its inventor thither.

To invent, to compose, to re-dress and refresh their elaborate perruques, was the business of an army of perruquiers, whose *ateliers* were as busy, as complicated and as eager a field of fashion as that of the *modiste* or milliner of the present day. An odd anecdote of Queen Anne's reign is *apropos* of perruques, and illustrates as well as the fable of the gnat and the lion, the folly of great people's despising little things. When Prince Eugene arrived in England, upon a visit to his royal kinswoman, Lord Bolingbroke was sent to conduct him into her presence; but Prince Eugene excused himself from appearing that night, on plea that his luggage had not arrived, and he had only a tied-up periwig with him—a negligé in which he could not appear before royalty. Lord Bolingbroke set aside the point of etiquette, and insisted so strongly upon the prince's appearing, that he did so; but the Queen resented the informality as if she had been a Spaniard; and when, shortly after, Bolingbroke appeared in her presence in no wig at all, she sent him a message that his audacity was inconceivably unpardonable, and that she should not be greatly surprised if next time he presented himself in his nightcap!

The story reminds one of poor Marie Antoinette, who, standing and shivering while her ladies-in-waiting disputed as to whose privilege it was to hand the desired garment, exclaimed "What nonsense!" She, poor soul, paid for the frankness with her life, but Anne was wiser.

The French Revolution was a tremendous epoch in the history of hair, for not only were a great many of the ducs and marquises relieved of any further care for either hair or head, but those who saved the latter were far too frightened and hunted to be able to devote much time to the former. One cannot but smile, even while one sighs, in fancying some of those poor little marquises hiding in cellar or garret or peasant's hovel, and contemplating, in the pocket-mirror they were sure to have with them, the wreck of the last coiffure before their escape. How they pulled to pieces the elaborate structure, and, perhaps for the first time, passed a comb through the tormented and tangled tresses, and then stood forlornly wondering how they were to be put up again. However, they were Frenchwomen, and found a way very soon. As for the women of the conquerors, the Mesdames Beauharnais, Tallien, Borghese and the rest, they rushed at once to the opposite extreme, and, as the marquises could not be too much dressed, and too elaborately ornamented, the republican dames could not wear too few clothes, or affect too severely classic a coiffure. Some of them, as we have noted, cut off their hair altogether, and appeared in a frightful Brutus crop; others assumed the Minervan knot, the Grecian bandeau, or the flowing tresses of Iphigenia. Classic coiffures, however, only suit classic faces, and the sweet simplicity very nice for Iphigenia at seventeen, does not go well with the moth, rust and corruption of Athanaise de Mortemar, aged forty; so the classic reign of coiffure was scarcely longer than the Reign of Terror, and during the Empire, the Restoration, and since, the pendulum has swung back, and



FRENCH HEADDRESSES EARLY IN THE LAST CENTURY.

still abides very near the *juste milieu* of common sense, decency and individual taste.

We give some specimens of popular styles during the last fifty years, and the memory of the reader will supply many others exhibited now and previously.

A love of the ornate and extravagant in hair-dressing is

A HAIRDRESSER'S SHOP IN THE DAYS OF LOUIS XIV.

HEAD-DRESSES OF TARTAR GIRLS.

by no means confined to the marquises, or even to the flowers of civilization and correct taste of our own land and time. Almost every illustrated book of travels gives us specimens of African, Japanese, Chinese, Indian and South Sea fashion and elegance which put our puny efforts

HEAD-TIRE OF AN AFRICAN BELLE.

to the blush. See, for instance, this African belle, her wool elaborated into wings evidently copied from one of the gorgeous butterflies of her native land, while the pins of virgin gold no doubt well represent the antennæ. Some sisters of hers, living in Abyssinia, consider it the correct thing, after completing their coiffure, to put a pound of

JAPANESE HAIR-DRESSING.

butter on top of the head, and sit in the sun until it is melted.

Recoiling from the torrid zone to the frozen, we find in the steppes of Tartary, dames and damsels dressing their hair somewhat after the same style for the elder, and in classic braids for the younger, while an *al fresco* fire and pipe replace the butter and sunshine, by way of social nucleus and field of mutual display.

The elaborate styles prevailing in the Flowery Kingdom and the sister realm of Japan, have been rendered familiar to us all from childhood by the effigies so generously sent out to enlighten the barbarians who should purchase the potteries, fans, silks, lacquer boxes, rice-paper pictures, and other vehicles by which the beauty and fashion of the Sister of the Sun and Moon and her subjects are carried to every corner of the globe. Travelers, too, describe with more or less reserve the charms and the wonderful hair-dressing of the young women pervading the tea-houses of Hong Kong, Canton, and the few ports to which, until recently, Europeans were confined; and as the delicious mystery of the hitherto forbidden portions of Cathay resolves into the very common light of common day, we find that, as in Paris, the grandes dames copy the demi-monde; so Mrs. Mandarin dresses her hair, or has it dressed, as nearly as she can attain, in the style of Rosy-peach-blossom of the tea-garden.

We have spoken of woman's hair as her glory and her pride; let us consider it a little as her property and profit. From the time when the Roman ladies bought red hair at almost its weight in gold, and the Greeks and Carthaginians supplemented their darker tresses with false braids, there have been women compelled, or sordidly anxious, to sell their birthright and their glory, that other women might conceal their natural poverty, or, in obedience to fashion, add to nature's gifts, until one cannot but remember the adage, "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing." This fact of demand and supply has created a venerable yet increasing trade in human hair; and there are thousands of young women, especially in Southern France, in Switzerland, Germany, Norway and Sweden, who raise their hair for the market as a farmer raises turnips, and with no more sentiment about it. Once a year or so, the merchant—sometimes a man, sometimes an old woman—makes a tour of the district where a crop is expected, and the girls present themselves at the fair, or other rendezvous, their well-combed, shining tresses hidden under the little cap which will presently conceal their loss. The Swiss lassies gain more than their French sisters by this sacrifice, for blonde hair is rarer and in greater demand than dark, and brings a higher price. The price also varies enormously in proportion to the length of the hair, the ratio increasing as largely as that of diamonds in proportion to their weight. Thus, while hair of eight inches long sells for 25 cents per ounce, that of thirty-six inches brings nearly $8 per ounce; and from this up to $15 for specimens of extraordinary length and beauty. White hair brings prices so extravagant as not to be statistical, as it is of course extremely rare to find an abundant crop of hair upon a venerable head; and few young women are thus endowed, or will part with their hair if possessing it.

The extreme length of human hair does not exceed seven feet, and this, of course, is very rare. In the Hair Court of the International Exposition of 1862, there was a specimen of jet black female hair of British growth, measuring 71 inches; and in the South Kensington Museum there are two heads of hair weighing 11½ ounces; but the average length of marketable hair is 20 inches, and the weight of a single crop rarely exceeds five ounces.

Hair with a natural, or, as it is called, water-curl, is the most valuable; and, passing from trade to physiology, we find that curling hair is differently formed from straight, the latter being a perfect and the former a flattened cylinder, and the hair curling in the plane of the flattened sides. The excess of this conformation is found in the covering of the negro head, the hairs being nearly flat. It is often stated that negro hair is not hair at all, but wool, like that of sheep. The microscope, however, contradicts this error, showing the sheep's wool to be serrated along the edges, and that of the negro to be smooth and polished like that of Caucasians. Hence the animal wool under treatment becomes compacted into felt, and the negro's remains a loose, inconsistent mass. Another popular error is, that hair is tubular, containing a channel filled with coloring matter; whereas, it is solid, the coloring matter, sepia for dark hair, blood-red for golden, and yellow for fair hair, being contained in a bulb at the root, and penetrating layer after layer of the horny pellicle which, continually pushed out from the root by the addition of fresh substance, carries with it fresh supplies of the coloring fluid, until, this being exhausted in the bulb, the growth continues, but colorless and dry. This coloring fluid may be discharged by age, by sickness, by violent grief or terror acting on the nerves, or by the continued application of ether or alcohol—all which causes produce the effect of blanched hair. But human ingenuity has as yet discovered no method of refilling the empty and dried bulb, and all so-called hair-restoratives are mere external applications, except so far as they contain preparations of lead, which, entering into the system, slowly and surely poison it.

The hair about the muzzle of certain animals, especially of the cat tribe, becomes developed into a strong and acute organ of touch, a nervous process extending deep into the skin and far into the hair; so that, in the dark, these creatures guide themselves as accurately by their whiskers as a burglar by his finger-tips. On the snout of the rhinoceros this hairy process becomes compacted into a horn; but whether this may be sensitive or not, few persons are on sufficiently familiar terms with the sweet-tempered beast to discover.

We have studied the question of human hair from the romantic, the artistic, the historical, legendary, business, and scientific points of view; but there is still another, and not the least curious, viz., the religious point of view.

The Jewish women, following the Levitical laws, wore their hair long, and preserved it with great care, as a distinctively feminine glory. In the dawn of Christianity the converts from Judaism, the come-outers, as they might be called, wishing to make all things new, allowed women not only to lay aside the modest vail in which they had been wont to envelope their heads, but to cut the hair short, and to preach and pray publicly. That stern moralist, St. Paul, soon set this novelty in order, however, for he says, "Does not nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him? But if a woman have long hair it is a glory to her, for her hair is given to her for a covering." In another place, however, he condemns women adorning themselves with broidered and plaited hair, with tires and head-dresses like the moon; recommending instead such old-fashioned ornaments as meekness, modesty, shame-facedness and sobriety. Following this line of thought, a celebrated divine of our own country, in the last century, preached a sermon from the text, "top not come down," applying the command to the gigantic headgear or topknots quivering with indignation upon the heads of his female auditors.

Taking St. Paul as a guide, the Church, from age to age,

has enforced this rule, especially during the Middle Ages, when she set her face vehemently against the growing effeminacy of men in this respect; and many were the Court sermons, pastoral admonitions and private scoldings delivered by all classes of the clergy against the curled and perfumed tresses, flowing lovelocks and wigs affecting a feminine length of hair, worn by nearly all men of any pretensions to fashion.

Carrying theory into practice, whenever a dethroned monarch sought the refuge of the cloister, as among the Franks was often the case, the good brothers inaugurated him into his new life by cutting his hair short, although he remained merely a visitor among them. For the religious themselves the rules teaching hair-dressing have always been and are most precise. "The monk all shaven and shorn" is a familiar image in all our minds, and for many centuries the clergy of the Roman Church have assumed the tonsure, *i. e.*, shaved a space upon the crown of the head, both in token of submission to the Church and that the remaining fringe of hair might typify the Crown of Thorns.

With the female religious, however, the Church argues that the close cap and flowing vail she assumes with her vows sufficiently carry out St. Paul's edict that she must be covered, and that in cutting off the hair a fruitful source of vanity is removed, and a great outlay of time and patience obviated; so one of the principal ceremonies in admitting a candidate to the rank of novice in a religious Order is the solemn cutting of her hair. In some cases this is quietly done by the superior in private, but in others in public by one of the high dignitaries of the Church. This is the case in our illustration, where we see the promised bride of heaven, fitly attired in nuptial array and accompanied by her bridesmaids, similarly garbed, kneeling at the feet of a venerable bishop, who solemnly shears away the abundant tresses of the fair head so soon to be hidden beneath the vail, while the mother of the novice assists; her mind, perhaps, wandering back to the time when she, too, in her bright girlhood, so knelt and was shorn, renouncing the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and with them the long bright hair her mother had loved to arrange in childhood, on whose plaits her father's hand had been laid in blessing, and which, perhaps, at a later date, had formed the theme and the magnet of praise and caresses, not now to be remembered without sin.

And so the world goes on, and the world never changes—or at least, human nature never changes. Eve in Paradise loved, no doubt, to contemplate the shining ripples of her hair; and the fairest girl in New York to-night will stand before her mirror combing out the golden length of her tresses, and shyly admiring their sheen. Let her; for verily, "long hair is a glory to woman."

IN MID-OCEAN.

By W. J. Florence.

"Going! Going! Gone! Mr. Cooper buys 330 for six guineas. Now, gentlemen, we will sell the *lowest* number on the list. How much for 299? Start it, gentlemen. Who says £1 for 299? We have sold 330 for six guineas. Now let me have a bid for the lowest number. Come, start it lively. No. 299! How much for 299?"

Scene, the smoking-room of the steamship *Russia* in mid-ocean; time, noon, just after lunch. The place was crowded with most of the male passengers, smoking; while I, in the capacity of auctioneer, was selling the "pool" on the day's run.

We left the Cunard Dock, Jersey City, on Wednesday morning, April 16th, 1873, bound for Liverpool, with as jolly a lot of passengers as ever quitted Yankee-land. It was the Vienna Exhibition year, and we had on board a number of commissioners, accredited to represent their several States at the great Austrian capital. There were Louis Seasongood, of Ohio; Alexander Chambers, of Pennsylvania; Wagner, of Oregon; B. J. Booth, the eminent actor; and Cooper, of New York. Besides these worthies, we had the usual complement of newly-married couples on their bridal tours, invalids seeking health and fresh air in foreign lands, drygoods men, and buyers for Stewart, Lord & Taylor, Arnold & Constable, and other American firms.

The voyage was a succession of fine days, lovely weather prevailing. The time passed most pleasantly until the seventh day out, when a pretty stiff breeze was blowing, and a roughish sea was on.

We had arranged on that day to sell thirty numbers—from 299 to 330, it having been anticipated that the ship would run between 299 and 330 miles during the twenty-four hours. These numbers were to be sold separately by auction, and the total amount realized was to go to the buyer of the successful number.

Well, I had just sold the highest number to Mr. Cooper, since the honored Mayor of New York City, and had put up the lowest.

"How much shall I have for 299?" I asked the assembled passengers. "How much for 299, the lowest number? If an accident should happen, if the propeller should break, or if a storm should come on, the lowest number would have the best chance of taking the pool. Come, give me a bid, gentlemen! Come!"

At this juncture the crowd in the smoking-room were startled by the terrible cry of "Man overboard!" Clang, clang! went the bell. Immediately the room was cleared, and there was a general stampede to the spar-deck.

I reached the deck just in time to see a fearless young sailor run aft, and, with a spring like a deer, jump over the rail into the sea. He just cleared the screw, and, as we were making over thirteen knots an hour, his head appeared for a moment only above the waves before he was out of sight. With anxious hearts the passengers, male and female, crowded toward the stern of the vessel to watch the small white eddy where the person who had fallen overboard went down. Clang, clang! went the bell again.

"Lower the aft boat on the port side!" shouted Captain Cook.

Like lightning, willing hands were at work. In less than two minutes the boat touched the water. With a cheer from the passengers the crew pulled away, keeping the wake of the ship—as she was still making headway, although her engines had been stopped—for their guide toward the drowning man; while one of the officers took his telescope and ran up the rigging to report.

"I can see but one object in the water," said the officer, shouting down to the expectant crowd below. "Good heavens! the other must be drowned. The boat is going in the wrong direction. They will lose the poor fellow. They are a mile from him now. The waves and rough water hide him from them. They seem to have lost their bearings."

For over half an hour the passengers crowded the after-part of the vessel, and with straining eyes watched the boat in the far distance tossed like a cockleshell on the waves, at one moment sunk down between the huge billows, and at another seemingly thrown sky-high on the crests of foam.

SWISS GIRLS SELLING THEIR HAIR.— SEE PAGE 89.

"Signal return," at length said Captain Cook; and a small red flag was run to the topmast.

While the boat was returning to the ship we had time to inquire who had fallen overboard, and how the accident had occurred. It seemed that a lad, the only sailor-boy on board, while employed in the rigging, had missed his footing and fallen into the sea, and in a moment the cry was given, "Man overboard!"

I cannot depict the anxiety on the faces of our passengers as they watched the return of the lifeboat. All strained forward to see if there was anybody in the boat beyond the four men that manned it. Three-quarters of an hour after the accident, the boat was again alongside; but the lad had been lost, while the brave sailor who jumped after him was also nearly drowned. On reaching the water, he had divested himself of his heavy boots and struck out for what appeared to him to be a body floating a little way off, but which proved to be a bit of old spar. The men in the boat lost his track, and he had given himself up for lost, when he saw the boat returning. He was ultimately discovered and picked up, almost dead from exhaustion.

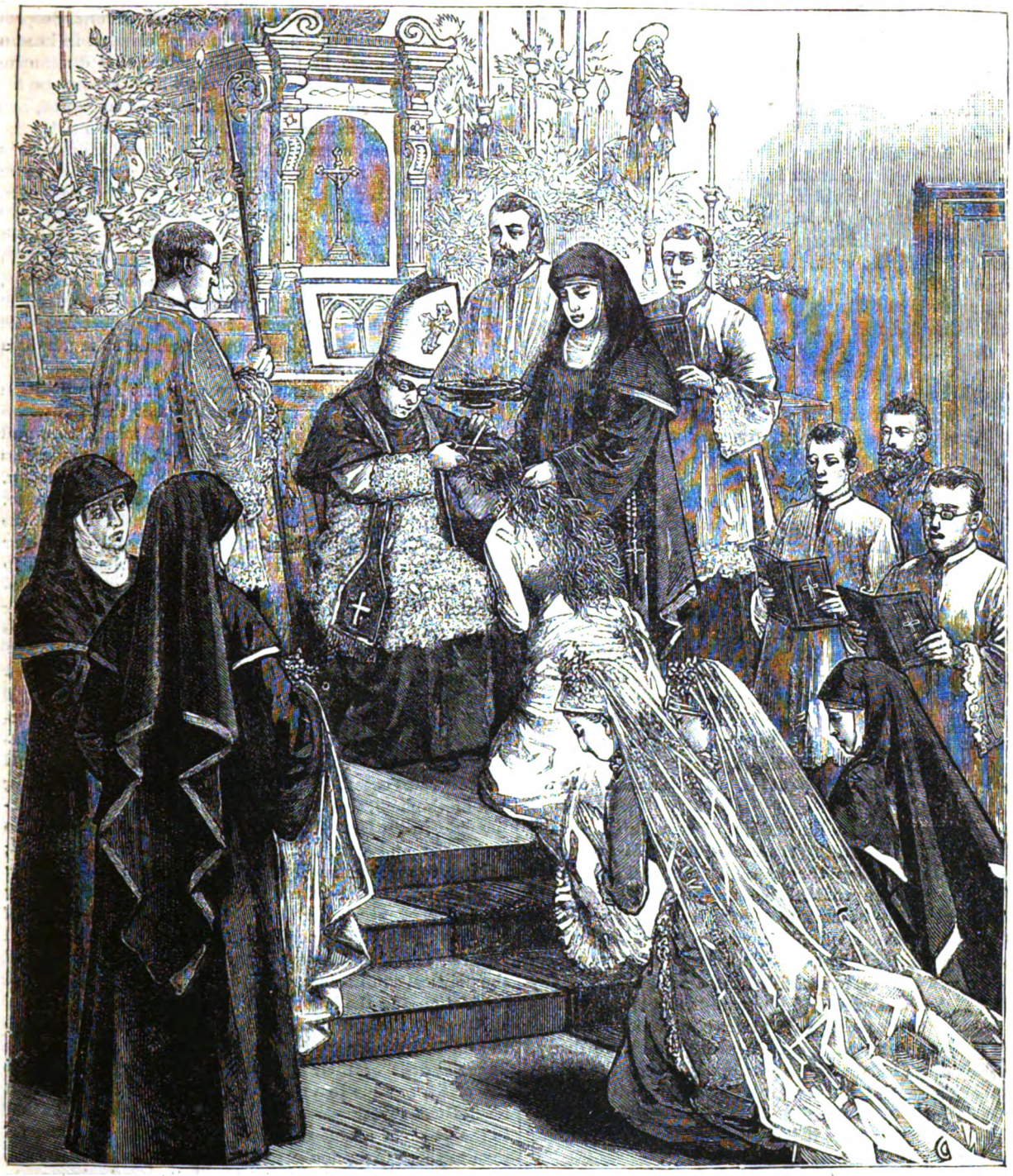
As the brave fellow stepped on the deck, the passengers gave him three cheers. In a few minutes he was in his bunk, under the charge of Dr. Wallace, the ship's surgeon. A collection was made among the passengers, a hundred pounds being thus raised for our hero, and a smaller sum for the boat's crew and the parents of the lost lad.

I was selected to present the money, and, after an hour's rest, the gallant sailor was called aft to receive it. With modest, downcast looks he accepted our substantial tribute to his bravery, merely saying, in his honest, sailor-like fashion, "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. I am only sorry the other poor lad is not here to share it with me."

The entire incident seems to have had a marked influence on the life of the young sailor; for the courageous fellow has since become famous as Matthew Webb, the champion swimmer of the world!

A CHINESE TOPER.—A story is current among the Chinese of a great wine-drinker who was able to sit all day at a table, and, after consuming what would have been sufficient to drive the reason out of half a dozen men, would rise up perfectly sober. The Emperor, hearing of the fame of this drinker, asked him to dinner, that he might test his marvelous powers. As goes the story, the Emperor ordered a hollow figure to be cast in bronze of the exact size and model of the man; and, as the wine was served, for each cup the guest drank a similar cup was poured into the opening at the top of the head of the image. This went on for some hours, until, at length, the bronze statue overflowed, while the guest still continued at the table, and rose from it perfectly sober.

A WONDERFUL HEAD OF HAIR.— MISS TEMPERANCE ANDERSON, OF BADEN, PA.



WOMAN SACRIFICING HER HAIR AT THE ALTAR.

WEST INDIAN MEMORIES.

THE LESSER ANTILLES AND THE "BOILING LAKE."

By W. Gifford Palgrave.

The crescent-like series of West Indian Islands, capriciously divided in official parlance into "Windward" and "Leeward," or more appropriately summed up together by the well-sounding title of the "Lesser Antilles," is, after a fashion, antipodal to the Philippine group of the Eastern hemisphere; or, to put it more geographically, the two archipelagos—Hispano-Malayan and Caribbean—occupy opposite points of the chart on a lesser circle of the globe, drawn some fifteen or sixteen degrees north of the equator.

Being now—so destiny has willed it—on my long way from the one to the other, I cannot refrain from speculating on what further circumstances of opposition may possibly exist between them, or from hoping that such circumstances may be neither numerous nor essential in kind.

The Philippines are, by all accounts, pleasant places,

isles of Eden, lotus-lands; but pleasanter, more lotus-bearing, more Eden-like than are the West Indies, taken as a whole from Jamaica to Trinidad, they can scarcely be, or afford in their turn brighter and better memories than those which three years of the Caribbean Archipelago have, with few and insignificant exceptions, stored away in my mind.

True, indeed, that some of the Lesser Antilles—our present topic—are in a manner less desirable than others, because less favored by nature or the course of human events. Thus, for instance, Barbadoes, though well peopled and highly cultivated, has no pretensions to picturesque scenery of coast or inland; while the Virgin Islands, barren, abandoned and hopeless, as they now unfortunately are, might not unsuitably exchange their historical denomination for that of the "Lone Spinster Islands," or the "Old Maids" downright. Nor they only, but the entire northward-lying group, formed by the adjacent Leeward Islands—namely, Saba, Eustatius, St. Kitt's, Nevis, Antigua and the rest, may, with scarce an exception, be included in the same catalogue of unproductive aridity.

Want of rain—a want now protracted over the space of nearly twenty years—has, more than any other cause, wrought among them this desolation; though to what adverse influence this very want is to be attributed would be hard to determine. By some, the too reckless clearing of the original forests is inculpated as the cause of drought; some ascribe it to a gradual shifting of the magnetic poles, and a corresponding declination, north or south, of the tropical rain-belt itself; others, again, bring in a verdict of guilty against the inconstant Gulf Stream; and others, with about as much plausibility, accuse the sins of the people, the Colonial Office, and perhaps Sir Benjamin Pine and Confederation. But whatever may be the cause, the effect is as evident as disastrous; nor has any modern Elijah as yet appeared to dispel, by prayer or science, the all-too-stubborn drought of this Samaria of the West.

Poor gray islands, noble outlines of mountain and vale, stately blanks, unfilled by the varied details of prosperity and life! Waist-deep they stand, thirsty and forlorn, in the midst of the unprofitable salt sea-waters, vainly baring their parched-up bosoms to the pitiless sky; while far overhead the white clouds, borne along hour after hour on the strong wings of the trade-wind, mock their want with an ever-renewed, ever-unfulfilled promise of rain, till, day by day, what was once green pasture-land parches up into brown, burnt-up stubble, gaunt trees stretch out their once leafy boughs in the gray nakedness of premature decay, and the valleys that in bygone years waved with the golden green of the ripening harvest, now stretch down the hill-slopes in pale yellow streaks of juiceless cane. A melancholy sight; let us leave it behind as we pass on southward to better prospects and more cheerful isles.

The turning-point, so to express it, of the West Indian climate, the line that distinguishes the well-watered tropical region from the arid sub-tropical zone, is for the present situated about the latitude of Guadaloupe, a large and fertile, but in more respects than one an ambiguous island; French in title, but little visited by foreigners, and scarcely better known to the generality of Frenchmen themselves. Yet Guadaloupe, like Martinique, has the advantage, if advantage it be, of a spokesman, in the person of a "Député," sent by universal suffrage, or what does duty for it, to the Representative Chamber of Versailles, where the West Indian members take their place, as I am told, somewhere in the caudal portion of the Extreme Left. Nor—I regret to say it—are the sentiments of the insular majority the Deputies represent a whit more favorable to stability or order, under whatever rule, than those of Victor Hugo himself; strange instance of what one of our deepest thinkers has justly called the "baffling" element in human nature. Here are islands, fertile indeed, but diminutive as fertile, on whose behalf and for whose advantage the great mother country has lavished rather than spent, and still, even at the time of her own greatest need, continues to lavish, sums that any more frugal Government would find by much too costly, or, rather, would never dream of finding at all, for the benefit of giant Australia, New Zealand or the Cape, with all their dominions, all their provinces. And yet, in return for its unbounded liberality, the French Administration meets with little from its subjects, whether in Martinique or Guadaloupe, whether black or colored, but an unpopularity so decided that not all the machinery of French prefectures and "mairies" can, in election-time, determine so much as a vote, much less a return.

Some excuse for this widespread spirit of opposition may, indeed, be found in the curious fact that the white lords of the soil are, in spite of Frohsdorf manifestoes and the persistent imbecility of the "lilies," even now (*risum teneatis amici*), Legitimists almost to a man; though a few, condescending somewhat to the dictates of common sense, apologistically confess Imperialist propensities. On the other hand, the colored folks are, with equal or greater unanimity, and certainly more logic, Republicans, not to say Communists; while the blacks, so far as their philosophical "live-and-let-live" temperament permits their taking part on either side, follow the lead of their more restless half-brothers.

Another cause is to be found in the too general adoption, throughout two-thirds of the island, of the "Central Factory" system, the very system so preconized by theorizing economists as the one great panacea of all West Indian ills. These factories have, however, in their practical working, not cured, but rather intensified, every existing evil of the land, financial, political and social. It is impossible, in the limited space of an article, to enter into the numerous and complicated details of so vast a topic; enough to say, summarily, that these factories have deeply disturbed the social balance of Martinique, by degrading the independent planter-proprietor, the typical monarch of the land, into the dependent inferiority of a mere head farmer; that they have even more dangerously disarranged the political equilibrium, by disconnecting the agricultural population and the laborers at large from their traditional lords and leaders, and massing them together instead into the turbulent crowds of mere factory workmen; while the financial evils of their infliction, amounting latterly to a real crisis, are due to a combination of circumstances and results the investigation of which would be better suited to the pages of a blue-book or a political economy treatise than to those of a popular magazine.

Yet Martinique, with its rich soil, its gentle slopes, its superabundant irrigation, its noble harbors, is, of all the Lesser Antilles, the most nature-favored—a very emerald among inferior gems; and when my French hosts laughingly asked me, as they often did, "What can possibly have induced the British to give this territory back to us, after having once held it for their own?"—"Their inconceivable ignorance, I suppose, and their blundering unwisdom," was the only plausible answer that I could make. I should also add, lest my preceding remarks on the political condition of the island should be taken in too absolute and accordingly in too depreciatory a sense, that the Martinique Creoles, colored or black, bear no unfavorable comparison with the native-born population of other West Indian colonies, either for energy, capacity or in-

telligence; and that the urbanity and general refinement of taste and bearing which are admittedly the distinguishing characteristics of French society, on whatever side of the Atlantic, are by no means wanting among the nationalized Frenchmen of the land of the lovely Josephine.

The mention of this name reminds me how, during the three weeks that the courtesy of my French hosts detained me a willing lingerer in their pleasant companionship, I enjoyed the long-wished-for opportunity of visiting the birthplace of the bride of the First Napoleon, and the ancestress of our talented though unfortunate friend and ally, the late French Emperor. On the southerly side of the noble Fort de France Bay, and within the limits of the La Pagerie estate, stands, or rather stood, at some distance from the coast, the pretty little dwelling-house of "L'Hermitage," where the Taschère family long resided; preferring, it seems, the picturesque seclusion of the spot to the livelier but more exposed neighborhood of La Pagerie and the Trois Ilets. The dwelling-house itself, the home of the beautiful Creole's childhood, has, alas! disappeared; and a few foundation traces yet visible in the mango-grove that nestles in the slope of the green valley just where it rises upward to the abrupt volcanic heights of Montagne la Plaine beyond, are all that remains to tell where it once has been. But the future Empress herself was not born there. Somewhat lower down in the ravine, close by the torrent that of old times supplied water to the sugar-mill, stood and yet stands the old-fashioned factory or boiling-house, strongly built, and sheltered from the chances of weather by steep banks on either side. Hither Josephine's mother was carried for safety when the hurricane of 1761 threatened every less solidly constructed tenement with ruin; and here, in an upper room, now floorless, and open to the outer air on every side, Napoleon's good star rose on the world.

To me, not being a French politician, and accordingly not incapable of appreciating the splendors, however blurred by faults and failures, of the most brilliant dynasty of our age, it was a marvel to see a spot possessed of such interest, worthy of such veneration, one might have thought, to whoever had shared in some degree (and what Frenchman did not?) the glories and the gains of the great Empire, now abandoned to the neglect of absolute forgetfulness, if not contempt. To keep the homely vault—it is nothing more—in decent repair would not, I should think, have been too heavy an expense for the national treasury; and among the many monuments that throughout the dominions of the tricolor commemorate events or persons of far less importance, surely a slab of marble might have been found to mark the birthplace of Josephine, the ornament of the First, the parent of the Second, Empire.

Fortunately for herself, Martinique has, however, atoned in some measure for her negligence at L'Hermitage by the handsome statue of her imperial daughter that now occupies a central position in the wide tree-shaded savanna of Fort de France. To what particular hand the workmanship of the statue is due, I know not; but the execution is decidedly good, and the beautiful features of the young general's bride are said to have been faithfully reproduced in all that art can transfer from flesh to marble. Curiously enough, those features seem, in the fullness of the lips, the gentleness of the eyes, and the general outline of the face, to belong to that peculiarly attractive type in which a slight admixture of African blood gives to its possessor that rounded voluptuousness of contour, no less than that warmth of color so often wanting in the purely European Creole.

Whether, as the island tradition affirms, such a union was really traceable in the Taschère family, or whether, as national prejudice has anxiously proclaimed, the ancestral origin always remained French, and French alone, is a question difficult, if not impossible, to decide on merely annalistic evidence. But if the statue at Fort de France bears a truthful resemblance to its original, there can, I think, be little doubt that to her other imperial titles the great Empress added that of consanguinity, however remote, with the Nile Queens of old time, whose granite effigies still smile in calm serenity of power among the lore colonnades of Luxor and the Egyptian palms.

Midway between Martinique and Guadaloupe lies Dominica, won, like the sister islands, from its former masters by the sword, but, unlike them, retained beneath the conqueror's flag. Little inferior in size to Martinique itself, it as much surpasses it in wonderful picturesqueness of scenery as it falls short of it in adaptability for general cultivation. Indeed, in the wild grandeur of its towering mountains, some of which rise to five thousand feet above the level of the sea; in the majesty of its almost impenetrable forests; in the gorgeousness of its vegetation; the abruptness of its precipices, the calm of its lakes, the violence of its torrents, the sublimity of its waterfalls, it stands without a rival, not in the West Indies only, but, I should think, throughout the whole island catalogue of the Atlantic and Pacific combined. But waterfalls and precipices are objects more welcome to the artist than to the planter; and the angles of landscape beauty are not generally coincident with those of agricultural productiveness. And so it comes to pass that of the 200,000 acres that form the surface of Dominica, scarcely one-tenth part, if even so much, is actually under cultivation. The capital town, Roseau, though a cheerful and thriving place in its way, with its neatly paved streets, pretty cottages, gay gardens, and handsome Catholic cathedral, numbers less than 5,000 inhabitants; and the pleasant orchard-embowered negro villages sprinkled here and there along the coast, have comparatively few counterparts amid the labyrinth of rock and wood that forms the bulk of the island.

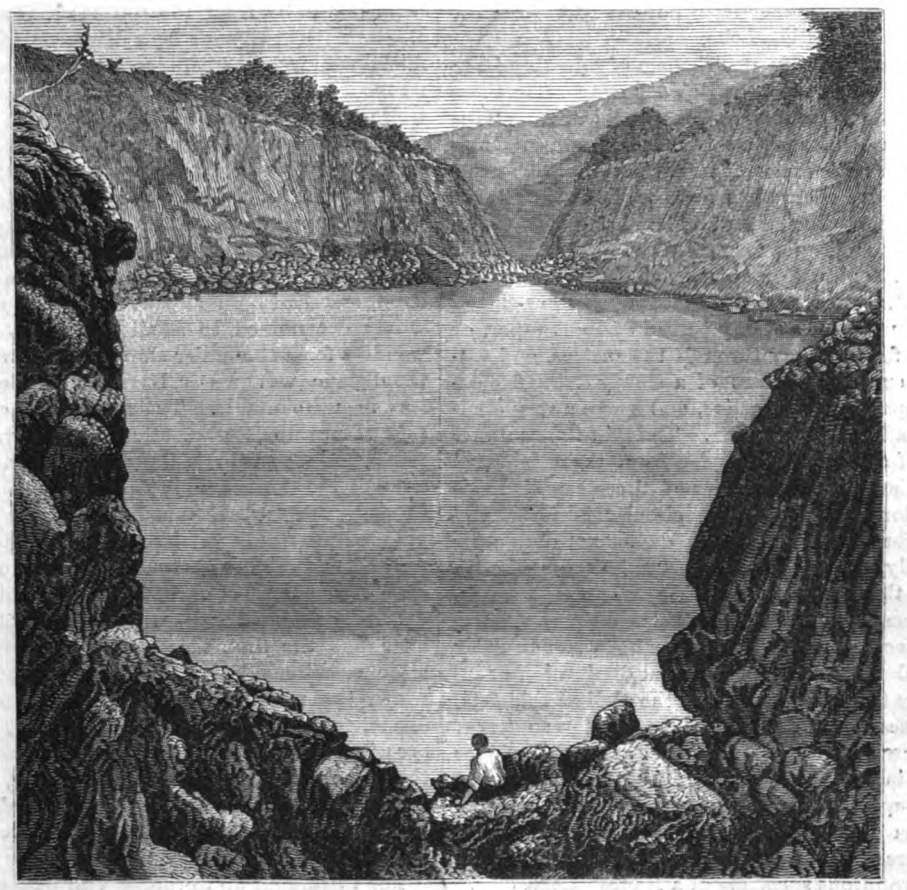
Yet human life, the one true meaning and summary of all other sublunary life, the tongue and purport, without which rocks, trees, waters, skies, suns, however "sweet and pleasant things," as the old temple-building monarch of Jerusalem called them long ago, are, for all that, feelingless and dumb, is not absolutely wanting even in the inmost recesses of the Dominican mountain-maze. Deep in emerald valleys, hemmed in by ravine and precipice, overhung with towering tree-ferns and the glossy giant leaf of the wild plantain; moist with the daily showers that suddenly sweep down like white curtains from the dark and jagged heights overhead, to be as suddenly followed by the hot sunshine of the cloudless blue, till every form of vegetable life springs up and flourishes in a confused plenitude of beauty—even here, in these seemingly inaccessible Edens, glisten between rock and forest the scattered huts, each with its little garden of half-reclaimed wilderness of flower and leaf, where live the wood-cutter, the charcoal-burner, the negro cultivator, each with his swarming family, part and parcel of the wild yet gentle nature around. Scenes where rises the thought so old and yet so new—old as Hesiod, as Horace, as Ebn Toghrai, recent as Goldsmith, as Cowper, as Wordsworth; the thought disclosed in sudden gleams amid the fitful storminess of Byron, nor wholly unknown even to the atmosphere of our own day, and its prophet, the bard of "Locksley Hall." It is the thought that always abides, though it may not be always perceptible, in the depth of every human heart that has a depth, in every mind that is not mere surface and show—"Were it not better with me here

A MULATTO GIRL OF MARTINIQUE.

than in the turmoil of events and politics, in the restlessness of science and progress, in the artificialities and conventionalities of civilized life? Were there not here for me, in this wood-cutter's hut, in this garden shed—

> "More enjoyment than in all this march of mind,
> In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts
> that shake mankind"?

Vain thought! Better it might be, perhaps, in itself; but, better or not, it is not for thee. The same all-governing law, the same absolute and ever-present decree which made that peasant, that wood-cutter, what he is, and placed them one and all where they are, that gave form and being to the rocks and forests around them—the great external existence of which their individualized existence, and thine are but the manifested expressions, admits no modification, no reversal of its ordinance, allows no barter or exchange of the conditions it has determined. Thou art what thou art, as they are what they are; the sympathy, be it never so deep, that draws thee from thy appointed place may refer to a past or foreshadow a future mode of existence; in the present it is mere ineffectual longing, utterly vain.



THE BOILING LAKE OF DOMINICA.

Back, then, to the civilized and sociable life, with all its kindnesses, all its littlenesses, that await us in Roseau; the quiet island haven, where the daily ripples of pains and pleasures, of ambitions and interests, of parochial victories and district defeats, may well, even when most agitated, pass for absolute calm if contrasted with the great waves of the mighty human oceans, called Continents, States, Kingdoms, Empires. To one fresh, I will not say from Europe, but from Demerara, Jamaica, or even Barbadoes, Dominica may stand for a symbol of absolute quiet, of repose, of stillness, almost of sleep.

Yet when that acute observer of the surface of things, A. Trollope, on his visit to Roseau, describes the place as dreamy, declining—nay, dead—he falls into an error which those who take him for their guide—and in the majority of cases he is a safe one to follow—would do well to avoid. Neither Dominica nor its capital can justly be described as unthriving, or devoid of hope for the coming years. With a climate of singular healthfulness, a rich volcanic soil, a copious rainfall, an industrious and intelligent population, and a surplus in the insular treasury, the fortunes of the colony are already on the rise; and the cultivation of coffee, in which it formerly excelled, and now has fortunately resumed, is a surer staff to lean on along the road of success than the bruised, if not broken, reed of sugar.

It was in Dominica, and Dominica alone of all West Indian Islands, that my eye was gladdened by the sight of the genuine, undegenerate coffee-plant of Yemen, a very different shrub in produce, as in leaf and general appearance, from the ordinary growth—West or South African in its origin, I believe—that constitutes the plantations of the West Indies and Brazil. Every one knows how superior the Arabian is in every respect to the South American berry; and the cultivation of the former, if rightly and intelligently carried out, cannot fail to prove for Dominica a mine of prosperity and wealth. Cocoa, too, flourishes here; or, rather, were proper care bestowed on it, would flourish, scarce less vigorously than in Trinidad itself. The lime-groves of Dominica already rival those of Montserrat; vanilla finds nowhere else a more congenial temperature or soil. Few, indeed, are the sources of well-doing common to the Western tropics, sugar to a certain extent excepted, that are wanting to Dominica, or, rather, in which she does not of herself abound and excel.

But it is not precisely with these topics that I have at present to do, nor is there any great need for dilating on them here. The British West Indies, like the negroes that form the bulk of their population, have no lack of panegyrists, or of calumniators either, judicious or injudicious, truthful or exaggerated, as the case may be; and whoever lists may amuse himself by balancing the ecstacies of Kingsley against the cynicism of Trollope, and the Jamaica of the *Quarterly Review* against that of Dr. Greig and *Fraser's Magazine*. To each man his own opinion; mine, after a tolerable amount of observation and experience, is that, taking into account the many defects and shortcomings to which everything under the moon, flesh

or non-flesh, is the natural and well-endowed heir, not least so, perhaps, within the tropics, the British West Indies yet remain a pleasant home to the colonist, a good investment to the capitalist, a happy land (or lands, if you will) to the native; that their white population is, as a rule, right-minded and energetic, their colored classes clever and progressive, their blacks industrious, orderly, and the very reverse of barbarous or ill-disposed in any respect. And Dominica, the first among the Lesser Antilles for picturesque beauty, is by no means the last in the catalogue of industry, productiveness, and prosperous hope.

And having said this much of the island in general, and what it has in common with others of the Lesser Antilles, I will now describe, or at least endeavor to describe, something it possesses, the like of which is certainly not to be found elsewhere throughout the whole West Indian region, nor, so far as I know, in any other region of the New World or the Old: I mean its Boiling Lake.

Hot springs and boiling pools, some of tolerably large dimensions, do, indeed, exist, and plenty of them, in these latitudes. All down the range of the Antilles, from Saba to Tobago, there is scarcely an island but owns its *soufrière*, or *solfatera*; the crater, it would seem, of some volcano whose eruptive energy has by degrees dwindled into that milder form, a specimen of which is familiar to the easy tourist of the European continent at Pozzuoli, in the neighborhood of Naples. Some of these soufrières are wholly or almost extinct, and have subsided into mere yellow-tinged ashpits, where, perhaps, a scanty thread of light vapor, or a tepid spring, finds its way through the surface, and witnesses to the expiring embers of a slowly dying fire below; others, again, are still active, and make a very creditable display after their fashion. Thus, in the soufrière of St. Lucia, for instance, not far from the celebrated "Pitons" of that island, the floor of the steep crater is pierced by a dozen large hollows, circular in form, and varying from four to sixteen feet in diameter; each overboiling furiously, one with coal-black water, another with milky white, a third with gray mud, a fourth with a mixture of all these; while countless little apertures, some barely an inch across, send up steam or hot water in noisy jets, and have done so without material diminution or increase ever since the first memories of the earliest colonists, full two centuries ago. In Martinique, on the contrary, the only soufrière on duty—it is situated among the slopes of the great extinct volcano, Mont Pélé—has of late years fallen half asleep. But none throughout the Caribbean Archipelago can rival either for extent or activity the Grande Soufrière of Dominica; none other rewards its visitors with the wondrous spectacle of a Boiling Lake.

However, not the lake only, but the soufrière itself, within the circuit of which it is situated, had remained alike unvisited, though their existence was vaguely rumored, for a hundred years past. Several smaller and more accessible soufrières are scattered throughout this highly volcanic island; and they had often been explored, either out of mere curiosity, or for such hopes of profit as the sulphur they contain might afford; a profit that, but for the difficulties of transport, might in some instances be not inconsiderable.

But in the southeast of the island there rises a mass of abrupt forest-clad ridges, over which a white cloud ever hovers night and day; or, if blown asunder for a few hours by the strong trade-wind, soon reunites to brood as before over its native haunt. The ascent of these summits, though more than once attempted, had, for seventy years at least, remained unaccomplished; tradition only, speaking through an old French description of the island, told of a large and active soufrière, nestled amid the highest ranges of the south; and added that the hot and steaming Sulphur River, whose milky waters rush down crag and precipice to the Eastern Sea, close to what was then called Point Mulâtre, or, now, Mulatto Point, took its origin in a boiling lake, which also was situated in the same mountain region. But for a century or thereabout, not only had no European succeeded in penetrating to this reported wonder; no negro charcoal-burner, however familiar with the "bush," had pushed his rovings to the brink of the soufrière; the Caribs even—of whom a few families, with the instinctive shrinking from civilization and organized labor peculiar to their kind, yet lead a secluded and savage life on the southeastern coast, not far from the banks of the Sulphur River itself—knew nothing, or at any rate had nothing to say, of the lonely region that towered above their abodes. The strong smell of sulphur, that, when the wind happened to be from the southeast, reached the town of Rosseau itself, though at a distance of fourteen or fifteen miles in a straight line, alone gave witness how huge must be the dimensions, how constant the activity of the soufrière whence it proceeded.

So matters stood when, on a January morning in 1875, an exploring party, headed by two young and enterprising English colonists—the one a district magistrate, the other a medical practitioner—took on themselves once more the task of verification or discovery. Abandoning the shorter but impracticable line of track that led up from the eastern coast, and had been already tried, but unavailingly, they wisely determined to assail this stronghold of nature's wonders from the easier slopes of the west, on which side the distance was greater, but the obstacles, as they judged, less insurmountable. Their idea was correct, and their safe return to Roseau, after three days' absence in the forest, brought with it the confirmation of the existence alike of the Grande Soufrière and the Boiling Lake, both of which they described as by far surpassing in extent and grandeur anything yet known in the West Indies, though difficult and even dangerous of access, nor available to any ends except those of curiosity, perhaps of science.

During a second visit, which was effected some months later than the first, the explorers discovered a somewhat more circuitous but easier line of approach, following which the most dangerous and breakneck pass of the former route could be evaded. On this, as on the former occasion, too, the adventurers bivouacked in the depth of the forest, close to the soufrière itself, where they constructed an *ajoupa*, or improvised wood-hut, for shelter during the nights that had unavoidably to be passed in this wild region.

The third, and up to the present date the latest, expedition to the Boiling Lake, was on the occasion of my visit to the island in the Spring of the present year, when Dr. Nicholls, the same young and energetic medical officer who had taken a leading part in the two former expeditions, again proposed the attempt, and undertook the organization of the party. It included, besides ourselves, two other Englishmen—the one a member of the Colonial Bank establishment, the other a son of Mr. Eldridge, the deservedly popular administrator or president of the island, whose guest I had the good fortune to be at the time. All my companions were young, active, and possessed of every quality, bodily and mental, that could be required for an enterprise such as ours; but they, like myself, were unacquainted with the soufrière district, and the leadership of the band was therefore gladly intrusted to Dr. Nicholls, who showed himself entirely equal to the duties of the undertaking.

So, one Spring morning, early, mounted on sure-footed island ponies, we rode out of Roseau, and set our horses'

heads and our own eastward, in quest of the Boiling Lake. Our way led first up the beautiful Roseau Valley, with its steep cliffs and overshadowing woods, mingled with the bright yellow of ripening canefields and the darker foliage of cocoa or coffee plantations, with small European residences or negro huts peeping out here and there, till we came in sight of the great waterfalls, each a hundred feet in height, by which the waters of the Roseau River cast themselves headlong from the central range. Higher and higher we climbed the mountain-side, amid that scenery which description has so often attempted, but never can realize for those who have not themselves witnessed it—the scenery of the West Indian tropics; where the noblest forest growth that fancy can picture, mixed with tree-fern and palm, overcanopies bank and dell, thick matted with fern, golden, silver maiden-hair, every lovely variety of leaf and tint, amid red-flowered balisiers, white-blossomed arums, and a thousand other gems of Flora's crown, the whole lit up by the purest sunlight, and glittering as it waved in the glad morning breeze.

Stopping a moment to drink from a mineral spring of some note, we rode on till a narrow horse-path led us across a broken plateau to the little hamlet of Laudat, about 1,500 feet above the sea. Here our guides, or, rather, the carriers of our provisions, hammocks and so forth, awaited us, to perform with us the remainder of the proposed route on foot, as neither horse-track, nor, indeed, any other track, except what we might make for ourselves, existed further on.

Laudat is the furthest village inland in this direction, and its neat little wood cottages, about twenty in all, each apart, and at some distance from the others, are inhabited by a hardy, chocolate-colored race, in which French, Carib and negro blood seems, by the indications of feature and limb, to have been mixed in tolerably equal proportions. In front of Laudat the view is open, and reaches down the Roseau Valley to the blue Western Sea. Behind the village plateau rises a dense wall of forest, and further back, height above height, the central mountain range. The peasants' "gardens," to give them their established West Indian name, or, as we should call them, fields of yam, banana, legumens and the like, reach in irregular fashion a mile or so upward into the woods. Our provisions, a couple of hammocks, a few blankets, and such like gear, were here divided among six of the negroes, or quasi-negroes, of the place; two of whom also carried large cutlasses, in order to fray the way through the innumerable *lianes* or creepers that weave the forest together with a network that, like the Gordian knot, may be severed by force, but not disentangled by skill.

Other and doughtier uses might have been anticipated for these formidable-looking weapons, but there were none such in truth. Wild beasts of dangerous kinds, and, indeed, any wild beasts at all, except harmless little agoutis, are rare in the forest; venomous serpents are unknown; the number of insects even—scorpions, centipedes, ants and the like—is remarkably small, possibly owing to the large proportions of sulphur and iron with which the soil is everywhere imbued; and "perils of robbers," St. Paul himself, were he Apostle of Dominica, or, I believe, of any other British West Indian island, would have none to record.

Our preparations had only in view a rough march, and a day and night, or, indeed, more likely, two days and two nights, amid the mountain solitudes, at a height where the cold was sure to make itself almost unpleasantly felt, though we counted on sheltering ourselves under at least the relics of the *ajoupa*, erected and repaired on previous occasions.

It was now noon, and if we wished to reach the *ajoupa* before nightfall, there was no time to be lost; so without delay we marshaled our file, the cutlass-bearers in front, the heavier-laden baggage-bearers in the rear, and off we started on foot, to toil onward as best we might until the evening. A walk of this kind, through a pathless wilderness of mountain and forest, offers much to interest and much to amuse, though at the same time much to weary, those who undertake it; but a detailed description would, I fear, tend rather to produce the latter than either of the former feelings in the reader. A mere sketch may therefore suffice.

For some miles our ascent lay under a green canopy of glistening leaves, sixty, eighty, or a hundred feet above our heads, and between giant tree-trunks, smooth and stately, ornamented, or rather garlanded, each one with lovely creepers, parasitical ferns and mosses, and strange twining growths that might in form and color have furnished hints or models for the most exquisite patterns that ever decorated china or glass. During this part of the journey our chief, indeed our only annoyance, the inevitable fatigue of climbing excepted, arose from the multitudinous snare-work of roots that twined and twisted like snakes in every direction along and across the way to entangle and trip up whoever did not take care to direct his eye before his foot.

Once past the Laudat gardens, no trace of man or man's work was visible for the rest of our journey. As the ground continued to rise the forest trees diminished in height and size, while, on the contrary, the undergrowth of bush, often troublesome from its thorns and prickles, continued to increase till we reached the margin of a deep ravine, down which a rapid stream rushed on its way to join the Roseau River. Here the character of our march changed, the continuous slope up which we had climbed thus far giving place to a succession of the abruptest gullies that it has ever been my lot to traverse. Hands and feet were alike in requisition as we toiled onward, now clinging for help to the small tree-trunks through which we forced our passage, at the continual risk of laying hold of some deceptive bough, rotten in all but its outward bark; or, worse still, catching for support at a prickly stem that pierced fingers and hands with its sharp needles; till when, after several hundred feet of a climb that might have done honor to the most dare-devil of Marryat's midshipmen, we found ourselves at the top of the ridge, it was only to begin over again, after an interval of scarcely a yard's breadth, a descent steeper, if possible, and more venturesome than the ascent before had been. This manœuvre we repeated half a dozen times, every ridge being somewhat higher than the one passed, with the occasional unpleasant variation of having to follow up some torrent, pent in between perpendicular crags on either side, where we made our way by jumping, gracefully or otherwise, from one slippery boulder of volcanic rock to another, at a tolerable risk of dislocated or broken limbs, and frequently sliding off knee-deep into the water that foamed and roared around.

"What idiots we must look were there anyone to see us!" was the thought that occurred to me again and again, as we performed fantastic capers in the grasshopper style, or rivaled the postures of a band of clambering spider-monkeys, minus their prehensile tails. Possibly the same thought may have crossed the minds of my companions also; but, except an occasional English ejaculation, the same, it might be, that Byron declares to have no like for emphasis in any other language, and Blake considers to have a very bracing and beneficial effect, when any small misadventure, such as a slip, a fall, a wounded hand or

foot, or the like bad hap, befell one or other of the climbers, I think nothing but what was heroic and befitting heroic deeds was said or sung by any individual of our party—at least, among its European contingent. The blacks and half-blacks laughed at everything and nothing; but that was with them a matter rather of habit, I fear, than of heroism; while ever and anon a mocking-bird from behind its leafy screen laughed securely at us all.

The sun's rays, visible at rare intervals through the dense wood, were fast slanting to a level, when, after a long and weary struggle up the highermost gully, we stood at last on the central ridge of the island, looking down on either side to west and east—to west, where the low sun brightened into one dazzling sheen the now distant Caribbean Sea; to the east, where steep mountain-tops sunk down one below another to the restless, white-waved Atlantic. A little further on we plunged again into a labyrinth of small trees thickly planted in a deep layer of decaying vegetable matter, intermixed with slender bamboo tufts, where we were scarcely able to make out the right direction of our path amid the maze of green young trunks; till from in front a light suddenly broke in on us, as though there was nothing but open sky before—and so in fact it was.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

All at once, with scarcely a warning, we stepped out of the continuous forest, right upon the edge of a sheer precipice several hundred feet in height; while below us lay a huge valley, or rather gulf, reeking in every part with

thick white sulphur vapors that rose from the depths and curled up the bare sides of the abyss. Holding on to each other's hands, or to the shrubs that grew nearest the edge, we leaned over as far as we dared, gazing down into the steamy chasm below, and resembling in a very general way the Dantes and Virgils of Flaxman's statuesque outline, where they bend over the margin of Malebolge, it may be, or of the awful bridge that spans the flaming gulf.

Now, indeed, we had before us the Grande Soufrière; but how were we to descend and explore its depths? In front was a sheer precipice of volcanic rock and hardened ash intermixed, a naked crag suggestive of almost certain falls and broken bones on the rocks below, and down the face of which the "Antiquary's" Lovel himself would scarcely have ventured, though the rescue of an Isabel Wardour had depended on the trial. By this descent, however, such is the ardor of first discovery, Dr. Nicholls and his companions had once ventured, but only once—glad on a second visit to have discovered a longer but less dangerous track, that, winding half way round the crater, leads to a slope, sufficiently abrupt in all conscience, but conveniently clad with trees down to the immediate neighborhood of the sulphur-sources.

THE PET LAMB.—SEE PAGE 107.

This path we unanimously resolved to try once more; and after much cutlass work among the tangled bush growth, and many involuntary gymnastic feats of the kind described already, we finally reached the lower ledge, on which we had fore-determined to pass the night. Great was our joy to find, just as darkness was closing in, the identical ajoupa erected so long ago, sheltered from the chances of storm by overarching trees, and strengthened by the indestructible vitality of its own materials; every stake, every support, having taken root in the rich soil, and now throwing out foliage and branches enough to form a living roof in place of the dead thatch and dried leaves which still partly covered it. Here we lighted our fires, and while our supper of cabbage-palm, salt fish, and other West Indian delicacies was preparing, listened to the bubbling roar and frequent explosions of the sulphur-sources, now not a hundred yards below—watched the large fireflies as they glanced between the trees, and inhaled, along with the more congenial smoke of tobacco, frequent whiffs of sulphur vapor; while every article of silver on our persons, watch, chain, stud, coin, or whatever it might be, turned black in the fuming atmosphere of the gulf which now shut us in among its depths.

To say we had a merry evening, and a sound sleep afterward, in spite of vocal tree-frogs, huge crickets, and other wood insects, probably of the beetle family, whose hard toil did not, it seemed, divide the night from the day—or, rather, rendered the former the noisier of the two, would be unnecessary for those who know what is meant by a long day's march and a camping-out in the forest. As for those who do not know, let them try; they will be all the better for it.

Next morning we were up betimes, and partly by our own efforts, partly by sheer compliance with the laws of gravitation, descended the bank, and soon found ourselves on the soft ash-bed that paves the half-extinct crater. From innumerable sources, large and small, some sulphur-incrusted with bright yellow, others blood-red with iron oxide, or white with insoluble salt—magnesium principally, I believe—there gushed up a mixture of boiling water and steam, amid a constant tumult of noises,

hissings, bubblings, explodings—here more, there less—throughout the whole extent of the gulf. The waters, white, black and red, mingling at the lower end of the valley, rushed out in a strong torrent, scalding hot and steaming as they went; in many places the vapor-cloud formed a thick, impenetrable vail; no plant but an ugly, bluish-colored, broad-leaved Clusia grew for some distance from the blighting fumes.

We did all that it is customary for travelers to do; tested the heat of some sources, irritated others by attempts at choking them up with stones; thrust sticks into the yellow paste of ash and sulphur, over which, in many places, the foot cannot safely tread; gathered specimens of the various deposits; and, above all, admired the lonely, demoniacal grandeur of this semi-infernal hollow; till, remembering that the Boiling Lake was yet unvisited, we renewed our way, picking our steps carefully among scalding pools and over the treacherous sulphur crust that rang hollow to the tread; till we reached the main exit of the soufrière waters at the lower end of the crater.

For a little distance we then followed the torrent's course, that struggled seaward through a narrow gully, rendered unpleasantly warm by the vapor of the parti-colored water reeking from its source, and yet further heated by a steaming milk-white cascade that leapt down in a giant curve, not unlike the outline of the Swiss Giessbach, from the cliff on our right; while to the left an isolated but noisy sulphur-vent smoked like a dozen united limekilns. The Black Country, of Wolverhampton notoriety, is a weird place, and suggests weird ideas enough, whether traversed by night or by day; but it is "mild-domestic" compared to Nature's own White Country, the sulphur region of Dominica. A world like this, abandoned to volcanic agencies, as, *e. g.*, the moon is supposed to have been at some unlucky epoch of her existence, would be a more fitting abode than even the biblical Babylon for the satyrs, dragons, and other doleful creatures of the prophet—a throne for Arimanes himself.

Turning northeast, we clambered for an hour or so, first across a knife-like dividing ridge, and then among the broken hollows of a second crater or soufrière, considerably larger in dimensions than the first, but comparatively quiescent; a silent, burnt-out region of ash and sulphur, surrounded by high bare walls of pumice and volcanic crag. Little steam was here visible, nor were any explosions to be heard from underneath; but the many springs of white, yellow, red or black water that pierced and furrowed the spongy crust in every direction were all hot, and told of fires yet smoldering at no great distance below. In front of us rose a bare ridge of heaped-up pumice and ash, shutting off the southerly segment of the great crater as though with a partition wall; and from behind its range, vast columns of steam whitened against the dazzling blue of the cloudless sky. We took the intervening barrier at a run, and checked ourselves short at the top: a few steps more would have sent us head-foremost into the Boiling Lake.

A strange sight to see, and not less awful than strange. Fenced in by steep—mostly, indeed, perpendicular—banks, varying from sixty to a hundred feet high, cut out in ash and pumice, the lake rages and roars like a wild beast in its cage; the surface, to which such measurements as we could make assigned about two hundred yards in length by more than half the same amount in breadth, is that of a giant seething cauldron, covered with rapid steam, through which, when the vail is for a moment blown apart by the mountain breeze, appears a confused mass of tossing waves, crossing and clashing in every direction—a chaos of boiling waters. Toward the centre, where the ebullition is at its fiercest, geyser-like masses are being constantly thrown up to the height of several feet, not on one exact spot, but shifting from side to side, each fresh burst being preceded by a noise like that of cannon fired off at some great depth below; while lesser jets often suddenly make their appearance nearer the sides of the lake. What the general depth of the water may be would be difficult to ascertain; but a line stretched out over the edge from the end of a pole indicates a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet within a couple of yards distance from the shore. The heat of the water, where it beats in seething restlessness on the cliff, is 185° Fahrenheit; we tied a thermometer to a stick, and found the surface temperature at the distance of a few feet further on to be almost 200° Fahrenheit. The height of the lake above the sea is a little over 2,400 feet; an elevation which, at an average atmosphere temperature of 64°, gives the boiling point for water at 207° Fahrenheit, or near it.

The lake is evidently supplied for the most part from springs within its own circuit; but a little stream, formed by the union of two small mountain rivulets, runs down from the heights to the north; the water of the brook is cold, and may contribute somewhat, especially in the rainy season, to the volume of the lake. The addition must, however, be slight; for the highest water-line along the cliffs, marked partly by erosion, partly by a bright yellow band of sulphur deposit, was, at the epoch of our visit, that is, at the conclusion of the dry season in Dominica, only a few inches above the actual water-level; an additional proof that the lake is almost wholly supplied from below. In fact, the principal effect of a heavy rain-shower or an augmented inflow, is said to be a sudden increase in the violence of the surface action, the result, doubtless, of the shock produced by the meeting of such very opposite temperatures.

This torrent, by the stones and earth brought down with it in its descent, has formed a slope which, though steep, permits of a cautious approach to the water's edge; everywhere else the cliffs are absolutely perpendicular; but gradually lessen in height toward the southern extremity, where a gate-like rent has been formed, through which the waters rush out in a scalding torrent, and bear their heat with them far down the mountain-sides, as they seek the Eastern Sea at Mulatto Point. No vegetation, except the dreary Clusia before spoken of, with a dingy kind of moss, and not more cheerful-looking growth of Pitcairnia, exists within the immediate range of the heated sulphureous vapors; but on looking round we see the further background closed in by noble forests, like those we had traversed on our way hither. To the southeast the prospect offers a rapid descent from height to height, each clothed in woods. The island shore itself is hidden from sight by the steep perspective line; but beyond it the calm sea mirror comes in view, and, further yet, the northern extremity of Martinique, its yellowing cane-fields distinctly visible, though more than thirty miles distant, through the pure, transparent atmosphere. Above us was the deep azure of the sky, vailed ever and anon by massive wreaths of steam, that ceaselessly rose in capricious swirls, to be caught up and scattered by the trade-winds, then to reunite in one dense canopy overhead. Seen from a distance, these steam-wreaths form the cloud so often noticed by seafarers as they coast along the southerly shore of Dominica, and look high up to the rugged crest of the Grande Soufrière.

Here we remained, as long as prudence and the mindfulness of the long and difficult route that lay behind us permitted, in wondering delight; tried to walk round the lake along the cliffs, but could not manage it; took meas-

urements; tested the heat of the water; irritated the geyser-like action, where not too far from the margin, by throwing down stones, which were followed, after nearly a minute's interval, by the usual result of a more violent ebullition than customary; and lastly, attempted sketches from several points of view, but found the attempt to be a pursuit of art under difficulties, amid the blinding steam and pungent vapor.

I wish that I had some interesting legend to recount connected with the spot; and for such we curiously inquired, but in vain, from our dusky attendants. No negro, no Carib tradition, adds the wonders of imagination to those of fact; no story of past demi-god or devil, of nymph or neckar, assigns an origin or a history to the lake. Yet superstitious beliefs and tales of all kinds abound among the negroes of Dominica no less than of every other West Indian island; and stories of the kind are often attached to localities and surroundings of much less extraordinary, or, rather, of the most ordinary and prosaic, character. A highway corner, a tree on the village green, a piece of ruined wall, has its "jumby," its "duppy," its apparition, its haunting power; while the deep forest, the mountain cave, the wild ravine, the gloomy hollow, remain untenanted by the creations of preternatural belief. But thus it often is, not in the West Indies nor among negroes only, but under other skies and among other races.

Whether the seeming anomaly tells against the Buckle theory of man's passivity to natural law, or whether it can be accounted for by that very law, and so brought into accordance with the general system of the experimental school, I cannot say; indeed, to investigate a question of so indefinite a character would be not less laborious than unprofitable. But certainly the amount and the quality of local superstition have, in countless instances, nothing to do with the very circumstances to which the philosophers of that school would most readily ascribe their origin and shape. The Egyptian, on his level, uniform strip of plain, beside a river regular as clockwork in its annual variations, and under a sky unvaried by cloud or storm, is brimful of the beliefs we term superstitions; Afreets, Ghouls, Kotrobs, and a hundred other chimeras dire, of names to make even a German orientalist stare and gasp, these are to the natives of the Nile Valley things of every-day occurrence, realities of common life, not so much credited as experienced, witnessed, known. Meanwhile, the Swiss peasant, amid the wildest scenery of mountain and forest, the most varied and startling phenomena of climate and season, has scarcely—except, perhaps, in a manufactured novel—a story of the kind to recount. Russian folklore, that demoniacal menagerie of strange shapes and preternatural existences, has been elaborated amid the most undiversified, the dreariest monotony of scenery that Europe or Asia can afford; while tedious legends of saints and virgins—pale transcripts at most, equally devoid of feeling and of originality—are all that the romantic and awe-inspiring scenery of Spain has produced to the world. Just so, to adduce an oft-noted illustration, the most exquisitely carved and choicely painted images are rarely the objects of popular devotion, or accredited with supernatural power; while the miracles of some hideous, discolored daub, or very commonplace doll, are reckoned by thousands. Either, then, it would seem, the source, the origin, of these strange imaginings is wholly within us ourselves, or, if without us, it is something not to be analyzed or explained by actual sense.

Be this as it may, the Boiling Lake has, for aught that we could discover, remained a mere natural phenomenon for Indians and Creoles, no less than for Europeans, up to the present day; and when we were about, however reluctantly, to take our leave of this wonder-abounding spot, and one of our attendant negroes, turning back, addressed the vaporous gulf with a cabalistic "Salaam-Aleykum" picked up from some African cousin of Mohammedan origin, he gave the first and only expression of superstition aroused by the view.

For ourselves, a more prosaic consideration suggested itself to our minds, as, tired with rambling and scrambling (there is high authority just now for dualistic phrases of the sort, and my readers may pass me this one), we rested ourselves by a little spring, not far from our ajoupa, in a narrow, hill-shaded glen, and drank the chalybeate waters, sparkling with carbonic gas, that welled up at our feet, amid a matted growth of golden fern, wild-flowers and giant moss. What a magnificent sanatorium might not be erected here, beside the waters, sulphureous or ferruginous, of every temperature, every quality, for bath or drink; here, amid the pure cool atmosphere of the heights, an atmosphere that might alone seem a sufficient restorative for impaired health, and strength exhausted by the lowland heats. By the margin of sources absolutely unimportant and inefficient compared to these, the French colonists of Martinique have erected the baths and sanatoriums of the Eaux du Précheur, the Eaux Didier and the Eaux St. Michel; and yet are they not, in this respect, almost outstripped by the Anatolian Turk, who has constructed cupolas and lodging apartments by the side of every *Ilijeh*, or "Healing," as he names the hot mineral springs of his nature-favored land? Have we, then, yet to take sanitary lessons from the Turk? or to learn from the French the right use to be made of the goods the gods provide us?

But it is not man, it is Nature herself, that is here in fault. She has, in the Grande Soufrière and Boiling Lake of Dominica, fenced in her treasures with such rugged barriers, interposed so many obstacles to success, that all the financial resources of the Leeward Confederation, and of the Windward, too—if our Barbadian friends ever permit its formation—would fail to make, not a carriage-road, but even a tolerable bridle-path, from the coast up to these heights.

"Once in a twelvemonth is enough for an expedition like this," was the unanimous verdict of our party when, in the dusk of evening, we at last reached Laudat, and found ourselves with just enough strength remaining to mount our horses and ride slowly down the Roseau Valley, partly illuminated by a crescent moon, and more so by innumerable fireflies, each a living, burning lamp, and reentered Roseau late on the second night after our departure.

Many others than ourselves will, I hope, in the course of time visit what we visited, and admire what we admired; but none will, I think, enjoy themselves more, or carry away pleasanter recollections, not of scenery and soufrière only, but of cheerful companions and good-fellowship, than it was our fortune to do.

THE PET LAMB.

Some little children once had a pet lamb. They had taken care of it since it was very small. It ran after them, and played with them, and ate from their hands. But one morning, when their lessons were done, and they ran as usual to play with "Snowy," they saw before the door a large, rough-looking boy dragging the little white lamb by a rope around its neck.

"What are you going to do with Snowy?" exclaimed the children, running up to him; "that's *our* lamb."

"It won't do you much good, now you have found her,"

THE FRANCISCAN AND THE INDIAN.—"YOU HAVE DROPPED YOUR ROSARY ON THE WAY, FATHER, AND I HAVE PICKED IT UP."

said the boy. "Master bought her this morning, and I am going to take her to the slaughter-house."

"To the slaughter-house! Kill our Snowy! You sha'n't do it!" cried Ralph, with crimson cheeks and sparkling eyes, while the other children broke out into loud exclamations, putting their arms around Snowy, and trying to snatch the rope out of the lad's hand.

Just then a gentleman came by, and asked what all that noise was about.

"It is our lamb, sir," said Ralph, half choked with trying not to cry. "It is stolen from us, and I'm sure he's going to kill it."

The butcher explained that it had been sold to him.

"Oh, nonsense!" said the gentleman. "There, there, children, stop crying; the lamb shan't be killed this time. Give them the rope; I'll pay your master what he gave for the lamb."

The butcher did not like giving up the lamb at all at first, but the gentleman insisted upon his doing so; and paying him out of his own purse, told the children to take charge of the lamb.

How glad those children were, then! How they hugged poor Snowy, who had been in so much danger, and how they thanked the gentleman for his kindness!

THE FRANCISCAN AND THE INDIAN.

THE Indians are said to be aware of the existence of many rich silver-mines in Peru, the situations of which they will not disclose to the whites, just as our Indians are said to conceal the existence of gold. In the village of Huancayo there lived, some years ago, two brothers named Yriarte, who were the most prosperous mine-owners in Peru. Having obtained some information that in the neighboring mountains there were silver veins, they sent a young man in their employment to ascertain the truth.

The agent took up his abode in the cottage of a shepherd, and knowing the jealous character of the Indians, he carefully refrained from alluding to the object of his visit. After a short time an attachment arose between the young man and the shepherd's daughter, and at length he confided to her his desire to know where silver could be found. The girl promised to show him the position of a very rich mine. One day, when she was going out in charge of the sheep, she told him to follow at a distance, and to notice the spot where she would let fall, as if by accident, her mantle. On turning up the earth at that place, she assured him he would find the entrance to a mine.

The young man followed her directions, and, after digging for a little time, he discovered a mine of considerable depth, containing rich ore. Whilst busily engaged in breaking out the metal, he was joined by the girl's father, who affected to be surprised at the discovery, and offered to assist him. After they had worked for some hours, the Indian offered his companion a cup of drink, which the other had no sooner tasted than he felt convinced he had been poisoned. He snatched up the bag containing the metal he had collected, mounted his horse, and galloped off with the utmost speed to Huancayo. There he related to his employers all that had occurred, described as accurately as he could the situation of the mine, and died on the following night. Active measures were immediately taken to apprehend the Indian and his family, but without effect, for they had disappeared, and all traces of the mine were lost.

In Huancayo there resided a Franciscan friar, who was much addicted to gambling, a very common vice in those mining districts. He got into great difficulties in money matters. The Indians in the neighborhood of his dwelling were much attached to him, as he was of a kind and generous disposition, and they frequently sent him presents of poultry, cheese and butter.

One day, after he had been a loser to a considerable amount at the gaming-table, he complained bitterly of his misfortunes to an Indian who was particularly attached to him. After some deliberation the Indian remarked that he might possibly be able to assist him, and on the following evening he brought him a large box full of silver ore. This present was several times repeated, and the friar was curious to find out where the treasure was obtained. He accordingly pressed the Indian so closely that the latter consented to show him the mine from which the silver was produced, and on an appointed night he came, with two of his friends, to the house of the friar. They blindfolded him, and each of them, in turn, carried him on their shoulders a distance of several leagues into the mountain passes. At length they set him down, and the bandage being removed from his eyes, he discovered that he was in a small and somewhat shallow shaft, and was surrounded by bright masses of silver. He was allowed to take away as much as he could carry, and when laden with the rich prize he was again blindfolded, and conveyed back in the same manner as he had been brought to the mine.

Whilst the Indians were conducting him home, he unfastened his rosary, and dropped the beads at intervals along

the path, hoping by this means to find his way back to the mine on the following morning; but in the course of an hour or two after reaching his home his Indian friend knocked at the door, and giving him a handful of beads, said: "You dropped your rosary on the way, father, and I have picked it up." You may be sure after this attempt to cheat his generous friends the friar got no more silver from them.

THE LADY ROHESIA.

THE Lady Rohesia lay on her death-bed. So said the doctor, and doctors are generally allowed to be judges in these matters; besides, Dr. Butts was the court physician.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" said Beatrice Grey.

"Is there no hope?" said Everard Ingoldsby.

"Is there no hope?" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri. He was the Lady Rohesia's husband; he spoke the last.

The doctor shook his head. He looked at the disconsolate widower *in posse*, then at the hour-glass; its warning sand seemed sadly to shadow forth the sinking pulse of his patient. Dr. Butts was a very learned man. "*Ars longa, vita brevis!*" said Dr. Butts.

"I am very sorry to hear it," quoth Sir Guy de Montgomeri. Sir Guy was a brave knight, and a tall man, but he was no scholar.

"Alas! my poor sister!" sighed Ingoldsby.

"Alas! my poor mistress!" sobbed Beatrice.

Sir Guy neither sighed nor sobbed; his grief was too deep-seated for outward manifestation.

"And how long, doctor——" The afflicted husband could not finish the sentence.

Dr. Butts withdrew his hand from the wrist of the dying lady. He pointed to the horologe; scarcely a quarter of its sand remained in the upper moiety. Again he shook his head; the eye of the patient waxed dimmer—the rattling in the throat increased.

"What's become of Father Francis?" whimpered Beatrice.

"The last consolations of the church," suggested Everard.

A darker shade came over the brow of Sir Guy.

"Where is the confessor?" continued his grieving brother-in-law.

"In the pantry," cried Marion Hacket, pertly, as she tripped down-stairs in search of that venerable ecclesiastic—"in the pantry, I warrant me."

The bower-woman was not wont to be in the wrong—in the pantry was the holy man discovered—at his devotions.

"*Pax vobiscum!*" said Father Francis, as he entered the chamber of death.

"*Vita brevis!*" retorted Dr. Butts.

He was not a man to be browbeat out of his Latin, and by a paltry Friar Minim, too. Had he been a bishop, indeed, or even a mitred abbot—but a miserable Franciscan!

"*Benedicite!*" said the friar.

"*Ars longa!*" returned the leech.

Dr. Butts adjusted the tassels of his falling band, drew his short, sad-colored cloak closer around him; and, grasping his cross-handled walking-staff, stalked majestically out of the apartment.

Father Francis had the field to himself.

The worthy chaplain hastened to administer the last rites of the church. To all appearance he had little time to lose.

As he concluded, the dismal toll of the passing-bell sounded from the belfry-tower; little Hubert, the bandy-legged sacristan, was pulling with all his might.

The knell seemed to have some effect even upon the Lady Rohesia; she raised her head lightly; inarticulate sounds issued from her lips—inarticulate, that is, to the profane ears of the laity.

Those of Father Francis, indeed, were sharper—nothing, as he averred, could be more distinct than the words, "A thousand marks to the Priory of St. Mary Rounceval."

Now, the Lady Rohesia Ingoldsby had brought her husband broad lands and large possessions; much of her ample dowry, too, was at her own disposal, and nuncupative wills had not yet been abolished.

THE LADY ROHESIA.—"AT THIS INTERESTING MOMENT A BLOW DESCENDED."

"Pious soul!" ejaculated Father Francis. "A thousand marks, she said——"

"If she did, I'll be shot!" said Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

"A thousand marks," continued the confessor, fixing his cold gray eye upon the knight, as he went on, heedless of the interruption—"a thousand marks, and as many aves and paters shall be duly said as soon as the money is paid down."

Sir Guy shrank from the monk's gaze; he turned to the window, and muttered to himself something that sounded like, "Don't you wish you may get it?"

Father Francis had quitted the room, taking with him the remains of the holy oil he had been using for extreme unction. Everard Ingoldsby waited on him down-stairs.

"A thousand thanks," said the latter.

"A thousand marks," said the friar.

"A thousand devils!" growled Sir Guy de Montgomeri, from the top of the landing-place.

But his accents fell unheeded. His brother-in-law and the friar were gone; he was left alone with his departing lady and Beatrice Grey.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood pensively at the foot of the bed; his arms were crossed upon his bosom, his chin was sunk upon his breast; his eyes were filled with tears; the dim rays of the fading watchlight gave a darker shade to the furrows on his brow, and a brighter tint to the little bald patch on the top of his head—for Sir Guy was a middle-aged gentleman, tall and portly withal, with a slight bend in his shoulders, but that not much; his complexion was somewhat florid, especially about the nose; but his lady was *in extremis*, and at this particular moment he was paler than usual.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell.

The knight groaned audibly. Beatrice Grey wiped her eye with her little square apron of lace de Malines; there was a moment's pause—a moment of intense affliction; she let it fall, all but one corner, which remained between her finger and thumb. She looked at Sir Guy, drew the thumb and forefinger of her other hand slowly along its border, till they reached the opposite extremity. She sobbed aloud.

"So kind a lady!" said Beatrice Grey. "So excellent a wife!" responded Sir Guy. "So good!" said the damsel. "So dear!" said the knight. "So pious!" said she. "So humble!" said he. "So good to the poor!" "So capital a manager!" "So punctual at matins!" "Dinner dished to a moment!" "So devout!" said Beatrice. "So fond of me!" said Sir Guy. "And of Father Francis!" "What on earth do you mean by that?" demanded Sir Guy de Montgomeri.

The knight and the maiden had rung their antiphonic changes on the fine qualities of the departing lady, like the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek play.

The cardinal virtues once disposed of, her minor excellencies came under review.

She would drown a witch, drink lamb's wool at Christmas, beg Dominie Dump's boys a holiday, and dine upon sprats on Good Friday.

A low moan from the subject of these eulogies seemed to intimate that the enumeration of her good deeds was not altogether lost on her—that the parting spirit felt and rejoiced in the testimony.

"She was too good for earth," continued Sir Guy.

"Ye—ye—yes!" sobbed Beatrice.

"I did not deserve her," said the knight.

"No—o—o—o!" cried the damsel.

"Not but that I made her an excellent husband, and a kind; but she is going, and—and—where, or when, or how—shall I get such another!"

"Not in broad England—not in the whole wide world!" responded Beatrice Grey—"that is, not just such another!"

Her voice still faltered, but her accents, on the whole, were more articulate.

She dropped the corner of her apron, and had recourse to her handkerchief; in fact, her eyes were getting red—and so was the tip of her nose.

Sir Guy was silent; he gazed for a few moments steadfastly on the face of his lady.

The single word "Another!" fell from his lips like a distant echo. It is not often that the viewless nymph repeats more than is necessary.

"Bim! bome!" went the bell. Bandy-legged Hubert had been tolling for half an hour. He began to grow tired, and St. Peter fidgety.

"Beatrice Grey," said Sir Guy de Montgomeri, "what's to be done? What's to become of Montgomeri Hall? and the buttery? and the servants? And what—what's to become of me, Beatrice Grey?" There was pathos in his tones, and a solemn pause succeeded. "I'll turn monk myself," said Sir Guy.

"Monk?" said Beatrice.

"I'll be a Carthusian," repeated the knight, but in a tone less assured.

He relapsed into a reverie. Shave his head! He did not so much mind that—he was getting rather bald already—but beans for dinner, and those without butter! and then, a horse-hair shirt!

The knight seemed undecided. His eye roamed gloomily around the apartment; it paused upon different objects but as if it saw them not; its sense was shut, and there was no speculation in its glance. It rested at last upon the fair face of the sympathizing damsel at his side, beautiful in her grief.

Her tears had ceased, but her eyes were cast down and mournfully fixed upon her delicate little foot, which was beating the devil's tattoo.

There is no talking to a female when she does not look at you.

Sir Guy turned round; he seated himself on the edge of the bed, and, placing his hands beneath the chin of the lady, turned up her face in an angle of fifteen degrees.

"I don't think I shall take the vows, Beatrice; but what's to become of me? Poor, miserable, old—that is, poor, miserable, middle-aged—man that I am! No one to comfort—no one to care for me!"

Beatrice's tears flowed afresh, but she opened not her lips.

"'Pon my life!" continued he, "I don't believe there is a creature now would care a button if I were hanged tomorrow!"

"Oh, don't say so, Sir Guy!" sighed Beatrice; "you know there's — there's Master Everard, and — Father Francis——"

"Pish!" cried Sir Guy, testily.

Another pause ensued; the knight had released her chin and taken her hand. It was a pretty little hand, with long, taper fingers and filbert-formed nails; and the softness of the palm said little for its owner's industry.

"Sit down, my dear Beatrice," said the knight, thoughtfully; "you must be fatigued with your long watching. Take a seat, my child."

Sir Guy did not relinquish her hand, but he sidled along the counterpane, and made room for his companion between himself and the bedpost.

Now, this is a very awkward position for two people to be placed in, especially when the right hand of the one holds the right hand of the other. In such an attitude,

what the deuce can the gentleman do with his left? Sir Guy closed his till it became an absolute fist, and his knuckles rested on the bed, a little in the rear of his companion.

"Another!" repeated Sir Guy, musing—"if, indeed, I could find such another!"

He was talking to his thoughts, but Beatrice Grey answered him:

"There's Madame Fitzfoozle."

"A frump!" said Sir Guy.

"Or the Lady Bumbarton."

"With her hump!" muttered he.

"There's the Dowager——"

"Stop—stop!" said the knight; "stop one moment!"

He paused; he was all on the tremble; something seemed rising in his throat, but he gave a great gulp and swallowed it.

"Beatrice," said he, "what think you of"—his voice sank into a seductive softness—"what think you of—Beatrice Grey?"

The murder was out—the knight felt infinitely relieved; the knuckles of his left hand unclosed spontaneously, and the arm he had felt such a difficulty in disposing of found itself, nobody knows how, all at once encircling the jimp waist of the pretty Beatrice.

The young lady's reply was expressed in three syllables: "Oh, Sir Guy!"

The words might be somewhat indefinite, but there was no mistaking the look.

Their eyes met; Sir Guy's left arm contracted itself spasmodically. When the eyes meet—at least, as theirs met—the lips are very apt to follow the example. The knight had taken one long, loving kiss. Nectar and ambrosia! He thought on Dr. Butts and his "*repetatur haustus*"—a prescription Father Francis had taken infinite pains to translate for him. He was about to repeat it, but the dose was interrupted *in transitu*.

It has been hinted already that there was a little round, polished patch on the summit of the knight's pericranium, from which his locks had gradually receded—a sort of oasis, or, rather, a Mont Blanc in miniature, rising above the highest point of vegetation. It was on this little spot, undefended alike by art and nature, that at this interesting moment a blow descended, such as we must borrow a term from the Sister Island adequately to describe—it was a "whack."

Sir Guy started upon his feet; Beatrice Grey started upon hers, but a single glance to the rear reversed her position—she fell upon her knees and screamed.

The knight, too, wheeled about, and beheld a sight which might have turned a bolder man to stone.

It was she—the all but defunct Rohesia. There she sat, bolt upright! her eyes no longer glazed with the film of impending dissolution, but scintillating, like flint-and-steel; while in her hand she grasped the bed-staff, a weapon of mickle might, as her husband's bloody coxcomb could now well testify.

Words were yet wanting, for the quinsy, which her rage had broken, still impeded her utterance; but the strength and rapidity of her guttural intonations augured well for her future eloquence.

Sir Guy de Montgomeri stood for a while like a man distraught; this resurrection—for such it seemed—had quite overpowered him.

"A husband ofttimes makes the best physician," says the proverb; he was a living personification of its truth. Still, it was whispered, he had been content with Dr. Butts; but his lady was restored to bless him for many years. Heavens, what a life he led!

Years rolled on. The improvement of Lady Rohesia's temper did not keep pace with that of her health; and one fine morning Sir Guy de Montgomeri was seen to enter the *porte-cochère* of Durham House, at that time the town residence of Sir Walter Raleigh.

Nothing more was ever heard of him; but a boat-full of adventurers was known to have dropped down with the tide that evening to Deptford Hope, where lay the good ship *Darling*, commanded by Captain Kemyss, who sailed next morning on the Virginia voyage.

A brass plate, some eighteen inches long, may yet be seen in Denton chancel, let into a broad slab of Bethersden marble; it represents a lady kneeling, in her wimple and hood; her hands are clasped in prayer, and beneath is an inscription in the characters of the age:

> "Praie for ye sowle of ye Ladye Royse,
> And for alle Christen sowles."

The date is illegible; but it appears that she survived King Henry VIII., and that the dissolution of monasteries had lost St. Mary Rounceval her thousand marks.

THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SESIA.

THE *Sesiidæ*, although moths, fly in the hottest sunshine, and often rest on trees and shrubs, in order to lay their small round eggs. The caterpillars have an elongate and almost cylindrical body, and they live in the interior of the trunks of trees, of branches, roots, and even in some fruits. Pale, and almost without the least color, like beings which never see the light, there is no difficulty in determining that they are wood-eating larvæ.

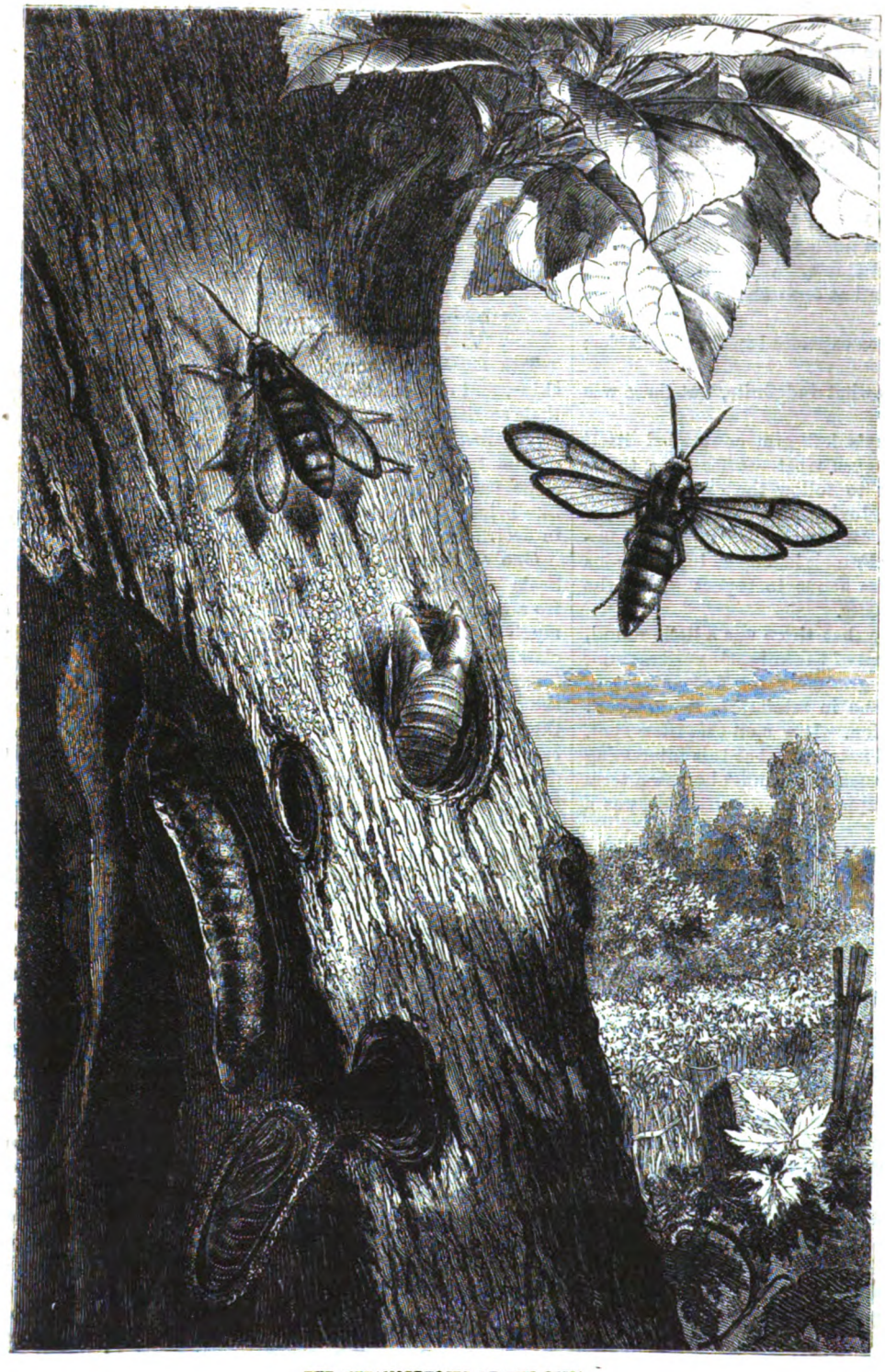
One of these wasp-like moths is called the bee-shaped Sesia (*Sesia apiformis*), and it may be seen flying to and fro amongst the poplars by the riverside, or running with much agility upon their trunks. This moth, which is classified by Mr. Stainton under the genus *Sphecia*, lays its eggs on the bark of poplar trees, low down and near the ground. When the caterpillars are hatched they gnaw the bark, and each endeavors to penetrate the tree by excavating a tiny gallery. The larvæ live a long time, and drill holes of a considerable size, doing much harm to the trees. They are enabled to do this quietly and effectually, for instead of only living for a few weeks before their metamorphosis into the chrysalis, and having jaws fitted for browsing the tender shoots and leaves, their caterpillar life lasts over two years, and their masticating apparatus is strong, and admirably fitted for its purpose. It is very remarkable that they should only flourish upon those trees which have been injured; and it would appear that the abundance of the sap of perfect and healthy poplars is too much for the excavators.

An examination of the caterpillar proves how admirably it is adapted for its peculiar method of life, and how perfectly helpless it would be upon a tender, succulent plant. The legs are smaller than those of most other larvæ, for, had they been larger, they would have been in the way in the narrow excavated gallery. the membranous feet also are short, and are not calculated to grasp, but they can adhere strongly to a large surface, and their spines form a complete crown. The head of the larva is covered with a reddish and hard integument, so as to allow a solid foundation for the action of the jaws in grinding the dense tissue of the tree. Curiously enough, the labrum, or lip, is not notched as it is in the leaf-eaters, and this fact proves the design that has influenced the development of all the other structures. The body has a soft skin, and is

covered with tubercles and a few hairs, which render the larva very sensitive to the touch.

The caterpillar produces a small quantity of silk, but not enough to make a comfortable resting-place for the chrysalis, so it utilizes the saw-dust which has accumulated during the process of tunneling and drilling, and forms a comfortable and silken cocoon within, and covers it with the dust outside. The chrysalis resembles those of the other moths in certain respects, but it has an armature which is not merely an ornament, but a most useful mechanism, for it helps the pupa to crawl.

Immediately after the transformation into the moth state, the life of the perfect insect is more or less endangered, for in traversing the gallery made when it was a caterpillar, it might be severely scratched, and its wings spoiled. But the enveloping skin of the chrysalis, with its spines and sharp points, acts like a suit of armor to the *Sesia*, which has just got its legs into the world. The insect drags its body slowly along, and finally reaches the open air, and extricates itself and flies away, leaving the skin behind stuck in the hole. In the engraving of the metamorphoses of *Sesia apiformis*, the moth on the tree has just escaped from the chrysalis-case in the hole below. A larva is shown in its gallery, and two cocoons also.



THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SESIA.

MANY places in America are called after the ecclesiastical seasons during which they were discovered. Thus, though Archbishop Trench thinks Florida gained its name from its "flowers," others, with more reason, consider it so called because discovered on Easter Sunday, or "Pascua Florida," from the flowers with which the churches are then decked. Dominica, or Dominique, tells us in its name that it was discovered on "Dies Dominica," that is, Sunday; and Natal, in Africa, was first seen by Europeans on Christmas Day—*Dies Natalis*. The Virgin Isles, almost numberless, are said to have been discovered on the day sacred to St. Ursula and her eleven thousand martyred virgins; and the town of St. Augustine, the oldest in the United States, the islands of St. Helena and Ascension, the River St. Lawrence, and many other places, reveal in their names the day of their discovery. In fact, where maps survive, but the explorer's written report cannot be found, his route along our coast often can be traced by means of the ecclesiastical calendar, showing day by day his progress north or south.

BABY'S CHRISTMAS.—"HE RAPIDLY DIVESTED HIMSELF OF HIS HEAVY OVERCOAT, AND, ENVELOPING THE POOR WRETCH IN ITS AMPLE FOLDS, RAISED HIM TENDERLY IN HIS ARMS."

BABY'S CHRISTMAS.

By Surrey Wyatt.

CHAPTER I.—BABY FINDS SOMETHING.

Baby? A wee thing, with chubby face, dimpled cheeks, great round eyes, and little fat, pink feet and hands?

Well, no. *That* baby is known and loved the world over, and needs no chronicle. *Our* Baby occupies a narrower sphere of affection and usefulness, which is circumscribed by the limits of a certain New England city. He stands six feet two in his stockings, straight as a Norway pine, weighs over two hundred pounds, and wears the uniform of the City Police.

Yes, "Baby" is a policeman, the pet of "the force," and one of its most efficient members, notwithstanding his herculean proportions; indeed, it was quite a common thing to hear the remark with reference to that feature—"Well, he's the quickest man for a 'heavy-weight' *I* ever saw!"

Yet, despite his possession of such formidable attributes, Baby was the gentlest, best-natured and kindest-hearted creature in the world, and, withal, one of the jolliest.

To the world outside of Police Station 99 he was Officer Blakeslee. To his brother-officers and a few friends besides, he was simply "Baby." Motives of affection alone had prompted the name, Joe Blakeslee well knew; and not

being over-sensitive, he never had raised an objection. Everybody seemed to know and love the great, burly policeman, go where he might. Even the street-urchins, whose highest delight, apparently, is to harry and annoy the "cops" as their natural enemies, forbore to attempt anything of the kind on him—as much from genuine affection as fear. Joe never misused them, or interfered with their sports, nor did he needlessly rout them out from the odd nooks and corners abounding along his beat, wherein they found free lodgings during the pleasant nights of the year.

Those customary resorts were now long since abandoned. Such freezing weather as was ushering in the Christmas-tide had driven their late denizens to seek other haunts—heaven knows whither!

Joe glanced at more than one of these deserted sanctuaries as he slowly pursued his round this bitterly cold Christmas Eve, gave a compassionate thought to the poor vagrants, and hoped they were all well housed and well fed.

He had passed the region of shops and dwellings, and was traversing the loneliest part of his beat—an outlying strip of low, waste land, whereon the snow lay white and untrodden, as it had fallen a day or two ago.

Booh! how the cold east wind blew in over the water. The few ships far out in the offing looked like ghosts of ships in the faint moonlight. Every object within the range of his view had a ghostly appearance; the old lime-shed standing solitary and alone on the edge of the marsh—a favorite bunking-place for the boys of the North Cove—with its snow-covered roof and the great gaps in its walls, was a fitting element in this cheerless, wintry picture.

Thus Joe Blakeslee's vision and thoughts; and then the latter took another turn, or, rather, they reverted to a subject which had become of late one of absorbing interest. The question to be decided was: Would he, or would he not, to-morrow—Christmas Day—ask Widow Mary Jennings to be his wife? Joe's reflections ran something in this wise:

"I've been gone dead in love with Mary ever since her husband—poor, shiftless Tom Jennings—got lost at sea. I always knew *I* wa'n't fit for such a sweet, pretty, noble little woman! I felt it couldn't be *my* luck to get such a prize. And I knew just as well at first, as I know certain sure this minute, that she's never forgotten Tom—bless her faithful little heart!—and cherishes his memory just as fondly to-day as in the first flush of her grief at his death. That's why I could never just make up my mind to ask her to marry me. But she's wearing herself out with the struggle to feed and clothe the family, and she's too independent to let anybody help her. Then there's the two children, Rosie and Tommie."

Joe here became lost in a perfect tangle of thought, from the meshes of which he suddenly extricated himself, as it were, by bringing his fist down on the fence-rail with an emphatic thump that resounded far and wide in the still, frosty air.

"The long and short of it is," continued Joe, aloud, this time, "they all oughter have a protector. Yes, I'll put it in that light—*not* ask her to love me as I love her. *Love* her! Why, I worship the very ground she walks on, and I always used to think that kind of talk mere moonshine; but it ain't, a bit. *I* know there's meaning to it! I'll just say—yes, by mighty! I *will* ask her to-morrow, as sure as——"

Joe Blakeslee finishes his thought mentally, and springs over the railing as eagerly as if he had perceived a jewel glistening in the snow on the other side. What he has discovered is nothing but a foot-track, a long line, tending from the spot where he is standing straight to the old lime-shed door. Possibly his eye had been following this trace unheedingly during his soliloquy, and some peculiarity about it, of which he had become suddenly conscious, had aroused his professional vigilance.

"Of course it's all bosh," he muttered. "Nobody can be there."

Briskly striding across the intervening space, resolved at any rate to settle his doubts, Joe paused for a second at the doorless entrance of the shed and peered among the rubbish with which the place was plentifully strewn, but started back in sudden horror as he saw what appeared to be a human figure crouched in a heap in the furthest corner.

A strange place, and a stranger condition, for a human being to be found in, truly, in a Christian land, on such a bitterly cold night, and, of all nights of the year, on Christmas Eve!

So said Joe to himself, as, having with a bound gained the side of the figure, he bent over it to see if, indeed, amidst the wretched rags which served as an apology for vestments, there yet existed an animated creature.

As if to reassure him on this point, the figure turned its head and fixed upon him a look from eyes so weird and unearthly, set, as they were, in a face whose extreme pallor and emaciation was so absolutely frightful to behold, that the policeman involuntarily started back a step or two.

"Wha' d'ye want?"

The voice was feeble and querulous.

"Want!" repeated the other. "I want you to get up out o' this. Why, man alive! what in the name of common sense are you doing here? Don't you know it's the coldest night of the season, and——"

"What if it is?" returned the voice from the bundle of rags, with a sudden energy. "And why shouldn't I know it? What have I been doin' here since sunset, do you s'pose? Not learning that it's the *warmest* night of the season, have I? Oh, get out!"

The vagrant once more huddled his rags about him, curling himself up into the smallest possible compass, and turned his face away.

"Sha'n't do anything of the kind," said Joe, doggedly. "It's 'gainst orders to let anybody freeze to death on *my* beat. Come, you're a dead man if you stay here."

"S'pose I want to die?" said the vagrant, once more turning those terrible eyes, with the expression so like a hunted animal, toward the policeman. "You don't think I crawled in here to *live*, do you? Get out, please, and lemme alone. It's an easy way of dyin', and an easy death's better than a hopeless life. Come, are you going?"

"Not by a darned sight!" exclaimed Joe, emphatically. "Now, just stir your stumps, old man, and get ready to get out o' this yourself. You've got to come with me; and you ain't going to die, neither, if *I* can help it."

But the vagrant only stared at him, as if unable to comprehend the purport of his words. Indeed, he seemed to be in a sort of dazed state, from which, for the moment only, he had been roused, as if the stupor which exposure to extreme cold produces had already settled down upon his senses.

Perceiving this, the policeman rapidly divested himself of his heavy overcoat, and, meeting with little resistance, enveloped the poor wretch in its ample folds, and raised him tenderly in his arms.

"Now, I want to tell you 'fore we start," said Joe, addressing his captive in an admonishing tone, such as one might use to a fretful child, "that I'm a mighty hard-

riding hoss; and if you want to have a tolerably easy five minutes' canter, just you sit still as a baby in a jumper, or mebbe you'll get jumped up in a way to spoil your stomach for that nice hot supper I'm going to give you in less'n no time."

And so saying, without further parley, the policeman darted out of the shed, and, gaining the street, ran swiftly in the direction of the police-station, unheeding the curious glances that were cast upon him, and carrying his strange burden as easily, to all appearances, as if he had been merely a good-sized doll.

But three or four officers were on duty at the station-house as Joe Blakeslee came bursting into the ward-room.

"Hallo, Baby!" cried one of them, the others gathering around; "what the deuce *have* you got now?"

Baby answered in a few words while placing the vagrant in a comfortable position upon a settee in the warmest part of the room, having first wrapped him in a blanket in exchange for his overcoat—the man, meanwhile, suffering the operation passively, while staring around the room, or glancing furtively at the group of officers with those weird eyes, as if at a loss what to make of his surroundings, but never once opening his mouth to speak.

"Now, boys," said Joe, hastily putting on his overcoat, for he suddenly remembered that he must transact a little matter of business on his own account before the time for the closing of the stores, "if one of you'll see this poor fellow has a plate of hot soup and a cup of coffee, as I've promised him, it'll oblige me much. He wants grub more'n medicine, according to *my* thinking. And after you've got away with your supper, old man," he added, turning to the vagrant, "they'll give you a nice, good bunk and plenty o' blankets, and you can just snooze away as comfortable as a bug in a rug. That'll be better than the old lime-shed, eh?"

The vagrant made no response; but words never spoke the language of gratitude more eloquently than did the expression of those strange eyes. The policeman understood it well, and, turning away with a few kind words, he hastened back to his beat.

It was now close upon ten o'clock, but the streets were alive with throngs of people, who were hurrying along, or gazing at the brilliant displays of the shop-windows, or besieging the well-piled counters within.

Joe paused at a toy and confectionery store, about the windows of which were congregated a group of tatterdemalions of both sexes, who were gazing wistfully at the tempting parade of toys and sweets within. Some of their prattle about the things, and the bursts of wonder and delight as one or another drew the attention of the rest to some newly discovered objects of childish appreciation, coming to his ears as he entered the store, went to his very heart.

He made several purchases—a huge doll, a horse and wagon, a Noah's ark, picture-books, numberless "horns of plenty," many-colored and bursting with their sweets, and a great package of assorted candies.

Widow Jennings occupied rooms on the third floor of a large wooden tenement house, whither Joe Blakeslee now directed his steps. Joe accurately described Mrs. Jennings when he said that she was a "sweet, noble little woman." Something more than five years before, her husband, in a reckless moment, had shipped for a whaling voyage to the South Sea. The first intimation his wife received of his purpose was a letter, written on shipboard, inclosing his advance-pay, in which he bade her be of good cheer, stating that he believed he had done what was best, that it was the only thing left for him to do, and assuring her that only the fear of his resolution being weakened had prevented him from acquainting her with his design before retreat became impossible.

Within six months afterward news came that the *Dolphin* had foundered, but few of the crew being saved. Tom Jennings's name not appearing among the list of survivors, Mrs. Jennings had, by her own exertions, managed to keep her family together thus far, and provide for them at least decently.

Joe Blakeslee was greeted with a triumphal shout from Rosie and Tommie—the former, a bewitching little maiden of twelve, the other a roguish, bright-eyed little man of seven—both of whom came running to admit him in answer to his familiar knock.

"Oh! you dear, good Baby!" exclaimed Rosie, who, as an especial favorite, and a somewhat self-willed little miss withal, was permitted to take all sorts of liberties with Joe. "You dear, good Baby! Now, I know you've got something real nice and pretty in one of those great bundles for me. Oh, ma! *Do* come quick and see the bundles!"

Mrs. Jennings came in from an adjoining room at the summons, while Joe was discharging his cargo, as he phrased it—meaning thereby the contents of his arms and pockets—upon the table. She came directly to him and held out her hand.

"Joe," she said—how he started at the sound of the familiar name from her lips! Never before, since the news of her husband's death, had she called him anything but plain "Mr. Blakeslee." His face flushed, and his heart beat faster than its wont with pleasure and surprise. "Joe," she repeated, "you are the best man on the face of the earth!"

Joe had hung his head rather sheepishly at this unqualified praise, and when he lifted it up again she had turned partially away.

"Not quite all that, Mary," he answered, with some awkwardness. "But I'm pleased if you—if you—that is, I want you to think, of course, that I ain't quite a bad sort of fellow."

"I shall think much more than that of you, Joe."

"You see," he went on, "I told the children that I would bring 'em some presents—of course, I always do, and like to—and they expected 'em. So I s'pose——"

"It is not the children's presents I have in mind, Joe Blakeslee," she said. "I am thinking of the cart-load of things that came here day before yesterday, and the note accompanying them, written in such a wonderfully disguised hand, and signed 'a respectable, elderly gentleman of means.' That was very artful, Joe; very artful."

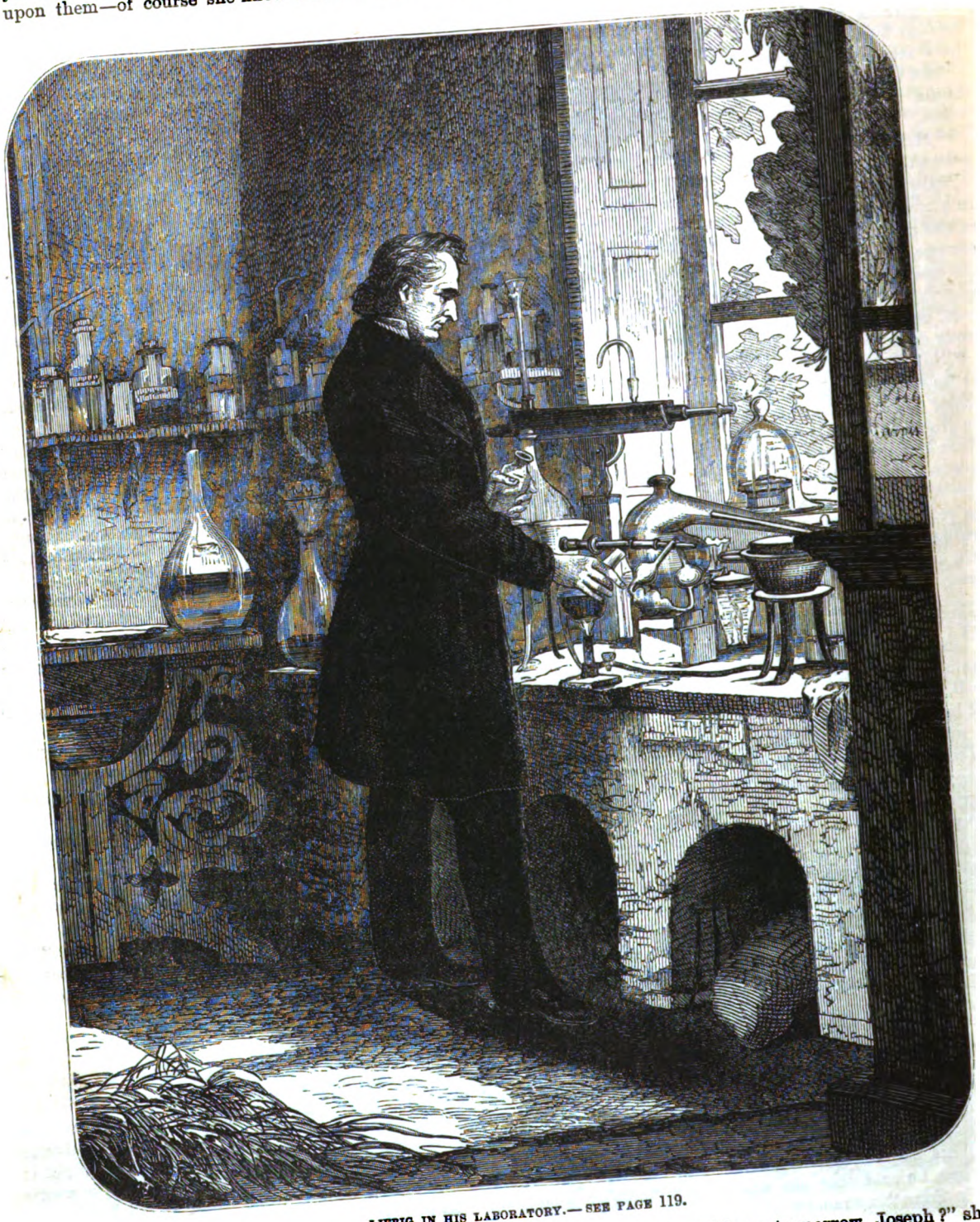
Joe affected the utmost bewilderment at this insinuation that it was possible for his honest countenance to express, knowing it to be a sham and a fraud all the time.

"And the other things that came to-day, Joe; the turkey and the ducks, and——"

"Now, look a-here, Mrs. Jennings," said Joe, getting up and walking the floor with an assumption of great heat and bluster, "I don't know, and won't pretend to know, what you're driving at. I deny *in toto* everything about it. If some benevolent old fellow has found out that one of the dearest and patientest little women in the world is wasting herself away, and toiling herself to death because she won't let any of her friends give her a helping hand, and has just opened his heart in remembrance of Him whose blessed memory hallows and consecrates this happy Christmas season, all I've got to say is that he might put his money to a worse use, that's all! As for me," continued Joe, "I tell you again that I don't know nothing about it, and I'm bound to stick to that through thick and thin!"

Of course she did not believe a word of it! Of course she knew that the flour and sugar and raisins, the packages without number that came two days before, and the mammoth turkey and the ducks that were sent with the same myth about the "elderly gentleman," etc., etc., pinned upon them—of course she knew that Joe Blakes-

upon him, and pulled his hair and whiskers, and dived into his great pockets and investigated the contents of his wallet—now, alas! at a pretty low ebb—and made sad havoc with his watch, and played all manner of tricks upon the great, hulking fellow, who, indeed, enjoyed it all hugely. Mrs. Jennings soon returned, and Joe rose to go.



LIEBIG IN HIS LABORATORY.—SEE PAGE 119.

lee's money paid for them, every one. His very absence was enough to confirm it, even if his manner now were not sufficient proof.

With an almost inarticulate excuse she left the room, the children immediately falling upon Joe as their natural and legitimate prey. It was a sight to see how they clambered

"You will dine with us to-morrow, Joseph?" she said. Joe noticed how very quietly she spoke, although struggling with some strong emotion.

"Why, if I thought it wouldn't put you out a bit," he replied, somewhat hesitatingly; "and you really wanted me to——"

"I wish you to come very much, Joseph," she interrupted, earnestly. "We shall all depend upon it."

"Why, in *that* case, Mary," said Joe, heartily, as he opened the door to go out, "you can count on me, sure. That is," he added, laughingly, "if nothing happens to prevent."

CHAPTER II.

TOM JENNINGS'S SHIPMATE.

After Blakeslee had left the police-station, the officers fell to talking good-naturedly about Joe and Mrs. Jennings. They had forgotten the vagrant completely, until their attention was drawn toward him by hearing the iron spoon with which he was eating his soup fall to the floor with a clang. Then they saw that he was looking at them with a bewildered, half terrified expression.

"What ails you, man?" asked one of the policemen.

"I thought I heard a name that sounded familiar like," said the vagrant, very slowly, as if speaking to himself. "I had once a shipmate by that name," he added, his strange, weird eyes closing dreamily.

"What? Blakeslee?"

GENERAL CLIFFORD'S ADVENTURE.— SEE PAGE 122.

The vagrant roused himself and looked up at the other.

"Blakeslee?" he repeated. "Who is Blakeslee? Oh, I remember; the policeman that brought me here," he added, with sudden animation. "He's a good man—a very good man, I should think."

"And you won't be far out in your reckoning, neither. Baby's *about* as good a fellow as they make in these parts."

"Oh! why did he not let me die, then?" exclaimed the vagrant, with a passionate outburst. "Oh! why did he not let me die?"

"Because he's not that sort," returned the policeman. "Come," he added, "don't talk o' dying. I s'pose you've had a hard run o' luck, but it's no use giving up the ship just when she's sighted port. I've been a bit of a sailor myself, you see. What did you say was the name of your shipmate?"

"Tom Jennings."

This unexpected answer aroused curiosity.

They plied the vagrant with eager questions, showing their concern in whatever pertained to Tom Jennings.

He told them that Tom Jennings had been his chum on the ship *Dolphin*, a New Bedford whaler. He had seen Jennings washed overboard before the ship went down. The jolly-boat, containing himself and a few others, had at length been picked up.

"Tom had a presentiment that he should not outlast the cruise," the vagrant added. "He charged me, if ever I got home, to find his Mary and give her his love; and, 'Jack Bryant,' says Tom, 'tell her that if ever any true man wants to marry her, tell her, with my blessing, not to say him nay. She's had a hard time of it, Jack,' he says, 'ever since she married me, and I could die happy if I knew that her hardships were over.'"

He rose to his feet as he uttered the last words.

"Perhaps some of you, gentlemen," he said, looking furtively at them, "will kindly take poor Tom's message to his Mary, that is, if she is the one you were talking about. I'm obliged for your kindness, and please say the same to—to Mr. Blakeslee. I—I didn't know exactly where I was until a few minutes ago. I fear that I've been in something of a dream, for, oh! how long—heaven only knows how long!"

As he finished speaking he tottered toward the door; but they quickly intercepted him.

"Let me go, please," he said, plaintively. "I didn't know where I was. I *cannot* stay here any longer."

"What the deuce ails the man?" exclaimed one of the officers, as he led him back to the settee. "Where would

you go this freezing cold night ?" he continued. "I never knew a tramp quarrel with these quarters before, unless he had committed some misdeed or other."

The vagrant looked on all sides like a trapped animal, while the expression of his countenance deepened into one of absolute terror.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, and tried to clutch from the hand of the officer, who had just picked it up, a sailor's sealskin pouch.

"Give me that!" he cried, fiercely; "it is mine!" and then, as the officer dexterously eluded him, his manner changed.

"Don't open it—don't look at what's inside," he piteously begged, sinking back upon the settee.

But his anxiety had aroused suspicion.

"Now, don't you be alarmed," said the officer. "If the thing contains neither stolen property nor evidence of any crime, it will be returned to you all right. But first it will have to undergo examination."

And so saying, the policeman proceeded into another apartment, almost immediately returning with the lieutenant of the station.

Lieutenant Brown found within the sealskin pouch two compactly folded papers, much worn and soiled.

As he opened one of these papers and perceived its character, he gave the vagrant a searching look.

"Are you the John Bryant mentioned in this document ?"

The vagrant nodded his head.

His agitation was now so extreme that the officer asked him, with severity:

"Have you committed some new crime, John Bryant, that your conscience thus disturbs you ?"

The vagrant sprang erect at the lieutenant's words.

"Crime!" he repeated; but the fierce emotion choked his utterance, and again he resumed his seat, and bowed his head upon his hands.

On unfolding the second paper, the lieutenant uttered an exclamation which drew the other officers immediately to his side.

"This is too bad, boys," he said; "we've wronged the poor devil. I now fully recall the circumstances of his case, though it happened in another State; and you will do so in a moment. Listen: This John Bryant was a sailor, and, as sailors will do, you know, he took a drop too much, and got into a dispute with the saloon-keeper, who put him out of his place, together with two or three others who were drunk enough to be quarrelsome. The facts are all enumerated in this deposition which I hold in my hand. The saloon-keeper's place was set on fire that night. The real culprits, to save themselves, fastened the crime upon John Bryant, who, by their false oaths, was convicted and sentenced to State prison for life. He passed over three years there. Just think of it, boys!—an innocent man! At last one of the perjurers, conscience-stricken and on his death-bed, makes a deposition, of which this paper is a certified copy, and John Bryant is *pardoned*.

"As to this other paper," continued the lieutenant, "you can see that it is a duplicate executive pardon. But mark the conditions under which John Bryant regained his liberty: If the subject of executive clemency shall at any time hereafter be found guilty of *any* offense against the law, he may be returned to the State prison, and be compelled to serve out his original sentence! Hard lines, that, boys! No wonder the poor fellow is half scared out of his wits."

As he concluded, the lieutenant went up to the vagrant and gently placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"John Bryant," he said, "cheer up, my lad. You are among friends. There isn't a man here who is not your friend. And I tell you what, boys," he added, "we'll give John Bryant a rousing merry Christmas to-morrow, and set him on his pins once more!"

The poor vagrant looked up and saw the kindly glances bent upon him. Then his head sank back upon his hands, and he sobbed like a child.

CHAPTER III.

BABY'S CHRISTMAS.

THE table is spread in Mrs. Jennings's sitting-room, the turkey and the ducks, done to a turn, are simmering away in their own luscious juices in the oven with the door ajar; the plum-pudding, the pies and the dessert are temptingly arrayed; and, in short, everything is ready for the onslaught upon the Christmas dinner, which, in accordance with time-honored New England custom, should be inaugurated precisely at one o'clock, but which Joe Blakeslee's unaccountable absence has deferred.

The children are almost frantic at the delay, and the widow herself is withal somewhat perturbed.

"Where *can* that naughty Baby be?" Rosie exclaims, petulantly, going to the window for the twentieth time since the one-o'clock bells struck. But even as she speaks, Tommie, who has been out on the stairway, shouts:

"He's coming, ma! Uncle Joe is coming! I hear him!"

Now ensues such a hurry and scramble, such a clatter of plates and dishes, and setting round of chairs, and taking up of the dinner and disposing it upon the table—the children lending their assistance with a zeal that contributes to heighten the bustle if not the effect—that Joe's entrance is almost unregarded.

His haggard look, slow, jaded step, and the weary way in which he sinks into a chair, pass unnoticed for the time.

"I'm sorry to have caused you so much delay, Mrs. Jennings," he says, at length, but in a voice so strange that the widow stops and looks at him in surprise.

"Mercy!" she exclaimed, seeing his pale face. "Why, what has happened, Joe? Are you ill?"

"Not so bad as that," he replied, trying to assume his old cheerful manner, and making a miserable failure of it. "The fact is, Mary, I was detained by an unexpected occurrence at the station-house; but it's all right now. And —and," he continued, with hesitation, "I've taken a liberty which I thought—that is——"

"What *do* you mean, Joe?"

"Why, to come to the point at once, Mary, I ran across a—a seafaring man—an old shipmate of—of—Tom Jennings!"

"A shipmate of my husband's!" the widow cried, eagerly.

"There—there, Mary, dear, don't let it excite you so. Yes, a shipmate of poor Tom's. He was sick and without friends, and so, you see, I took him in hand, and, as I was saying, thinking you would like to have a little talk with one who knew Tom, I took the liberty of bringing him with me."

He felt the little hand trembling in his.

"Now, pray be calm, Mary," he continued, soothingly. "I ought to have prepared you for this."

She had composed her agitation now, and before he knew her intention she had bent down and kissed him on the forehead.

"You are always so good and thoughtful, Joe!" she said. "I shall be very, very glad to see him now."

Joe rose to go, but hesitated, as if he had still something to say.

"You are sure, Mary, that you are fully prepared to meet this person?" he finally asked, anxiously. "That it won't completely upset you to hear from him—well, s'pose I call it—strange news—about—Tom?"

He went to her quickly, for she had sunk into a chair at his words, her face turning deadly pale. But she did not faint, as he feared she was about to do.

"Summon all your fortitude for this meeting, Mary, dear," he said, and left the room.

They soon heard him coming up the stairs again, very slowly, and then he appeared, supporting Tom Jennings's shipmate, John Bryant—not as we last saw the latter at the station-house, but now neatly clad, his hair trimmed and his face shaven.

Joe's broad form partially hid the slight figure of John Bryant, who was trembling as if with ague.

"Mary," said Joe, in a low tone, "for years you would not believe that your husband was dead. Of late you have come to think that hope a delusive one—have you not?"

"On the contrary, I have never given up the blessed hope of seeing my husband again. I sincerely believe that, in God's good time, he will return to his loving wife and children."

Joe Blakeslee's broad form no longer conceals that of John Bryant, and for a second Mary Jennings looks at the stranger.

Then she arises, totters toward him with outstretched arms, falls upon his breast, and cries:

"Tom! my dear—dear Tom! At last! at last!"

'or Tom Jennings's shipmate is Tom Jennings's self.

* * * * * * *

Joe Blakeslee paces his familiar round this Christmas night like one in a maze. Mechanically he threads the well-known streets and by-ways, but his mind is busy with the singular changes which in one day have given back to Mary Jennings her lost husband, and at the same time shattered, like a thing of glass, the bright hope upon which for years he had been building all his future.

Not that honest Joe for a moment regretted the turn of events. On the contrary, he felt a deep and abiding thankfulness that the woman he so dearly loved had come to know a great joy, and that she must henceforth associate with that joy *his* name.

He meets and passes many persons, most of whom seem to know the big policeman, and give him merry greetings in keeping with the hearty spirit of the Christmas-time, to which, wonderingly, they receive, perhaps, a brief nod, or, at most, an absent reply.

The night waxes late. The streets are gradually deserted, the stores long since are closed, and, excepting now and then a party of roysterers, or some belated pedestrian hurrying home, Joe has the way to himself and his own thoughts.

He dreads now the desolation of the streets, the weary hours of duty yet to come, and longs for something to break the stillness, to drive away the sickening feeling of gloom that oppresses him. Something to stir his nature into strong excitement—a call to some dangerous duty—anything to disturb the current of his thoughts.

Ha! what is that? That bright light which, suddenly darting up over the tops of the houses, flickers and flashes on the fronts of the buildings, deepening as he looks into a lurid glare, red as human blood!

The sight rouses him.

He dashes down the street, noting with a terrible thrill the direction of the ominous glow.

Pausing only at the nearest fire-alarm box, he quickly opens it, pulls down the lever, closes the box, and then flees on. Turning the corner of the next street, he finds his sudden fears realized.

The tenement-house, the home of his dearest friends, is on fire!

And now the deep, resonant clang of the alarm-bell startles the night air.

Cries and shrieks of terror and despair blend with the awful roaring of the flames, which, fanned by the freshening breeze, have already enveloped one side of the building, while great pillars of smoke are shooting upward and overspreading the heavens like a pall.

The aroused neighborhood pours its multitudes of people, with white, scared faces, into the narrow street, and the fire-engines, with their shrill whistles and rumbling jar, increase the horrid din and tumult.

Meanwhile, Joe Blakeslee, intent on the one thought of securing the safety of his friends, has dashed up the staircase.

Familiar with the place, he fights his way through and reaches their door. It is fastened, but he hears them stirring within, and, putting his shoulder to the door, he bursts the lock.

They seem to have been but just awakened, and bewildered by sudden fright.

His voice rouses and reassures them.

Rosie, looking like a beautiful little angel in her night-dress and her streaming golden curls, flies to him and nestles in his arms.

"We are safe, *now*, mamma," she says, with the sweet confidence of childhood. "Dear, good Baby has come. He will not let anything harm us—will you, Baby?"

Following his directions, clearly and calmly given, they soon reach a place of safety, and then he goes back to rescue others.

They hear of his heroic labors throughout that dreadful night; of his reckless intrepidity, of the numbers of helpless ones, who, but for his strong arm and dauntless spirit, would have met with a horrible fate.

And later they, too, are told of his last act of heroism, when, to save a frenzied, hapless wretch, he dashed once again into the burning building.

He was seen at a window, cut off on either hand by walls of living flame. For an instant only, and then they saw him no more.

And this was Baby's Christmas!

LIEBIG, THE CHEMIST.

Most chemists are buried in their laboratories, and devote their lives to researches which the general public can neither understand nor appreciate, and the results they attain after long and patient experiment are of a character seldom to come before the public distinctly.

Liebig was, however, a chemist whose work was of a nature that more directly appealed to the masses. The discoverer of a great sanitary agent, whether to check disease or prevent it, to purify what is noisome and unhealthy, to prolong and benefit life, will be hailed as a great benefactor, but the appreciation will not be hearty. He began by publishing "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," attracting general attention to the subject, and leading to the foundation of new professorships. His next step was "Animal Chemistry," treating of the chemical action in our own bodies, followed by "Researches in the Chemistry of Food." These publications showed to all what the body needed to support healthy action, how food of various kinds aided or retarded the chemical work of nature. He was thus the first to apply science to the

choice, preparation and cooking of food, looking at once to its sanitary character, and also to economy.

He thus became the founder of a new school, and the hosts of books on the chemistry of daily life are all due to the labors of Liebig. The practice of medicine has also felt its influence, both in the prevention and cure of disease.

He next turned his attention to the cultivation of the soil, and published his "Agricultural Chemistry," in which he showed what fertilizers different soils require for the various crops, and what sources were to be looked to for the needed ingredients. Science began to study the whole system of fertilizers, and substances hitherto overlooked now help to make the desert places blossom like the rose, and produce rich harvests for human food. The utilization of sewerage matter, so offensive and so injurious that it proves the stumbling block of large towns, received also the study of this practical chemist, and many of the recent improvements in this field are due to Liebig's initiative. France has apparently at last solved the difficulty.

Liebig's last, and, perhaps, most generally known contribution to science, is his "Extract of Beef," a tonic of the highest value, now known throughout the world.

Justus von Liebig was born in Darmstadt, May 12th, 1803, studied at the University of Bonn, and received his medical degree at Erlangen. A devoted student of science, he soon obtained a professor's chair at Gressen, which soon became the resort of medical students from all parts of the world, and especially from England.

Many honors were bestowed upon him by learned bodies, and professorships were offered to him in various countries, but he did not leave Gressen till 1852, when he accepted a position at Munich. His useful and studious life terminated April 18th, 1873.

WEB ENGINEERING.

On going round the garden this morning, I perceived what seemed a small piece of cheese, apparently floating in the air straight before me. On coming up to it, I found that it was suspended from a spider's web, which was spun right across the path.

My first hasty thought was that this spider had found a piece of cheese below, and, taking a fancy to it, was then drawing it up into his web to eat it. Further examination, however, showed that the substance was not cheese, but a small pebble, much resembling that edible, evidently taken from the gravel walk beneath. There was nothing for the spider to attach his web to on the walk, so he had selected a suitable stone to balance his web, which, indeed, it did admirably, the web being attached to trees on either side of the walk, and weighted below by the stone, so as to be in nearly a perpendicular position. The stone was connected with the web by a threefold cord, the strands of which were attached to different parts of the stone.

WEB ENGINEERING.

I visited the web two or three hours after the spider had finished it, and found that his ingenuity had been crowned with success, as the web contained, besides a large fly, off which he was dining, more small flies than I have ever before seen in a web. Neither myself, nor those of my friends to whom I showed the web, have ever seen anything of the kind before. Perhaps your readers will be interested in such an example of high instinct in a spider, and those who are more versed in natural history than myself may be able to remember other examples of the same kind.

That the stability of the web depended upon the weight of the stone was shown when I put my hand under the latter. The result was that, as I raised my hand, the lower

part of the web gradually collapsed, but when the stone was suffered again to fall gently, the web resumed its proper shape. It was about five feet from the ground.

"THE FIRST SNOWBALL."

Spider engineering is a most interesting subject, and one that I have spent hours in studying. I have worked out most of the problems in connection with it, but the weight dodge I have not as yet been able to explain. Some spiders will use ties; but others, of exactly the same species, will use a weight, although the circumstances under which both build are apparently similar. But how does the spider raise the weight? This I could never explain to my satisfaction, as some of the weights are so

large that it is scarcely possible they could lift them by a "dead lift." Besides, they will put on one, two or more weights in a few hours before the wind, to fix their structures.

The industry and ingenuity of the spider passes belief to all those who have not seen them at work; but no more profitable day can be spent by a young engineer than a day after a storm in a path through the gorse, watching a spider reconstructing its web. This is the legitimate way of seeing the work done; but there are other dodges, such as breaking down the webs and watching the poor creatures reconstruct them.

GENERAL CLIFFORD'S ADVENTURE.

MAJOR-GENERAL CLIFFORD, Lord Chelmsford's second in command, has plenty of cool courage. It is told of him that one day in British Caffraria, during the Caffre war of 1846–48, he was in the act of sitting down on the ground, placing one hand behind him for that purpose. He felt something clammy to the touch, and found, to his horror, it was a puff-adder, a most venomous reptile. Another man with less self-possession would have removed his hand, probably to be stung in the act. Not so Clifford. With great presence of mind, he held the snake down firmly with one hand; with the other drew his clasp-knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth, and then coolly severed the reptile's head from its body.

HUMBOLDT AND THE LUNATIC.

"GREAT wits are sure to madness near allied," and a quaint anecdote, culled from Humboldt's "Wanderjaher," aptly demonstrates how readily even so keen an observer as the great German traveler may mistake a genius for a lunatic.

During one of his sojourns in Paris, Humboldt, who took a deep interest in the mysteries of mental aberration, conceived a desire to converse intimately with some incurable maniac, and requested one of his scientific friends, an eminent mad-doctor, to give him the opportunity of meeting one of his more remarkable patients.

A few days later he received an invitation to supper from the specialist in question, and on his arrival at his friend's house found two strange gentlemen awaiting him, neither of whom was formally presented to him by his Amphitryon. One was an elderly gentleman of grave demeanor, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, by no means talkative, and manifestly devoted to the pleasures of the table.

The other was a comparatively young man, extremely excitable in manner, with long, disheveled hair, ill-made clothes, and so exuberantly voluble that he all but monopolized the conversation throughout the evening, although Humboldt himself was one of the most loquacious men alive. This wild-looking person displayed extraordinary versatility and restlessness in his talk, which teemed with paradoxes, and dealt with an infinite variety of subjects. Humboldt listened to his brilliant ramblings with absorbing interest, and upon taking leave of his host at a late hour of the night expressed his gratitude for the psychological experience afforded him, observing that the madman had amused him beyond all measure.

"How is that?" asked the doctor; "you scarcely exchanged a word with him all the evening."

"I mean, of course," rejoined Humboldt, "that excitable young man."

"You are altogether mistaken; the madman was that quiet, decorous old gentleman."

"And who, then, was the person I took to be demented?"

"That person, my good friend, was M. Honoré de Balzac!"

SIX THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

THE Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford, contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if, indeed, it is not the very oldest. This is the lintel-stone of a tomb which formed the last resting-place of an officer who lived in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty, 6,000 years ago.

The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the early periods of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the later ages of Egypt which we are accustomed to see in the European museums. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture—with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote period Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters are already used, not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters, the name of the King, for instance, being spelled alphabetically. In the hands of the Egyptian scribes, however, Egyptian writing never made any further progress.

With the fall of what is called the Old Empire (about 3500 B.C.), the freshness and expansive force of the people passed away. Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed, Egypt resembled one of its own mummies, faithfully preserving the form and features of a past age, and of a life which had ceased to beat in its veins.

Until the introduction of Christianity, the only change undergone by Egyptian writing was the invention of a running hand, which, in its earlier and simpler form, is called hieratic, and in its later form demotic.

HOW A SNOW-FLAKE IS FORMED.

BY ROBERT JAMES MANN, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S.

HOAR-FROST is frozen dew—dew-drops crystallized out into ice-needles by the marshaling force of molecular aggregation, when this is to a large extent freed from the antagonistic influence of segregating repulsion. Snow stands in the same relation to rain which hoar-frost holds in regard to dew. It is moisture frozen into ice at the instant that it is condensed out of its transparent and invisible state in the air. But in the case of the snow the frozen deposit is formed during free suspension in the air, and without any interference from contact with solid radiating surfaces such as is experienced in the production of hoar-frost. The solid particles are consequently grouped into regular geometrical shapes, which are designed by the inherent directive forces of the gathering molecules.

Snow forms in the air whenever there is as much aqueous vapor as two and a half grains in each cubic foot, and whenever the temperature is depressed as low as 32° Fahrenheit. Some part of the superfluous moisture, over and above that which can still be sustained in the invisible state, is then set free, and allowed to gather into visible masslets, which, as the temperature is below that of freezing water, present themselves as spicules of ice, instead of as droplets of water. But when water is slowly converted into ice without any extraneous or interfering strain being

brought to bear upon its particles, these are first built up into the shape of a needle, or bar, and six of these bars are then grouped round a common centre, like the spokes of a wheel, with angular intervals of 60° between each contiguous pair of spokes. In Fig. 1, this six-spoked crystal of frozen water is represented in its simplest and most rudimentary form. When snow falls gently in still air, six-rayed spangles, exactly like the one sketched in the figure, are very often seen.

Such simple forms as this primary one are not, however, the only kind of crystalline aggregations that are observed in gently-falling snow. If the deposit of the frozen molecules is more rapid and more copious, additions of a secondary kind are made to the primary rays. In the first instance, short needles are added to the primary ones, branching out from them at the same angle of 60°, and producing a figure like that shown in Fig. 2. Then the primary rays broaden out by snowy wings, or films, attached along their sides, as represented in Figs. 3 and 4, until at last these fuse themselves together into a flat hexagonal plate with six points and six sides (Fig. 5). All these peculiarities are common in falling snow. Sometimes a double system of radiation is planned, with intermediate short rays introduced between the longer primary ones, as in Fig. 6.

Compound forms are also found based upon this model by the filling in more or less of the interval contained between the rays, as instanced in Figs. 7 and 8. The secondary needles are occasionally further branched with tertiary spikelets, which are then also fixed on the same typical angle of 60°, as in Fig. 9.

An almost endless diversity of figures, indeed, is constructed as the rapidity of deposition varies, and as external relations and conditions are changed, but in all the same primary type of six rays and of hexagonal outline, which is the fundamental necessity of the crystallization of freezing water, is observed. More than one thousand quite distinct kinds of snow-crystals have been enumerated and described by various observers. One hundred and fifty-one were noticed during eight days in the months of February and March, in 1855, by Mr. Glaisher, and these have all been carefully drawn and engraved. They form one of the most interesting and valuable of the contributions on the subject of snow-crystals which have ever been made to science. Figs. 10, 11 and 12 will serve to convey some notion of the complexity and beauty of the forms which snow-crystals sometimes present.

The most usual condition in which these snow-crystals are deposited is that of narrow needles, all arranged in one plane, or of thin plates. But the aggregations of the gathering particles are sometimes made in a more solid form, and grow into compact prisms or hexagons. The needles occasionally bristle out all round from a central spherical nucleus. Most complicated and curious figures are sometimes composed by the super-position of two, or occasionally of even more, crystals upon each other. The most complicated traceries are generally produced during the prevalence of extreme degrees of cold. The lightness, regularity and delicacy of the crystallized spangles is, in general terms, in proportion to the height of the atmosphere from which they descend, and to the opportunity that is afforded during the long descent for the molecular forces concerned in crystallization to accomplish their work deliberately and without interruption.

Very perfect snow-crystals are only met with in temperate climates upon rare opportunities, and at long intervals. But they are of very common occurrence in colder climates and more frigid latitudes. Mr. Glaisher's beautiful series of figures were secured during a few exceptionally lucky days of snow-fall that occurred in the neighborhood of London, between the 8th of February and the 10th of March, in the year 1855. They were represented as they appeared to magnifying lenses after they had been received gently upon chilled fragments of yellow glass. Snow lay upon the ground at this time uninterruptedly during six weeks. On the 21st of February the thermometers indicated a temperature of 20°, at the time when some of the most beautiful of the crystals were observed. The spangles were generally about the tenth part of an inch in diameter, but in some instances they measured as much as three-tenths of an inch across. In ordinary snow-flakes several different kinds of crystals are confusedly grouped, and partially fused together in consequence of their being whirled about and dashed against each other, as they descend through air strata of varying temperature. Under the most favorable circumstances the radiated crystals may be contemplated both growing, and diminishing and altering their forms. Many of the most remarkable figures are produced by the softening away of primary points and edges during incipient dissolution, and by the deposit of amorphous accretions upon the primary axes and lines of the crystals.

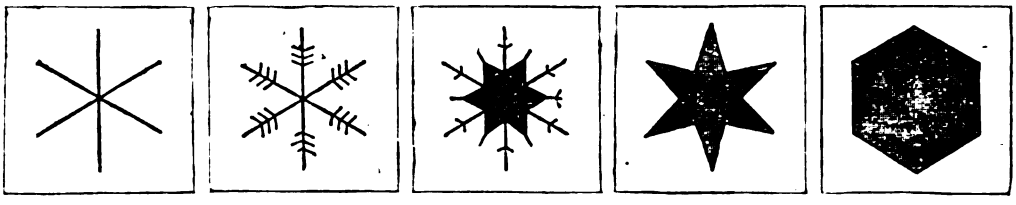
Very fine and lightly deposited snow occupies about twenty-four times as much space as water. The thickness of an ordinary fall of snow collected upon the ground generally represents about as much water as would lie in a tenth part of the same depth. Ten inches of snow, therefore, correspond with one inch of rain. The most accurate way, however, to estimate the quantity of snow that is contained in any fall, is to cut a round cake out of the deposit to its full depth by a cylinder of copper, or tin, of known diameter, and then to measure the water that is procured by melting that quantity of snow. This at once furnishes a ready means of comparing the fall of snow with rain-fall measured in a rain-gauge possessing a receiving funnel of the same diameter as the cylinder.

The pure white lustre of snow is due to the circumstance that all the elementary colors of light are blended together in the radiance that is thrown off from the surface of its crystals. It is quite possible to examine the individual crystals in such a way as to detect these several colors before they are mingled together, to constitute the compound impression of whiteness upon the eye. The snow is then clothed with all the varied hues of the rainbow. The soft whiteness of snow is also in some degree referable to the large quantity of air which is entangled amidst the frozen particles.

The formation of snow requires that the temperature of the air shall fall lower than the freezing-point of water. But a heavy snow-fall needs that the air shall be very moist as well as very cold. The simultaneous presence of these two conditions in the atmosphere does not occur very frequently in the northern hemisphere of the earth, and it is for this reason that heavy snow is so rarely experienced in the countries of Europe. Snow falls very heavily indeed, and often accumulates to enormous depths, on the western side of the continent of South America in latitudes not far exceeding the forty-third parallel, and therefore corresponding very nearly with the position of Rome in the northern hemisphere, because the air is there always heavily laden with moisture when it sinks to the freezing temperature. Snow is scarcely ever seen on the southern coast of Spain. It seldom presents itself on any of the low-lying valleys or plains of Greece, although it is commonly seen on the tops of the neighboring mountains in the season of Winter.

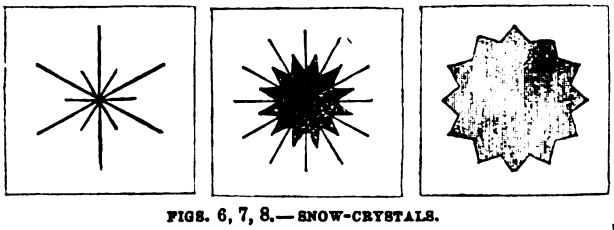
In all latitudes of the earth snow occurs at high elevations in the atmosphere, although it may not reach the

ground, in consequence of its being melted as it falls through the lower and warmer parts of the air (Fig. 13). Even in equinoctial regions of the earth it is occasionally formed at an elevation of 11,000 or 12,000 feet, and if there are mountains with tops reaching up as high as this, they catch the snow, instead of allowing it to fall to the warm lower regions where it can be melted. It is for this reason that there are mountains covered with snow all the year round in so many warm latitudes. Such mountains reach up into regions of the air where there is not warmth enough to melt all the snow that is deposited upon the summits. Snow lies unmelted all the year round at the level of the sea within fifteen degrees of the earth's poles —that is, in latitudes higher than 75°.



FIGS. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.—SNOW-CRYSTALS.

The area of perpetual frost is, however, not included within an exact circle traced round the pole. In the northern hemisphere it extends a little further from the pole in the direction of the Pacific Ocean than it does toward the Atlantic, and about the meridian of Iceland.



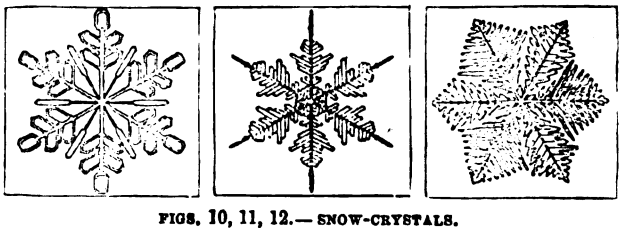
FIGS. 6, 7, 8.—SNOW-CRYSTALS.

There is thus a somewhat irregular frost-cap, of something like 1,200 miles across, fixed over the poles of the earth. In advancing from the outer limit of this polar region of the earth toward lower and warmer latitudes, the position at which perpetual congelation occurs rises higher and higher into the air. In England it is above the tops of the highest mountains. In Switzerland it is found at a height a little less than 9,000 feet—very nearly one-half of Mont Blanc is for this reason perpetually snow-clad. Perpetual snow lies at an elevation of 9,000 feet on the Pyrenees, and at 9,500 on the Apennines and upon Etna. It is found at 14,000 feet on Ararat, at 15,800 on the equatorial Andes, and at 16,500 feet on some parts of the Himalayas.

The snow, however, which lies in this way upon the tops of lofty mountains all the year round is perpetual only in a particular and limited sense. It is not everlasting snow. The phrase "eternal snow," which is occasionally used by the poets, is not scientifically correct. No snow is eternal or everlasting in the proper sense of these words. Snow is always present, but it is not the same snow. That which falls upon the highest summits of the mountains glides slowly down the grooves and valleys of their sides. On Mont Blanc, snow-fringes, or rather ice-fringes, are seen hanging low down into the Valley of Chamouni, which bounds this grand cluster toward the south. It is from amidst these that the vast ice-stream which is known as the Mer-de-Glace, descends like a frozen river out of the heart of the snow-fields above. These descending streams of consolidated snow are spoken of as glaciers. They are composed of hard ice at their lower parts, and of vast gathering snow-beds above. The hard icy state of the frozen mass below is to some extent due to the compression to which it is there subjected. The snow clings to the rocky sides of the gorges and ravines with considerable tenacity, and it is accordingly squeezed by the weight of the masses pressing down from above. But, although the first result of the pressure is to render the snow compact and hard, the ultimate result is of an entirely different character. When the pressure has increased to a very considerable extent, it softens even the hardest ice into a kind of yielding paste, which is pushed through the winding grooves and narrow gaps, and over resisting obstacles that stand in its path. As soon, however, as it is released from the severe pressure, the softened ice returns to its original hard consistence. It is by this instrumentality that the hard, rigid ice is forced through curving and rounding channels, and along alternately widening and narrowing beds. It becomes soft and plastic where it is compressed, but is brittle and easily worn into gaping fissures and chasms, wherever it is extended, instead of being squeezed in. The "crevasses," or cracks, of glaciers are always found in those portions of the ice-stream where the frozen mass is freed from direct pressure, and exposed instead to tensile strain, such as of necessity occurs in passing down steep declivities.

FIG. 9.—SNOW-CRYSTAL.

The first suggestion of this operation of the softening of ice under pressure was made by Professor Faraday, in 1850, in consequence of his noticing that whenever two pieces of thawing ice are pressed closely together, they invariably freeze at the surfaces of contact into one continuous mass. As a matter of fact, the temperature at which water freezes is altered by strong pressure. Greater degrees of cold are required to convert it into the solid crystalline state when it is strongly compressed, than when it is free from such influence. Sir William Thomson has shown, by direct experiments, that if a mixture of ice and snow is very forcibly squeezed, it becomes colder and colder as the pressure is augmented. The heat which is lost from the sensible state during this process is converted into the latent and insensible condition. But as it is so rendered latent, it is used in turning a small portion of the solid ice into liquid water. The water, however, is more



FIGS. 10, 11, 12.—SNOW-CRYSTALS.

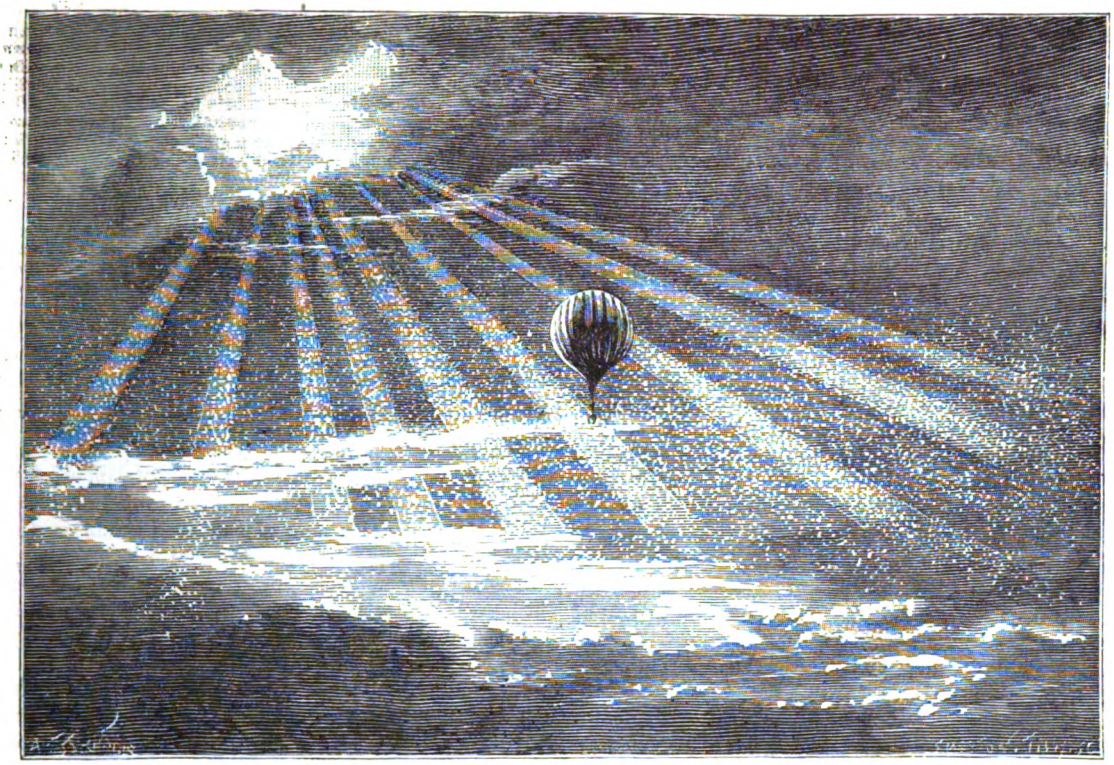


FIG. 13.—SNOW-FLAKES IN THE HIGHER REGIONS OF THE ATMOSPHERE ILLUMINATED BY DIRECT SUNSHINE.

incompressible than the ice; it is not, therefore, lowered in temperature to the same extent as the ice. There is, therefore, ice which is colder than 32° in contact with water at the temperature of 32°. The consequence is that the water is immediately re-frozen by the chilling influence of the ice. Dr. Hooker first proposed that this operation should be termed re-gelation, or re-freezing, and this very apt and expressive designation has since been generally adopted by scientific men. It is this peculiar property of ice of being softened and melted by pressure, and of immediately freezing hard again when the pressure is removed, which is brought into play in the familiar operation of making snowballs. The portions of snow which are squeezed together by the hand become moistened by the direct agency of the pressure, and then freeze together into a coherent mass when the pressure of the grasp is lessened. The snowball is, so to speak, a mimic glacier artificially manufactured.

The lower extremities, or toes, of the glaciers, melt away in the warm valleys which they finally reach below, and are there turned into streams of running water, as fresh snow is heaped upon the heights above. The Arveiron, one of the feeders of the River Arve, that joins the Rhône just below the Lake of Geneva, issues in this way from the lower end of the Mer-de-Glace. The Rhône itself takes its rise from another glacier of a similar kind, which pours its frozen mass down a steep descent by the side of the Furca Pass, at the head of the Vallais. The glacier masses which drape the sides of high mountains are thus always wasting below and increasing above, and the snow masses above are as continually sliding down to supply the consumption of ice that is taking place below. The rate at which the descent of the frozen mass is accomplished depends upon the rapidity of the slope, and the obstacles which it has to overcome in its route. But as a general rule it does not exceed ten or twelve inches in the day. In some notable instances this has been ascertained by direct measurement to be about the rate at which the ice of the glacier moves. Whenever the ice glides along a gentle descent not exceeding an inclination of three degrees, and with a fairly open and untrammeled course, it remains smooth and unbroken. But whenever it descends slopes that are considerably more abrupt, it tumbles over in a torrent of broken fragments, with huge cracks and chasms interspersed amongst them in the wildest confusion. The melting extremities of the glaciers of the Alps are generally found at an elevation of between 2,000 and 3,000 feet above the sea. Until recently, one of the glaciers of Grindelwald was the lowest amongst them, and reached quite into the close neighborhood of the gardens and cornfields of the valley. The Gorner glacier, which is one of the ice-streams that descend from Monte Rosa, terminates in a similar way near Zermatt, in a very grand form of ice-toe, projecting quite into a region of

SNOW-CRYSTALS.

green vegetation. The lower end of the Rhône glacier is hemmed round with verdant herbage and bright flowers during the season of the Swiss Summer.

The chief snowfall upon the sides of lofty mountains necessarily occurs at, or within, an elevation of 9,000 feet above the sea. The average fall in the year at that elevation may be estimated at about forty feet of vertical depth. Upon the higher summits of very lofty mountains, such as Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, very much less is precipitated, on account of the greater dryness of the air at those extreme elevations. The white caps of the snow-clad giants are principally preserved by the precipitation upon them of a kind of hoar-frost, partly condensed out of the clouds, and partly derived from the vapors that steam up to them from the large snow-fields below. The actual depth of snow upon the summit of such a mountain as Mont Blanc has not yet been ascertained, but it is very probable that it does not much exceed ten feet. On the lower slopes of such mountains, on the other hand, it often accumulates to a depth of many hundred feet. Cracks opened out into the ice of some of the larger glaciers have been sounded to a depth of 700 feet without reaching the bottom of the frozen mass.

The snow which is deposited upon the highest parts of lofty mountains is very fine and dry. It is a kind of snow-dust. This dryness is due to the rapidity with which every trace of free water escapes in these elevated and rare regions of the atmosphere. Immediately below the comparatively thin cap of dry snow the broad expanse of deep snow begins. But where the one passes into the other there are generally deep gaps or rents, called *Bergschrunde*, caused by the heavier accumulations below tearing themselves asunder from the lighter deposits above by the mere influence of weight. The surface of the snow on these broad and deep snow-fields assumes the state of small grains about the size of hempseed, which are ice within and snow without, and which are loosened asunder and partially melted by day, but frozen together into connected clusters at night. It is this granular surface-snow which constitutes the "fern" or "névé" of the Swiss mountains.

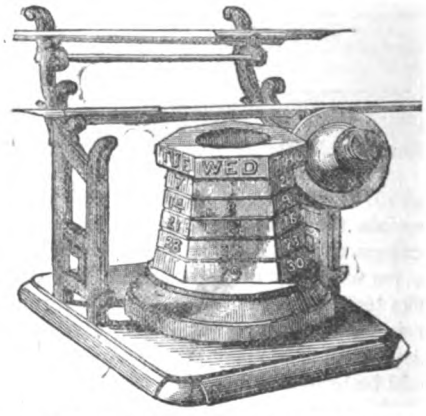
In the lower part of the more massive accumulation water percolates through the upper porous mass, as the surface is melted by the sun, and this is then frozen into a foundation of firm, solid ice below. This subjacent ice-bed increases in thickness in the lower stretches of the glacier, until at last compact, solid ice only is found. It is probable that the compact ice of the interior of the large glaciers is always kept at a temperature of about 32° of Fahrenheit, and therefore in a state ready to undergo the process of re-gelation. The fractured masses which are tumbled down the more precipitous parts of the glacier bed are almost invariably frozen again afterward into renewed continuity by the operation of this agency. To adventurous travelers climbing the snow-mountains, the ice-glacier appears to issue from the broad fields of granular snow, or névé.

Professor Tyndall has shown that even compact and solid ice is primarily formed out of six-rayed star-crystals, very nearly resembling those of snow, but with their angles intimately and closely interlaced together. By skillful employment of magnifying-glasses these can be seen forming in ice that is beginning to freeze, and they can also be traced, by a similar application of optical instruments, in clear dense ice that is just beginning to melt. The lightness of ice which enables it to swim upon water is partly due to the small portions of air which get entangled amidst the ice-crystals as these are grouped into geometrical forms in the act of freezing.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

NEPTUNITE.—Neptunite is the name bestowed upon a new and very simple invention for waterproofing garments or fabrics. The ingenious inventor is a Mr. Lamb, a Canadian. He, after many experiments, has succeeded in producing a water-expelling substance that does not injure the fabric to which it is applied. The liquid termed Neptunite is a "solution of certain hydro-carbon gums, the chief ingredient being a solution of rubber." The effect of this solution, when applied to silks, is to strengthen the fibres, and, far from injuring the most delicate colors, it even freshens and sets them, while cloth is left as free in its ventilating power as before. Experiments have been made with various fabrics, and it has been proved that stains from coffee, ink, claret or grease are successfully *repelled* from the articles dipped in Neptunite. Carpets, woolen cloths, and a piece of white brocade were experimented upon. Silks, satins, hats, ostrich-feathers, ladies' shoes, gloves, and many varieties of ribbon were dipped in water, played upon by a hose-pipe, submitted to tests from ink, lemon-juice and claret, and in the latter cases a dash of water removed all stains, leaving the articles as brilliant and good as before. Velvets were also tried, and with equally good results. It must be remembered that Neptunite does not "waterproof" a garment: it renders the fabric water-*repellent*, and no application of boiling water, soap or alcohol will suffice to eradicate the solution when once it has been properly applied. Every article submitted to the dipping process should be thoroughly dried for twenty-four hours in a temperature of about 170 degrees.

A PERPETUAL CALENDAR INKSTAND.—An ingenious and useful form of inkstand is figured in the accompanying woodcut. The body of the stand, which is heptagonal, or seven-sided, in form, corresponding of course to the division of the week, has engraved



upon it, in vertical parallel bands running horizontally round the stand, one column or band of figures to each side of the heptagon, the figures which compose a month, that is, from 1 up to and including 31. The pot is movable, and is placed inside the stand. Round its rim it has abbreviations of the days of the week, one in each section, answering to the sections of the stand. Consequently, for example, in the event of the first day of the month falling on a Wednesday, the section of the rim of the pot containing WED. has but to be adjusted to fit the column headed 1, of the stand, to transform the concern into a calendar, that requires adjustment only at the beginning of every month to render it perpetual.

COW-TREE RUBBER.—Most of the Brazilian india-rubber hitherto in use has come from the City of Para, on the Amazon River; but large quantities are now being exported from the Province of Pernambuco, further south. Para rubber is the inspissated juice of the well-known caoutchouc-tree, whereas the Pernambuco gum is the product of the mangabeira, or cow-tree. It is only recently that the rubber-yielding qualities of this tree have been appreciated, and the discovery has tapped an almost inexhaustible store of rubber, for these trees are common in the Brazilian woods. The process of preparing mangabeira rubber is simpler than the method followed with Para rubber. The milk or juice of the cow-tree is coagulated by admixture with alum and water, and the clotted mass allowed to dry in the air before it is packed up for exportation. For rough work, demanding strength, the rubber thus prepared is preferable to the ordinary caoutchouc; and it is eminently suited for the springs of railroad cars, tram-cars or other vehicles, and the tires of bicycles.

THE new Warner Observatory which is being erected at Rochester, N. Y., is attracting much attention in social and literary, as well as scientific, circles. The new telescope will be twenty-two feet in length, and its lens sixteen inches in diameter, thus making it third in size of any instrument heretofore manufactured, while the dome of the observatory is to have some new appliances for specially observing certain portions of the heavens. It is to be the finest private observatory in the world, and has been heavily endowed by Mr. H. H. Warner. Professor Swift has labored under numerous disadvantages in the past, and the new comet which he recently found was in spite of many obstacles; but as the new institution is to be specially devoted to discoveries, there are good reasons to expect very many scientific revelations in the near future from the Warner Observatory at Rochester.

THE REV. STEPHEN POWERS notes, in the Kansas City *Review of Science*, the opening of an interesting mound in Brush Creek township, Ohio. The mound was opened by the Historical Society of the township, under the immediate supervision of Dr. J. F. Everhart, of Zanesville. It measures sixty-four by thirty-five feet at the summit, gradually sloping in every direction, and was eight feet in height. There was found in it a sort of clay coffin, including the skeleton of a woman measuring eight feet in length. Within this coffin was found, also, the skeleton of a child about three feet and a half in length. In a third grave occurred two other skeletons, male and female, measuring, respectively, nine feet four inches, and eight feet. Seven other skeletons were found in the mound, the smallest of which measured eight feet, while others reached the enormous length of ten feet. They were buried singly, or each in separate graves. Resting against one of the coffins was an engraved stone tablet (now in Cincinnati), from the characters on which Dr. Everhart and Mr. Powers are led to conclude that this giant race were sun-worshipers.

A NATURAL ICE-HOUSE.—A remarkable ice-gorge in Sussex County, N. J., in the rear of Blue Mountain, is attracting attention, and is much visited by the lovers of curious sights. The ice-gorge is several hundred yards in extent, ten to thirty feet deep, with caves and clefts in the rocks where the ice lies. It is located a very short distance from the mountain. The shade at the gorge is dense, the sun apparently never penetrating it. The bottom of the gorge is filled with ice, and the little caves and crevices are filled with it. It is a natural ice-house; hundreds of tons might be taken out without appreciably decreasing the whole. Much of it, no doubt, has lain there for years, the mass gradually melting and being added to each year. The thermometer, which registered in the nineties in Newton, marked thirty-eight degrees at the bottom of this gorge, too cold for one to remain there any length of time. A few feet from one end of the gorge a spring of most delicious sparkling water bubbles up. The water in this spring stands at thirty-four degrees—about as cold as one could comfortably drink it.

AN electric stone-breaker is the latest invention. A dynamo-electric machine furnishes the power to an electro-magnetic chopper capable of delivering from 1,000 to 2,000 blows per minute. Stone-breaking requires the exertion of very great forces through very small distances—in fact, precisely the kind of work for which electro-magnetic machines on a large scale might be expected to be successful, if only the cost of generating the electricity were not so serious.

A SIMPLE AUDIPHONE.—Take a sheet of stiff brown paper about fifteen inches long by eleven wide, the paper being such as is ordinarily used for making up heavy parcels. Put the ends together, the middle forming a loop, and hold the ends between the teeth. The paper must be pretty stiff, as the loop must stand out round and full, and, of course, the paper must be without folds or creases.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"I WOULD take a trip round the world," said Mr. Shoddy, "if it wasn't for the expense of returning home again."

A GLASGOW theatrical company recently played a scene laid in a church so naturally that, to many of the audience, it seemed so real that they went to sleep.

A NEW method of testing a man's sobriety is suggested. If he can distinctly pronounce "veterinary surgeon," he may consider himself as sober as a judge.

"CHARLES, DEAR," she murmured, as they strolled along the other evening, and gazed upward at the bejeweled firmament, "which is Venus, and which is Adonis?"

A YANKEE EDITOR wishes to know whether the law recently passed prohibiting the carrying of deadly weapons applies to doctors who carry pills in their pockets.

MISS H——(who has chosen medicine as a profession, to Professor, who has given the class an ox's heart to dissect): "Oh, Professor, can't we have forks to handle it with?"

"OCH!" said a lovesick Hibernian, "what a recreation it is to be dying of love! It sets the heart aching so delicately there's no taking a wink of slape for the pleasure of the pain!"

THE German soldiers are to be trained to shout while making a charge. We have known many men who were always willing to "shout," provided they were allowed to make a "charge" at the same time.

A NEW novel is called "A Lady's Four Wishes." An old bachelor says that he has not read the book, but that he knows what her wishes are: First, a new bonnet; second, a new bonnet; third, a new bonnet; and fourth, a new bonnet.

ONE day during an eclipse of the sun, a boy sold smoked glasses at a cent apiece. "You ought to make money," said the purchaser. "Yes," said the young merchant, "ours would be a good business, if the dull season were not so long."

"MA," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" "Why, the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so very rich he would have had a bed of his own."

WHY is a political agitator like a steady mechanic? Because he sticks to his tirade.

ONE hug, says a cautious suitor, is worth a dozen love-letters, and it cannot be introduced in a breach-of-promise suit.

TWO YOUNG ladies in Baltimore, says an exchange, who entertain their friends on the front "stoop," are known as the step-sisters.

IN giving an account of an inquest, the printer chose to state, "The deceased bore an accidental character, and the jury returned a verdict of excellent death."

A CANNY Scotchman inquired of a fellow-trader, "Is Colonel X. a man to be trusted?" "I think you'll find him so," was the reply. "If you trust him once, you'll trust him for ever."

"IF I have ever used any unkind words, Hannah," said Mr. Smiley to Mrs. Smiley, "I take them all back." "Yes, I suppose you want to use them over again," was the not very soothing reply.

"IF I were as hard up as you are," remarked one citizen to another, "I'd get out of it some way, if I had to beg or steal." "What, I beg? I steal?" exclaimed the other, indignantly. "I'd sooner—sooner get trusted."

A SENIOR, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his fair inamorata, said: "The question is difficult, and I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "Suppose you pop it?" whispered the blushing damsel.

WHEN a woman gets on the shady side of forty, there are two things of which she is positively certain: That she knows more than all Christendom, and that if it wasn't for her gray hairs, people wouldn't take her to be over forty.

HER Shakespearian education had been neglected; but when she told him, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your photography," she smiled proudly, as one who had said a good thing, and knew it.

A STREET SKETCH.—We should really advise Old Shoddy, if he must have a liveried coachman to drive him about, not to select the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking one he can find, because—well, because comparisons are odious.

A LADY, wishing to illustrate the judgment of Paris, presented to a little girl an apple. "My dear, give this apple to the one of us three whom you consider to be the prettiest." The little girl looked for a moment at the three ladies, and—ate the apple!

"THE last time I saw Miss O'Neil," said a nobleman once to a well-known dramatist, "was at a morning performance, and she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." "Oh, that's nothing," said the ready playwright. "There was a time when she filled the theatre!"

"WHAT earthly use is it," exclaimed a languid Washington swell the other morning, "our twying to be awistocwatic, monarchical, and that sort of thing, when a Senator of the United States eats peanuts while widing in the stweet car? We're nothing but a howid wepublic, after all!"

MISS JONES was about to marry a military officer, much to her mother's displeasure. "Why, my child," said the latter, "don't you know war may be declared at any moment, and take him away for ever?" "Very well," was the answer; "a widow of seventeen—what could be more poetic?"

A POOR, emaciated Irishman, having, in a forlorn hope, called in a physician, the latter spread a large mustard-plaster, and put it on the poor fellow's lean chest. Pat, when he with tearful eyes looked down on the plaster, said, "Docther, it strikes me it's a dale of mustard for so little mate!"

WHEN the Queen paid her first visit to Scotland, many years ago, the following conversation took place been two countrymen: *Sandy*: "Well, Jock, hae ye seen the Queen?" *Jock*: "Ou, ay, I hae seen the Queen. But I wadna gang the length o' the street to see her again. She's just made like ony ither woman, an' they tell't me her arms were a lion an' a unicorn!"

A MAN who wanted to buy a horse, asked a friend how to tell the horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to the horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth and gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had counted his teeth!

A FARMER was invited to a party at a country squire's one evening, where there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartets excellent?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste 'em. But the pork chops were the finest I ever did eat!"

TOM MOORE, observing himself to be eyed by two handsome young ladies inquired of a friend who was near enough to hear their remarks, what it was they said of him. "Why, the taller one observed that she was delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing so famous a personage." "Indeed!" said the gratified poet. "Anything more?" "Yes; she said she was the more pleased, because she had taken in your celebrated 'Almanac' for the last five or six years!"

SWEET SIXTEEN.

THE SICK CHILD
From a Painting by Trayer

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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SPORTS AND SPORT IN AMERICA.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

COASTING SCENES AT NEWBURG, N. Y.

SPORTS AND SPORT IN AMERICA.

By Oliver Johnson.

It is said that when some one asked Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer, what was the most awful thing he could conceive of, he replied, "The Polar Winter." And it is not hard to realize this when we think of the weary weeks that pass there, when the sun only shows a faint rim of light for fifteen minutes out of twenty-four hours, and the mercury sometimes stands at 99° below zero!

But in regions of civilized life, how keen is the zest for outdoor sports when the air is frosty! How the blood courses through the veins of those who, wrapped in warm garments, give themselves up to the exhilaration of the season! It is a great mistake to suppose that Summer is the time for outdoor life, and that Winter should find us ensconced in our libraries or offices. True, the days are short; all the more reason, then, for making the most of the sunshiny hours.

This year we are fortunate in having Winter "set in early," as the phrase is. It is years since we have had skating before Christmas, until now. How eagerly the boys, little and big (and the girls too, fortunately), watched the oncoming of the cold wave, that hushed the running rivers, and locked the ponds into hardness! As soon as the ice would bear, what scenes of gayety were witnessed in every available place! Men and boys, girls, and often young women, would take an afternoon, or evening, if the moon was propitious, and glide over the crystal surface with the delight that comes from a new motion. It is almost like possessing another sense to acquire a new power of locomotion. What life it gives when one finds he can conquer the waters, and swim like a fish! How many experiments have been made with flying-machines! How much has been risked in the attempt to navigate the air! This shows how man is constantly seeking to increase his physical powers, and to overcome the materialism which would hold him a slave to the slow ways of pedestrianism.

But skating has become a fine art now. We are no longer content to see how fast and how far we can go, but must cut fancy figures on the clear ice; or we have parties where cotilions, the lancers, and even the German, are danced. How delicious it is to pass through the figures of these dances with the clear outdoor air to exhilarate, and under the pure light of moon and stars, instead of in heated rooms, where gas-jets consume half the oxygen that our exhausted lungs are craving! Then, instead of being jaded and worn out by our sport, we come home hungry and tired, indeed, but all in such a healthful way that we are better afterward.

If one is not disposed to put on skates, the ice affords another amusement. Well wrapped in robes, one may take a comfortable seat in a sled, and be pushed along at a rapid rate by a skater who goes behind. But in this case one loses the glow that comes from exercise on one's own feet.

Last Winter there was an instance of a boy's love of skating, which was both pleasing and pitiful. A friend told me he was going up to Central Park for an hour's sport at the rink, when he saw two street *gamins* going in the same direction. They had one old rusty skate between them. Curious to know what they meant to do with it, and, furthermore, interested in the honest enjoyment depicted on their rough little faces, he kept them in view. Arrived at the pond, the little fellows took turns in using their one skate, and showed as much satisfaction as any one there.

"Where's your other skate, boys?" asked my friend.

"There ain't no other," replied one of them. "I've found this in an ash-barrel, but there wa'n't no other."

"And a lucky find it was," said Jim, grinning from ear to ear. "Come, Bob, let's be off; there ain't much more time."

Off they started, leaving a lesson in contentment behind them.

After the ice has been good for a few days, gray clouds are seen to gather, and, "gently as feathers from an angel's wing," the snowflakes fill the air. Softly they gather on every hedge, and nestle in even the tiniest crannies. In time sidewalks and streets are covered, and soon every rough place is made smooth by this soft equalizer. Then everything that can be put on runners is brought into requisition, and the streets are gay with jingling bells and merry sleighing parties. The city streets are shunned, and the outlying towns sought. What suppers and dances, what good cheer of various kinds are enjoyed while there is good sleighing!

And the boys, who scorn anything so commonplace as a sleigh, bring out their sleds, and, crowding as many on as possible, start at the top of the hill and go down fast, faster, faster! until they reach the bottom; unless, by some mischance, such as bad steering, the sled is turned aside, and the entire load is precipitated into a snowbank. Often hundreds of people are gathered on a single hill, where the fun is continued into the small hours of the morning.

Our Canadian brothers have a peculiar kind of coasting, which they call tobogganing, but it seems to be a more serious thing than ours.

The ice and snow, which offer such a field for frolic to pleasure-seekers, are serious hindrances to the traveler. Trains are delayed by the latter, and ferryboats are almost locked in the rigid bonds of the former. Only the ice-boat, which is built to glide over the frozen surface, can make good time against it. These boats, which are narrow, have sharp steel runners, much like skates. The large sails which they carry offer such an expanse to the wind that the rate of motion is rapid and exhilarating. It behooves one to keep a sharp lookout for "breathing-holes," as the open spots in rivers and ponds are called, lest the unwary navigator find himself suddenly plunged beneath the ice into dark, cold waters.

But turning from sports like these, which are the amusements of children of smaller or larger growth, we must consider that which is strictly sport.

The pursuit of the moose and caribou affords as much excitement to the hunter as that of any game our country offers. These deer are the largest, the fleetest and the most wary on earth, and it calls for a sportsman's best endurance and skill to compete successfully with them. These animals are found in Labrador, Newfoundland and the State of Maine. In the wide wastes of the latter the reindeer lichen (*Cladonia rangeferina*) grows abundantly, and affords its favorite food to the hungry deer. It is to be desired that the game laws which now exist there should be so enforced as to keep this valuable game in that State, where the many lakes and uplands are adapted to its habits. But the wandering tendencies of the American are shared by this animal, and it leaves old haunts to find improved conditions with great readiness.

The woodland caribou is much heavier than its Arctic brother, who bears the name of the barren-ground caribou, the latter weighing only about one hundred and fifty pounds, while the former often attains five hundred. The general color of the caribou is dark, grayish fawn, but on the outside of the face, ears, outside of legs and side it fades nearly to white; so also on the neck and

throat. A circle of white is on the legs, just above the hoof. The hoof of this deer is very peculiar—rounded, with a single plate, very broad, folded on itself, which spreads in running over the ice, making a kind of snow-shoe, the clattering of which may be heard at quite a distance.

In hunting the moose, although the Autumn or even the Summer may be chosen, the Winter offers the highest inducements to the hunter. As the snows cover the earth to a depth of many feet, making it almost impossible for animals of such bulk to travel from place to place, and also precluding their finding nourishment near the soil, these deer gather in parties of from four to thirty, and form what are called "yards" for their Winter homes. Having found a place that is satisfactory, they trample the soft snow until a firm floor is formed, large enough to accommodate their numbers. The surrounding snow, being at its original level, makes a wall, which is increased in height by successive snowstorms. The surrounding trees—pines, hemlocks, white cedars, etc.—afford sustenance to the inhabitants of the yard.

In Lower Canada and Nova Scotia, the Indians seek these yards for the benefit of the numerous sportsmen who are found in the garrison towns belonging to her Majesty. When the good news that one is found is told in the barracks, much bustle prevails, and preparations are immediately made for an attack. This is no holiday frolic, but calls for the stout endurance and skill of experienced hunters.

Often it is necessary to camp out in the forests for several nights when on a moose-chase. A sufficient supply of provisions is carried on the *toboggans*, as their slight sledges are called. It is essential to the success of the chase that the animal should not be alarmed before the direct attack; so no gun is allowed to be fired until the right moment.

After all is prepared in the camp, a fire made and fuel gathered to defy the intense cold of the night, the supper eaten, the stories told, the sportsmen fall asleep under the clear Winter skies, and dream of the day's sport that is to come.

In the morning each man puts on his snowshoes, and the stealthy march is begun. After several hours the great bulls are sighted, taking their ease, while the cows are taking their noontide meal from the tender tips of the surrounding trees.

Silently each hunter chooses his victim, and simultaneously they fire. Terror and confusion invade the once peaceful camp. The dead and the wounded are lying on the ground, the latter bellowing and ready to make savage fight, while those who have mercifully escaped are fleeing for life into the forest depths. The keen knife finishes any incomplete work, and the game is cut up, and the meat hung on trees beyond the reach of the hungry wolves, until it can be taken to the camp.

For the hunter is not content with this amount of slaughter. Buckling on his snowshoes, he again starts in pursuit of the fugitives. Notwithstanding the weight of these animals, which is great, and their large and branching antlers, their rate of speed is most rapid. How they can pass through the thick forest growths as they do, is wonderful.

The excitement of the pursuit is keen. Every trace left by the fugitives is carefully scanned by the hunter. At night the moose rests, and his pursuer encamps as he did the previous night. The next morning the hunt begins again. As the herds usually follow the same track, some of the weaker or more cumbrous of its members lag behind, and fall an unwilling prey to their pursuers. And so the chase continues, until the hunter is content or the game exhausted.

Similar in some respects to moose-hunting is the pursuit of the elk. This deer is very large, and is to be found on the prairies instead of in the forests. Horses and hounds are sometimes used in its pursuit, though, as there are no trees to skulk behind, and as the advance upon the game must be made almost wholly in its view, it is usually preferred by the sportsman to go unencumbered, even though he thus goes unassisted.

In stalking the elk, as soon as the alarm is taken, if mounted, the hunter puts his horse to his utmost speed, and charges at once upon the herd. After a long gallop, he finds himself face to face with his prey. Dismounting, after having fired, he completes his work with the knife. The elk, when hurt, is very dangerous, as it does terrible execution with its antlers.

The black bear—*Ursus americanus*—is scarcely to be considered as game in any strict sense. His home is everywhere on our Western Continent where the encroaching civilization leaves him a place. He haunts the farmer's corn-fields, and often invades the sheep-fold, thus making himself a great annoyance. He is therefore pursued in that light, and his capture is not in any way scientific. He is a harmless animal to man, unless attacked, though this is not true of the female, who is very fierce when her cubs are young. When the report is brought to a village that bruin is in the neighborhood, the farmers start out in pursuit. When the animal is met it is said he rises on his hind-legs, from a spirit of imitativeness which leads him to copy the attitude of man. With his strong paw he easily knocks aside any club or ax that is used against him, and his powerful claws inflict terrible wounds on the dogs that assail him. A sharp, heavy knife is the best weapon, and the man who deals the death-blow is rarely hurt. The black bear is no formidable enemy. The skin is valuable and the meat a delicacy, so the inducements to kill him are strong.

But the grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*) is quite another creature. He, fiercest, most cruel, and most powerful of our quadrupeds, is considered a prey worthy of the bravest of the brave. He is most difficult to kill, even when wounded in a vital part, and no one system can be pursued in his destruction. Like the black bear, the grizzly is torpid in the Winter, and seeks a cave in which to find his rest. It is there that he is most successfully attacked, although if the hunter's stout heart fails and his firm muscles tremble at the approach of the monster, his life is hopelessly sacrificed.

The wolf, like the black bear, cannot be considered sport for the hunter. The Winter's cold often drives him from his forest haunts, and leads him to attack any animal which he can overcome. Even human beings are welcome food to the hungry wolf. So when his tracks are found, and he is traced to his den, the men turn out in such numbers as can be raised in the neighborhood. Following the beast to his lurking-place, a volley is fired, by which he is killed. The carcass is carried away in triumph, and the men who have rid the place of such an enemy are regarded as public benefactors.

Fowl-shooting, by sea and by land, on uplands and in the marshes, is a favorite sport all through the year. It is quite wonderful to see how enthusiastic a man can be in this sport whose home life would give no clew to such a taste. It is only a pleasure to tramp, or even crawl, through mud and slush, lying for hours on the wet earth, for the sake of bagging a few ducks or grouse. Yet this same man must have his life at home ordered after the most fastidious fashion.

Perhaps yachting affords as easy pleasure as any that can be secured. A wise man will first see that his

ON THE SKATING-GROUND.

yacht is built of wood well seasoned, and then will learn every part and rope of it. He will undertake the sailing of it himself—at least, most of the time, or his enjoyment will be much diminished. In the yacht-races that are enjoyed every Summer, a true yachtsman will wish to hold his own helm and give his own orders.

WHERE ALL CLASSES ARE EQUAL.

TACKLING A BEAR IN THE MOUNTAINS.

We will close this somewhat long article—which we nevertheless hope may inspire some weary worker to take to outdoor life for a few days or weeks—with some old yachting saws:

"When the glass falls low,
Prepare for a blow;
When the glass rises high,
Let the light duck fly."

"At sea with a low and falling glass,
The green hand sleeps like a careless ass;
But only when it is high and rising,
Will slumber trouble a careful wise one."

"When rise begins after low,
Squalls expect and a clear blow.

"Long foretold, long last;
Short warning, soon past."

"When the mist takes to the open sea,
Fine weather, shipmates, it will be;
But when the mist rolls over the land,
The rain comes rattling off like sand."

"When the clouds spread like a feather,
Mariners look for fair, good weather."

"When the lofty mist the hill doth bear,
Let the mariner then for storms prepare."

GLOXINIA'S WILE.

By George Manville Fenn.

CHAPTER I.

LAVENDER VILLAGE.

IT does not very much matter who Sangster was, or who were his forbears; it is enough to state that he built Lavender Village, and a very pretty little estate it was.

It was pretty in appearance, and, what is decidedly better, it brought in a pretty penny to its owner, the aforesaid Sangster, who lived in stuffy chambers in a squeezy Inn of Court, and abhorred the country except for what it brought into his pockets.

Sangster, then, built Lavender Village, with its twenty-four pretty detached Gothic villas standing in their charming, well-kept gardens. It was the low-minded, commonplace people of the neighboring town who christened it "Sangster's Circus."

The fact is, that the little River Wirmylong used, so geologists say, to run through that pleasant part of Kent, and they will trace for you its course along the little valleys, before some flood or eating through of the little hills caused it to take an entirely new line, and the bed of the old rivulet became the most tortuous lane in the county, leading almost from nowhere to somewhere else. It would have been a perfectly useless lane, had it not tapped the Bunbourne Road at one end, about three hundred yards from Bunbourne Station, on the Due-South Railway, and the Sneezlehurst Road at the other end, some miles away. It is not, however, fair to say that it was a perfectly useless lane, for certainly, in its older days, it had a great deal to do with the matrimonial matters of Bunbourne, the young lovers of that salutary town, or village, affecting it for making up matters prior to being asked in church. In fact, a philosophical mind had calculated that quite twenty-four couples, by a little management, could have exchanged a chaste kiss in its windings without being seen by neighbors similarly engaged.

Directly after you entered Wirmylong Lane from Bunbourne, the rivulet had once wound round in a complete—a perfect circle, going so nearly back to the spot from whence it started, that when Sangster married and became possessed with his wife of the High Field, he had only to continue the lane for forty yards to complete the circle; and this he did.

For he was a shrewd fellow, was Sangster, and living in London, he had learnt that a piece of land worth pounds for grazing purposes was, if eligible, worth hundreds for building. So, seeing that the High Field stood so near Bunbourne Station, and that it was sandy and elevated and pretty, and that it came to him as a wedding gift, he called in a surveyor, and cut the round estate up exactly like a wedding-cake, each wedge-shaped piece, with its frontage to the lane, becoming a capital little building plot, and all the gardens meeting in a central point.

Sangster had money of his own, and he sold other portions of his wife's estate to supply the rest of the funds; had plans made, designed by an architect; called in a clever builder, and, his wife naming the place, Lavender Village began to spring up, and the Bunbourne people sneeringly named the ring of villas "Sangster's Circus."

Sangster had *nous* enough to do the thing well, and as fast as the pretty villas, with prettily laid out gardens and trim hedges and fences, were finished, with croquet-grounds, conservatories, and the rest of it, they were let at stinging rents to old bachelors, maiden ladies, and, in one case, to a very pretty, plump, clever widow.

It was not everybody whom Sangster would accept for tenant. He wanted people with money—city brokers, who ran up by the Due-South to the city; people who wanted a bit of stable, or a grape or orchard-house put up; all of which Sangster did at a consideration, so that in the course of twenty years Lavender Village was as good a property in its way as the Burlington Arcade; and if a house was likely to be vacant, it was bespoke twelve deep.

CHAPTER II.

THE SERPENT.

Bunbourne was big in horticulture. Bunbourne Horticultural Society had for president Sir Belgrave Such, M. P., and somehow Lavender Village had drifted into being the great buttress of the society. The strifes of city life and the encounters between "bulls" and "bears" were left behind with the smoke, and Mr. Quayle devoted himself to pines; Vater of Capel Court went in for grapes; Perkins of Throgmorton Street was great with peaches grown in his orchard-house; Mrs. Seymour Perry, the pretty widow, was famous for her gloxinias—in fact, she was known by her admirers as "Gloxinia," she was so plump and soft in her tints, so downy, and above all, so sleek. All the bachelors were more or less in love with her, to the scandalization of several of the elderly maiden ladies, Miss Olly going so far as to say to Miss Levick that, if she wanted to change her state, she should marry first, "for it seems to me very clear that men have a preference for second-hand goods, though why, I cannot understand."

It was rather odd that while the gentlemen to a man, excepting Mallabone, thought the widow very pretty, the ladies, without exception, thought her very plain, and detested her to such an extent that they never met Gloxinia without kissing her and calling her "dear."

Bunbourne Summer Show was drawing nigh, and the occupants of Lavender Village were growing excited. In every one of those wedge-shaped gardens, separated by trimly kept hawthorn hedges—for Sangster always drew

the line at walls—ladies and gentlemen could be seen of an evening, watering, snailing, squirting water to shoot aphides, picking off dead leaves, shading and sheltering plants that were meant for exhibition, and mentally exclaiming against Mallabone.

For Mallabone was the serpent of this pleasant Eden; and but for the fact that he had his house on a tight lease, he would have been sent to some other place long before.

As it was, the Lavender Villagers had to be content with sending him to Coventry, which did but little good, for Mallabone only laughed.

He was very smooth and pleasant to look at, but he was a regular demon at heart. The maiden ladies hated him because he was a misogynist, and the gentlemen shared their hate because he was better off, had the prettiest cottage, the nearest to the station, and could beat all his neighbors at bowls, billiards, or in the friendly rubber of whist.

It was just three weeks before the Summer Exhibition, and the friendly rivalry was at its height. There was not a soul who did not wish that Mallabone might come down like a blight upon all his or her neighbors, so long as the wisher escaped. And meanwhile Mallabone was busy—maliciously busy—in his own garden, and chuckling and rubbing his hands.

He had come down from the city by the express, met Mrs. Seymour Perry, and blushed as he thought she looked at him reproachfully, and then did not feel safe until he was shut in by his garden gate, for he had a perfect horror of the other sex. A friend of his, and former partner, had been drawn into a breach-of-promise case, and mulcted in £2,000. Mallabone was determined that this should not be his fate.

Dinner followed—a good one, for Mallabone chose his own fish and poultry, and had them sent down. Then there was a glass of wine, followed by a choice cigar, under whose influence Mallabone went into his garden that delicious Summer evening to enjoy himself in his solitary way.

The next minute he was busy over some trays of what looked like silkworms, for which he picked some cabbage-leaves, when a second glance showed that there were half a dozen species of fine flourishing caterpillars, all full of voracity.

Covering these over, he rubbed his hands, and uncovered, one after the other, a series of earthern pots, in some of which were slugs, in others snails, of all sorts and sizes. There were slugs—great, black, fat fellows; large, drab, slimy objects; great spotted slugs with hoods; and hundreds of small ones, gray, drab, brown and black, all of which he fed with cabbage-leaves before removing the earthenware covers to gaze upon the pet snails which he had raised from the egg, and some of which were of six-periwinkle magnitude, and with horns three-quarters of an inch long.

His next visit was to a kind of aviary, where his gardener had the care of feeding some dozens of young blackbirds and thrushes, principally upon ripe fruit, gooseberries, currants, and the like.

"Ah!" said Mallabone, rubbing his hands, "you'll pretty well do now. I don't see why you shouldn't quite do!"

And quickly opening the aviary door, he left the birds to escape.

He next returned to the house for a camp-stool, lit a fresh cigar, and quietly filling a little basket with caterpillars, and a jam-pot with slugs, he took them down to the point of his garden where he was all but touching those of his twenty-four neighbors, sat down, smoked, listened placidly to the buzz of conversation, and waited until it grew dark.

Then, as the shades of evening fell, Mallabone grew suddenly busy with what seemed to be—of course it could not have been, and the reader must excuse the simile—a narrow steel very elastic stay-strengthener, believed by the writer to be called a "busk."

Armed with this implement, Mr. Mallabone placed a slug or a caterpillar at one end, bent the steel—well, right or wrong, we'll say "busk"—released it like a spring; and as he tightly held one end, away went the caterpillar or slug into somebody's garden, to alight upon a stray leaf, or on some choice bed of flowers.

So dexterous was this catapultist, that he with unerring aim sent great, fat slugs to fall with a soft pat upon green and grape house, conservatory and cucumber-frame, knowing full well that the soft, moist creatures would stick where they fell, and there, according to their instinct, search for and find some tiny hole through which they could squeeze their slimy bodies, and then cry havoc as they went upon their mission to destroy.

The snails required more delicate handling, and were gently pitched here and there into flower-beds, the peculiar configuration of the gardens placing them all within Mallabone's reach; so that when at last his task was done, he smiled, rubbed his hands, placed the—say busk—in his pocket, and returned to his sitting-room with his conscience at rest, for he could feel that he had done every one a good turn, and administered equal justice to all.

CHAPTER III.

GLOXINIA.

THERE was a general consternation in Lavender Village, and the inhabitants gathered at the bottoms of their gardens to discuss the matter; for just on the verge of the flower-show and general horticultural competition for prizes, it seemed as if the Plagues of Egypt had suddenly descended in the well-kept gardens.

"My gloxinias are ruined," said Mrs. Seymour Perry. "A great, long, slim slug got into the conservatory, and I sha'n't have one to show."

"The snails have ruined my *Phlox Drummondii*," said Miss Olly.

"That fellow of mine left the frames open," said Mr. Quayle; "and the big pair of cucumbers that I meant to show are eaten off at the stalks."

And so on, and so on. There was not an exhibitor who had not suffered: pansies, balsams, pelargoniums, strawberries, peaches, grapes—every choice exhibition product had been attacked, and Lavender Village was in despair.

"I made sure of a prize," said one.

"So did I!" said another.

"And I!"

"And I!"

And while each lamented his own particular loss, there was a feeling of exultation at the sufferings of the others.

"I wouldn't have cared, if my gloxinias had escaped," said Mrs. Seymour Perry, thoughtfully, as she caressed her soft round cheek with a jeweled finger.

"Nasty, selfish thing!" thought Miss Olly.

"Dreadful creature!" muttered Miss Levick.

Then there was a general chorus about late strawberries, melons, peaches and nectarines; of greenhouse and hothouse-breaking by the slugs, and flowers of the choicest destroyed; and lamentations that were only broken by half the Lavender Villagers going on expeditions to destroy the marauders.

"Now, look here," said Mr. Quayle, sticking his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, "I don't want to make mischief, neither do I want to have an action against me for slander. May I trust you all?"

"Yes, yes!" was chorused.

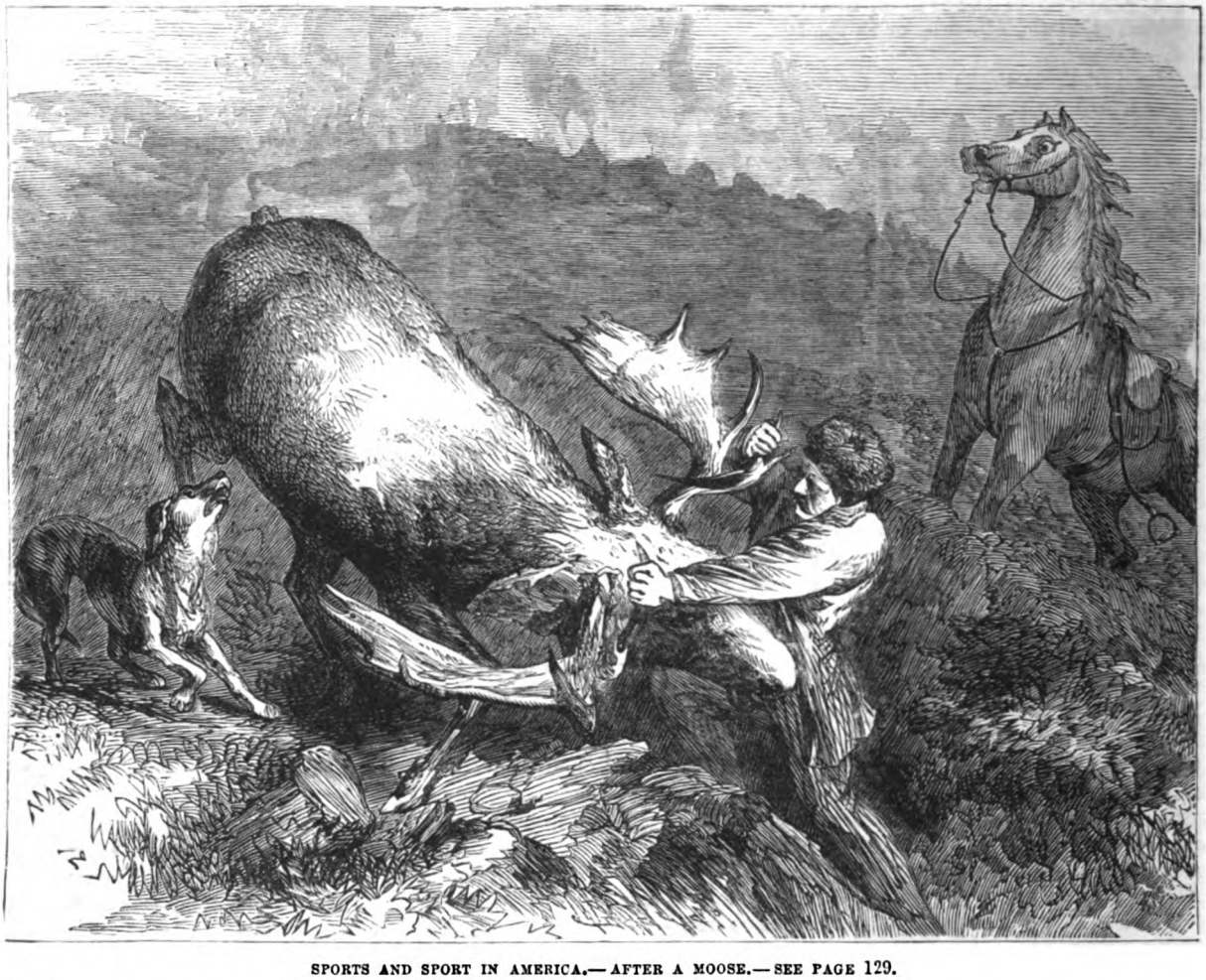
"Then," said Mr. Quayle, releasing one hand to slap his knee, "it's Mallabone!"

"Oh!" exclaimed several.

"Yes. What's he always breeding in boxes and pots? and what is it he sometimes sends flying with a catapult? I'll bet a dozen of champagne it's slugs and snails!"

"You're right!" cried Gloxinia, excitedly. "I've seen him do it, and wondered what it meant."

"Oh, the deceitful creature!" thought Miss Olly; "she spends her time watching his garden."



SPORTS AND SPORT IN AMERICA.—AFTER A MOOSE.—SEE PAGE 129.

"Minx!" muttered Miss Levick. "I haven't patience with her!"

"Well, now you mention it," said one, "I have heard things come into the garden—*pat*—of a night."

"So have I!" said a second.

"And I!" said a third. And, by a remarkable coincidence, so had everybody else.

"What's to be done, then?" said Mr. Quayle.

"Oh, it must be stopped," said several.

"But who'll beard the lion in his den?" said Mr. Quayle.

"Oh, you must!" was chorused. "Tell him we are going to bring an action against him for damages."

Mr. Quayle buttoned up his coat, and stuck his hat on one side of his head, as if he meant going; but his friends found out that he only meant not going, and the question arose then, Who is to go and see Mallabone?

"I will!" said Gloxinia, at last, as no one else seemed disposed to enter the breach.

"Oh, how good and brave of you!" chorused the ladies aloud; and, "Oh, the forward creature!" they chorused under their breaths; while the gentlemen each declared to himself that she was a wonderful woman, and wished that the others were not present, that he might the better express his feelings.

CHAPTER IV.

THAT SNAIL!

It was about half-past eight o'clock on the following evening that Mr. Mallabone, after a pleasant distribution of his gifts all round Sangster's Circus, was calmly seated near the open French casement, enjoying a perfect cigar, when, to his utter astonishment, a draped figure walked swiftly across his lawn, and entered the room by the open window. The large moderator lamp was shaded and turned down very low; and it is worthy of remark that at that moment a great white moth was circling round the lamp-glass, trying to singe its wings.

The draped figure looked so strange that Mr. Mallabone felt pinned to his chair, and he could not move. As the visitor walked straight to the table and turned up the light, the moth flew inside the glass and singed its wings, and then the large cloak was allowed to fall, and Gloxinia stood before the trembling Mallabone in evening dress, and looking extremely bewitching.

Mallabone blushed, trembled, and glanced at the door; but his visitor was between him and the place of retreat, and as Gloxinia fixed his eyes, she raised one hand and

There was a horrible pause, and then, in angry, emphatic accents, Gloxinia exclaimed: "You nasty man!"

"My dear madam," faltered Mallabone.

TOBOGGANING AT THE NORTH.

pointed with a tapering white finger to something upon her plump white shoulder.

Mallabone stared and saw what it was, and trembled more. He felt horribly guilty, and, what was worse, he felt that the lady was reading him through and through.

Gloxinia, who for a few moments had been doubtful, knew that she was right.

"See what you've done!" she exclaimed again.

Mallabone felt ready to go down upon his knees and beg his beautiful visitor's pardon.

"I—I—never thought——" he stammered.

"How could you treat me so?" she exclaimed again.

Mallabone was fascinated, and he rose from his seat as his visitor pointed at the snail.

"Take it off directly!" she exclaimed, with a little stamp of her foot.

"I would not have done it for the world!" he stammered.

"Take it off, you nasty man!" she exclaimed. And, with trembling hands, Mallabone essayed to remove the disgusting object from its pleasant seat.

"Oh!" exclaimed the lady, with a cry of pain, for the shell stuck tightly; but the next moment it was off, and Mallabone held it tremblingly in his fingers.

"Throw it away!" she cried now; and the snail was thrown out of the window.

"Now," exclaimed the lady, fixing him more than ever with her lustrous eyes, "take that handkerchief and wipe the place."

She held out a lace cambric handkerchief to the trembling man, whose fingers touched hers as he took the handkerchief, and he trembled more and more. Then, in a state of confusion such as he had never before experienced, he lightly brushed the lily shoulder where the snail had rested, and then, blushing like a girl, gazed full, helplessly, completely conquered, in the beautiful eyes that met his.

"Now, go down upon your knees and beg my pardon!" she exclaimed.

Poor Mallabone threw himself at her feet, her vanquished, humble slave, remaining there until she gave him her hand, which he kissed like that of a queen, and then rose, penitent and forgiven, to help the lady on again with her cloak, whose hood she threw over her bandolined head; and so confused was Mallabone, that he noticed not that the slimy ring upon the alabaster shoulder was of gum-arabic, which had been used to fasten on an empty shell.

In fact, just then he was wondering what would have been the consequences if he had kissed the place he had so insulted; whether he would have been slain on the spot, or committed to prison, or what would have become of him; and he was still thinking, when the lady glided away as she had come.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT FOLLOWED.

It was not from any dread of a breach-of-promise case—nothing of the kind—but solely owing to the fact that Mallabone could not get that soft white shoulder out of his eyes. It haunted him night and day, and the result was that one morning a letter of apology came round to all the Villagers, expressing Mallabone's regret for the trick he had played; and when, in time, the triumphant party went to call upon and thank Gloxinia, they found that she was out.

Mr. Mallabone was out, too!—gone from fear, his neighbors said. Be that as it may, there was an announcement in the morning papers directly after; and a month later Gloxinia led Mallabone back, an altered man, who smiled instead of blushing when she called him "Alfy, dear!" And there was one of the houses in Sangster's Circus to let.

Be not ashamed to confess you have been in the wrong. It is but owning, what you need not be ashamed of, that you now have more sense than you had before—to see your error—more humility to acknowledge it, and more grace to correct it.

THE STREAM.

Oh! sweet rippling river, that flowest for ever,
Reflecting the blue-vaulted sky,
While lazily sleeping, thou'rt ever forgetting
How swiftly the sunny days fly.

The wavy green trees hang lovingly o'er thee,
And whisper as softly the breeze dances by;
They live in the sunshine, they live and they care not
How swiftly the sunny days fly.

The twittering swallows that play o'er thy bosom,
And kiss thee so blithely as fluttering by,
In storm and in sunshine they, too, are forgetful
How swiftly the sunny days fly.

But still must I sorrow while all are so joyful,
And fear that dull Winter is nigh;
For thus 'tis in life—we are always forgetting
How swiftly the sunny days fly.

MY FORGERY.

HEN, at the close of the year 1876, I returned from Texas, having succeeded in losing two of the five thousand pounds which had come to me at my father's death as my share of his personal property, I felt some doubt as to how I should dispose of myself, my time, and my talents. Of the latter I had become a little distrustful of late, for they certainly had not served me well, when brought face to face with the exigencies of agricultural life in the far West; and I resolved that I would think twice or thrice before committing myself to another venture. As a matter of fact, I thought a great many times; but my thinking did not come to much, for I had been idle for six months, when one day, in the coffee-room of an hotel in one of the large towns in the North of England, which I will call Longborough, I came across my father's old friend, Francis Merrick, the accountant of the well-known firm of Langton, Merrick, Gibbs & Stuart.

"You don't mean to say that it is you, Mr. Richard?" said he, when I held out my hand to him; "you are the very last man I expected to see, for I thought you were thousands of miles away. Did you get tired of the American farm?"

"Yes, I did," I answered; "or else the American farm got tired of me. I know I lost as much money as I thought I could afford to lose at once; so I came home, thinking I might as well lose my next thousand in England."

"A very sensible idea. I suppose you have begun already. What are you doing now?"

"Oh, I am very discreet now. I am not losing money, only spending it."

"Ah, living a lazy life? Very nice thing for the time. I shouldn't mind a couple of months of it myself; but it doesn't pay in the long run. What are you going to do now—something, I suppose?"

"I should be glad enough to do anything; but what is there that I can do?"

"Well, you *can* do a great many things; the question is, what you *will* do. Just now, for instance, I could give you plenty of work in the office, in helping us with the winding up of two large estates we have got in hand, and the experience you had some years ago at Wellbridge would make it fairly easy to you; but of course you

wouldn't come. If you will, I'll give you £200 a year, willingly."

"Done!" I replied; "it is a bargain. When shall I come?"

"You don't mean it?" said Merrick, incredulously.

"Indeed I do; I was never more serious in my life."

"Very well, then, come on Monday," said he; and I assured him that I would, and that he might expect to see me at nine o'clock.

Our compact had scarcely been made when he was called away, and as soon as my own business was concluded I went home, and much surprised my wife by telling her what I had done. She was not only surprised, but a little hostile, for she evidently considered the clerkship decidedly *infra dig.;* but I laughed so persistently at her scruples, that she soon became, really or apparently, resigned.

At half-past eight o'clock on Monday morning I got into a train at the little roadside station, near the suburban villa which was our temporary home, and before nine I was at the office of Langton, Merrick, Gibbs & Stuart.

Merrick was there, and he welcomed me with his usual jolly laugh. It was, he said, before his usual time, but he had come down early to see whether I would put in an appearance, though he confessed he had not expected me.

I was taken to a private room, and a junior clerk brought in several baskets appallingly full of papers. Merrick explained to me part of what needed to be done; and the experience to which he had referred, which had been gained in connection with a small estate of my father's, helped me the rest.

The business was a somewhat long and complicated one, but in about a fortnight I had got through it. I then took in hand a similar piece of work, and performed my second task much more quickly. As I put into Merrick's hand the final statement, I asked him what I was to do next.

"This is all the business of this kind," he said, "that we have in hand just now. But I will tell you something that I have been thinking about for the last two or three days. You know that since poor old Marshall, our cashier, died so suddenly, six months ago, Mr. Stuart has been keeping the cash; but he is anxious to give it up, and we have been looking out for a cashier. Now, if you will take the post, it is there for you, and you shall have £300 a year to begin with. What do you say?"

I told him I could say nothing then, but that if he would leave the matter open for twenty-four hours I would consider it, talk it over with my wife, and let him know my decision in the morning.

On the morrow I informed Merrick that I accepted the offer; and I was at once installed in a room down-stairs, with a door and a window opening into the general office, and a private door opening into the corridor. I was not long in getting into the routine of the work, nor was I much longer in making some discoveries of unsuspected complications in the inner life of the firm.

It had been originally founded by a Mr. Langton, and my friend Merrick, after serving an apprenticeship to him, had become his partner. Mr. Langton's health had more or less failed while he was a comparatively young man; a paralytic stroke at last put a stop to all his business activities; and as the business was then growing rapidly beyond Mr. Merrick's control, it was determined to take in, as additional partners, Mr. Langton's nephew, John Gibbs, and the senior clerk, David Stuart, whose long acquaintance with the affairs of the clients of the firm was really as valuable as the capital which might fairly have been expected from an incoming partner.

I found out that Mr. Gibbs, who considered himself the representative of the altogether incapacitated Mr. Langton, had become much dissatisfied with the result of the partnership, the offer of which he had, in the first instance, hailed as an extraordinary piece of luck. He considered that the measure of influence he exerted, and the amount of profit he drew, were altogether incommensurate with his deserts; and that if Mr. Merrick, who, as far as the outside world was concerned, was really the firm, could somehow be removed out of the way, he would then gain the position to which he was entitled.

He had taken Mr. Stuart into his confidence, and infected him with his views, and it did not require much astuteness to see that instead of Mr. Merrick's partners being real allies, they were traitors in the camp. Even from me, a comparative stranger and outsider, they took very insufficient pains to conceal their feelings; and I soon became convinced that if at any time they had an opportunity of inflicting a blow upon him personally, without injuring the firm, he would certainly not be spared.

It is, as we know, the unexpected that always happens, and when the opportunity came, it came in a way upon which the conspirators, as I may call them, could not have calculated. Apart from his connection with the firm, Mr. Merrick's business habits and legal knowledge had rendered him much sought after by the directors of joint-stock undertakings, and there were several large companies in Longborough for which he performed secretarial duties. On inquiring for him at the office one morning, about seven months after my acceptance of the post of cashier, I was told that he had gone to a meeting of directors, and that he would not be back for two hours. My usual luncheon-time came, and I was just running down the steps which led from the door of the corridor in which our offices were situated to the street, when a cab, which had been driven very quickly, suddenly stopped, and Mr. Merrick put his head out of the window.

"I am glad I have caught you here," he said, "for I have not a moment to lose. A telegram has come which makes it necessary that I should start for Brussels by the next train, and I have not had time to countersign these checks." Here he pushed two check-books into my hand. "They have been signed by two of the directors; but of course they must have my signature as well. I can't possibly sign them now; so you must go to the bank and get Mr. Grey to accept the signature of the firm, and then Mr. Gibbs or Mr. Stuart will sign them for you."

"But suppose Mr. Grey won't consent?" I inquired; for I knew that if anything went wrong, the company might lose its credit and Mr. Merrick his reputation for ever.

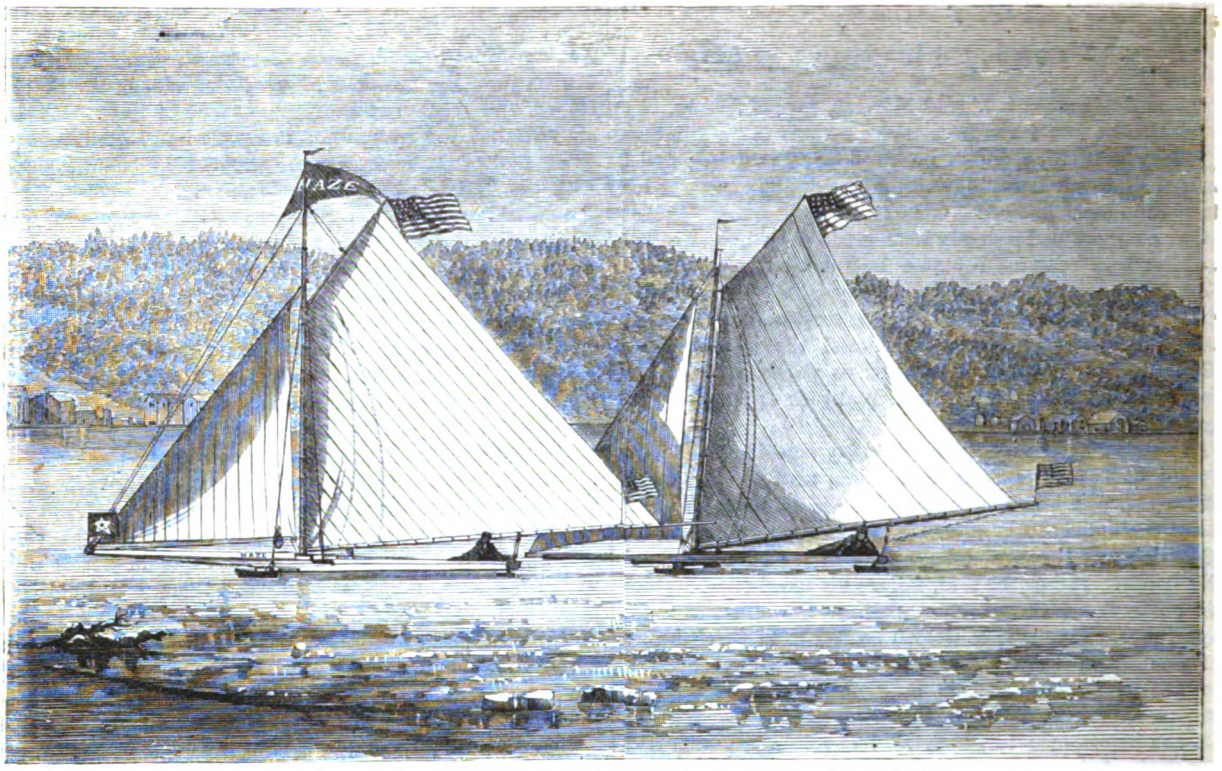
"Oh, tell him he must," said Mr. Merrick, whose principal failing was a habit of making sure that things would go right—"tell him he must, and there is no doubt that he will."

"Well, but if he won't, how am I to let you know? What will be your address for the next three days?"

"I can't tell you, but I will wire to-morrow. Tell Mr. Gibbs I shall certainly not be later than Tuesday, and that I hope to be back on Saturday. It will be all right, you'll see. Good-by."

And the cab drove off, leaving me standing on the causeway with feelings that were decidedly uncomfortable.

I determined that before going to luncheon I would call at the bank, see Mr. Grey, the manager, and set my mind at rest. I was fortunate in catching him, and still more fortunate in finding him in an accommodating frame of mind. I stated my business, and waited for his reply with an anxiety which I tried not to show.



SPORTS AND SPORT IN AMERICA.—ICE-BOATING ON THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 129.

"Well, Mr. Radford," he said, tickling his upper lip with the feather of his quill pen, as his habit was, "of course it is not strictly business-like—a little irregular, you know—but still, I should like to oblige Mr. Merrick; and, in short, you may tell Mr. Gibbs or Mr. Stuart that the signature of the firm will be honored, and it will be all right."

Mr. Grey's words brought my bad quarter of an hour to an abrupt end. A great weight was removed from my mind; that being gone, Richard was himself again, and I ate a hearty luncheon, feeling perfectly at ease. My worry, as I thought, was over—little did I imagine that in a more aggravated form it was yet before me.

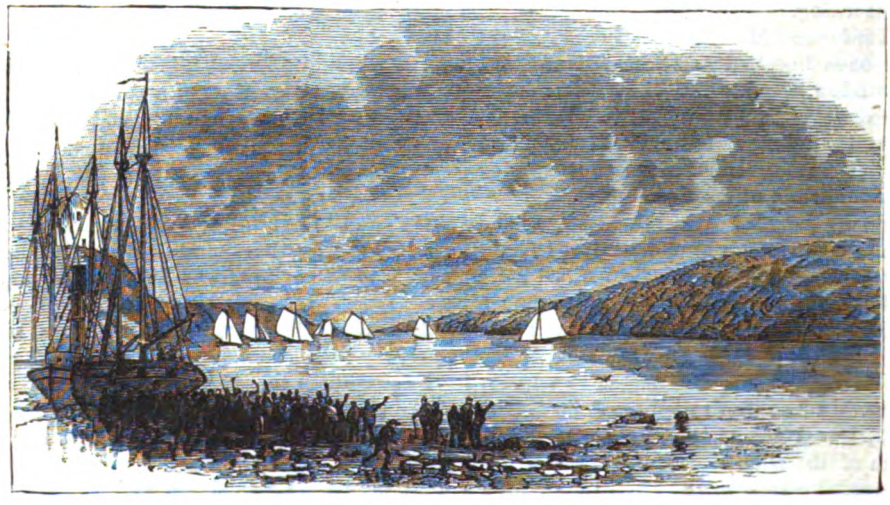
I went back to the office, and for about a couple of hours was engaged upon some work which I was bound to finish that afternoon. I then took the check-books to Mr. Gibbs, told him the circumstances, and said I should be glad if he or Mr. Stuart would sign the checks, either at once or during the morrow, as I should have to begin paying them out early on the morning of Wednesday, which was the following day. To my surprise, instead of at once consenting, he said he would not take the check-books then, but would think over the matter, and speak to me in the morning.

This struck me at the time as rather an odd proceeding, but nothing more. I must have been very stupid, for in spite of all that I knew, I frankly confess that not until I lay down on my sofa to enjoy my after-dinner pipe, did it really occur to me that he was contemplating a refusal. The idea, once conceived, was too horribly reasonable to be easily got rid of, and I spent a wakeful and a wretched night.

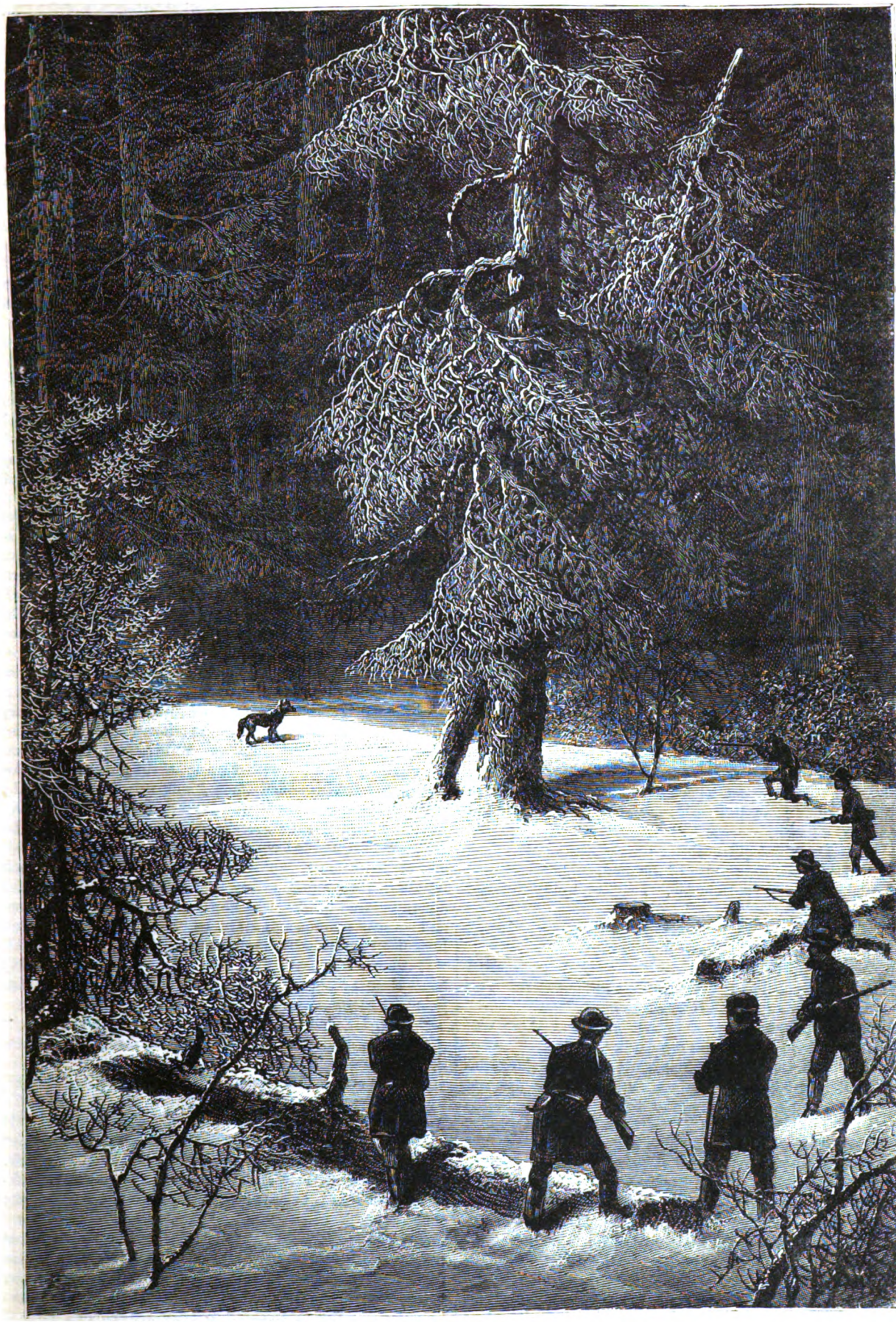
In the morning my worst fears were realized. When I saw Mr. Gibbs, he said he had been thinking the matter over, and had come to the conclusion that it would not be advisable to give the signature of the firm. I reasoned, expostulated, and put before him in the strongest words the probable consequences, both to Mr. Merrick and the company, of his unreasonable refusal; but the long-waited-for chance had come, and he was not going to let it slip. At last I said:

"Well, if you won't do it, Mr. Stuart will. I shall ask him."

"Ask him, by all means," he said, coolly turning to his newspaper; "but it will be of no use. I have been talking to him about it, and he quite



A WINTER BOAT-RACE ON THE ICE.



A WOLF-HUNTING PARTY.

agrees with me. He won't sign—you'll see if my words do not come true."

It was now impossible not to perceive that it was a concerted plot, and hope nearly died within me; but I was not going to leave Merrick to the mercy of these Philistines without making a fight for him. I turned on my heel without a word, and walked into Mr. Stuart's office.

It was, as Mr. Gibbs had predicted, of no use. Mr. Stuart refused to sign, and declined to give any reason for his refusal. I was now nonplussed, but I would not quite abandon hope. A telegram from Mr. Merrick might come any moment, and then I could wire to him for instruction in this unexpected crisis.

Eleven struck, then twelve, then one; and I dared not wait any longer. I felt I must now act upon my own responsibility; so I locked up my books, put on my hat, and hurried to the bank to lay the matter before Mr. Grey. I told him the story, and he listened quietly.

After I had finished he was silent for some time, and did nothing but tickle his lip in a more than usually irritating manner. At last he said:

"It is very awkward, Mr. Radford—very awkward, indeed. I can't advise you at all; I am perfectly helpless in the matter. Of course, the checks must be countersigned—you know that as well as I do; and, if the firm won't sign, we must have the signature of F. W. W. Merrick."

I thought that he put the thing in rather curious language, and when I met his eye he was regarding me with what I may call an expressionless expression, as if he had purposely emptied his face of all meaning, and were laying it before me as a problem to be solved.

"What did you say?" I inquired, simply to give myself time to think.

"I said," he answered, speaking more slowly and decisively than before, "that those checks must have the signature of F. W. W. Merrick."

"But," said I, "Mr. Merrick is in Belgium."

"Of course he is, and that is the difficulty," said Mr. Grey, now regarding me with an odd look which seemed to inquire, "Is this fellow, who professes to be a friend of Merrick's, a fool or a coward?"

I hope I am not quite either; and, by a sudden flash of intuition, I saw the nature of the suggestion which had so ingeniously been made to me. I sprang to my feet and exclaimed:

"All right, Mr. Grey. Thank you very much. It will be managed, no doubt. Good-day."

"You are quite welcome," said he; "but, after all, I have told you nothing that you didn't know before. You see we must have a signature of some one's."

As our hands met, our eyes met also, and there was no doubt that we understood each other.

I went back to the office in a state of unusual excitement, but I got through my work as usual, and did not leave for home until the regular time. I took with me the two check-books, and about half a dozen letters and other documents, on each of which appeared the signature which Mr. Grey had told me so emphatically he must have—the signature of F. W. W. Merrick.

I rather alarmed my wife by eating and drinking about half my usual quantity; but I had business before me which required that both head and hands should be up to the mark, and I was not going to run the risk of putting them out of order. Dinner concluded, I went up-stairs to my little library, lighted a pipe, opened and placed on the table one of the letters from the packet, and after studying the signature for some time to familiarize myself with its lines and curves—with what art-critics call "the spirit of the handling"—I took from a drawer a sheet of foolscap, which I began laboriously to cover with the best imitations I could manage to produce.

The signature was by no means an ordinary one, for it had a number of eccentric, and apparently purposeless, flourishes, and at first it seemed rather chance work. There would be a few unmistakably poor and wooden attempts, then a fairly free and good one, then more poor ones, then another good one, and so on. Gradually, however, the number of failures began to decrease; at last almost every one I produced was all I could desire; and after working steadily for about two hours and a half, I decided my preparation was complete.

I then opened one of the check-books, and for about two hours more I was engaged in signing checks with the name of my absent friend and employer. There were about a hundred and seventy of them in all, and the total amount represented was over twenty thousand pounds. It was after midnight when I joined my wife, who had been waiting for me in the drawing-room, wondering what had kept me so long. I told her that I had been doing some office-work which I was bound to have ready for the morning; and, having taken a couple of glasses of whisky to steady my nerves, and insure my having a good night's rest, went off to bed with a perfectly easy mind.

I did not feel so easy the next morning, when, about half an hour after my arrival at the office, the earliest of the company's creditors presented himself and asked for his money. The conviction that I had possibly ruined myself in endeavoring to save Mr. Merrick, forced itself upon me, and I felt strongly tempted to throw the check-books into the fire. But I had gone too far; I had crossed the Rubicon, and I might as well burn my boats at once. The utterly commonplace and unsuspicious manner in which creditor number one examined the check, folded it up and placed it in his pocketbook, helped to set me at my ease. Number two disturbed me less, and with number three I felt quite comfortable. Still, my nerves were on the stretch; for I knew that many of the checks would be presented that day, and I could not help feeling terribly eager to know what reception they would meet with at the bank. I turned rather sick two or three times when the recipients seemed to examine their checks rather curiously; and at last came a horrible moment. About one o'clock my door was opened, rather hastily, it seemed to me, and a man entered to whom I had given a check for a hundred and seventy pounds and a few odd shillings, only half an hour before. He held the check in his hand, and I thought, "It has come at last; they have refused to cash it." My heart almost stopped; but I managed to say, with an appearance of coolness:

"Well, Mr. Judson, what can I do for you now?"

"I have come about this check," he said; but I knew that only too well.

"What about the check?" I asked; "it is all right, isn't it?"

"Well, it's right, and it isn't right," he replied. "It seems that my partner, Mr. Wills, has a private account against the company for forty-three pounds ten, and Mr. Merrick promised it should be included in this settlement; but this is only the amount of the regular monthly bill."

"If that is all," said I, "tell Mr. Wills to set his mind at rest"—words cannot tell how grateful I felt to Mr. Judson for setting *my* mind at rest—"there is a check for him here. The accounts were really separate, and they have been kept separate to avoid confusion. He can have it now if he will come for it."

This little scare upset me for the afternoon; but I had no similar shock. The checks were paid out, and, as I heard nothing of them, I took it for granted that they had been honored. Many had been called for, many had been sent away; and when Monday morning came I had fewer than a dozen left, and they were only for small amounts. I was involved in some perplexing calculations, when I heard some one enter, and, looking up, I saw Mr. Merrick.

"Here I am," said he, in his usual free-and-easy manner. "How are you, and how have you got on?"

"I am pretty well," I replied; "and I have got on better than I might; but I have had a queer time of it."

"Queer time of it?" he asked; "queer in what way?"

"Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Stuart refused to sign the checks of the Longborough Metal Company."

"Refused to sign!" he exclaimed, with a countenance from which all color had fled; "what do you mean?"

"I mean what I say," I returned; "but we had better go into your office, and I will tell you about it."

I took the check-books with me, and said:

"Don't be uneasy, I have managed everything. All has been paid but several trifling matters, as you will see."

He opened the check-books, stared at the counterfoils, stared still harder at the few checks still remaining, and then asked, excitedly:

"What's this? This is my signature, sure enough; but I never wrote it."

"Of course you didn't," I said; "*I* wrote it. I wrote a hundred and seventy-three of them."

"But it's forgery," he said.

"Just so," I replied.

"And the punishment for forgery is penal servitude."

"Exactly; but no one can proceed against me but you, and I don't think you will."

"I should think not. By Jove, Richard, you've saved me from those scoundrels. I shall never forget this to the last day of my life. I don't know what might have happened if those checks had not been ready. But what made you think of it?"

I told him the story as it has been told here, and he immediately suggested that Mr. Grey must be seen at once. I assented, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in Mr. Grey's parlor, face to face with the manager and his everlasting lip-tickling quill.

Merrick began: "We have come, Mr. Grey"—when he was interrupted by Mr. Grey himself, who put up his hands and said:

"What does it matter why you have come? I don't want to hear. I would rather not hear; and, as a matter of fact, I won't hear. I think you had better go without trying to tell me anything. It is much the wisest thing to do, I assure you."

Merrick was taken aback at this reception; but I was only amused, and said:

"Mr. Grey is right, depend upon it. There are things it is of no use talking about, and we may as well go."

It was, indeed, Hobson's choice; so we left the manager to himself and to his titillating quill, and adjourned to a neighboring hotel, where, over luncheon, the story was told again with greater fullness of detail.

Merrick thanked me again and again for what I had done, and in the excess of his gratitude made me an offer which was particularly tempting to me as I was then situated, but which I did not think it right to accept until it was repeated in a calmer mood a few days afterward.

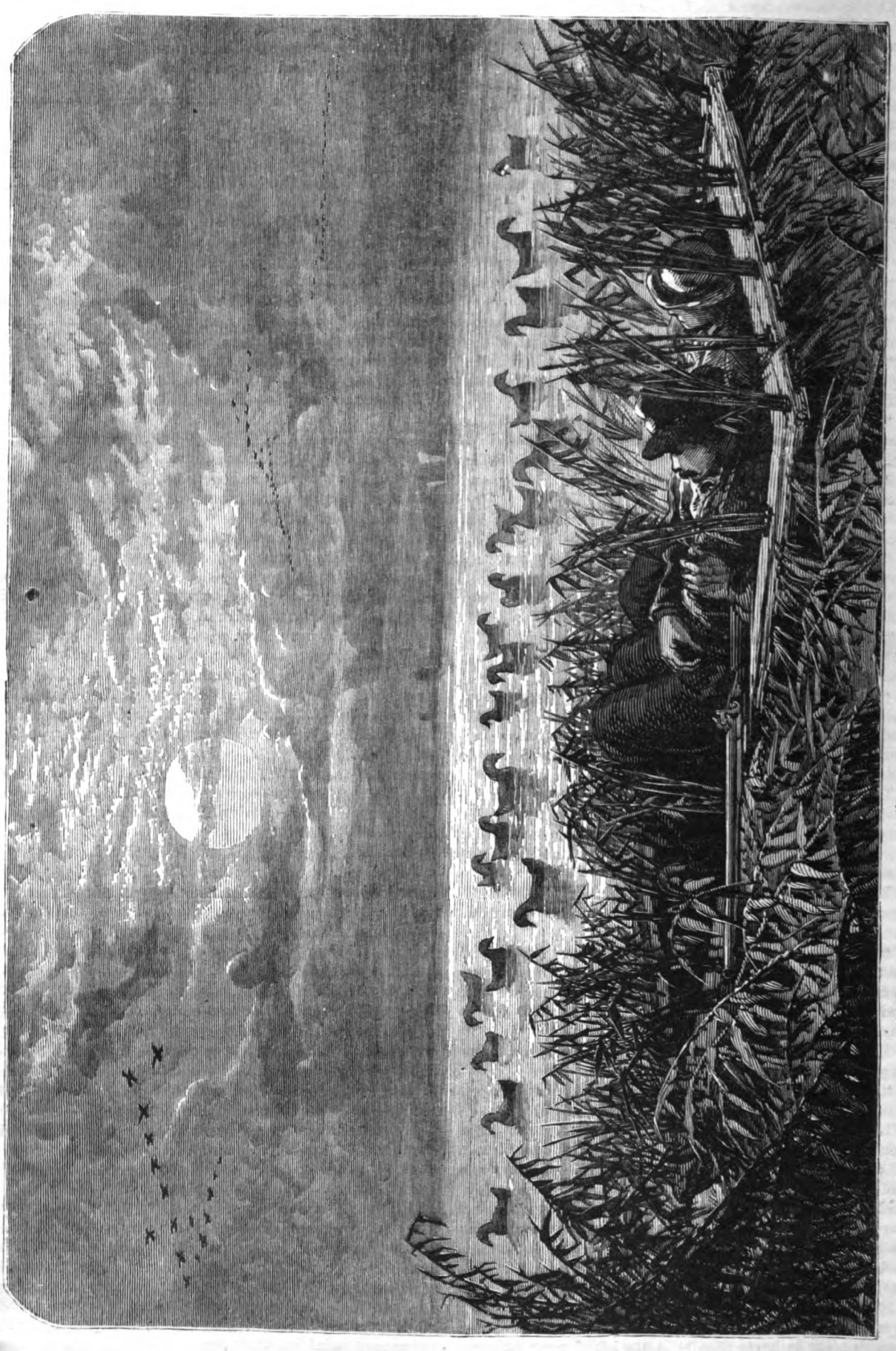
The result of my acceptance was to bring us into very unreserved relationship with each other; but, though we became more intimate than it is the lot of most business friends to be, there was one subject of which he could never be induced to talk, and away from which he always turned the conversation when I seemed to be leading it in that direction. Need I say that the forbidden theme was my forgery?

PANAMA HATS.

An indigenous production of the Isthmus of Panama is the "Jipijapa" (*Carludovica palmata*, R. and P.), a palm-like plant, of whose unexpanded leaves the far-famed Panama hats are plaited. This species of Carludovica is distinguished from all others by being terrestrial, never climbing, and bearing fan-shaped leaves. The leaves are from six to fourteen feet high, and their lamina about four feet across. The spathe appears toward the end of the dry season—in February and March. In the Isthmus the plant is called *Portorico*, and also *Jipijapa*, but the latter appellation is the more common, and is diffused all along the coast as far as Peru and Chili; while in Ecuador a whole district derives its name from it. The plant is common in Panama and Darien, especially in half-shady places, but its geographical range is by no means confined to them. It is found all along the western shores of New Granada and Ecuador, and has been found even at Salango, where, however, it seems to reach its most southern limit.

The *Jipijapa*, or Panama hats, are principally manufactured in Veraquas and western Panama. Not all, however, known in commerce by that name are plaited in the Isthmus; by far a greater proportion being made in Manta, Monte Christi and other parts of Ecuador. The hats are worn almost in the whole American Continent and the West Indies, and would probably be equally used in Europe did not their high price (varying from $2 to $150) prevent their importation. They are distinguished from all others by consisting only of a single piece, and by their lightness and flexibility. They may be rolled up and put into the pocket without injury. In the rainy season they are apt to get black, but by washing with soap and water, besmearing them with lime-juice, or any other acid, and exposing them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored.

So little is known about these hats, that it may not be out of place to give an account of their manufacture. The straw (*paja*), previous to plaiting, has to undergo several processes. The leaves are gathered before they unfold, all their ribs and coarser veins removed, and the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf, is reduced to shreds. After having been exposed to the sun for a day, and tied into a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and subsequently bleached for two or three days. The straw is now ready for use, and in this state sent to different places, especially to Peru, where the Indians manufacture from it those beautiful cigar-cases, which sometimes bring as high as $30 each. The plaiting of the hats is very troublesome. It commences at the crown and finishes at the brim. The hats are made on a block, which is placed upon the knees, and requires to be constantly pressed with the breast. According to their quality, more or less time is required for their completion—the coarser ones may be finished in two or three days, while the finest may take as many months. The best times for plaiting are the morning hours and the rainy season, when the air is moist. In the middle of the day, and in dry, clear weather, the straw is apt to break; and this, when the hat is finished, is betrayed by knots, and much diminishes the value.



SPORTS AND SPORT IN AMERICA.—"THE FLOCK IS COMING!"—THE DUCK-SHOOTER'S REWARD.—SEE PAGE 129.

IN A PIT.—"LOSING HER BALANCE, SHE SLIPPED OVER THE EDGE, AND CAME PLUMP DOWN BY SIDNEY'S SIDE."

"IN A PIT."

SIDNEY STRAHAN swore an inarticulate oath, and dashed the newspaper from his hand. Hood talks of shutting the door with a "moderate damn." Sidney's oath was expressed in the furious way in which he threw down his paper.

"Well, my boy, what's the row?" languidly ejaculated his companion—a fair-haired youth, with pale-blue eyes, who was ardently endeavoring to color his amber meerschaum.

"I'm a fool to grow angry over such stale news," said Sidney, with a half-laugh; "the idea of a paper two months old exciting any feeling whatever! Why, the Confederates may be firing cannon in Boston now, and roasting Wendell Phillips over a bonfire of his own speeches! Isn't that a jolly idea? But when I read of the screaming shells falling into Charleston, my own beautiful home, my blood boiled."

Poor deluded Sidney had all the rebel phrases, and was as rabid as any.

"I suppose the plantation is gone to the dogs, and the people to the Yankees. I don't know what better I can do than to set up a tavern in this miserable little place. It's a magnificent country, and chamois-hunting would supply me with excitement. When I got tired of life, I could let myself quietly drop from some magnificent peak, like La Grand Motte—and go."

"'As one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to quiet dreams,'" cried the other. "Sidney, my boy, I've had enough of Switzerland, and I feel as if I'd swallowed a glacier, and the noise of the waterfalls sounds ever in my ears. This inn of Laral has finished me. My bed last night was a thing of horror. As for the bit of sausage I ate for my breakfast, never, never shall I forget it while reason holds her throne in this benighted brain. I can bear no more. Exhausted nature refuses to support me under these accumulated miseries. I must desert you—unless you'll come back to Lyons at once."

"Not I," said Sidney, laughing. "I like this wild spot, where I can't hear of wars and rumors of wars till the news is so stale that one can imagine anything. I'll join you after a while, Cathcart; but just now I'm in search of adventures—something to work up into a telling novel, you know."

"Oh, yes; 'The One-eyed Gnome; or, The Deserted Inn of Laral,' that would be a good title. I wish the landlord would fetch along a gnome, by-the-by; they are the little jokers who keep the treasures in the hearts of the mountains, I believe, if my mythology serves me true. 'What ho, there—slave!' would I cry; 'bring me a half-peck of diamonds, and a few dozen pearls on the half-shell.' Oh, for the good old days of chivalry and romance, when all things were possible!"

And Mace Cathcart looked mournfully at his meerschaum, shook hands with his friend, and left the room to arrange his effects.

Sidney stood for a while, staring moodily from the wretched little window of the hovel called an inn. He looked out on a scene of savage wildness. The plain of Laral was rich with luxuriant vegetation, but the mountain passes led through forests of stunted pines, and bare, bald mountain peaks, and deep ravines and headlong mountain torrents, spanned by fragile bridges.

Sidney was something of an artist, and he found that Nature was grand, if the sausages were bad, so he decided that he could endure life at Laral for a few days, at least.

An August sun poured brightness over all. No sultry languors steeped the senses and made all effort a toil. The light only stimulated like golden wine, and the voices of a hundred waterfalls, calling in their leaps from rock to rock, seemed to invite our hero out of the close, beer-stained, smoke-hued room in the little "gast-haus" to the mountain air and liberty. He would not take any guide but his "Murray." He could never bear his own mood or thoughts to be broken into by an untutored companion with some commonplace piece of information familiar to his mind as household words. Besides, he was a young Southerner, full of dash and daring, and there was something in braving danger that sent the blood tingling in his veins. He would long ago have joined the ranks of rebels in Southern plains, but he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She had gained a promise from him that he would never enter the ranks, and then she had sent him to Europe to make sure of it. He had gone willingly. Since he could not join the fray, he was glad to put miles of sea and land between him and the combat, where he might have made a name and fame. He had been wandering somewhat aimlessly about with his gay companion, Mace Cathcart, who was a man without a country, so completely did he seem to ignore the strife of his native land. But this mercurial friend never entered into Sidney's graver moods, and he could see him leave without much pain, although the sense of loneliness seemed to wrap him about more utterly than before.

The host, Herr Brunn, greeted Sidney with a mild grunt as he passed him. Herr Brunn felt himself superior to these infatuated travelers who went mad about the scenery, though he chuckled over the money brought in by their delusions. He considered the frenzy for travel a form of mild madness which needed change of scene instead of straitjackets. The finest prospect to him was a good dinner—a sight he seldom enjoyed, and knew nothing of creating.

Madame Brunn, having shaken up the miserable beds, was now shaking up one of her miserable children as Sidney started off. But she good-naturedly dropped her work, and came running out with some brown bread and a bit of cheese that looked like some ancient fossil.

"One cannot dine off the avalanches, you know," she said, with a broad smile. "You may be hungry."

Sidney nodded, and put the queer-looking stuff in his pocket without a thought. He meditated for a moment which of the four passes from Laral he should explore for his day's walk, with an intention of studying the bearings and coming back before night if possible; if not, there were pasturages or chalets where he could find lodging for the night.

The path ascended gradually into a stunted pine forest. He saw the bare mountains frowning above him, and the waterfalls, like vails of finest lawn, dropping over the rocks. The air seemed full of foam and sparkle, as if nature were this day in a rollicking mood—as if she made herself a child this day, and was out enjoying a holiday, dancing in the breezy pines, leaping in the foam-crested cataracts, nodding in the myriad flowers that looked up with bright faces as Sidney Strahan passed by.

Something of the exhilaration of nature stole into his heart after a while. He forgot the distant war, and felt only the present peace. He was young, and life held out for him golden vistas still. Not all the hopes of his vigorous manhood could be quenched in the sea of blood that was deluging his home; not all the blossoms of life could be gathered to make way for the "blood-red blossom of war, with its heart of fire." Hope painted rosy visions this day, as he drank in the elastic mountain air like new wine. When the sun grew too warm, he turned into the woods, and found a refreshing coolness, and the pungent pine odors so grateful to the sense. He began to grow vulgarly hungry, and amused himself with trying to splinter fragments from his fossil cheese.

"If I had a little gunpowder I might blast it," he said, aloud, with an audible laugh.

At the very words the solid earth opened under his feet, and he descended, with a motion too rapid to be agreeable, into mother Nature's bosom. Now, that is a place we are fond of apostrophizing, but few would care to be admitted even to her inmost heart alive—and Sidney did not know, till he had shaken himself, whether he was really alive, or had been suddenly translated and struck with wings. However, he felt so bruised and aching that he concluded he was still mortal; and, besides, as angelic creatures are not dowered with "shins," and his had been considerably barked in the fall, that settled the question. He was still Sidney Strahan—but where was he?

He had often boasted of his great descent, but he had better reason now than ever. How deep the pit was, he could only judge by the opening at the top. The sides were too smooth to climb, and there he was, trapped like a wild beast—he, Sidney Strahan, "the heir of all the ages, in the foremost ranks of time," to die in a hole like a dog!

His first care, after finding that he possessed his limbs, was to try his voice. He called aloud, but the sides of the pit seemed to send back the sound. He shrieked in all the languages he could muster. He cursed in French, he prayed in German, and then he grew silent, and began to think soberly over his chances in plain English. He did not know that life was so sweet to him till now that it seemed slipping away from his grasp. All his aspirations, all his fresh young hopes, all his soaring ambition, all the possibilities of life and love were marshaled before him, and they seemed like a funeral procession as they passed in melancholy file.

But he could not die this way. He would have a tussle with fate, at least. He had a knife about him, and he began to try and cut holes in the side of the pit, by which he might climb up, but the blade of his knife struck rock and splintered into bits. He dropped it with a despairing cry, and sat down again to think.

How high was the sun? he wondered. Had it been hours or only minutes since he walked in the sunshine?

How long before the gray night would settle down and make the pit black with gloom? What if some wild animal should tumble in on him, and share his dismal abode? The slow minutes lagged away, time stood still, life stood still, the silence swooned about him. He broke it once more by frantic cries, by shrieks—but not by imprecations.

For the thing was growing too solemn. He knew this was a lonely spot. Only chance, or the God who guides what we call chance, could send him help. God! Could it be possible that he must meet his Maker so soon? He had thought so little of death in his young, vigorous life! It seemed so far off, and vague and dim; but now it might be drawing nearer, nearer, as surely as the twilight was dimming the golden light of day. Trifling sins grew into fearful magnitude before him. He had been concerned only about vanities; the shining baits of this world had held him in thrall; he had lived for this life alone, and now he was going to lose it; this world had held the goal of all his hopes, and now he must leave it for another.

What was it to die? How would it come to him? In long stupor, or in a sudden, sharp agony, like a two-edged sword, dividing asunder the bones and marrow, or in gnawing hunger-pains, or in tortures like the rack? A cold moisture bedewed his forehead. Was Sidney Strahan a coward, then, that he trembled and cowered at the dread thoughts which haunted him? He could have faced death exultantly in battle, but that was another thing, with the flag floating above him, and the triumphant acclaims of his comrades echoing about him; but here, without notice or honor, to wait silently for death, to face it alone, to feel the ice stealing into the veins, and the iron grasp on the beating heart, with no love-word, no gentle touch! And his mother would wait and look in vain for tidings of her boy—ah, no wonder he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud!

Then he called aloud again, and tried to scale the slippery sides of the pit; then he sat down in a sort of dumb despair, and saw the opening at the top, from which he had seen waving pine-boughs, with the light on them, slowly dim away into darkness, and he knew the stars were out, and the evening lamps were lit in myriad homes, and loved ones were gathered about each other, talking over the events of the day.

If he had never started on this mad expedition, if Cathcart had staid with him, if it had rained, if—a thousand possibilities began to vex him. Sometimes through the long night he fell into a feverish doze—feverish, yet with strange chills creeping over him, and dreamed that he was in his old haunts, and waked with a sudden agony, like a dagger driven home, to find that he was in the pit, far from human reach or help.

And so the morning broke, chill and gray. He took out his watch to see if he could distinguish the hour, but it had run down. He could mark the sun brightening the pine-boughs over him, however, and knew that the joyous light was pouring into the homes of men, and wakening them to active life. His heart quickened to a painful throbbing as he caught a distant sound, that seemed more than the wind playing upon the vibrant pines. Hope and life seemed to come back to him in joyous thrills. He could hear footsteps now, and voices. He called aloud.

The comers seemed superstitious. They were silent for a moment, and Sidney grew numb with fear. But the tramping of many feet reassured him. He made himself heard again, in voice and language which they could not mistake for a spirit's. Then he heard them parley.

"It's a man in the pit Pierre Challot had for his vegetables last Winter; you know the old miser kept 'em here, and dealt 'em out to the whole canton at a great price. I never rightly knew where it was."

"It was covered only with brush, you see," said a woman's voice.

"Don't stand there chattering, but help me out," cried Sidney, with some impatience.

The speakers were clearing away the brushwood, and had made quite an opening.

"*Ja, naturlich*," grunted one; "after waiting so long, don't be in a hurry. You see, we have no ladder."

"And no ropes," said another.

Sidney looked up at the faces bending over him, and fancied they appeared villainous enough. The woman he did not see, but he heard her say:

"He looks like a gentleman. I warrant he has a gold watch; get the watch for me, Pierre, and I will never say 'No' again."

"The she-devil!" muttered Sidney to himself, as he heard this sentiment met by a "Bravo, Cerise! only wait."

Sidney now thought he would try his eloquence on these savage hearts.

"Now, my men," he said, in as hearty a tone as he could command, "I don't ask you to waste your time for nothing; get me out, and you shall be well paid, but I don't want to be robbed. My watch was a gift from my mother—it came from my father, who is dead. I will promise to distribute the price of it among you fairly when I am once more at the inn, where I can command the money."

"Ho! words are cheap," called one, roughly. "See, I will put down a string, and you can tie the watch to it, and your purse, and any rings you may have about you, for Cerise here has a weakness for such things. Then we can be sure of your good faith."

"How can I be sure of yours?" cried Sidney, in a passion. "How do I know that you will not make off with my valuables, and leave me to die in this infernal hole? I believe that is your design. I refuse."

"Ah, well! that is as monsieur pleases," said the spokesman; and, to Sidney's great horror, he heard them tramping away.

Could it be? Was he letting his last hope of life slip away from him? They had only to wait a few days, and they could come and take the booty unmolested. But there were so many of them, some one would be tempted to return. He grew ravenously hungry, and would have given his watch for a good dinner. He saw the pine-boughs grow golden-green in the deepening sunlight, and knew the morning was wearing on to noon. It seemed ages since he had started out on his walk; he appeared to have lived years in this pit.

But at noon the men came again, with the same offer. He had no alternative but to risk his watch and trust them.

"Come, Cerise, lend your ribbon," said one.

A long pine branch, with a fluttering blue ribbon at the end, was let down. Sidney could not reach it. A few muttered oaths, and another bit of string was added.

"He makes difficulties," said Cerise, leaning over, in her eagerness, and taking the matter in her own hands, being specially interested in the watch. With anxious gaze, peering down, she leaned further and further, till, losing her balance, she slipped over the edge, and came plump down by Sidney's side.

Here was a predicament. A fortunate chance the young man considered it, because now his safety was sure. He did not give even a glance at his companion, but shouted to the astonished men above:

"Now I make no more bargains. You cannot get this

girl till you save me. I shall prevent it. Act like reasonable men, and take me out."

This was not very chivalrous for a South Carolinian, it must be confessed, but remember Sidney felt that his life trembled in the balance, and that he was dealing with brigands.

The men talked a little among themselves, then walked away again.

"They are going for ropes," Sidney thought, and he made himself easy; but they had gone stolidly back to their work.

After a while, Sidney began to wonder that his companion made no sign; she had been loud enough above ground, but she had offered no remonstrance to her companions leaving her. He could see her well enough, even in that half light, and he saw that she lay in a stunned way, that she had smooth blonde braids and a fair skin, and her eyes were shut.

"And serves her right, the magpie!" he said, in a hard, cold way; then a shudder came over him, as he thought she might be dead. How horrible! like some old penalty for crime of which he had heard, to be chained, as it were, to a dead body, and never to be released till death came to him, and broke the horrible spell. He could not resist taking her hand, to see if the pulse still beat.

Not in any kindness—with repulsion rather—but he could not help seeing that the hand was dimpled. The girl raised her head at the touch, and stared with wide-open, blue, forget-me-not eyes. She was pretty, this peasant girl, with an innocent child's face, and a mouth full of rosy curves.

"Ah, where am I?" she cried.

"Mademoiselle," said Sidney, with mock courtesy, "I make you welcome to my poor abode. I have not been able to make many preparations, as you did not announce your coming; but my cook has gone to market, and will probably very soon serve us up a choice repast. What would you like? a bit of chamois venison, or—just express a preference."

A RUSTIC CRITIC.

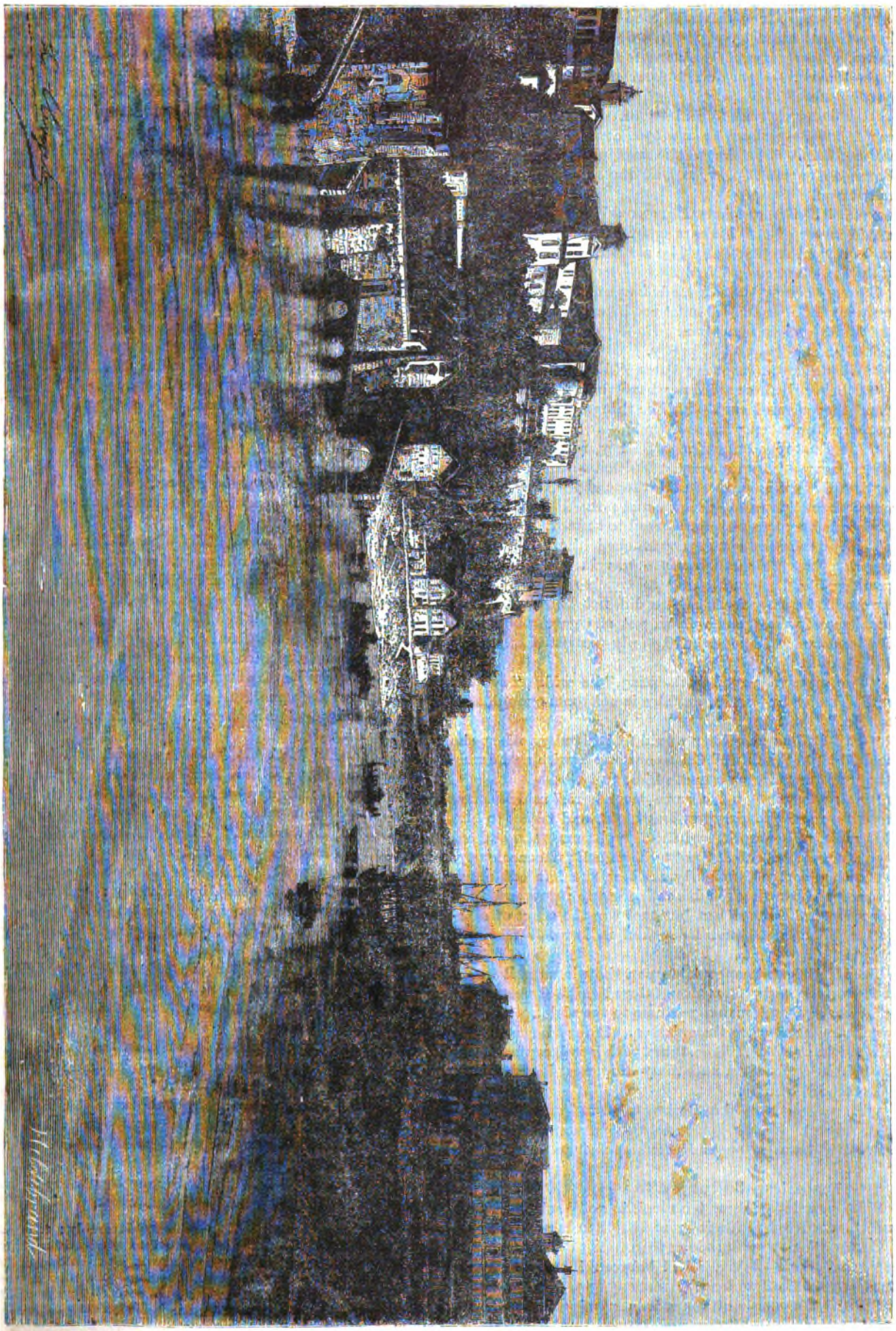
Cerise first stared in blank wonder at the young man, and then began to cry, fearing she was shut up with a lunatic.

"Oh, have they left me?" she screamed; "and Pierre has vowed again and again that he loved me—the dolt! the miserable poltroon!" and various other epithets not to be repeated.

"You see, you came to this through too eager pursuit of riches," said Sidney, unrelentingly. "But it's a good turn to me. Do you think I would let your Pierre save you? You're my hostage for their good faith; I must stand above there before you can hope."

Cerise scarcely understood Sidney's language, but she gathered enough to know that he was going to make her his security for his own safety. Her tears were dried at once, and her eyes flashed.

"You are a coward!" she screamed, and turned over all the opprobrious epithets she had used for Pierre to Sidney's benefit. "I hate you—ah!"



ROME IN WINTER.—THE TIBER.—SEE PAGE 151.

Sidney laughed—hungry as he was, he actually laughed.

"You amuse me; this is as good as a *vaudeville*. I only hope I shall not eat you, if those delightful compatriots of yours, whose generous devotion to the cause of humanity I shall never forget, do not soon come back. You look quite plump."

Cerise shrank back in real terror. This foreigner, who could tell?—perhaps in his own country they devoured fat maidens. She knew she was plump indeed. She began to regret it now, and all the hard names she had called him.

"Oh! if the gracious Herr would spare her life, she would never offend his ears again. She was a poor girl, with an aged mother—ah, if he ate her, she would disagree with him, sure, *naturlich!*"

Sidney thought he had made her suffer enough. Poor, ignorant little wretch, he must not blame her too much for the faults of her education. He began to pity her—she looked so childish and so pretty.

"Why did you covet my watch?" he asked.

"I never had one in my hand but once," she said, "and they seemed such odd, live things. Do they really go on and on when you're asleep?"

"Mine's stopped now," said Sidney, regretfully; then, after a pause—"I suppose you had some dinner?"

"I didn't eat all mine," said the girl; "I was in such a way about the watch, that I could not. Here it is," and she handed a piece of brown bread to Sidney.

This generosity on her part touched him. He did not consider that the girl knew she was in his power, and gave the bread as an offering to appease him. He gave her credit for finer feeling—she did not know where her next morsel would come from, yet she gave all to him. The bread was delicious, but he only permitted himself to eat half of it.

"You are a very good little thing," he said. "I think we had better be friends, as there is not room enough here to fight."

"Oh! if the noble Herr would feel friendly to her, she would be too thankful," Cerise answered, with an humble air; "she was too far beneath him, truly."

"No; we stand on the same level here," said Sidney, laughing; and the girl grew less timid, and talked to him of her life, of her work, and the few pleasures she had enjoyed. Of course, she did not tell him half; unconsciously, yet with a sort of womanly instinct, she left out much that would have shocked his refined taste; now and then a coarse word escaped her, but that was the effect of association, he thought, and he looked in her fair face and forgot it all.

Then he began to speculate upon the pleasure it would be to develop and refine this untutored child of nature—to paint the lily, and give a perfume to the violet. She was very young, not more than sixteen. Sidney began to picture her in a fashionable costume, with lace drooping about the freshly tinted face, and filmy draperies floating about those rounded limbs.

"How would you like, Cerise, to go to Paris?"

To Paris! It was better to this ignorant child than heaven. The violet eyes flashed, as if flooded with sunshine.

"Ah! monsieur did but jest."

"Do you love Pierre too much to go?" asked Sidney, and he wondered at the interest he felt in her answer.

Cerise did not hesitate long:

"Love him?—never. Ah! between Pierre and Paris, one does not hesitate long."

"I think a couple of years in a *pension* there, Cerise, would make a lady of you, and then it would be a different kind of a husband you would get from that clod, Pierre."

Oh! a *pension*. That word was like a cold shower-bath to the glowing imagination of the girl. She had thought of gorgeous toilets, and the theatre, and the *Jardin Mabille*; but a *pension*—books and stupid rules! Still, she could be content for two years, if liberty came afterward.

She grew quite sparkling and joyous, and Sidney began to wonder whether a worse misfortune than falling in the pit had overtaken him—namely, falling in love.

But he soon entered into the spirit of her childish mirth; and the men, who came again to reconnoitre, were surprised to hear a sound like a laugh from their prisoner.

This time Cerise refused to be saved, and the men, at last, instigated by Pierre, who could no longer endure the separation from his love, lowered a rope-ladder and helped Sidney into daylight. He took back all the proprieties, when he stepped upon upper earth, and comprehended at once that he must only be the benefactor of Cerise through some elderly lady. He grew so distant, that the poor child began to think Paris was a dream.

He satisfied the men as best he could, and turned his steps toward his inn, feebly enough; but Cerise followed him, and called Pierre to his aid.

"I shall not forget you, nor my promise," he said, as he left them, and Cerise was fain to content herself, and turn away with her sulky adorer, who had regarded the two with grim amazement.

In the course of a week, Sidney heard from his friend, Cathcart; and most opportunely, he learned that Mace's aunt, an elderly lady of peculiar disposition, was at present residing in Paris. Sidney immediately wrote, and adjured Mace, for the sake of old friendship, etc., to further him in his plans about Cerise, by gaining his Aunt Tab's consent to receive her as an inmate in her house. His aunt would be of advantage in helping to form her mind, and, at the same time, an elegant model of manners. Seeing Sidney had never seen the lady, he was safe in saying anything.

Miss Tabitha Cathcart lived in an odd little house on the Rue de Fosse, with a bird-fancier on the first floor, and a decayed marquise on the third, while in the attic a radical republican made his home, who always talked of "poor, dear Robespierre." Miss Tabitha made herself happy with various hobbies, and at present was engaged on a "cookery-book," which was to excel Soyer. When she first saw Cerise, she said, immediately: "Poor child! her diet has been sadly neglected," and the only question she asked her was, "Would you like your chicken in *fricassee* or *bouillon?*"

Cerise shook her pretty head, and muttered, "I do not understand," which convinced Aunt Tabitha at once that she had lived all her life in heathen darkness. But here was a field for her labors.

Aunt Tab went vigorously to work, and did not despair of educating this young savage up to a refined taste, even for truffles, in the course of time. Indeed, Cerise soon showed herself a more promising scholar in that line than in any other, and diligently ate her way through the cookery-book, whose every receipt was to be tried at home before being given to the public.

Aunt Tabitha sent bulletins to Sidney from time to time of the progress of his protégée, in this wise:

"DEAR SIR:—Mademoiselle progresses favorably; tried her hand at a *potage* to-day, and succeeded to admiration. She is mild and equable—creamy, I might say, in disposition; a little spice, or, if I might say it, a dash of lemon—acid, rather, would make her more piquant. She begins to read and write a little. She has set her heart on a coral necklace and earrings, and sends her love," etc.

At last letters began to come, written in an odd, straggling hand, and Sidney laughed at the interest with which he read them. He determined, finally, to visit Paris for himself, and see whether his bud was blossoming into a perfect rose.

Cerise had been there six months, and considered herself happy. She was a little afraid of monsieur, her benefactor, but attired herself in her most bewitching dress, when he was expected—a mauve-colored merino, much decorated with gilt buttons, and a cluster of marguerites in her hair. She had already learned some of the Parisian arts of dress.

Sidney could not help exclaiming when he saw her. He took her to a concert that night—in company with Aunt Tab, of course—but he scarcely listened to the music in watching that fresh, flower-like face, with its rose-flushes and soft curves, its shining eyes and glossy golden braids, crowned with a dainty device of ribbon and lace called a hat. He grew quite jealous of a stalwart, dark-browed fellow, who stared much at Cerise, and was ready to knock him down when he jostled against them on their way out.

"The music was very tender," said Aunt Tab.

"Did you see that fellow who stared at you so consumedly, Cerise?" said Sidney, angrily.

Cerise opened the most innocent blue eyes:

"Where? What was he like?" at the same time she held fast a tiny note, which had been slipped into her hand.

"Like? oh, like a prize-fighter," Sidney replied, and thought of it no more.

"I shall marry her," he said to Aunt Tab that night, when they were alone; "she is a true child of nature, unspoiled by the arts of a woman of the world. She will bring me an untried heart, fresh and free from guile; better to me is this wild flower than the gaudiest blossom that ever perfumed a gay *parterre*."

"Of course you'll marry her," Aunt Tab returned, briskly. "I saw that from the beginning; in another year she'll have finished the cookery-book, and be fit for a wife; for I maintain, my dear Sidney, that the greater part of domestic misery comes from bad cooking. How can a man be fond when he is writhing with the colic, or obliging when he feels as if he had swallowed a brick? Depend upon it, Cerise will make you happy. She has got as far as croquettes, and can make veal taste like chicken; you will not complain of her, I am sure."

Sidney went to bed in a happy frame of mind. To spend his life with Cerise, eating croquettes in a bower of roses, was a vision of bliss, from which he glided into happy dreams.

The young lady, in the meantime, was reading a note over and over again. She sat pondering deeply, and weighing various plans in her mind.

Morning dawned at last. Sidney shook himself free from the dream-fancies that clung to him. He had been wandering through enchanted ground with Cerise, when suddenly the earth had opened and swallowed her. "Another pit," he said, with a laugh.

Another pit, indeed! lost in the darker depths of a great city. Breakfast waited. Aunt Tabitha grew miserable over the muffins, and went up to call Cerise again. No answer.

The door was opened after a while. The bed was neat and smooth, the wardrobe empty, and a misspelt note lay on the floor—the one Cerise had held in her hand, and read so often the night before:

"MON ANGE:—I can wait no longer; I am devoured by jealousy; you must join me to-night, or I shall shoot myself. You know you are mine, by all the laws of love; I shall make you mine by the laws of man, if you join me to-night at twelve. Bring everything you own. My noble family will receive you at last—your beauty will conquer them; but you know why I dare not take you openly.

"Ever your AUGUSTE."

"His noble family!" said Aunt Tabitha, with a sniff.

"The little minx!" cried Sidney; "if I had made her my wife, I think I should have fallen into the worst pit of all."

"To think of the pains I took with her," said Aunt Tabitha, mournfully. "I even showed her how to make my famous *pâtés*, and imparted my choicest culinary secrets, and now they will all go to regale that *bête noir*, that monster!"

Sidney laughed, and then sighed, but he thought it right to make some effort to save the misguided girl. All search was in vain. When he met Cathcart again, that languid gentleman removed his meerschaum to make the following sage remark:

"My dear boy, the moral of your story is this: never fall in a pit, never fall in love, and never commit your interests in any way to the care of a woman who is writing a book."

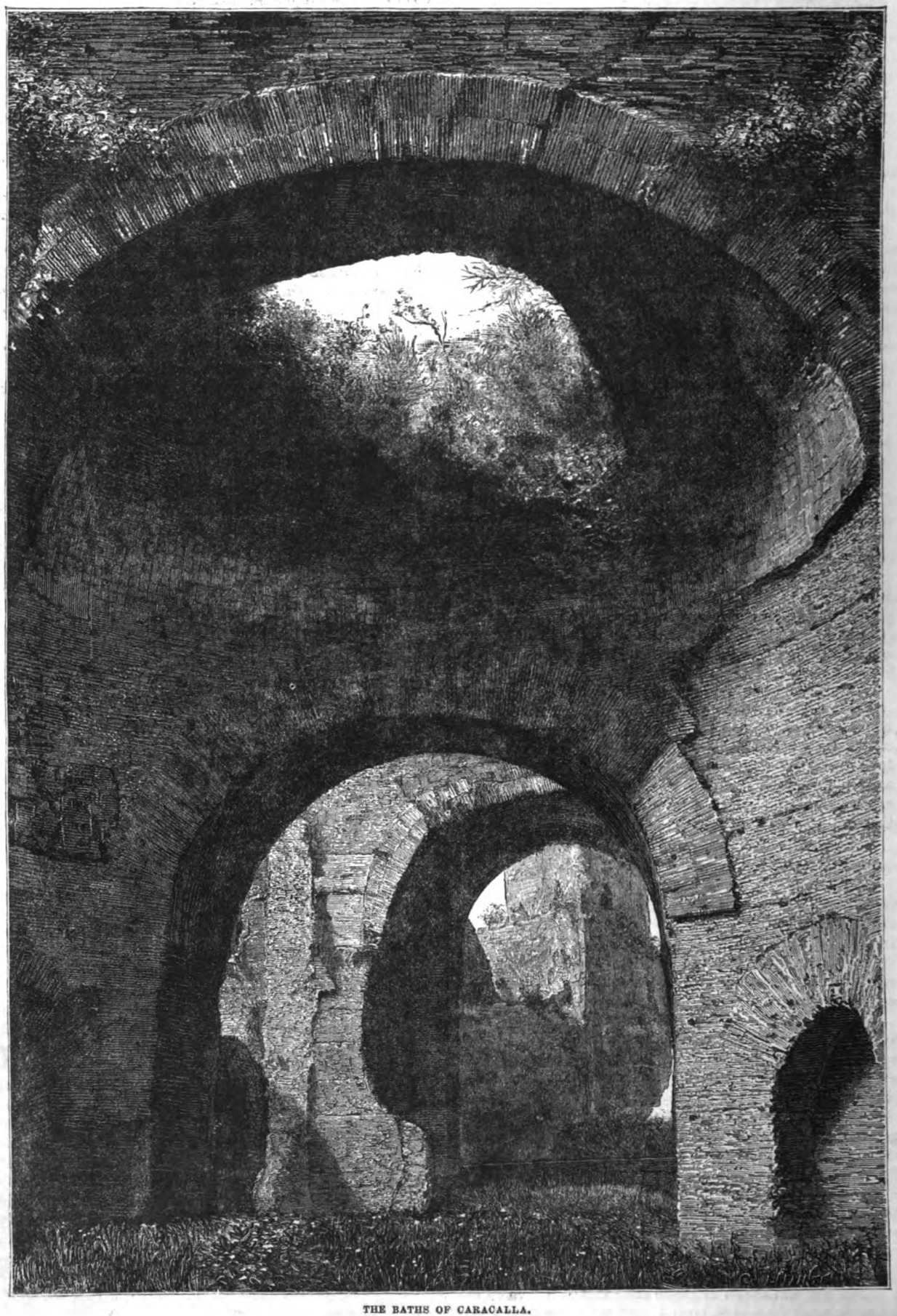
ROME IN WINTER.

THE famous Queen Christina of Sweden, who threw away a Protestant crown in order to have full liberty to do as she liked with her own personal allotment of life, and, amongst other things, to become the pet of Popes, cardinals and monsignori, used to declare that she could not live unless she breathed the air of Rome. "Tutti gusti son 'gusti," say the Italians, and it is only some such adage that will explain that strange instance of royal perversity. Perhaps it was feminine willfulness—how irritated would Christina have been, had any one intimated, in her hearing, that there was anything feminine about her!—which urged her to express her passionate love for the Eternal City in language which unquestionably is extravagant, and is, in a sense, paradoxical; for it is no easy matter for a foreigner to exist long in Rome. Think, then, of a child of the far snowy North, a royal maiden from the icebergs of the Baltic, turning lizard, and living in one of the cracks of Rome's ruinous walls! Verily, however, she had her reward. In life, she contradicted everybody; and dying, she was buried in St. Peter's. Of only two other women can that be said.

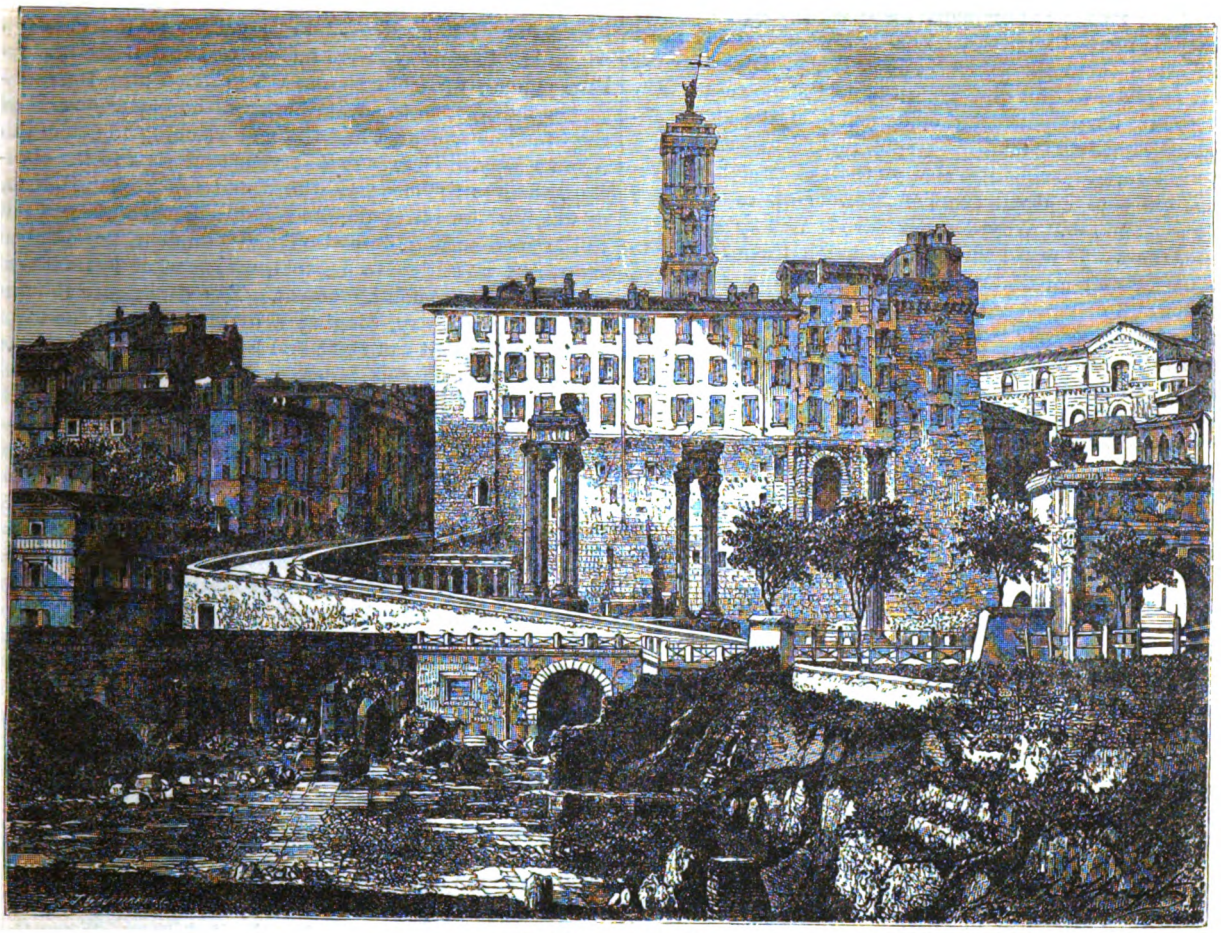
What she meant, however, and what she really felt, was what thousands and tens of thousands, before her and since, have felt likewise. Her exaggerated exclamation did but testify to the fact, that Rome possesses a charm which, though common, more or less, to the whole of Italy, but to no other country, may be predicated only in the highest degree of Italy's historic capital. It is the charm which makes one loath to leave it—it is the charm which compels one to return. Even when one is there, and has been there long, and there are good and alluring reasons to lead one away, and one is growing tired of—no, not tired of, for that is scarcely it, but oppressed by—the ruins, the stagnation, the sepulchral death-in-life of the place, and has thoroughly made up one's mind to go, one goes unwillingly.

To compare Rome, in any respect, with one of Horace's maidens, may seem inapt; but many a time, when within those immemorial walls, have I thought of his pretty picture of the girl who withdraws the hand she wishes to be retained, or—as the idea has been paraphrased in English verse:

"'Go,' she said; but tightened finger
Said, articulately, 'Stay!'"



THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.



THE FORUM AT ROME.

Rome acts thuswise in a less lively and more intangible manner. As long as you are settled, and have no thought of striking your tents, it would be impossible for any city to give you the idea of more utter indifference on its part, as to your coming and going, than Rome. How could it enter the head of the most vainglorious man to imagine that the sepulchre of the centuries was affected, one way or the other, by his puny presence or imperceptible absence?

"Upon such a shrine,
What are our petty griefs?"

Are our joys any more important? Not one bit. Every man is a stranger in Rome. It does not belong to him; it belongs to nobody. It matters not whether a Pope Leo

A BOOK-STALL IN THE STREETS OF ROME.

or a King Humbert nominally holds it; it must always in reality be neutral territory. This is what everybody must feel, who feels at all, whilst he is in Rome. But only till he is resolved to quit it. Then the cold stone ruins, then the prone unsympathizing columns, then the stony abstracted aqueducts, then the torpid ivy-clothed vaults and arches seem of a sudden to change their character, and reproachfully to address the beholder. How can he go? they seem to ask. Why does he leave? Will he find anything, the whole world through, to match them? Where can he sit and meditate in such silent sunshine as on one of the wallflower-covered benches of the Coliseum? Where can he be melancholy "only for wantonness" so well as in that wilderness of fallen architecture, the Baths of Caracalla? Where does the sod heave with the birth of profuser flowers than in that Campagna which those only call dreary who know it not?

These questions seem almost audibly addressed to the stranger on the eve of his departure. But he goes; and perhaps without a precious draught, in the moonlight, of the water of that Fountain of Trevi which is said to have the power to bring back to Rome all who have thus tasted of it. It matters not; he will return, or want to return, all the same. This virtue of the Fountain of Trevi is a fable, and it has, by some lucky chance, appropriated the reputation of power which belongs to the more potent wizard, a portion of whose machinery alone it is.

One may have abused—indeed, almost cursed, Rome while yet one of its denizens, for its manifold annoyances and inconveniences; for its irregular post, for its lack of books and newspapers, for its dirt, its bigotry, its defiant obstructiveness. But when one is away from it, one forgets all that; and the question uppermost in the mind is, "When shall I visit it again? Next year? the year after? or ever?" Let no one, therefore, hope or fear to satisfy his cravings for a sight of Rome by seeing it. It is only when one has seen it, that one knows its interest to be inexhaustible.

How is it best approached? That is a question worth asking, since first impressions go for so much. But is there much choice? Remember there are thirteen gates, and therefore, apparently, the choice is considerable. Practically, however, there are but three different approaches. There is the one from the old highroad to Civita Vecchia—there is the one from Florence—there is the one from Naples. By the first, you make your entrance into the Eternal City through the Porta Cavalleggieri, a gate designed by Sangallo; and one of the first objects you see is St. Peter's. You next will see the Castle and Bridge of St. Angelo, and the Tiber running between ill-defined banks. Choose not that mode of introduction to Rome, unless you wish to be disappointed. It was mine years ago, and I have always regretted it. The second will bring you to your bourne by the Via Cassia, or the Via Flaminia; and in the first event you will have the satisfaction, during the last stage of your journey, of beholding on your left the site of ancient Veii, and of being prepared by various vestiges of former habitations for the ampler store of ruin the city itself will lay before you. Traveling by either of these two roads you will reach the Ponte Molle, and be whirled during the last long mile between two high walls. Furthermore, though a famous obelisk will greet your gaze as you pass under the Porta del Popolo and find yourself in Rome at last, you will see only its more thriving modern quarter, and observe nothing to remind you that your tread is on an empire's dust.

It is for these reasons that I strongly advise all who for the first time hasten with trembling footsteps to the city of the Cæsars and the Apostles, to try to gain their first impression of it as it used to be gained in the old days when, before railways were known to Papal territory, visitors coming up from Naples were carried over the Campagna halfway, so to speak, between the gigantic ruins of the Claudian aqueduct and the far-stretching tombs of the Appian Way. Then it is that your soul rises to the occasion, silences the cicerone who would tell you, "Here is, or was," where all is doubly night, and surrenders itself to the surrounding desolation and grandeur, impotent to utter, and unwilling to be told, what is felt in its innermost recesses at such a moment. You pass under the unpretending gateway, flinging a divided gaze at the huge curving walls that run right and left, and which seem like a planless mosaic, put together during countless generations, and you find yourself in the presence of the Church of the Lateran—the Universal Basilica, as they call it—and of masses of masonry that once were palaces, temples, baths, to which you have not yet learned to give their proper name. Yet the nameless ruins beat the church with the high-sounding title, and you already feel, what you will feel much more keenly when you have been in Rome some time, that Paganism here still kills Christianity.

Such speculations, however, will now for the time be suppressed by the stern necessity, which rules in Rome as elsewhere, of providing yourself with comfortable quarters. Hotel life in the Eternal City is of neither the best nor the worst; and what best there is, is not to be had cheaply. But apartments offer, for most people, but a poor alternative. Though this is not the place to praise one hotel above another, it may properly be said that the pleasantest apartments are to be had in the higher portion of the visitors' quarter—in the Trinità de' Monti, in the Via Sistina, Via Felice, Via Gregoriana and Via Capo le Case. If your quest be privacy, you will be lucky to obtain what you require in this limited area. When that has been done, you will, perhaps, be surprised to find that dinner cannot be cooked on the premises. How, then, will you ever get it at all?

Between the hours of four and seven every evening you will see men carrying large tin cases on their heads, and ascending with them the various staircases of the houses where visitors for the Winter most do congregate. Those tin cases, or baskets, contain each a family dinner. It will, perhaps, be thought that the result must be a cold, or, at least, a lukewarm meal. That terrible danger is carefully provided against. Inside the tin case is a brazier filled with charcoal; and so skillfully managed is this heating apparatus, that dinner always is, or, at least, always may be, served smoking hot. And is it good, even in that condition? Well, one must not be too critical. When you are in Rome you must do more or less as Romans do; and Romans are not such incorrigible gourmets as New Yorkers or Parisians.

There is rather a want of variety in their dishes, though you will taste what, perhaps, you never tasted before—wild boar, hedgehog and porcupine. And wash down your food, if you can, with the wine of the country. It is cheap, it is generous, it is wholesome. Even the "*vile Sabinum*," which Horace humbly boasted was all he had to offer to a prime minister by way of inducement to a rural visit, is not amiss; but richer native juice of the grape is not wanting, whilst the French and Portuguese wines you are accustomed to at home are in Rome monstrously dear and execrably bad. Just stop short of being an epicure, and you will do very well.

There are no such suppers to be had now among the Seven Hills as shed a lustre round the learning of Sallust, and found a vent for the opulence of Lucullus. Persian

apparatus will be absent from the board; but, after all, you did not come to Rome to eat, and be waited on by powdered flunkeys; and by degrees you will, perhaps, get to like this Roman simplicity. I know a personage of some importance who has made his home many years in Rome, and who declares that when he goes to England, the magnificent domestics frighten him; but the man must be cast in a very conventional mold whose appetite deserts him because John Thomas is conspicuous by his absence, and the crockery bears no monogram on the rim.

Creature comforts once provided for, the new visitor to Rome will stand perplexed as to which particular object of interest should first demand his attention. A wise counselor would advise him not to be in a hurry to see anything—that is to say, not anything in particular. Let him strive to comprehend the whole first, and only afterward descend to the parts of this wonderful city. Once upon a time, folks used to climb the winding steps of the Capitoline Tower, which surmounts a grand mass of masonry of the Republican period; and thence obtain a panoramic view of the Seven Hills, of the principal ruins, of the myriad churches, of the meanderings of the Tiber, of the vast Campagna, of the situation of Frascati, Tivoli, and Albano. But no one may ascend that tower now. A lover of liberty, more enthusiastic than discreet, once took advantage of a visit to that conspicuous summit to plant thereon the Italian tricolor, and left it defiantly waving over the Campidoglio, in the face of Pope, cardinals and conservators. That one feat of amiable folly closed the staircase for evermore; just as the Crypt of St. Peter's, to which admittance was denied at the period of the last Garibaldian incursion, on the plea that the red-shirts wanted to blow up the dome—the vast and wondrous dome—into the air, still lies under that prohibition, though all pretext for maintaining it has passed away. Still, never mind. The Tower of the Capitol is not the only high place in Rome—not the sole spot from which you can survey what remains of the greatest city of the earth. I am sorry to say that the Circus Maximus is now the abode of the company which supplies Rome with gas, for it is in its direction that you must wend your way if you want to obtain elsewhere what jealous Roman censorship refuses at the Capitol.

Out of the Via de' Cerchi, which runs between the Circus Maximus and a portion of the Palatine which is known as the Vineyard of the English College, is an entrance, through a small, unpretending door, to a stupendous pile of ruins. The door has a gimlet-hole in it, through which is passed a string; take hold of the string and pull, and the result will be the ringing of something which, for courtesy's sake, we will call a bell—such are the primitive pulleys and general arrangements which now prevail in the Palace of the Cæsars; the door will be opened, and then, ascending a flight of steep steps, you will find yourself again in the open air, and at the base of a huge hill of architectural remains. You will want to get to the top of it. There is nothing to prevent you. By dint of a little searching, you will find the due approaches to the very summit of the place, and then you will forget that you are standing on the roofless pavement of one of the rooms of Nero's Palace, by being lost in wonder and delight at the magnificent prospect opened out before you. What does it matter whether Heraclius ever made the spot inhabitable again six centuries after Nero had shared a tyrant's fate? What does it matter whether it was here or not that Seneca bled to death in a bath? Tell that chattering cicerone to begone, and leave you to solitary meditations amid the beautiful and prodigious wreck of departed centuries.

When you are sated with the feast thus spread before you, you will not do amiss to continue your journey among this ruinous quarter of the Eternal City as far as the baths of that Antonine who owed to a Spanish cloak his better-known name of Caracalla. There, too, after long wandering amongst prostrate columns, underneath imperfect arches, over uneven pavements of splintered mosaic, you can mount to the very height of one of the massive pillars of the Cella Callidaria, tenanted only by the flowers that grow and the birds that build in the cracks of hoary masonry. Here were found in the sixteenth century the Venus Callipyge, the colossal Flora, the Farnese Hercules, and urns, bas-reliefs, and bronzes, which of themselves would form a respectable catalogue. Perhaps, though, you will care rather to remember that it was here Shelley used to come and compose. Perhaps you will prefer to remember nothing, to think of nothing, but only to recline in the sun, and look out toward the Sabine Hills. You will, however, in any case have to rouse yourself at last; and from either or both of these points I have named, you can, map in hand, make yourself acquainted with the topography of the ruinous side of Rome. But you should complete it by obtaining a bird's-eye view of that portion of the city which cannot be called Rome ruinous. For this purpose you must cross the Tiber, push on beyond St. Peter's, and scale the precipitous steps which lead to St. Onofrio. It is worth visiting, if only because Tasso died there. You must gain admittance to the garden of the convent—no difficult matter—and from a point which will be indicated to you by one of the monks, or which, indeed, you may readily find for yourself, you look down on a city and surroundings that have no superior on the score of beauty, save such as are to be seen at Florence.

I think an acquaintance commenced in such a manner will lead the stranger never to tire till he has visited each and every of the ancient monuments, and each and every of Rome's more modern features, which he has thus surveyed *en masse*. He will have abundant choice in his mode of visiting them. He can visit them alone, in student fashion, and with book in hand. He can visit them with sympathizing friends. He can visit them in company with an intelligent crowd, under the guidance and tuition of the British Archæological Society. This capital institution will provide him with weekly lectures bearing on Rome's various remains, followed by instructive visits to the particular ruins illustrated in the lecture; and with the assistance of such guides as a Mr. Parker or a Mr. Hemans, he will soon find himself familiar with the story and art-aspects of every bit of ruined aqueduct, temple and palace within the Seven Hills. Should his taste lead him to explore churches, and be present at their ceremonies, what a surfeit awaits him! Not a day passes but some place of worship or other—and usually one that has an undying interest attached to it by history—invites the believing and the curious alike to be present at its masses, its vespers, its forty hours, its stations of the cross. I cannot wax enthusiastic over these; but I comprehend the condition of those who do; and I name them as among the various entertainments—using that word in its largest sense—offered by the Pope's capital. When the Pontiff himself assists at any of these ceremonials, the attraction is immeasurably increased; and we uncompromising defenders of Protestant liberties, who are loud at home in our denunciations of Popery, cannot resist, when once in the neighborhood of the dangerous Vatican, endeavoring to see as much of it and its occupant as we possibly can.

But if ruins and churches were all that Rome had to hold out as baits to the leisured families and classes of

A HUNTING PARTY IN FLORIDA.—"AS THE HEAT OF THE DAY WAS INTENSE, SOME OF THE HOUNDS HAD TO BE CALLED OFF EVERY NOW AND THEN, AND TAKEN TO THE NEAREST POND."

other lands, I do not think they would troop thither in such crowds as they do. It is because the temptations are so numerous and so diverse that it is the most highly prized of all Winter quarters for the rich and the unoccupied. To ruins and churches, we must add almost endless picture-galleries, miles of museums, and acres of statuary. Thereto must we join a climate generally exquisite, though it will sometimes happen, as in the case of one Winter just past, that the visitor is in this respect disappointed. It may, however, safely be asserted that under no circumstances is there ever a Winter at all, in the sense in which we understand that word. There may be much rain, but there will probably be little; and, if you are lucky, you will have abundant sunshine, glorious skies, and mild temperature.

But what are all these, if you cannot dance and ride? Now, these are just the two things that can be indulged in at Rome without any ascertainable limits. There are scores of people who go back to Rome, Winter after Winter, drawn thither only by these twin inducements. They know the ruins and churches by heart, and they are tired of them. Perhaps these never really awakened their interest. But they will ride all day, and dance all night, and never grow tired of those. Society at Rome, whether fixed or fleeting, is eminently a dancing society. There is not much interchange of social courtesy between the Romans and the annual foreign visitors to their city. They both dance; but they dance apart. One exception, however, must be named. There are young Romans who are overwhelmingly noble, but lamentably poor; and there are dazzling young women from a famous Republic, in the possession, or with the expectation, of large fortunes—and between these two antipodean races there would seem to be the strongest matrimonial sympathy. It is a case of unlike to unlike. A famous title and an encumbered property require a little assistance; and a New York beauty desires to mate herself with a medieval stock. This much will suffice to show that in Rome, as elsewhere, dancing promotes marrying and giving in marriage; and does not that form yet one more claim to popularity?

But the rides round Rome constitute the amusements whose charms, perhaps, endure the longest. Round Rome, I say; but, in truth, the surrounding Campagna is as much Rome as the city itself. You may ride and ride, but you will never ride beyond ruins. Tombs are the only milestones; and you seem to be galloping over a huge churchyard, where the turf is soft and undulating, where sorrow has laid its dead, and where piety and nature have planted flowers. For in the Spring the uncultivated Campagna is a garden, and the desert truly smiles. Anemones and crocuses dapple the ground—indeed, they do not dapple, they hide it. You get off your horse, and gather a bright posy. Lucky you, if you can then and there make it a love-gift! And almost every girl who visits Rome seems to ride; and you meet the fair amazons of England on the site of Fidenæ, beyond the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or returning, flushed and beautiful, from scouring the grassy interspaces which break up the cork woods of Monte Mario. Surely here is choice enough.

It is a common complaint, and perhaps not an unjust one, that life at home is somewhat monotonous, and that one has no choice but of a monotony of work or a monotony of idleness. If you can, then, go to Rome for a Winter, and find infinite variety. The student, the lover of art, the archæologist, the dilettante, the earnest researcher, the flirt, the equestrian, the hagiologist—all will find in Rome a field for their energies. Not to have seen Rome is scarcely to have lived. To have seen it is to bind oneself by a silent vow to see it again.

A HUNTING PARTY IN FLORIDA.

THROUGHOUT the Peninsula of Florida large herds of hogs are raised, and roam about the forests half wild, finding an independent support on the mast of the oak, the palmetto and other fruit-bearing trees scattered among the pine and hummock lands. As wild hogs also abound, and are in the habit of inducing the tame sows to retire with them into the woods and there bring up their progeny in a wild state, it becomes necessary every year to form hunting parties to kill the wild hogs, and thus prevent the sows being seduced from the allegiance which, even in their semi-wild state, they acknowledge to man.

Some days after our arrival at the doctor's, a party assembled there for this purpose, composed of all the available male population of that section of the country, and forming a total of six as fine, hardy and stalwart young

A HUNTING PARTY IN FLORIDA.—"I SAW THE LEAVES MOVING ABOUT TEN YARDS FROM ME. FIRING AT THE SPOT, AN OCELOT SPRANG TOWARD ME OVER THE BUSHES."

A HUNTING PARTY IN FLORIDA.—"HE JUMPED UP WITH A YELL OF, 'HEAVENS! IT'S RAINING SNAKES!' AS A RATTLESNAKE TUMBLED RIGHT DOWN ON HIS HEAD."

men as one could wish to hunt with in a wild country. Two ox-wagons conveyed the guns, ammunition and general baggage of the party, and a large quantity of salt to cure the flesh of the hogs, deer, bear and other game we might kill. Two saddle-horses offered a change of conveyance to such of the hunters as might be tired of riding in the wagons, or of walking; while, to drive the game out of the thick coverts and protect our camp when absent hunting, four more or less well-bred Cuban bloodhounds accompanied us, the descendants of the animals formerly used by our companions for hunting runaway slaves.

A powerful, fierce and courageous animal, with extraordinary acuteness of nose, and able to endure the intense heat of a tropical sun, the Cuban bloodhound appears well adapted to hunting in Florida. He will follow perseveringly the wily ocelot, sneaking noiselessly through the dense palmetto, and will tackle the panther or the bear in the thickest hummock. Well-bred dogs of this species are, however, very scarce in Florida, and cannot be purchased; and many a fine day's sport we lost through the want of such animals.

We considered ourselves very fortunate in falling in with this hunting party, and all started in high spirits for the lower Myakka, or Vanderipe Lake, intending to camp on its southern end, some fifteen miles distant from the doctor's house.

Skirting the southern end of the upper lake, our course lay nearly south through a country consisting of alternate narrow strips of grass and jungle, with large live oaks and cabbage-palms scattered about in picturesque groups; ponds, fringed with saw-grass growing to a height of six to ten feet, were numerous, and swarming with alligators. From one pond rose a large flock of the beautiful roseate spoon-bill ibis, commonly called in Florida the red curlew; the white ibis were in numbers in every pool, and various colored ducks and snipe lay in the thick grass, rising almost under our feet.

In one of the thick palmetto jungles we heard the hounds baying furiously, and as they pursued some animal here and there through the scrub, a flock of ten turkeys flew out over our heads. A brace of these fell to my gun, which was loaded with swan-shot, a size which I soon afterward found useful against a far larger and fiercer animal than a fat gobbler.

From the way the hounds were running backward and forward, and across from one large clump of scrub palmetto to another, it soon became evident to our hunters that they were on the track of an ocelot, an animal called in Florida a catamount, or, more usually, simply a cat.

As the heat of the day was intense, some of the hounds had to be called off every now and then, and taken down to the nearest pond, where they lay panting, while the owner watched with ready rifle to prevent the approach of an alligator. When sufficiently refreshed, the hound was again put on the trail, so that the ocelot, being continually hunted by fresh enemies, was bound to be exhausted at last.

After the hounds had been hunting for over an hour, I was standing in a thick palmetto-scrub up to my waist, watching their movements, when I saw the leaves moving about ten yards from me. Firing at the spot, an ocelot sprang toward me over the bushes, but receiving my second barrel in his spring, fell dead almost at my feet.

This beautiful animal measured four feet four inches in length, from the nose to the root of the tail; the fur was reddish, handsomely marked with black spots, oblong on the back, and round on the belly and paws, and streaked; the strength visible in the forearm was amazing.

A cowardly and ferocious animal, the ocelot commits great havoc among the pigs and calves, and is, therefore, a most deadly enemy to the stock-owner, being much more numerous than the wolf, cougar or puma—commonly called the panther in Florida—all of which animals do their share of mischief. The Florida settlers attempt the destruction of all these animals in every possible way, so that they are now becoming scarce; but the ocelot still abounds, though without dogs it can seldom be found.

Soon afterward, the hounds killed another ocelot, and by midday, when we reached our camping-ground, the result of the morning's sport was as follows: Two ocelots, three raccoons, an opossum, a polecat, a deer, sundry alligators, the rattles of two large rattlesnakes, and a good bag of turkeys, wild duck, snipe and quail.

One of the rattlesnakes I heard rattling when about twenty yards distant from a clump of cabbage-palms, and cautiously advancing toward the sound, I found a large snake coiled up at the foot of one of the palms, ready to spring, and rattling with fear and rage. I shot its head

A HUNTING PARTY IN FLORIDA.—"THE ALLIGATOR CHARGED STRAIGHT AT THE SPOT WHERE I STOOD. I LOST NO TIME IN MAKING TRACKS, AND SCRAMBLED UP THE RIVER-BANK."

off, and found its body measured seven feet in length; there were eleven young ones inside it, a fact which was the cause of its rattling while I was at such a distance, and by so doing, of its own destruction.

The spot selected for our camp was a few hundred yards below the southern end of the lake, on the banks of the Myakka River, and was concealed in a dense growth of live oak, water oak, cabbage-palm, vine and other timber and creepers covering the swamp on either bank of the river.

This ground was chosen, partly for shelter from the sun and nearness to fresh water, and partly for concealment from any wandering bands of Indians or stray Florida Crackers who might make free with our camp equipments during our absence while hunting.

As all the hitherto published maps of this part of Florida are totally incorrect, I may mention that the Myakka lakes are only two in number; of these, the Lower is called Lake Vanderipe. The Upper Lake varies in size according to the season of the year; at the time of our visit—the dry season—it was about three miles in width, by six in length, but very shallow for a long distance from the shore. The Myakka River, which rises in some swamps about thirty miles to the northwest, flows through it and connects the two lakes by a narrow channel.

The Lower, or Vanderipe Lake, is rather smaller than the upper, being about three miles in width by four in length. The river, which issues from the southern end, is for many miles very tortuous and narrow—scarcely more than thirty yards in width, and so shallow that we seldom got wet above the waist when fording it, except when it was too dark to avoid the deep holes.

Flowing through an entirely wild and unsurveyed country, its banks generally clothed with dense hummock or pine forest, it gradually widens as it approaches the sea, attaining the width of three or four miles at its mouth, in Charlotte Harbor, a distance of forty or fifty miles from the lake by river. A few miles below the lake the water is tidal, and swarms with fish to an almost incredible amount. The fish in the lakes, where the water is always fresh, were not good, being soft and muddy, though very numerous, but in the tidal waters of the river there were many excellent varieties.

Turning out of our tents at the first streak of dawn, we formed three separate parties: one mounted on horseback to hunt hogs, ocelots or panthers, with dogs; another to shoot turkeys or other birds; and the third to stalk deer, or whatever wild animals might be found grazing on the flats near the lake.

Devoting my first morning to turkey-shooting, I took my shotgun and compass, and following the course of the river through the thick, tangled mass of the timber and wild vine which covered the swamp, here and there I came on open savannas, covered with fresh green grass and wild-flowers, and on these turkey "sign" was abundant.

Very timid and watchful, and a swift runner, the wild turkey is difficult to approach, but I soon got a right-and-left at two that rose close to me, while a large "bunch," alarmed at the report of my gun, rose up with a tremendous clatter, just out of gunshot. As the turkeys were now "gobbling," one of the hunters, who came up on hearing my shots, suggested that we should hide among the cabbage-palms, while he imitated the cry of the hen turkey; this he did on a bone, so successfully that a fine turkey-cock came strutting up, erecting his tail and displaying his plumage, which glittered like gold in the sunlight, to captivate the supposed female; a shot from my companion's rifle, however, laid low his pride, and added to our bag a gobbler weighing nearly fifty pounds.

Having secured one more gobbler, we had as much as we could carry; so, slinging the dead turkeys round our necks, we made our way back to camp, where we found breakfast ready, and gradually the various parties dropped in, laden with their several spoils of the chase—deer, wild hogs, ocelot, wild duck, etc.

Warned by the rain of the previous evening, and the feverish symptoms of some of our party, that we must move our camp from the swamp to higher, drier and more healthy ground, we selected a sandy spot under a grove of cabbage-palms on the edge of the prairie, about a quarter of a mile back from our former camp, and moved thither after breakfast.

The weather was now intensely hot, my pocket thermometer marking 88° Fahrenheit in the shade at eleven A.M., on February 23d; so, following the example of all living animals in Florida—beasts, birds, reptiles and insects—we sought the thickest shade we would find, and dozed away until a couple of hours before sunset, when we again formed parties for the pursuit of game, returning to camp and supper shortly after dark.

We found the mosquitoes so unbearable that we determined to try and burn them out, by forming a circle of fire all around our palm-grove. The dry palmetto leaves soon burned up fiercely, and we were congratulating ourselves on having got rid of our tormentors, when one of our party, who was quietly seated under a palm plucking a turkey, jumped up with a yell of "Heavens! it's raining snakes!" as a rattlesnake tumbled right down on his head from the top of the palm, fortunately stupefied by the smoke, which curled in thick clouds over us. We were not long in destroying this unexpected visitor, and some others which fell from other trees a few seconds later.

After a couple of days' stay here, we arranged with a guide to attempt to descend the Myakka River, in a cypress-tree canoe, to a creek flowing into the main river, by ascending which we could reach a famous salt spring where, he assured us, game abounded.

Thence we proposed to make our way down through the great mangrove swamps near the mouth of the Myakka River, to Charlotte Harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, and thence ascend Pease Creek to a settlement called Hickory Bluff.

The oxen and wagon were called into use to convey our arms and baggage down to the river-bank where the canoe was fastened, about four miles distant from the hut. The river-bank reached, we proceeded to examine the canoe, which we found was made from a cypress trunk thirty feet in length by two feet six inches in breadth, and sharp at both ends, in which were fixed small seats whence to paddle, the paddler in the stern having also the duty of steering.

As we discovered one or two small leaks, we tapped one of the pitch-pines which grew near, and collecting the juice in a small tripod that we carried, boiled it down with some of the gum from the gum-trees, and calked the canoe, soon making her perfectly water-tight.

Meanwhile, I rigged up a fishing-rod, and, using the small green tree-frogs as bait, quickly provided an abundance of excellent fish for dinner. The moment the line was thrown into the water I hooked and landed a black bass, called trout in Florida, of seven pounds' weight, then one of three pounds, and a catfish—called a perch—weighing nearly four pounds.

As I was scaling and cleaning these by the water's edge, I observed the huge head and wicked eyes of an alligator silently and rapidly swimming toward me, attracted by the fish-scales on the water.

Quickly grasping my gun, which lay beside me on the bank, I imitated the grunting of a pig, till the alligator had fearlessly approached to within six yards of me; then, jumping up, I gave him both barrels "squarely" in the face, when, blinded with pain and rage, he lashed the water furiously with his tail, and charged straight at the spot where I stood.

I lost no time in making tracks, and scrambled up the river-bank in a hurry; but the alligator, striking his head violently against the rock on which I had stood, dived, and reappeared on the opposite side of the river, where he crawled out on a mud-bank, and, turning on his side, in a few minutes lay dead—the large shot with which my gun was loaded, in anticipation of meeting turkeys, having penetrated both eyes into the brain, had killed this twenty-foot alligator as effectually as a rifle-bullet.

After thus defeating this attempt on our dinner, the fish were fried and coffee prepared; and when the calking of the boat was completed, we had a parting meal together, and a parting bumper to our safe voyage.

A large stone jar was then filled with fresh water from a small creek which flowed into the Myakka, at the base of a high mound of sand and shells, which marked the spot where the canoe was moored, and, the baggage and gun-cases being stowed in the centre of our frail craft, all was ready.

LONDON HOSPITALS, AND SCENES IN THEM.

By Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.

The first effort of civilization is to relieve suffering. Barbarous nations regarded the prolongation of life as weakness; "Let the sickly die," was their motto; so they exposed the weakened frames, and helped grim Death in his purpose. Very often sufferers in our day would not be sorry for the same release, but humanity rightly claims that life is the gift of God, and should be treasured to the end. Nobody approves of the action of the old village wife, whose husband "was so long a-dee-ing, sir, that I just helped him a bit." Public opinion condemned her.

In great cities it is interesting to watch the growth of institutions for the relief of suffering and the prolongation of life; in London, especially, where all that is accomplished in the way of help seems but as a drop in a boundless ocean of suffering, there are many hospitals. If we include infirmaries that receive in-patients, there are no less than fifty. The oldest is St. Bartholomew's, which, with four others—St. Thomas's, Bridewell, Bethlehem and Christ's—are "under the pious care of the Lord Mayor and corporation." It is, perhaps, as well for the prosperity of these institutions that they have a distinct internal government.

St. Bartholomew's is very richly endowed; it possesses an income of at least £30,000, and is nearly eight centuries old; it was founded in the reign of Henry I., by his minstrel, Rayher, and when many of the charities in connection with the abbeys and monasteries were destroyed at the Reformation, St. Bartholomew's was refounded by Henry VIII., and re-endowed with all its possessions. It was intended for the "help and succor of all poor, sick, aged, low and impotent people, lying or going about begging in the common streets of the City of London, infected with great and horrible sicknesses." It has always been a great medical school, affording a wide range of experience and experiment. Here the famous Harvey taught for more than thirty years; here Sir William Gull, in our own day, was long a leading physician; here Mead and Radcliffe, Brodie and Laurence have played their part in the cause of humanity.

Around the hospital itself are a mass of buildings devoted to the various branches of the medical profession, amongst them a training-school for nurses. We seek in vain for the old snuff-taking, gin-drinking, light-minded and hard-hearted nurse of years gone by—she is extinct; and whatever evils may attend the hospital system of to-day, and their name is legion, they are not to be named in the same breath with the enormities of the past.

Every visitor to London knows Guy's Hospital, in the crowded neighborhood of London Bridge Station. It was founded by a bookseller, Mr. Guy, who, having for a long time been interested in St. Thomas's, determined to have a hospital of his own. This has always been considered one of the best managed institutions of the great city; we here had sufficient evidence lately of its need of reformation. It is singular in one respect, as possessing a distinct house for lunatics, which is provided with recreation grounds and gardens. Here the system of "sisters" upon the nursing staff was early attempted, with a fair measure of success, and the ladies who undertake these duties are drawn from the higher classes.

The first unendowed hospital in London was the Westminster; also in a crowded district, near Westminster Abbey. It was founded in 1719, and became at once so crowded that, fourteen years later, St. George's Hospital was established as a much needed branch. This latter has long outgrown its parent; and when dissatisfaction at the management of the Westminster led to a final disruption between the two, the public gained the advantage of two distinct institutions. St. George's has the best site of any such establishment in London, being situated opposite the Green Park and Hyde Park; in connection with it is a Convalescent Hospital, at Wimbledon, which is richly endowed, and always crowded.

The student of human nature should visit the London Hospital, which is in one of the lowest and most densely crowded districts of the city. Surrounded by docks, manufactories, railroads, the incessant traffic of the largest city in the world, it is a nucleus of suffering, a concentration of misery such as is scarcely conceivable. In one year, nearly 7,000 patients are received into its wards, and 50,000 out-patients receive relief. It is, almost necessarily, always in debt. Its income is only £13,000 a year, and the expenses attending it amount to three times that sum. It has grown, and continues to grow. Originally started in four hired houses, sufferers flocked to it in such crowds that an attempt was made to provide accommodation for them, and the present building was founded in 1740. At first no statistics were kept, but for the last seventy years regular records have been issued. Additional accommodation has been given again and again, and in every epidemic—and in that quarter of the city epidemics are of frequent occurrence—efforts have been made to meet the needs of the people. Upon the outbreak of cholera in 1864, a new wing, intended for general patients, was at once filled with the stricken poor, and over 13,000 sick were treated as out-patients.

The London Hospital appeals to every benevolent heart. It is, on the whole, well supported; but every year increases the calls it receives for aid from the surrounding poor. Since 1870, immense additions have been made to it; it now possesses a children's medical ward, ophthalmic wards, examining wards, baths, laundries, and appliances of every kind. A subscription-box for local offerings brings in at least £1,000 a year. Sinking under debt, fresh efforts are constantly made in behalf of this institution. In 1872, 200 new beds were opened; a grant was made by

ANGEL VISITS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 166.

During one of the hardest Winters of the early years of this century, a poor, destitute, homeless girl was found lying, frozen to death, near St. Andrew's Church, Holborn. She was but eighteen years of age; no one knew whence she came or where she was bending her steps, when, overcome by hunger, misery and cold, she sank upon the inhospitable stones and died. A surgeon, who was called in by the parish authorities, was so moved by the fate of the unfortunate girl, that he started the idea of a free hospital. Hitherto, admission to such a refuge had depended upon letters of introduction from governors or subscribers. He suggested a hospital which should be open to all who needed its help. Thus Gray's Inn Hospital, one of the noblest in the great city, had its origin. Destitution and disease are the sole claims it heeds. When, in 1832, the Asiatic cholera, with its appalling symptoms, visited the crowded districts, hundreds of patients were received within its open doors. The poor, the degraded, the lost, have but to apply, and if it is possible they are taken in, tended, and often taught. Many a reckless woman, many a sin-sick girl, has been reclaimed by noble lessons learned within its walls.

The Charing Cross is another large hospital, which has suffered severely from want of funds to meet its increasing expenses; and the Metropolitan Free Hospital, which opens its doors to all who come in need, is often greatly pressed. Practically, King's College Hospital receives free patients, although the governors have the privilege of admitting those they can recommend. In this institution, the nursing is undertaken by Sisters trained under a Lady Superior, who are known as the Sisters of St. John's House.

the Grocers' Company of £20,000, and a special fund was established of £200,000. There is a training-school for nurses, under the direct supervision of the matron.

The "London" is certainly one of the most interesting of all the London institutions; yet it abounds, as all such institutions do, in shortcomings and abuses. The nursing, superior as it is to that of olden times, is too often intrusted to the young girls, whose training is a great object with the authorities; but while they learn, the patients suffer. The expenditure, too, is lavish; in hospital management it seems increasingly difficult to hit the golden mean between extravagance and parsimony. The trustees of every public institution of the kind have much to contend with, in the expectation of the public on the one hand, and the demands of numberless patients on the other. In these respects the Middlesex Hospital, which has a ward for cancer patients, stands exceptionally high. Originally founded in 1745, at the time of the French Revolution its doors were thrown open to the sick and suffering emigrants from that troubled land. It has always been remarkable for its ventilation, and as free from the sickening hospital odor which so often greets the visitor to these abodes of suffering. A staff of lady probationers are in attendance, and the nursing is especially good.

It is not easy to classify London hospitals, because so many include various branches, overlapping, as it were, each other. Almost all have departments for different diseases and complaints, as aural, dental and ophthalmic wards, and departments for surgical and medical, skin and throat diseases, etc. Then there are also special hospitals, a few of which claim more particular attention. In one sense, the Dreadnaught deserves this distinction—not as regards disease, but as far as the class from which the patients are drawn is concerned. It is limited to seamen, but they may be of all nationalities, and a good deal of foreign aid is contributed. This institution is an offshoot of the Greenwich Hospital for Seamen, which found a home for the sick in an old vessel, the *Dreadnaught*, but it has become a large establishment. On Christmas Day, three years ago, patients drawn from thirty different countries sat down to dinner together—Turks and Russians,

French and Germans, Italians and Poles, hobnobbing with hardy British tars. The sailors who are treated here are kept in the institution, and fed with nourishing diet, until they are quite recovered from their sickness; for it is against the rules of the hospital to dismiss them when only convalescent. This hospital is remarkable for freedom from debt; its managers never undertake any relief which they have not funds to carry out.

Only one of all general hospitals admits incurables—that is to say, patients manifestly beyond help. The Middlesex does this, when it has been definitely ascertained that the care, nursing and skill that can be given will make the suffering life bearable. It, like many more, provides accommodation for convalescent patients; while University College Hospital gives surgical appliances free to poorer patients, sends out dinners to out-patients, and supplies good milk to hundreds of poor, ill-nourished children, besides making money-grants to the indigent whom it has relieved.

Modern science has, of course, introduced many improvements into hospital management. St. Thomas's, one of the very oldest in London, which has been removed to its present site on the Thames Embankment, has received the advantage of every modern improvement. In the building a series of separate structures were erected, connected by galleries, so that the new principle of the isolation of disease might be effectually carried out; but, unfortunately, this has been effected at a cost which necessarily limits the number of beds.

University Hospital was for some time shut up, and was only opened eighteen months ago for the reception of patients. Every modern improvement may also be seen there, to greater advantage even than in St. Thomas's. Here the men's wards are on the ground floor, the women's on the first floor, and the children's above. Special rooms are devoted to special disorders. By a system of air-pipes all infection is said to be removed. Every improved suggestion in ventilation and drainage has been followed. Cases supposed to be contagious are separately treated, and fever cases are not admitted. Medicated baths are freely given; elevators are employed, and the telephone is to be used for communication between the various departments. This, like all the other hospitals, is a medical training college.

As we carry our review to the institutions for special diseases, we find a large number of distinctive hospitals. An immense proportion of deaths result from diseases of the chest; consumption, the outcome of the climate, carries off one-eighth of those who die in Great Britain. For this most painful and lingering sickness, which appeals more than any other for succor and help, several homes are provided. Fifteen thousand people die of consumption every year in London, many of them being victims of unventilated workshops, overcrowded barracks, vitiated atmospheres, overwork and want of air and nourishment.

Forty years ago the Brompton Hospital commenced on

THE BUILDING OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL.

a small scale; it is already one of the best known, and most valued for such cases. Recently it has received an endowment of £100,000, left by an old lady, who, it is supposed, had derived benefit from it as an out-patient. Hundreds receive relief, and everything that can be done to while away the tedium of disease is carefully carried out. Encouraged by the success of this institution, a kindred one soon afterward sprang up in Victoria Park, on the opposite side of the river, and since the opening of these two establishments it has been ascertained that it is possible not only to arrest the progress of the disease, but to effect cures. Many consumptive patients are sent from these hospitals in London to the Ventnor Institution in the Isle of Wight.

If possible, the Cancer Hospital is still more valuable. It relieves over five thousand out-patients yearly, and provides sixty to seventy beds; here, new methods are tried, and human ingenuity and skill achieve marvels in the way of alleviation and help in cases of this dread disease.

Sufferers from paralysis and epilepsy are received in Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, and ten cots for little children are one feature of the usefulness of this institution. Two ladies, who had tried in vain to gain admittance for a sufferer from epilepsy into any of the general hospitals, founded this for the exclusive treatment of such patients. Electricity is the main element brought to bear upon these terrible sufferers. Entertainments are provided for the patients, and everything is done to relieve the tedium of these heart-rending cases. In connection with it is a Samaritan fund, for released patients, and by its means the good work is continued in their own homes. Attached to it is a wing for patients able to pay a small sum for the cost of their maintenance, and a branch house has been established near the metropolis, where patients are received for very low sums of weekly payment. The same system has been tried in other institutions.

The Hospital for Women, Soho Square, provides paying wards, and, although its reputation is far from enviable, the idea, if properly carried out, would meet with increased support. There is a general feeling that many sufferers whose means are sufficient to allow of their paying a moderate sum, would be glad to do so; but, unfortunately, directly the question of money comes in, the worst features of human nature enter too, and the success of the Soho Hospital has not been such as to encourage others in the same attempt.

Fever hospitals receive cases of diphtheria and measles, as well as those classified as fever; and these, like the smallpox hospitals, are subject to seasons of great depression, owing to the immense demands which are periodically made upon their resources. Some ladies are now mooting the question of convalescent homes for fever patients, but such a scheme has many difficulties to contend with, although the question of its utility admits of but one answer.

London possesses two hospitals for incurables, both of which are noble institutions, and provide real homes for the unfortunate beings whose sufferings allow of no cure. Paying patients are received in both these establishments.

In London, as in New York, a very large foreign element is found in the population, a large proportion there, as here, being Germans. Strangers in a foreign country, they often suffer great privations, and in times of epidemic sicknesses are friendless and destitute. In 1843, the King of Prussia, mindful of this, advanced a sum of money for the purpose of providing a hospital for his suffering subjects in London; and out of this gift grew the present Dalston Hospital, an establishment by means of which incalculable good is effected. It admits accident cases of every nationality, and has a special ward for children. It is nobly supported, and within the last few years the trustees of the German Lutheran Society have rebuilt their church on land adjoining this hospital, and have connected it with the institution. Nurses are sent for its use from the Darmstadt Training-school, and the hospital bears the highest character for efficiency, both in medicinal and surgical cases.

Maternity hospitals abound throughout the great city. Some of these are exclusively for the use of respectable married women in their hour of trial, others are open to all who need their aid—the unfortunate, the deserted, and the fallen.

A review of London hospitals is incomplete without some mention of the convalescent branches in connection with them. It is a little surprising that they should all be of so very modern a date. Many have sprung up within the last few years, and many more are the result of contributions freely given by older institutions. Bracing air is the foremost desideratum—one largely considered and highly valued, and so we find many of these homes on the seacoast; but still, many are closely connected with London itself. Different suburbs of the metropolis have several—one, intended for convalescent children, in connection with the noble hospital in Great Ormond Street, is established at Highgate; it stands 400 feet above the street, has a large garden, and is surrounded by fields.

The mention of this establishment brings us back to one of the leading features of modern charity, in the increasing number of hospitals for children which are to be found all over England, but more especially in the metropolis itself. In many of these, every contrivance for the comfort of the little inmates is resorted to. Little trays are fitted to the beds, to serve as tables for the picture-books and toys; the wards are bright with prints and pictures, dolls in quantities are provided; and in the waiting-room, where so many tedious hours are passed by the anxious mothers before they can see the surgeons to report upon the children in their arms, everything is done for their comfort and amusement.

Dickens worked earnestly for the advantage of children's hospitals: one of his most eloquent appeals was on behalf of the suffering little ones of the great city; and since he wrote, hospitals for children and homes for babies are springing up in every direction.

Yet, admirable as all this is, and energetic as the impulse for the relief of suffering has been, it cannot be doubted that much room for improvement exists. Immense sums are spent in the architectural adornment of these large public buildings—sums which necessitate heavy contributions and constant appeals to charity, and which, one cannot but reflect, might be dispensed with without any real detriment to the sufferers. Nursing has unquestionably improved. Many of us can remember the time when the nurses were rough, uneducated women, better fitted for the scrubbing of the floors than the tending of the patients; now it is but rarely that menial offices are required of the nursing staff. There is a general opinion that education is an advantage rather than a drawback, but great room remains for improvement still. Ladies do not invariably make good nurses, and the modern fashion of taking up the art for want of something better to do, does not insure good results.

The great safeguard in every institution which provides for the sick, or, indeed, for any helpless persons, is publicity. Hospitals ought not to rely for the interest of the public upon committee reports. One unprincipled nurse

in authority, one stony-hearted matron, has it in her power to inflict immeasurable suffering. It ought to be possible to sift the working of every establishment, which is governed by a committee, in the interests of the public. Then the cases of gross neglect which constantly crop out could not occur so often; then unprincipled men and women could not go on for years enriching themselves at the expense of the patients under their charge; bribery would not be so common, and deceit and hypocrisy would be unmasked.

Moreover, more attention might advisedly be paid to many matters which greatly affect the comfort of hospital patients. Rules need not be so inflexible; individual cases might be studied singly as cases, and need not be treated *en masse*; ill-cooked and ill-prepared food would be of less frequent occurrence; and, above all, when the welfare of patients is in the hands of one or two people, as it necessarily must be, the more intimately the public are acquainted with those persons the better.

We find one sad feature in every hospital, or in nearly all, and that feature is, the blunting of the senses and the sympathies of the attendants. Accustomed to sounds and sights of suffering, and little moved by them, matrons, and nurses, too, very often forget that the inmates of a hospital are not as hardened as themselves. The poor, unnerved patient, who for the first time finds herself in a public ward, is not inured to the sight of suffering—is not accustomed to the dread visitor, death. She cannot look unmoved on scenes of torture, or on operations; she cannot, in her own hour of weakness, endure the knowledge of another's death. In matters like these, a little sympathetic "inspiration" would go a long way. Hospital authorities might easily arrange for the removal of their dead in such a manner that no poor nervous convalescent should feel the passing tread in every nerve. Coffins need not be nailed down in the very hearing of one just rescued from the jaws of death; and a little care and consideration would suggest the hiding of many details to which the nurse is well accustomed, but which even she felt at first, and which are exquisite torture to the unnerved and the weak. Again, visitors to the sick-beds in hospitals could do far more than they achieve, if they would once realize that invalids are the same everywhere, and that cheerful looks and words of encouragement and hope are powerful elements in the recovery of nervous, weakened frames. The words of religious comfort which are on their lips, the hope of a happy future which they come to inspire, would have only greater force, accompanied by a real appreciation of the natures with which they deal. Suffering makes people sensitive, fills their minds with nervous, irritable anxieties; and while it forces them to listen to the well-meaning visitors, often deprives them of the power to accept the consolation that is offered. In these cases, and they are the ordinary ones met with in hospital wards, a preliminary chat on matters of general interest would do very much to increase the value of the words of pious consolation by which it might be followed.

If the lives of hospital patients could only be half known, what elements for tragedy would be found in them! The short records on the physician's books tell of heart-rending facts, yet they are as nothing in comparison with the lives of the inmates. How readily imagination can supply the details of the scenes outlined by the artist's skill, and familiar to us all. Every one knows what a hospital ward is like—the long row of beds, the orderliness and look of studied rest about the long, light room. Here a bed, the clothing tossed and disarranged, tells of a case too serious to demand rigid propriety; an anxious nurse receives the last orders of the surgeon, and bends her head as he adds to them: "Let the friends come." She knows well the meaning of those words. This case, then, which she has watched with such deep interest; to which so much untiring care has been given; which every attending doctor has noted through its various phases—is hopeless. She, a stranger to the dying woman, feels a pang at her heart, used as she is to such occurrences; accustomed to the daily hospital deaths, even her feelings are overcome. She thinks of the three little ones who have visited that bed on every "open" day; she can see them now, as they come in, hand-in-hand—always the three together. She recalls the tender way in which the elder boy and girl led in the little three-year-old darling, with her great eyes round with astonishment. She remembers the look of growing disappointment on the lad's face, as his mother's eyes rested on him for a moment without recognition. She cannot but reflect what this last interview—for they will come at once, she knows—will be to them.

Hastily summoning the assistant, she gives the order which will bring them speedily enough. She wonders will they be alone? or whether, now that death is near, their father—to whose ill-usage and neglect the impending loss is due—will come with them.

It is late in the afternoon, and the patient lies in the stupefying sleep of anodynes, when the little visitors arrive—come, as nurse well knows, for the last time. They are alone, as usual; and, as they steal up the ward on tiptoe, with the *old* look of sorrow—which makes them terribly unchildlike—on their faces, glances of pity and compassion follow them from every bed in the long ward. The boy, his lips tightly compressed, leads a sister on either side; the little one holding in her ungloved hand a bouquet of field-grass and daisies, at which she looks admiringly, as she toddles beside her brother and murmurs, in her baby-accents: "For mother!" Alas! poor mother will never thank her for those flowers. Already she is on the borderland—the last flicker of life's taper is dying out. Nurse knows that if she arouses from that torpid sleep at all, it will be only for the last, bewildered look that tells that the eye is opening upon a scene unknown to us. She places the children where they shall be within the mother's sight, when that moment comes. It will not be long, she thinks—and she is right. The children, still hand-in-hand—the little one hushed by the solemnity of the others—are grouped in a trance of expectation, when at once, as the dying eyes opened with the nameless look, so familiar to the nurse, so terribly strange to them, the boy, with a wailing cry of agony, loosed his sisters' hands, and flung himself upon the bed.

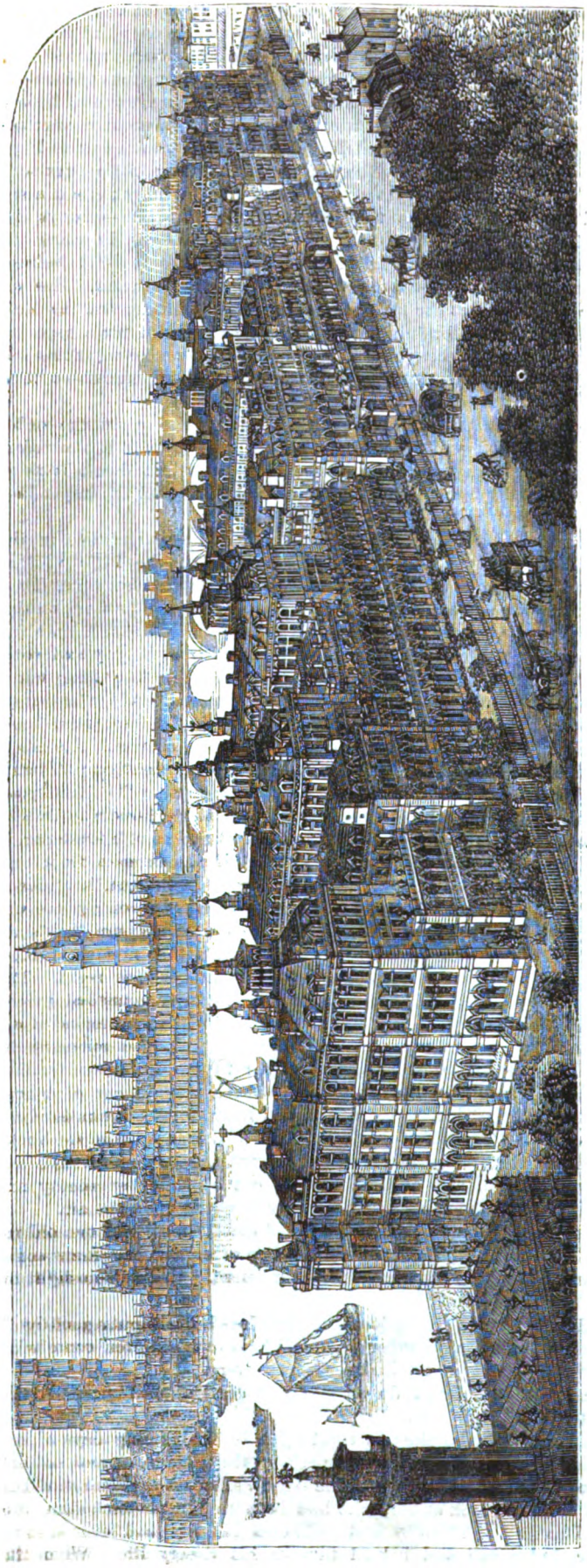
"Mother!" that was all; but the anguish in the voice, the unforgetable accent of suffering, rang through the ward, and as the life went out a sob of sympathy and tenderness rose like a prayer or chant upon the air.

"They ought never to ha' come," muttered one old patient, who had supped the cup of sorrow, and knew something of the agony of that moment. "'Tain't no sight for children."

"Would you have had them lose her without a good-by?" asked a younger woman, whose own children came twice weekly to rejoice over her recovery.

"It don't do *no* good, no good at all!" persisted the older patient.

Maybe she was right; yet, in the coming days of sorrow and of struggle, perhaps the thought of that last moment strengthened the boy; perhaps the memory of that last look at her, who had been to him the embodiment of all the purity and goodness his life had ever known, stayed and helped him in his dreary life. When the



ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL, ON THE ALBERT EMBANKMENT.

baby girl, once more led away, left behind upon the coverlet the treasured grass and daisies, the nurse, taking them tenderly up, placed them against the mother's bosom; and when she lay placid and safe, at rest in the coffin provided by the institution, in one dead hand was the baby's gift of flowers.

But we find joy, too, in the shifting scenes of hospital life. There, far up in the snuggest corner of a long ward, is a child's bed. In it, for months, has lain a tortured frame, a little body so misshapen when it first came in that the nurses could not tell its age or sex. It has been there some time, and as we see it now we find a bright little face, with large, soft brown eyes, whose wistful look is the sole indicator of past suffering. That child is the only treasure of a widowed heart, the one bright spot in a dreary life, and upon that spot the darkest, heaviest cloud had rested; for a sudden accident, a push, a fall, had threatened not life, but reason. When Archie entered the hospital there seemed little hope—humanly speaking, there was *no* hope—of his recovery. He has been watched with ceaseless care, the utmost skill has been lavished upon the poor widow's child; nursing which no gold could have insured has been his, and to-day the poor mother has been told that he will recover, will come out a stronger, finer lad than ever; with ordinary care, be her support and comfort still.

Joy and sorrow alike lack words. The widow's lips cannot express the thankful joy of her heart; she turns away to hide the happy tears, and only after she has had time to recover can she find a few faltering words of gratitude and thanks.

So, if we visit the out-patients' wards, what scenes of misery, what actions of courage and endurance, what heroic lives, one learns to know and to appreciate!

In the waiting-hall of a large general hospital some of life's saddest scenes are enacted. The long, tedious waiting which is inseparable, as it would appear, from all such institutions, and one of its most painful features, has sorely tried one poor woman, who has been sitting there since eight o'clock. She is a mother, worn with work, weary with the constant disappointment of a struggling life. Her countenance bears the look of resignation, so easily graven on the features of the working poor. It is now eleven o'clock, but her turn has not come. A lad, of perhaps eleven years, leans heavily against her, and now and again asks querulously if "it's not time yet?" But the heavy sigh of waiting is only succeeded by the long breathe, which says, "We can go at last," some time after two. Let us watch for the pair when they return from the consultation, after an interval of ten minutes or less. The lines in the woman's face are deeper; the lad clings more closely to her arm; his eyes have a far-away, fixed look, for he as well as she has heard the fatal verdict. It has been kindly given, if in few words. Seating herself once more among those whose case has been inquired into, she makes no moan; perhaps draws her shawl a little closer round her, in a womanly way; and again, with the lad's weight full upon her, awaits her turn to obtain the medicine the prescription for

THE "PRINCESS MARY" WARD IN THE EAST LONDON CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

which she holds. With the freemasonry of suffering, the truth is at once known to all the waiters in the hall. One or two, whose burden for the time is lighter, draw near with words of sympathy and sorrow. A quiet tear finds its way down the mother's cheek, perhaps a second follows; but such women do not weep.

"He's the last of them all," she says, in a subdued way. "I'll wait for the medicine, though doctor says it won't help him much."

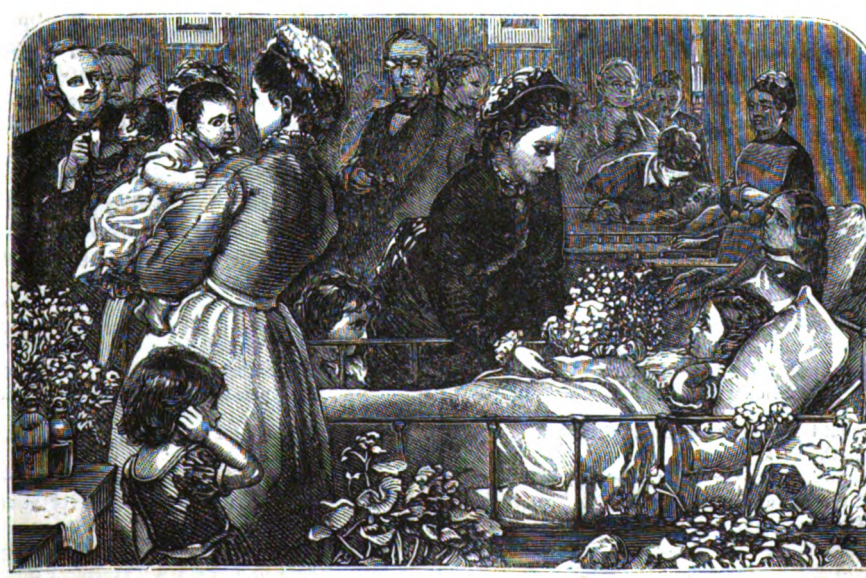
So she waits for hours, and, late in the afternoon, wends her weary way homeward, poorer by a lost day's work, heavier in heart by the realization of her coming loss.

Or, take another instance. In the outer hall of a large ophthalmic hospital are gathered some three hundred patients. Every age is represented, from the infant in its mother's arms, to the shaking, broken-down old man, who totters on his crutch; or the aged woman, who, with eyes tightly bandaged, and the usual pathetic look of submission, awaits her turn. In the corner of one of the benches, resting her head against the upright board which divides it from the porter's box, sits a little child. There is something terribly unchildish about her; she looks as if she had never even heard of play. The childish features are so set and still that the hardest heart must ache in gazing at her; and so small is she, that the worn boots, patched and mended, yet with their due complement of buttons, scarce reach half-way from the bench to the ground. Since early morning she has sat there; she is evidently an *habituée*, but, as the saying goes, "keeps herself to herself." Weariness has almost given place to sleep, and the worn brown hat, displaced as the head seeks ease against the unsympathetic board, leaves full in view the soft, fair hair and closing eyelids of the little patient.

It is drawing near twelve o'clock, when a brisk hospital nurse makes her appearance.

"Now, my pet!" she says, and the child starts from her uneasy rest, and scrambling to the floor, places her hand confidingly in nurse's, and is led away.

Her place remains empty for perhaps twenty minutes, then the pair reappear. *Now* the little head is tightly bandaged; drops upon the baby cheek tell their tale; the nurse lifts her back into her old corner,



A ROYAL VISIT TO A CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

and, with a cheering word of encouragement to her for being "so brave," hastens to attend upon another.

But now the most trying part of the child's waiting is to come. She must take her turn at the dispensary.

Did she but ask, the kindly hearts of the other sufferers in the hall would be moved, and the little one would be passed on and obtain her medicine out of her turn. But her self-possession is too great to allow of her taking advantage of her position. She waits, evidently in severe pain from the recent operation. She moves uneasily and restlessly upon her seat, and at last the bottle and paper are placed carefully by her side, and the small hands are folded. The patient endurance suggested by this action is indescribable. Now and again a moan is wrung from the childish lips, and a young woman with an infant in her arms, and another young child clinging to her skirts, addresses her; but the little one gives a short answer, and offers no encouragement to inquiry.

At half-past one a lad enters the hall; he is evidently her brother. He finds his way up to her, and possesses himself of the bottle and prescription, and, elbowing his way through the crowd, returns in about twenty minutes with the lotion, lifts the child, not untenderly, from her seat, and leads her away.

Poor little one! the time so wearily passed did not, in her case, represent money, only trial and endurance; but to very many who are forced to receive such help in the great city, the hours spent in the waiting-room mean the loss of half a day's work, of absolute money never to be regained.

This fact should make people who are less sorely tried patient of the irritability and apparent want of appreciation that is often claimed against free patients; for the well-to-do can scarcely realize, in their utmost compassion and tenderness, the weariness and heart-sickness of the suffering poor.

ANGEL VISITS.

By Charles Mackay.

"Thou'rt old, grandfather, old and blind,
But ever cheerful, good and kind.
I love, when early Summer blooms,
And meads are lavish of perfumes,
To see thee in thy garden chair,
With silvery locks and forehead bare,
And face upturned, as thou had'st striven
To look through darkness into heaven.

"And oft, when o'er the frozen wold
The wintry tempests whistle cold;
When strolling gusts, in sport or ire,
Howl down our chimney at the fire;
When crickets chirrup on the hearth,
As if they shared the children's mirth—
My last day's lesson I repeat,
Or read the Bible at thy feet.

"But now the Summer days have come,
With song of birds and insect-hum;
The earth is bright with flowers and leaves,
And swallows dart from cottage eaves;
The shadows through the foliage fall,
Like net-work on the garden wall;
And ship-like clouds go sailing by,
In the calm ocean of the sky.

"Around our porch the tendrils twine,
And bind-weeds clasp the eglantine.
The Summer day is fair and mild—
Come, lean upon thy little child,
And let me guide thee to thy seat;
I'll do my knitting at thy feet—
And should the time be dull or long,
I'll read, or sing my last new song.

"But far more happy I should be
To sit and hear, and learn from thee.
Oft when thou'rt musing all alone,
No eye upon thee but my own,
I hear half-spoken words that seem
Replies to questions in a dream,
And watch, observant, from my place,
The placid rapture on thy face.

"And it would please me wouldst thou tell
Thine own, thy little Rosabel,
What thoughts, amid thy sight's eclipse,
Can bring the smiles upon thy lips.
Old age, I've heard, is full of care,
But thou art happy—thine is fair;
So fair—and yet it cannot be—
I think that angels visit thee."

"Dear Rosabel, 'tis even so!
There are more angels than we know.
Lend me thy hand, my seat prepare,
Let me inhale the morning air,
Receive the sunlight on my cheek,
And feel thy presence as I speak;
And I will tell of Angels three,
Who daily come and visit me.

"Though I am frail, and old, and blind,
God sends His sunshine to my mind;
'Twas He bestowed the visual ray,
'Twas He who took the gift away.
But when His chastening hand withdrew
Earth's outward forms from sensuous view,
He opened to my mental sight
The inner spirit infinite.

"And self-communion, calm and long,
Deep musings upon right and wrong,
And conflicts with the pride and sin
That ever surged and swoll within,
Cleared from my soul some mists obscure,
And filled it with repealings pure;
I knew myself, and, humbled low,
Drew comfort in my deepest woe.

"I see no more the fields and bowers,
Nor endless beauty of the flowers;
I see no more the rivers run,
Nor hilltops gilded by the sun;
I see no more creation's grace;
I see no more thy gentle face;
And all the glory of the skies
Is hidden from my withered eyes.

"But when I hear the wild wind call
To forest-boughs that answer all—
The sedges rustling in the lake—
The blackbird singing in the brake—
The far-off murmurs of the shore,
Deep-throated ocean's moan and roar—
Remembrance wakens in my mind,
And paints the pictures of the blind.

"'Tis then an Angel, one of three,
Decends to bear me company.
Sweet are the accents of his tongue—
He keeps my heart for ever young;
In his companionship I stray
Back to my childhood's early day,
And live again a wondering boy,
Hear of a world of life and joy.

"With him I hold communion lit;
His voice makes music where I sit.
I listen, and before me pass
World-shadows in a mystic glass:
The torrent falls, the landscape spreads,
The steadfast forests nod their heads,
And the eternal oceans roll
In the clear mirror of my soul.

"Whene'er the early cuckoo's voice
Bids thee and all the meads rejoice;
Whene'er I find a new delight,
In opening day or closing night;
Whene'er I sit in sun or shade,
And bless the world and Him who made,
And feel the joys I cannot see,
I know this Angel visits me.

"And evermore, when he departs,
Another cheers my heart of hearts,
With soft blue eyes—two azure spheres,
Bright with the luxury of tears.
Sweet is the song of early birds,'
Yet sweeter far are human words—
This Angel loves them, so do I;
He links me to humanity.

"Whene'er thy father, pleased with home,
Has smiles for all who go and come;
Whene'er, his daily labor done,
He breathes his evening orison;
Whene'er thy mother, good and mild,
Sings lullaby to soothe her child—
I feel a sympathy sincere,
And know this Angel hovers near.

"Whene'er I hear the children play,
With many a chant and roundelay;
Whene'er the trample of their feet
Makes music round my lonely seat;
Whene'er I hear thee sing thy song,
In happy innocence of wrong,
And love all children, thee the best—
I know that Angel is my guest.

"Whene'er I hear of generous thought,
Of noble deeds by manhood wrought,
Of Patience long and sorely tried,
Walking with Virtue side by side;
Of Love supreme amid distress,
Of Courage great in gentleness,
And feel the tears suffuse mine eyes,
I share angelic sympathies.

"Whene'er I hear of sin and guilt,
Of human blood in warfare spilt,
Of wrong and suffering unrelieved,
Of tender innocence aggrieved,
Of harsh oppression, hate and scorn,
Yet feel not utterly forlorn,
But hopeful of a time to be,
I'm sure that Angel visits me.

"And Rosabel, dear Rosabel,
Another Angel, mark me well,
Sits at my side by night, by day,
And teaches me to hope and pray;
He bids all doubt and sorrow cease,
He fills my soul with heavenly peace,
And sings me the eternal hymn
Of the adoring seraphim.

"And oft when sleep forsakes mine eyes,
He lifts a vail of mysteries,
And shows me, strong in humble faith,
Life-shadows, and the things of death;
He takes the terror from the tomb,
And strews rich germs of heavenly bloom
Upon the dark sepulchral clod—
That Angel is the Love of God.

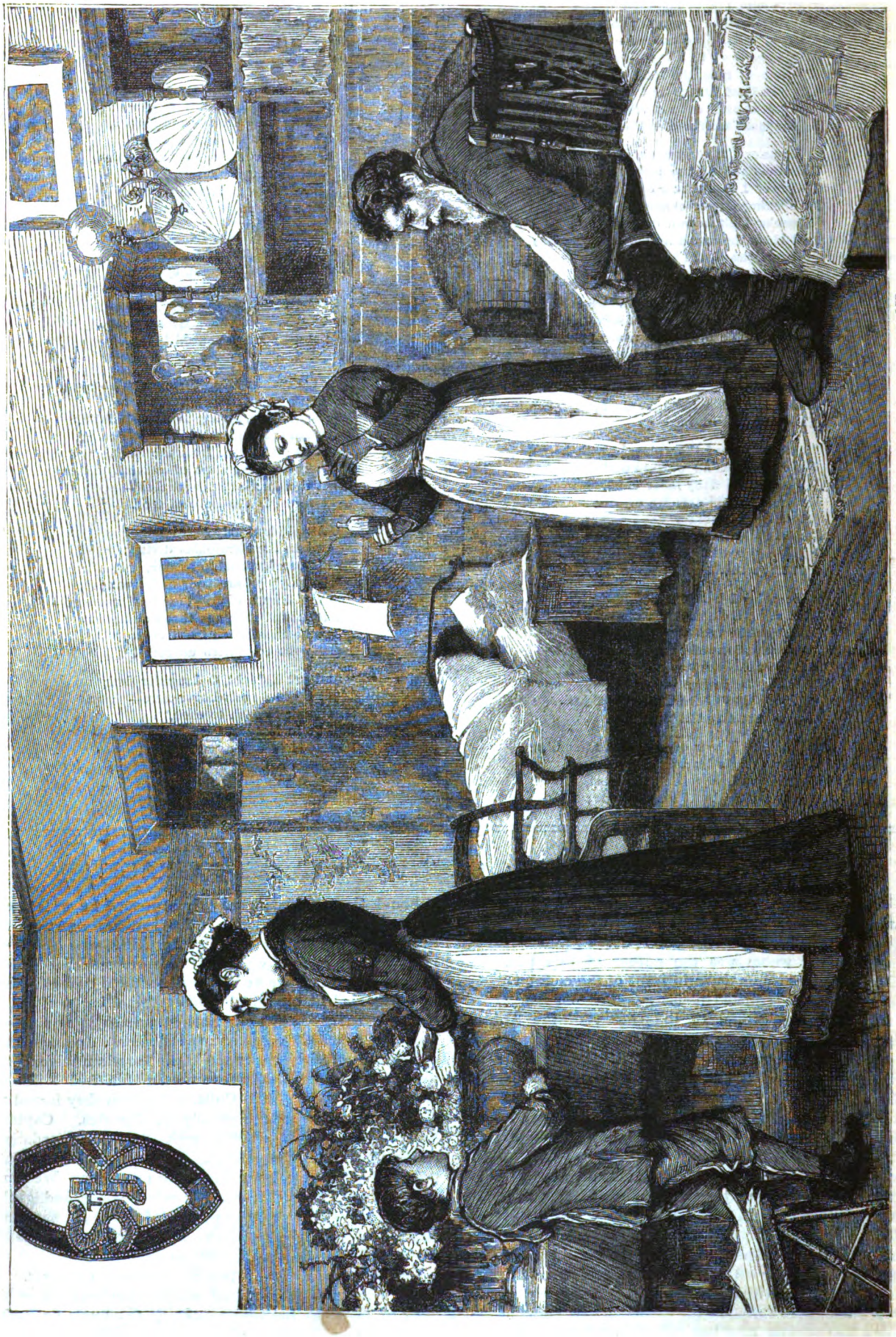
"O Angel! heavenly Angel mine!
His words are harmonies divine;
In his companionship serene,
All earthly joys are poor and mean;
The world hath come—the world must go—
Th' immortal longings throb and glow.
I feel no more the primal curse,
I clasp the boundless universe.

"And yet I doubt, O daughter dear,
If all these Angels hover here—
So similar is each to each,
So like in feature, form and speech—
So linked in one celestial plan,
Are Love of Nature, God, and Man,
I cannot think that they are three—
'Tis but *one* Angel visits me."

THE BURNING SHIP; Or, THE TEST OF COURAGE.

One beautiful evening in the Autumn of 1846, seated around a table, on which the choicest wines of France and Spain sparkled in the glasses, were seven persons chatting gayly, among whom was the author of this tale. The table was placed on a lawn in front of the country-seat of Señor Arguellas, situated about a mile from Santiago de Cuba, then the capital of the Queen of the Antilles. Three of the guests were American merchants from the far South, who were in commercial relations with Cuba, and who proposed—wind and tide favorable—to sail for the Bay of Morant, in Jamaica, in the bark *Neptune*, commanded by Captain Starkey. The fourth guest was a Spanish lieutenant of artillery, the nephew of our host. Then there was a Señor Castro, a rich young Creole, who aspired to the hand of Doña Antonia, a graceful girl of sixteen, the only daughter and heiress of Señor Arguellas. The sixth was Captain Starkey, of the *Neptune*, an English officer, about thirty years of age, of most elegant manners and appearance. The seventh and last was your servant, then quite a youth. I had just recovered from a dangerous illness, which had rendered necessary my removal from Jamaica to Cuba, as the climate of the latter place is much more genial and less variable than that of Jamaica, although the two islands are only separated by an interval of two degrees of latitude. I also had taken passage in the *Neptune*, together with Señor Arguellas, who had business in Kingston, and who was to be accompanied by his wife and daughter, the young lieutenant and Señor Castro. The *Neptune* had brought to Cuba a mixed cargo of hardware, cotton goods and other articles, and was now about leaving with a half cargo of merchandise. Amongst this merchandise, belonging to the three American merchants, were several barrels of gunpowder, which had failed to command a good price in Cuba, and which they hoped to dispose of more advantageously in Jamaica. Captain Starkey's vessel was provided with every accommodation and comfort for passengers, and the delightful weather promised a passage both short and agreeable. We were all in the most agreeable frame of mind, and talked gayly of the morrow's voyage, the politics of Cuba, America and Europe, of the relative merits of French and Spanish wines, and of the cigars of Alabama and Havana.

The night was one of rare beauty and clearness. A gentle breeze, which Captain Starkey declared ought to carry us along at the rate of five or six knots an hour, wafted toward us the perfumes of the rich and odorous



LONDON HOSPITALS, AND SCENES IN THEM.—THE ROUVERIE WARD OF THE WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL.—SEE PAGE 159.

THE BURNING SHIP; OR, THE TEST OF COURAGE.— THE QUARREL.

valleys which spread out beneath us, and slightly rippled the rivers, or rather streams, that literally furrow the island, reflecting the dazzling splendors of the myriads of stars, which, in these regions, crown night with their fiery diadem.

Most of the guests had drank freely, perhaps even too much; nevertheless, the conversation, which was in French (a language spoken more or less fluently by us all) was kept up, while the mistress of the house and her daughter were present, in a tone not likely to profane the majestic calm of the landscape. I should have mentioned before that Señor Arguellas had been detained in town by some business matters.

"Do not leave here, I beg of you, without seeing me again," said the Señora Arguellas to Captain Starkey, as she rose to retire. "When you are ready to leave, ring the bell, and a servant will inform me of the fact. I wish to have a few words with you concerning our preparations for to-morrow's voyage."

The captain bowed. It seemed to me that the lovely Antonia had never smiled so seductively as when she swept away to join her mother.

I can scarcely tell, at this day, what next took place, or what was the turn taken by our conversation; but one thing is certain, it soon began to assume a disagreeable character. I fancied that perhaps Antonia's expression on taking leave of the captain had displeased Señor de Castro. This, however, was not the ostensible cause of the difficulty which soon arose. The captain of the *Neptune* was to transport to Jamaica several families of free negroes, familiar with the cultivation of the sugar-cane, and who, on this account, had been engaged at much higher wages than they could command in Cuba. The American merchants, who had not dissimulated the fact that this companionship for the voyage was little to their taste, revived this subject in some manner, and began to banter Captain Starkey, who was so charitable as to suppose that miserable negroes had, like other human beings, the right to dispose of their own souls and bodies. This slight cloud, however, would have passed over without leaving behind any unpleasant traces, if, in the course of conversation, the captain had not had the imprudence to mention that he had formerly served as a volunteer on board an English man-of-war to put down the slave-trade.

This avowal at once inflamed the anger of Señor de Castro, which seemed only awaiting some pretext to burst forth; and I fancied, from a few oaths which escaped him, that the prizes captured by the English had caused him some heavy losses. Bitter words were exchanged. The motives of the English in wishing to destroy the slave-trade were questioned, and attacked with scorn and bitterness, and were defended with energy and haughtiness.

At last—the fact is, the two adversaries, heated by too frequent libations and carried away by anger, were scarcely conscious of what they were doing and saying—at last, Señor de Castro applied to the Queen of England an epithet which so incensed the captain, that he dashed a glass of wine in the offender's face. In a second every man was on his feet, perfectly sobered by this unexpected termination of the discussion.

The captain was the first to break the silence. His features, still bearing the traces of anger, were suddenly covered with livid paleness.

"I ask your pardon, Señor de Castro," he stammered; "I was wrong—very wrong, to have done this, although, perhaps, there was some excuse for the action."

"Pardon you! a thousand devils!" exclaimed De Castro, who, in a perfect paroxysm of fury, was wiping his face with a handkerchief. "Pardon you! Yes, I will pardon you, with a bullet through your heart—nothing less!"

No way seemed to present itself to any of the party to avoid a duel, particularly as at that time the code of honor was very rigorous in Cuba. Lieutenant Arguellas hastened into the house, and soon returned with a case of pistols.

"Let us go into that copse below," he said, quickly, and in a low tone; "we will not be disturbed there."

As he uttered these words, he took De Castro's arm, and the two turned in the direction of the grove. At the same moment Mr. Desmond, the oldest of the three Americans, approached Captain Starkey, who, having recovered his composure, stood aloof with his arms folded, and said:

"My dear sir, I am not, notwithstanding my commercial occupations, an entire stranger to these matters, and if I can be of service to you in this affair——"

"Thanks, sir," interrupted the captain; "I shall not put your offer of service to the test. Lieutenant Arguellas," he continued, "it is useless to proceed a step further. I am not a duelist, and will not fight with Señor de Castro."

"What does he say!" cried the lieutenant, glancing around with an air of stupefaction—"that he will not fight?"

I saw the Anglo-Saxon blood boil in the veins of the Americans, on seeing an individual of the race from which they had sprung show thus the white feather.

"You will not fight, Captain Starkey?" rejoined Mr. Desmond, after a painful pause, and in a grave tone—"you, whose name figures in the list of the Royal British Navy—you say you will not fight? You must be jesting?"

"I am not at all in jest. It is on principle that I am a foe to dueling."

"The gentleman is a coward on principle!" cried De Castro, with a savage burst of mocking laughter, at the same time shaking his fist at the English officer.

This bitter sarcasm seemed to wound the captain like the sting of a serpent. His dark eyes literally flashed fire; he made a step toward De Castro, but then restrained himself.

"It is well!" said he—"I must endure all this. I have already admitted, sir, that I was wrong in proceeding to such extreme measures with you, although your impertinence certainly merited some chastisement; but I repeat I will not fight you."

"And I," exclaimed Lieutenant Arguellas, who seemed a prey to the most violent excitement—"I tell you that you shall give satisfaction to my friend, or, by heaven! I will brand you as a coward, not only over all Cuba, but throughout Jamaica as well!"

Captain Starkey's only reply to this bravado was to touch the bell, and order the servant who answered it to inform the Señora Arguellas that he awaited her orders.

"The brave Englishman is about to seek protection behind the petticoats of your aunt, lieutenant!" cried De Castro, in a tone of triumph.

"In truth, I begin to have doubts whether Captain Starkey is really an Englishman," said Mr. Desmond, who, in common with his two friends, had now become considerably excited; "but, anyhow, as my parents were born and bred in England, if you pretend to insinuate that——"

At this moment Señora Arguellas advanced, and the irritated American with difficulty restrained himself. The señora appeared astonished at the unusual expression on every face. Nevertheless, at the request of the captain, she entered the house with him.

Ten minutes afterward we learned that Captain Starkey had left the house, leaving word that the *Neptune* would sail next morning at nine precisely. This intelligence was received with a perfect volley of invectives against the unfortunate captain in particular, and Englishmen in general; and at one time there seemed great danger of a personal encounter between Lieutenant Arguellas and Mr. Desmond, the latter manifesting an intense desire to kill some one, it mattered not whom, in order to vindicate the honor of his Anglo-Saxon origin. But this satisfaction was not afforded him, and the company soon after separated.

Next day, at the hour appointed, we were all on board. Captain Starkey received us with frigid politeness, and I remarked that the tone of raillery affected by De Castro and his friend did not in the least appear to ruffle him. But the disdainful face of Doña Antonia, who turned her eyes away as she passed him to go into the cabin, the manner in which she drew her mantle around her, as if she feared to be contaminated by contact with a coward—at least it was thus that I interpreted, perhaps wrongly, however, her actions—moved him deeply. The expression of annoyance, however, speedily passed away, and his face became as severe and cold as before. Nevertheless, it was easy to perceive that his apparent indifference had its limits.

De Castro, approaching him, gave free vent to his hatred and contempt, and used the term "coward" in so loud a tone as to be audible to the crew, when suddenly he felt a grip of iron on his arm.

"Hark you, sir!" said Captain Starkey, in an imperative tone; "individually I am indifferent as to what you may say; but here, on board, I am captain—that is to say, absolute master; and, as I do not wish to weaken my authority, I shall permit no one to insult me before my crew. If you again attempt to do so, I will put you under arrest, perhaps in irons, until our arrival in Jamaica."

After this energetic warning, he pushed his disconcerted auditor from him, and passed on. All the passengers, white and black, were on board; the anchor was raised, the sails unfurled, and in a few moments after we were sailing in the direction of Cape Morant.

It did not require a long sojourn on board the *Neptune* to acquire the conviction that, whatever might be the pusillanimity of the captain in dueling matters, he was an accomplished sailor, and that his crew, composed of a dozen fine-looking fellows, were under the most complete discipline. Orders were given and obeyed as quietly and with as great precision as on board a man-of-war. And we all soon felt and admitted, openly or tacitly, that, in case of a storm or other nautical peril, most implicit confidence might be placed in the ability and energy of Captain Starkey.

Fortunately, the weather continued propitious; but the breeze was light and variable, so that, after having caught sight of the blue mountains of Jamaica, many days passed before the distance which separated us from them appeared sensibly to diminish. At last the breeze began to freshen from the northeast, and, little by little, we drew near to Cape Morant. We passed it finally, and reached the bay inside it about two o'clock in the morning. Our voyage was now almost over. This was a great relief to all the cabin passengers—a relief far greater even than that ordinarily experienced when one is not a sailor, on being delivered from the tedium of imprisonment on shipboard. Every one was under a restraint which was extremely embarrassing and painful. The captain did the honors at table with icy civility. The conversation, if it can be so called, limited itself to the interchange of a few monosyllables; and we all experienced the utmost satisfaction in the thought that our last breakfast on board the *Neptune* had been eaten. By the time we doubled Cape Morant, all the passengers had retired, myself excepted, and a quarter of an hour afterward Captain Starkey descended into his room to arrange some papers, as I afterward learned.

I was too much excited to sleep, and continued to walk the deck with Hawkins, the mate, who was anxiously observing the lights which glittered on the well-known shore, which I had left with little hope of ever seeing again. While my glance was fixed in the direction of the shore, I noticed suddenly a brilliant red light reflected on the water near us, and immediately I perceived that this light was from a jet of flame, which burst forth from the main hatchway just as two sailors had opened it, for I know not what purpose. In my still feeble state of health, the fright occasioned by this spectacle—for thoughts of the barrels of gunpowder instantly flashed across my mind—so bewildered me that, for a few moments, I was paralyzed; and had I not instinctively clung to the nettings, I should have fallen full length on the deck.

Wild cries of "Fire! fire!" the most fearful of all sounds on shipboard, mingled themselves with the giddy buzzing of my brain; and I retained just sufficient consciousness to distinguish, amid the hurry and bustle on deck, and the tumultuous exclamations of the crew, the fine, athletic form of the captain, who bounded up the staircase to the deck, and, in a voice of thunder, enforced silence, then gave the order for immediately closing the hatchway from whence issued the flames. He assisted in executing this order with his own hands, then disappeared down the forecastle. The two or three minutes that he was absent—for it was not more—appeared to us as many hours; but so general was the conviction that our safety lay in his judgment and firmness, that not a word was uttered nor a movement made until he reappeared, burned and blackened by the flames, and dragging after him something which appeared like a dead body. He threw this burden on the deck, and hastening over to Hawkins, he said, in a low tone, but sufficiently loud for me to hear him:

"Hurry below, waken the passengers, and bring me my pistols, which are lying in the chest in my stateroom. Be quick, for all our lives are at stake." Then turning to the terrified but attentive sailors: "You know, my friends," said he, in a firm, quick tone, "that never, on any account, would I deceive you. Attend, therefore, to what I say. This foolish drunkard, the servant of Lieutenant Arguellas, has set fire, with his candle, to the spirits which he was trying to steal, and the hold is now a mass of flames, which it is impossible to extinguish."

At these words the sailors set up a howl of rage and terror, and instinctively rushed toward the lifeboats; but the imperious voice of the captain arrested their steps.

"Will you hear me?" cried he. "Precipitation and disorder will cost us all our lives; but by coolness and courage we may all be saved before the fire can reach the powder. And remember," he added, taking his pistols from the hands of Hawkins and leveling them, "remember that I will send a bullet through the head of the first man who disobeys my orders! I never miss! So, to work, firmly and all together!"

The effect produced on the crew by the attitude of the captain, and his words, so full of confidence, audacity and authority, was marvelous. The panic with which they had been seized suddenly gave place to calm resolution, and in an incredibly short space of time the lifeboats were launched.

"Good, my brave fellows! I repeat, we have plenty of time. Four among you," and he pointed them out, "will remain with me. Three of you will jump into each of the large boats, two into the small one; now, bring them all to the starboard. They will be foundered if persons are permitted to jump into them pell-mell; we will, therefore, use but one ladder."

The passengers came rushing on deck, half clad and frantic with terror, for they all knew that there was powder on board. Scarcely had the boats reached the foot of the ladder, when the men, white and black, pressed wildly forward past the women and children, without giving themselves the least concern as to whom they might sacrifice, so that they themselves might find a refuge in the boats from the surging volcano that was roaring at their feet. Assisted by the four vigorous sailors whom he had selected for this purpose, Captain Starkey pushed the male passengers violently aside.

"Back! back!" he cried; "we must have order here. The women and children first, then the old men. Let the Señora Arguellas pass, and her daughter, so—quickly!"

Just at the moment when they were about to lower Doña Antonia, more dead than alive, into the boat, a new jet of flame burst forth from the main hatchway, with the roar of an explosion. A tumultuous cry arose from the crowd of terrified passengers, and all instinctively rushing toward the ladder, they crowded violently against one another. De Castro, with the energy of a madman, broke through the line of sailors and pressed against Antonia with such impetuosity that, but for the almost herculean strength of the captain, she would inevitably have been precipitated into the water.

"Back, wretch! back, dog!" shouted Captain Starkey, excited to the highest pitch by the young girl's danger, and rudely seizing De Castro by the collar, "or, if you prefer it, look there," pointing with his pistol to a group of sharks which were distinctly to be seen, by the light of the fire, a short distance from the ship. "My friends," added he, "overboard with the first man who tries to pass before his turn!"

"Ay, ay, captain!" was the reply of the men.

This terrible menace immediately restored order. The

negresses and their children were next placed in the boat, which now appeared full.

"Cast off," ordered the captain; "you are full."

A feeble cry, like the sobbing of a child, was audible. The captain heard and understood it.

"One moment—let Señor Arguellas pass. Now, then, away!"

The second boat was soon filled. It contained all the negroes but one, and the three Americans.

"You are a brave man, captain!" exclaimed Mr. Desmond, stopping for a moment in his descent and seizing the captain's hand; "and I was a fool to——"

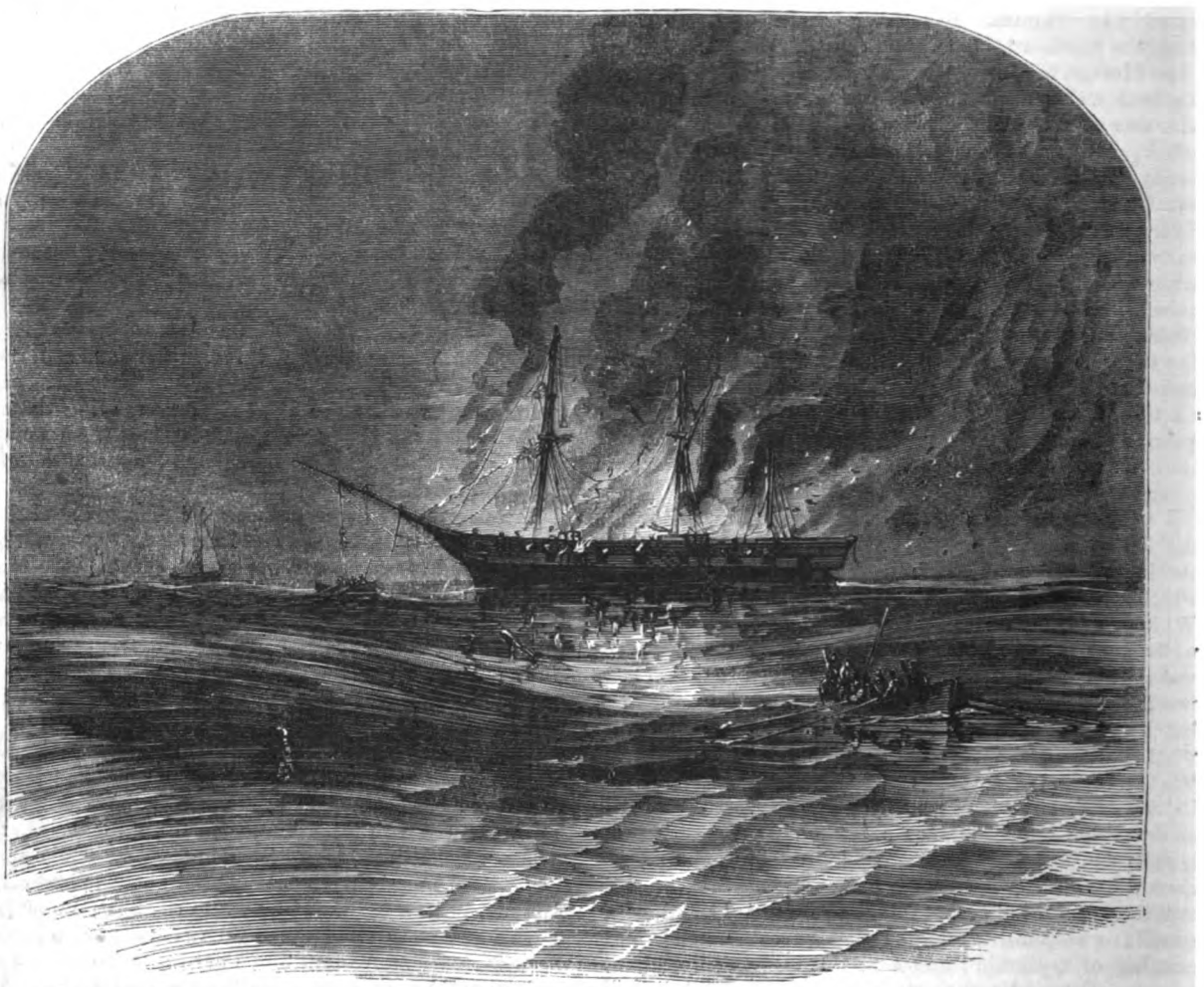
"Pass on, sir, pass on! We have no time for interchanging compliments."

"Can the boat hold one more?" asked the captain; and although his voice had lost none of its firmness, I remarked that his face, which always wore an expression of indomitable resolution, was of deathlike paleness.

"It must, captain, since it is for you we are to make room; but we are already too deep in the water, considering those voracious sharks hovering about us."

"Wait one moment. I must not quit the ship while a human being remains on board."

He moved away, but returned in a moment, bearing in his arms the still inert body of the lieutenant's servant, which he placed gently in the boat. At this sight there was a universal cry of indignation, which, however, was of no avail, for a moment after the rope which held the boat



THE BURNING SHIP; OR, THE TEST OF COURAGE.—"SUDDENLY A BROAD SHEET OF FIRE SHOT UP FROM THE SHIP'S HOLD."

The order to cast off had just been given, when the captain's eye happened to fall on me, still clinging to the nettings.

"One moment!" he cried; "here is one whose weight will not sink you," and lifting me over the bulwarks, he gently dropped me into the boat, whispering: "Recall me to the remembrance of our friends should I never see them again."

There remained now only the small boat, which was capable of holding but eight persons, and we all asked ourselves how, with the two sailors already in it, there could still be room for Lieutenant Arguellas, Señor De Castro, the remaining negro, the four sailors who had assisted Starkey, and the captain himself. All were soon embarked, however, except the latter.

to the ship was severed by the captain and cast into the sea.

"Now, save yourselves!"

Obedient to the egotistical instinct of self-preservation, the oars were dipping into the water, and the boat moved off from the ship.

When every one, himself excepted, had quitted the ill-fated vessel, Captain Starkey, shading his eyes with his hands, turned his gaze toward the shore. He soon descried a vessel in the distance.

"We must have been noticed some time ago," he said, "and boats must have been sent out from that ship, although I cannot see them yet. Should you meet any, hurry them on; there still remains a chance of life."

All this scene, this prolonged agony, which it has cost

so much space to describe, even imperfectly from my own recollection and that of others, did not occupy, as I was afterward assured by Mr. Desmond, more than eight minutes from the embarkation of the Señora Arguellas until the departure of the last boat from the unfortunate ship.

I shall never forget the sublimity of the spectacle presented by the burning vessel, the only object except ourselves which we could distinguish in the darkness, and with which was associated the dreadful thought that the heroic man to whose firmness and courage we owed our salvation was condemned to certain death.

We were not distant more than eighty rods from the ship when the flames broke forth from all parts of the deck, enveloping the rigging and delineating in lines of fire the profile of the ship, surmounted by its masts and sails. The captain, in order not to lose the only and slender chance of escape of which he had spoken, had retired, after having taken the precaution of casting loose the foresail, to the extremity of the bowsprit, where he was temporarily out of the reach of the fire; but what was this, after all, but a prolongation of the agonies of death?

The lifeboats, in a silence broken only by the measured stroke of the oars, continued to increase their distance from the ship, and every eye was directed toward the

"THE ANGELS' PRAYER." BY H. MERLE.—SEE PAGE 174.

shore, in the hope of descrying the long-wished-for aid. At last we distinctly heard ourselves hailed. My very breathing seemed suspended. Our men replied by lusty shouts, and soon one pilot-boat, followed by a second, seemed to spring forth from the darkness between us and the shore.

"What vessel is it ?" cried a man in the first boat.

"The *Neptune*. It is Captain Starkey who stands on the bowsprit."

I rose at once to my feet.

"A hundred pounds sterling to the first boat which reaches him !" I screamed, as loudly as I was able.

"I recognize," said the first pilot, "the voice and face of young Mr. M——. Pull away for the reward."

And the two boats pushed forward, ignorant of the dangerous enterprise on which they were bound. A moment afterward a third came up, but after asking a few questions and learning the state of affairs, it moved off, relieving us of a portion of our human freight.

Great God ! what fearful anxiety we experienced while all this was taking place. Even now I scarcely dare permit myself to think of it. I closed my eyes and waited breathlessly the explosion which was to be the end of all. It had come at last, at least so I supposed, and I leaped up convulsively. My brain had become so impressible that I had mistaken for the terrible catastrophe the sudden hurrah of the boats' crews. No one was now visible on the bowsprit, from the extreme end of which hung a rope. And the two pilots, doubtless aware now of their danger, were quitting the neighborhood of the vessel with even greater speed than they had approached it. The cheers and shouts continued, but my gaze, by a strange fascination, was riveted upon the burning vessel, and the boats which were making such great haste to escape its dangerous proximity. Suddenly a broad sheet of fire shot up from the ship's hold, and was followed by a deafening roar. I fell, or I was overturned, I know not which ; our boat was violently rocked, and then we heard the splash of many heavy bodies falling into the water from a great height. Then came a profound silence and blackest darkness, in the midst of which it was impossible to recognize our companions. This calm was interrupted by a joyous shout from one of the pilot-boats. We next recognized the voice of the captain, and the unanimous cry of joy which came from our boats announced the extent of our rejoicing over his safety. Half an hour afterward we were all safely landed.

The ship and its cargo were amply insured. The only unfortunate result, therefore, of this memorable incident in the lives of the passengers and crew of the *Neptune* was a heavy loss to the underwriters.

A magnificent service of plate, purchased at the suggestion of Mr. Desmond and his friends from the proceeds of a subscription collected for the purpose, was presented to Captain Starkey at a public dinner given in his honor at Kingston.

In his speech of thanks the captain thought it advisable to make known his motives for refusing to accept the challenge of Señor de Castro, a circumstance which had already been repeated in the papers in a dozen different versions.

"Being left an orphan at an early age," said he, "I was confided to the care of an excellent aunt, Mrs. P——, who reared me with all the tenderness and devotion of a mother. Her husband, as is well known, perished in a duel two months after his marriage. My poor aunt continued to drag through a miserable, solitary existence until I attained the age of nineteen ; and the spectacle of her wasted, broken life produced upon me such a vivid impression—I conceived such a horror for this barbarous prejudice, which had made two victims under my own observation (for my aunt, undermined by grief, died young), that the solemn promise which she exacted of me, with her last breath, never, under any circumstances, to be involved in a duel—this promise, I say, was quite superfluous. As to my conduct during our peril on board the *Neptune*, of which my friend Mr. Desmond has spoken in such flattering terms, I can only say that I merely did my duty. Mr. Desmond, like myself, springs from a maritime race, and he cannot be ignorant of the fact that the captain should always be the last to abandon his ship."

The brave captain terminated his speech amid the sympathetic and warm applause of the assembly, and the spectator who had chanced to cast his eyes in the direction of the gallery might have seen among the ladies, who appeared to take the liveliest interest in the triumph of the generous sailor, the Doña Antonia, seated beside her mother, whose crimson cheeks and glistening eyes indicated the tender emotions which agitated her heart at that moment.

I have little more to add. Captain Starkey has taken up his abode in Havana, and the charming Antonia has become his wife. The captain is rich and happy, and, although apparently permanently settled in a foreign country, continues to be none the less a true Englishman at heart, and as devoted a subject of Queen Victoria as when he dashed the glass of wine into the young Cuban's face. What has become of this latter personage I do not know, nor do I particularly care to do so. Lieutenant Arguellas has risen to the rank of major, and is, I presume, the Major Arguellas mentioned as being lightly wounded in the last encounter with the Revolutionists.

THE ANGELS' PRAYER.

SPEAK, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

TUNISIAN ENTERTAINMENTS.

TO FINISH up a list of Tunisian entertainments (says a correspondent of the London *Globe*), I will give a little description of an afternoon I spent in the country house of Ben Ismain, which is situated at Manoubia, some ten miles from Tunis. We were shown through several passages into an immense hall or *patio*, well lighted, and surrounded by the principal apartments of the house. At one end was a sort of veranda or balcony, with a chair of state placed ready for the Bey (who was at that time the guest of the Minister), at the other were the latticed windows of the harem.

There were assembled several hundreds of Mussulmans, the greater part of whom were members of the famous sect of the Aissawa, and were assembled to perform their religious exercises in the presence of the Bey, and for the benefit and amusement of the few Europeans who were carefully hidden in a snug little ante-chamber, which commanded an excellent view of the hall.

The signal for the commencement of the performance was the entry of the Bey. The vast crowd gave way respectfully before a slight figure, magnificently clothed in Arab style, and leaning on the arm of a Tunisian general. The Bey disappeared in the house, but shortly afterward

was seen seated in the chair of state on the balcony. He inclined his head, and they began the overture, which consisted of hideous banging and clanging of drums and tambourines. Then the Aissawa placed themselves in a long line, the length of the hall; the musicians and "do-nothings" formed a semi-circle in front; two or three stalwart men stood in front of the little group of Europeans, to prevent accidents arising from excessive religious excitement; and then uprose the dismal, monotonous chant of the devotees, accompanied by a strange, rhythmic wagging of the body, so fascinating to the looker-on that one found oneself unconsciously and mechanically wagging in unison. Holy, half-naked saints walked up and down the long row, exciting them to deeds of religious fervor. From time to time individuals, maddened by their exhortations, tore from the ranks, foamed at the mouth, pretended to be camels, and, to confirm the idea, ate large quantities of prickly pear; others—one horrid blear-eyed creature especially—assumed the character of lions. The blear-eyed one, by-the-by, was really vicious. He made such a spirited charge toward us, champing his teeth and clawing in the air, that our guards were taken by surprise, and had scarcely time to save us. He came so near to me that—ugh!—he spattered the front of my coat with his foam. I resolutely but firmly placed a stout Tunisian general in front of me, resolved that he should bear the brunt of the onset. To my relief, the "lion" was mastered by the guards, and led reluctantly roaring away, and, as he still proved refractory, they knocked him down, and one man sat on his head and two or three on his stomach, until he came out of his paroxysm and promised not to do it again.

Lots of other amusing and original tricks did we see. Some cut themselves with knives—very gingerly, it seemed to me—or stuck pins all over their bodies, like metallic porcupines; others ate scorpions—mashed them in their mouths, so that there might be no mistake, or swallowed an unnecessary quantity of nails, and stood on their heads much longer than it is generally convenient to do.

After about two hours of this sort of thing, we drank some welcome coffee, went to see a curious collection of some five or six dwarfs belonging to the Minister (just as one might look at a similar exhibition of monkeys), took leave of our kind host, and returned to Tunis in the cool of a lovely evening.

WHY THE RED SEA IS RED.

Geographers were not able to determine why the Red Sea was so named, until Ehrenberg, sailing over a part of it, observed that the water of the whole Gulf of Tor was colored a blood-red. Drawing up some of the water, and examining it with a microscope, he found that the color was due to a minute, thread-like oscillatoria or alga. The same alga was observed by Dupont twenty years afterward, giving rise to the same appearance over an extent of 556 nautical miles.

A similar plant was noticed by Darwin, in his voyage round the world, covering the water near the Abrolhos Island, off the coast of Brazil. Oersted, in 1845, noticed that the waters near Madeira had a peculiar obscurity which was occasioned by numerous minute tufts of oscillatoria waving in the mass. These plants were found all the way to the West Indies, sometimes thick enough to give a color to the water, but never wholly wanting. In other cases, the sea is colored red by animals of different kinds, by minute crustaceans or infusoriæ, or eggs.

The name Red Sea, or Vermillion Sea, has been given to two different phenomena in the Gulf of California, in which the water is colored two distinct shades of red by different microscopic infusoriæ. One of the coloring animals is irritating to the skin, and produces blisters and sores on the bodies of those who come in contact with it.

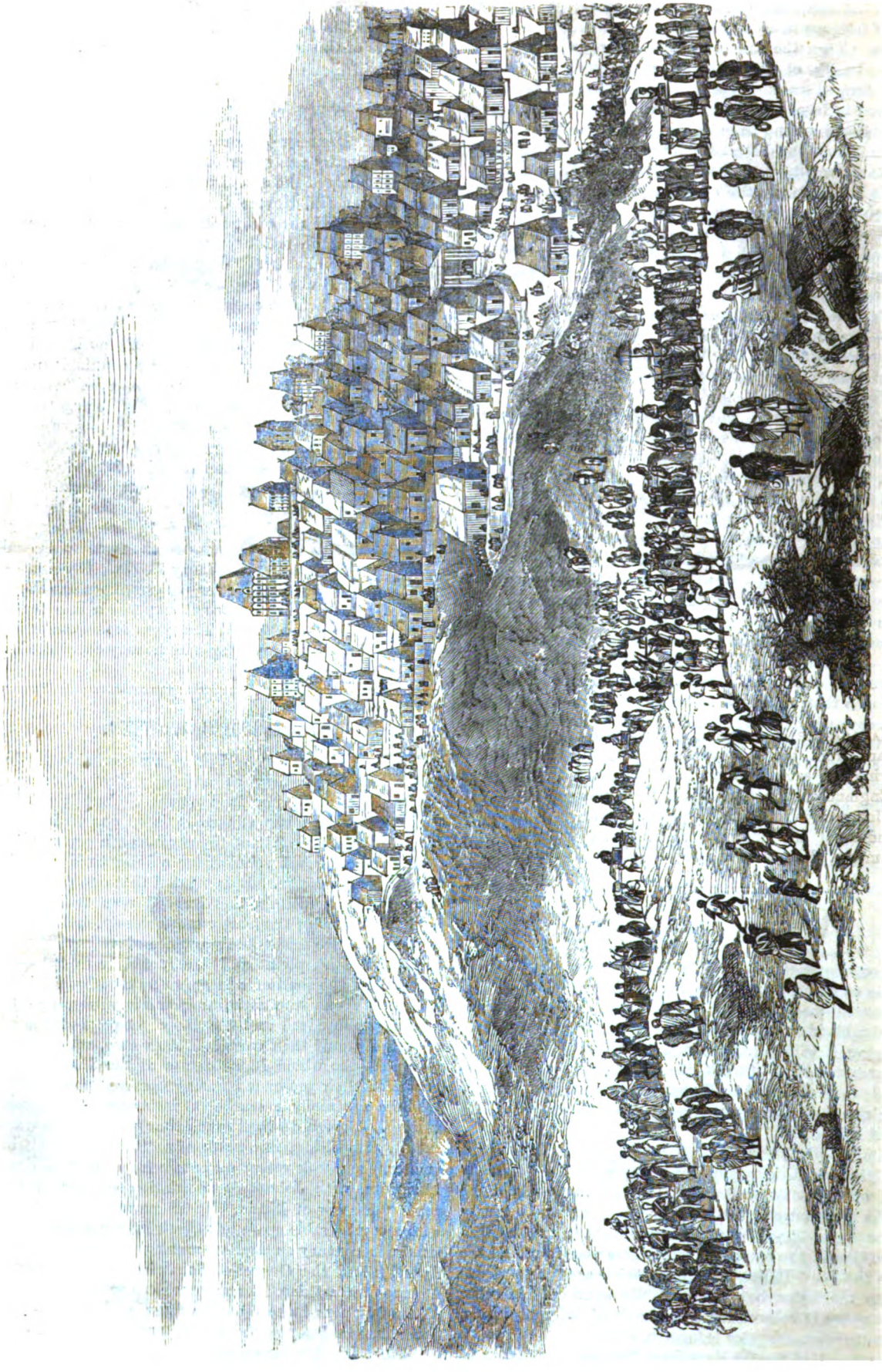
PRICE OF LITERARY LABOR.

Charles Dickens began life as a reporter; so did Justin McCarthy; so likewise have the best and most reliable journalists of the age. Douglas Jerrold was a printer; so were Franklin, Horace Greeley, Bennett and Artemus Ward. Many of the compositions which Thackeray published late in life had been "declined with thanks" by editors and publishers. "Robinson Crusoe," as well as "Vanity Fair," went begging through the circle of English publishers before acceptance came at last, and with it fame and profit to all concerned. One publisher refused to give $125 for "Tom Jones," which, purchased by a more enterprising tradesman, realized for him during his lifetime a profit of $90,000. "Jane Eyre" is a more recent case in point. Even Carlyle, after being "edited" out of all recognition in the *Edinburgh Review*, was finally rejected as a contributor altogether. Every publisher to whom the author offered it refused Kinglake's "Eothen." Motley's "Dutch Republic" was "returned with thanks" by the first publisher to whom he submitted it; so also was Carlyle's "French Revolution." Even George Eliot found it difficult to get along until she found a masculine advocate in the late George Henry Lewes. Charles Lamb used to get sixpence apiece for paragraphs in the *Morning Post*. Ordinary writers now get sixpence a line for notes in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and Tennyson receives a guinea a line for his verses in any magazine he may choose to honor with his contributions.

MICROSCOPIC WRITING.

Mr. Rila Kittridge, of Belfast, a remarkable fine-handwriter, mentions Livy as authority that Cicero once saw the Iliad of Homer in a nutshell. But it was Pliny the younger, and the statement is in one of his letters. Huet, a French prelate of the seventeenth century, and a distinguished Greek scholar, for a long time considered the story as a fiction. It is related that one day, in company at the Dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in examining the matter more closely, and concluded it possible. He found that a piece of vellum, about ten inches by eight, pliant and firm, could be folded up and inclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It could hold in its breadth one line containing thirty verses, and in its length two hundred and fifty lines. A page of this piece of vellum would then contain 7,500 verses, and the reverse as much—the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. This he proved in their presence by using common paper and pen.

There are many remarkable instances of microscopic writing. Porson devoted much time to it. A specimen is extant, comprising, in a circle of an inch and a half in diameter, the Greek verses on music from the "Medea" of Euripides, with Johnson's translation of them for Burney's "History of Music," in all more than 220 words, with a considerable space left blank in the centre. In the sixteenth century an Italian monk wrote the Acts of the Apostles and the Gospel of St. John within the circumference of a farthing. A man presented to Queen Elizabeth a bit of paper of the size of a finger-nail, containing the Ten Commandments, the Creed and the Lord's Prayer, together with her name and the date of the year. The whole could be read with spectacles which he had made.



ANTANANARIVO, CAPITAL OF MADAGASCAR.

MALGACHE LADIES AND GIRLS.

MADAGASCAR.

By Alvan S. Southworth.

Madagascar is an island in the South Pacific, 300 miles distant from the African Continent; in many respects bearing the same relation to the home of its parent races as England and Scotland did in the earlier days to Europe. An instructive parallel might be drawn between these islanders of the Southern Hemisphere, their trade and commerce, their caste and royalty, their acquirements and literature, and those Northern races of the British Isles, when the fountain-head of the Anglo-Saxon races was beginning to shape itself into a homogeneous people, and a compact and powerful Empire.

MALGACHE PORTER.

Islanders in all portions and ages of the world have been tough, hardy and healthy representatives of mankind, easily taught by the manifold advantages of commercial intercourse, yet preserving their native marks of individuality. Isolation, whether a tribal people be fenced in by lofty mountain ranges, like the brave and aggressive warriors of the Eastern Caucasus; surrounded by vast oceans of desert, like the Soudan Darfourians; or perched on a rocky promontory, like the fishermen of Jersey, produces a style and type of society in all things differing from the nomadic movements which from ancient times proceeded from the valley of the Oxus.

Africa and its island dependencies have little felt the perpetual tides of migration which have been taking place on other continents, leaving mongrel civilizations, and scattering over

MALGACHE PORTER.

continental Europe the seeds of the Sclavic and Teutonic races, entailing perpetual warfare, felt even to our own times. With the exception of the Saracen, in pouring into Northern and Eastern Africa, and the further reach of the Arab trader to Zanzibar and Madagascar, colonization has come from Europe; but even that has been small, and its effect in general upon the masses of the population has not been considerable.

We thus come to Madagascar, with its 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of people, and its wide expanse of territory—being 930 miles long, with an average width of 250 miles, and which is situated in the delightful zone bounded on the north by the twelfth degree of south latitude, and on the south by the parallel of 25° 40′—and to the consideration of its people and territory, as one yet not greatly changed by contact with civilization since Marco Polo first made it known to Europeans in the thirteenth century, or its subsequent discovery by Lorenzo Almeida, son of the first Portuguese Viceroy of India. The history of this island, like that of other portions of that part of the world, is closely connected with the maritime enterprises of the nations which, in their successive epochs of supremacy on the sea, sought empire in India and the Southern Seas. The Portuguese did not long hold Madagascar, but almost immediately abandoned it to pursue other and more productive conquests.

The French began, during the reign of Louis XIII., to regard this people with longing eyes, and many expeditions were directed against Madagascar, with a view to make its productions a source of revenue to the treasury, and the island a theatre for the activity of the French soldiery; without which, according to the Gallic theory, their troops would not possess the adequate experience to cope with their rivals on the battlefields of Europe. Since the time when the royal grant of the island was made to an Indian company by Louis XIII., the French had displayed an activity, also shown in North America when they acquired Louisiana, which, at the beginning of the present century, embraced what is now more than two-thirds of the territorial domain of the United States. It was the fashion in those days for the Pope to parcel out the undiscovered and uncolonized portions of the globe to his faithful sovereigns, giving away with a dash of the pen a continent to Spain, an island to France, or a hemisphere to Portugal. It was gold and the cross in those days which drove Pizarro to Peru and Cortes to Mexico, and sent the adventurous navigators to wander about the South Seas, expecting to bowl down a new continent peopled by millions of men.

Subsequent to the grant of Louis XIII., attempts were made by successive monarchs to colonize Madagascar; and even when the Republic, with all its serious problems at home to confront, pursued the object of French ambition below the Southern Cross, Napoleon did not neglect to push the enterprise; and during the Restoration and under the reign of Louis Philippe, governors, soldiers and sailors were dispatched to the Madagascar coast, and the feeling began to be established in the colonial policy of France that Madagascar was, and of a right should be, a national dependency. The island, however, never came entirely under French sway, notwithstanding the geographers of France have fixed upon their maps and written in their geographies the name for the island as St. Laurent, Dauphine and Eastern France. It has, however, to the great world, continued to be Madagascar.

In this age, when geographical nomenclature is undergoing a revolution—and one which is decidedly beneficial for local history and science generally—native names are becoming quite the fashion. In the age of the discoverers and freebooters, when Massachusetts was New England, Manhattan New York, and Louisiana New Spain, there seemed to be a servile following of dynasties and nationalities in nomenclature, now neither necessary nor desirable. The reader of the most recent works of discovery will find that the chieftains among travel have been careful to inscribe names of natural configurations and centres of population in the phonetic alphabet of the language peculiar to the locality.

The first explorers of Madagascar described its people as a light, frivolous people, delighting in music, laughter, games, dancing, and that Frankish tendency which is found in almost every African tribe, when the habitation is not in a pestilential jungle, beneath the Equatorial sun, or where long cannibalistic habits have not made them fierce, cunning and treacherous. The Madagascan village was a settlement where mirth in all its noisy and native hilarity resounded from morning to night. The native was not then a slave. He was not fettered by a cruel bondage, but had a simple, easy existence. But while it is different now—for forty years of oppressive bondage, of intolerable slavery to the conquering tribe of Hovas, has toned down his joyousness, and saddened his spirit—yet the Madagascan cannot revel in his native spirit; and thus, despite the conqueror, he can still be seen by the traveler as he was when the island became an object of interest to the early explorers.

How this sad condition of oppression became possible presents a chapter of native history worthy of perusal. Madagascar is peopled by two distinct races—the Madagascans, or natives, and the Hovas. The former, whether Sakalave, Betsimaraka, or Antakara, are black, more or less modified by mixture with Caffres, the natives of Mozambique and the immigrant Arabs. Robust, tall, strong, fierce and warlike, they have been able to maintain their independence. On the east coast, the Betsimaraka are of a gentler, more pacific type, devoted to pleasure, lithe in form, and they were consequently the first to lose their liberty. In the north, the Antakara are strongly built, and more closely resemble the natives of Mozambique; and they still continue, like the warlike tribes of Abyssinia, to struggle for liberty, carrying their irregular warfare into innaccessible parts of the interior, or taking refuge on the small islands along the coast from the ferocity and vengeance of the bloodthirsty Hovas. The Hovas are of Malay origin, and came to Madagascar at a time of which there now are no authentic annals; and being driven far into the interior by the Madagascans, they established themselves on the plain Emerina, which is a great central plateau in the heart of the island.

This colony has had a remarkable history, not unlike that of Cortes, who, with his handful of freebooters, conquered the Aztec millions, and founded Mexico. The Hovas were at first regarded by the Madagascans as an outcast race, and everything they touched was considered impure—and even the cottage which a Hova had inhabited was burned, as an infection-breeder. Isolated on this fertile plain, these outcasts transformed the magnificent plateau into a desert. They fired the forests, which would have secured them safe refuge from the enemy, and then they erected their villages on hillocks on the plain. They then began to pay tribute to the Madagascans, carrying to the edge of the plain rice, maize and other presents—thus fully acknowledging their inferiority. These fears of oppression had an injurious effect upon the Hovas. Their characters changed. They became sullen, tricky, treacherous and cruel, as almost all natives do who live in a kind of captivity, though it be voluntary, as those dwelling in the South Seas.

Toward the end of the last century, a warrior, by the euphonious name of Andrianamponine, invited them to shake oft the yoke of the oppressor. They gathered together, formed a resolute and brave soldiery; and now for more than thirty years they have been masters of many portions of Madagascar. They have exercised without mercy the rights of conquest, killing the unfortunate natives. Tamatave is the chief seat of their power on the east coast, and there unlimited authority is held over the natives, although they are less overbearing toward the white settlers.

The Madagascans have no record of their own history; but historical scholars have long agreed that the present inhabitants were not those primitive to the island, as far as such can be the case. An extinct race, called the Vaizimba, seems to have been the predecessors of the present population. They were, it is supposed, in time exterminated by invaders. Little more is known of the settlement of the island previous to the English expedition of 1642. At that date, they held a fort in St. Augustine's Bay, with a garrison of two hundred men, of whom the majority died of fever in two years. In the eighteenth century the pirates of the South Seas made frequent descents upon the island, and it is believed that Captain Kidd made this coast the scene of his exploits. In time, the pirates, led by a Frenchman named Missin, formed a settlement on the northeast coast, called Libertatia. After his followers had committed depredations of a fiendish character, the European nations sent an armed naval force, which broke up the marine brigandage.

Tamatave, the seaport capital, has the aspect of an overgrown village, consisting of an aggregation of huts, and it would be a misnomer to call it a town. The principal street is a long, narrow avenue, bordered with slight wooden stakes, forming inclosures around the houses scattered along each side. Large leaves of palm or mulberry-trees, laden with rich clusters of ripe fruit, screen the pedestrian from the terrible heat of the sun. On this thoroughfare is the English consulate, and beyond there is a high wooden building, formerly the residence of the Madagascan Rothschild, the agent of the Hovas for the sale of cattle. There are several eating-houses in the Madagascan quarter, where the style of houses is quite different. The buildings are neat, clean and inviting, and constructed of the bark and leaves of ravenal. Here can be seen numbers of pretty girls, grinning and showing their beautiful teeth, which none of the arts of civilization have yet sent on the march to decay. As you pass by, the men shout in your ears, "*Marnutes! marnutes!*" which means, "Do you want a porter?" Then a Hova will pass along, with a sinister greeting.

The heterogeneous contents of the shops are displayed in profusion on the thresholds. They are generally baskets of dried locusts, empty bottles, English cottons in fantastic design and color, diminutive fish, blue-headed parrots, black, white and ring-tailed lemur monkeys, large black paroquets, immense bundles of leaves used as tablecloths, fruits, sweet potatoes, yams, bananas, mats, and casks of *betzabetza*, which is a liquor made of the fermented juice of the sugar-cane, mixed with bitter herbs. To all Europeans, this drink is detestable, but to the natives it is better than champagne or Burgundy is to us.

The only coins in the country are small portions of five-franc pieces (a silver dollar), which they weigh with great accuracy. The bazar of Tamatave is unique, like those of all countries below the Equator. Nearly all the shopkeepers therein are Hovas, the conquerors of the country, and they assume the airs of genuine aristocrats. They sit *à la Turque*, and conduct the sale of the various articles spread out before them with a close and enthusiastic appreciation of their wares. The air is vile; it is tainted with the malaria bred by slaughtered carcases, which, while undergoing putrefaction, attract swarms of flies and other insects. Near the bazar is the retreat of the Jesuit fathers; for here they are, as in all lands, long before the merchant-pioneer! —tireless Society of Jesus!

Opposite is the fortress, with a flagstaff, from which float the colors of the reigning monarch, *Rashuaerina, panjaka ny Madagascar* (Rashuaerina, Queen of Madagascar). Below is the residence of a former cowherd, now a Hova prince.

The country around Tamatave seems a perfect desert, and not unlike the cities bordering the Red Sea. Swamps surround it, and even in the town itself there are pestilential pools breeding a poisonous miasma. The streets form a perfect labyrinth—an intricate network of thoroughfares from which it is impossible for the stranger to extricate himself without aid from the passer. Occasionally one will find a handsome residence in the town. One of the finest, built in the Madagascan style—of which it is an admirable specimen—is situated in the middle of a court covered with fine sand, shaded by evergreen mangoes, while a number of orange-trees fill one end with their rich perfume. Around the inclosure there are smaller cottages for sleeping-rooms for friends, servants and slaves. The house itself is built on posts twelve inches above the ground; the walls are of bamboo lashed together; the floor and roof of planks of rafia-tree, and covered with a thatch of ravenal leaves. The interior is hung with leaves for tapestry, and the floor covered with rush mats.

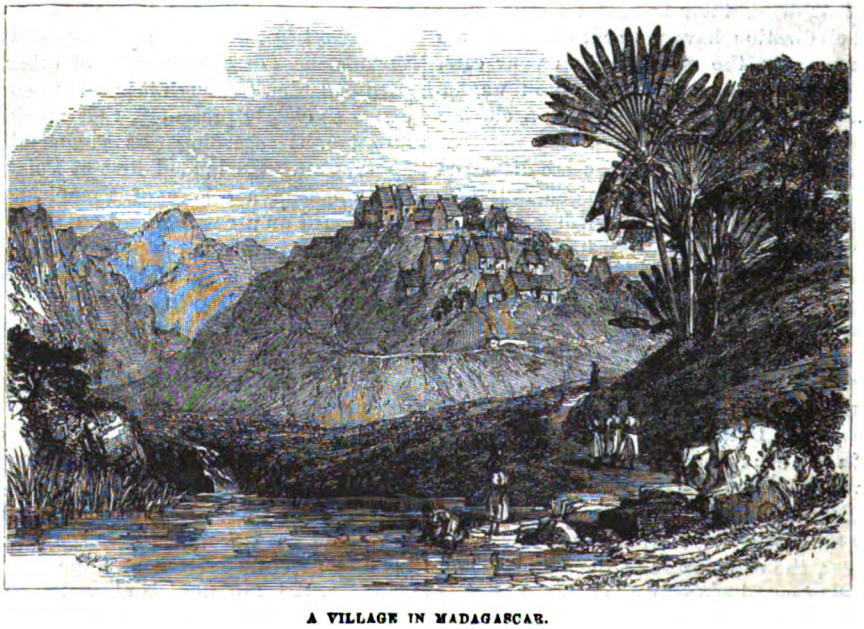
Recent explorations of Madagascar have been made by a well-known French savant, M. Alfred Grandidier, whose studies in natural history and geographical science led him to visit parts of the island hitherto but little traveled, and about which there was but vague and indefinite information. The almost insurmountable obstacles which have prevailed during the reign of tribal warfare have prevented even the rashest explorer from undertaking the perilous journey which this gentleman has so successfully completed. When it is remembered that the superficial area of this island is double that of the British Isles, and that, while it lies on the line of trade between South Africa and India, it is still imperfectly known, such a contribution as that of Grandidier is one to be welcomed by the scientific world. It must here be said that the writer does not accept *ipse dixit* the statement of Grandidier as to the worthlessness of the accounts of other travelers who have preceded him, although it is safe to conclude, on the evidence so clearly presented, that much of the cartography now taught regarding this wonderful country is purely apocryphal. He landed first at Point Larrey, a promontory opposite a colony of French, named Sainte-Marie, established on a small island on the northeast coast. He hoped thus to escape the notice of the Queen of the Hovas and her chiefs, wishing also to avoid the well-traveled route from Tamatave to Antananarivo. He was aware of the hostility of the Hovas to travelers—and this jealousy is widespread among all strong, warlike, resolute semi-barbarians. He made several very discouraging attempts to penetrate the interior, but beyond some accurate trigonometrical work in the vicinity of his disembarkation, he made no progress at that time. He then turned toward the southern part of the island.

After various and disheartening adventures, the explorer continued to seek a landing-place along the coast, until his vessel finally arrived at Cape St. Mary, the extreme southerly point of the island, and here he made his landing. Facing the sea at this point is a line of desolate

RANAVALONA I. AND THE PRINCE ROYAL.

dunes, almost destitute of vegetation, and without a trace of inhabitants, and below dangerous rocks stretch out at the water level to a great distance, imperiling an anchorage. The hills rise facing the sea to a height of five hundred feet, almost from the water's edge, leaving a shore about ten feet wide. There is little fresh water on the plateau.

The people of this desolate country are the Arlandroins, a tribe independent of the Hovas. They are perpetually at war with each other. Their poverty and misery cannot be exaggerated. Never safe in their own dwellings from their rapacious and cruel enemies, this portion of the island truly presents one of the most degrading spectacles which can be found by the traveler in any land. Each family has its plantation of nopals, just as the European peasant has his field of corn, and the figs which these trees bear, with their roots, form the chief nutrition—the meat and drink of this people; for they are for months at a time without cereals and water. In other parts of the island the inhabitants fire the brushwood and jungle, and having cleared a space and fertilized the ground, they cultivate maize, millet, pumpkins and beans; but in the southern part of the island this is not practicable, because of the sandy condition of the soil. Geographical researches further to the northward disclosed numerous fossiliferous remains, proving the existence, in the Oolite period, of a vast extent of country to south and west of Madagascar.



A VILLAGE IN MADAGASCAR.

On a subsequent visit to the island the traveler landed on the southeast coast, at Farafanga. After many daring exploits and escapes from death, he at last obtained permission to visit the Hova capital, in the interior—

ON THE ROAD TO ANTANANARIVO.

the City of Antananarivo, which contains about 25,000 inhabitants. He was not allowed, however, to go unaccompanied, because of the suspicion of the Hovas, who, as before described, are cunning and treacherous—so made by their earlier grievous misfortunes. Eight officers and twelve soldiers guarded him night and day, so that it was impossible to make a detailed map of the country. The route to the capital is through a desolate and sterile country. For the first eight days the road traverses arid and monotonous plains, covered with scrubby brushwood, dotted here and there by palm-trees and bushes. Then the traveler, for two weeks or more, finds nothing but a perfect sea of mountains. This country is incapable of supporting inhabitants. Soldiers' posts alone line the way to the capital. The neighborhood of Antananarivo is a large valley, dotted with hills, on one of which the town is built, and the country about is under a high state of cultivation, and is well peopled. The valley is about eighteen miles in length and ten in breadth.

It was after the traveler had made his *devoirs* to the Prime Minister—no less a personage than a gentleman whose name will be familiar to every American, Mr. Rainilaiarivouny—that he was permitted to pursue his scientific observations, and an exploration of the plain of Emerina, where the Hovas first established the seat of their power. He fixed the sources and flow of rivers, the altitude of mountains, meandered the valleys, and returned to the Hova capital with rich and accurate contributions to science. He made numerous journeys in all directions; he traversed the full extent of the Betsileo country, in order to reach its capital, Fianarantsona, which is the second important town of Madagascar. There the country was more fertile and better wooded than the Betsileos. It took him thirty-nine days to traverse the island from west to east. The ethnology of the country to southward he fully investigated, and then proceeded northward to Matanava. During this journey he examined the lagoons and canals from Matanava to Tamatave, which were sufficiently broad and deep to permit canoe navigation.

M. Grandidier, after years more of weary travel and painstaking scientific inquiry, set out again for Antananarivo, and thence he went to Tamatave, and finally to Point Larrey, having spent five years of his life in one of the most important explorations of modern times. It is too often, indeed, that men like Grandidier, who do not return with a sensational "find," like Livingstone at Ujiji, an open Polar Sea like Hayes, or the gorilla of Du Chaillu, soon sink out of the public recollection, and their books are relegated to the scientific annals. Men such as he should ever be honored, for their every footstep is measured, their minutest observation recorded; and it takes them years of patient and accurate toil on their return to civilization to complete the map, which, at a glance, does not even hint at the story of their self-denial, their hardships, and their ever-to-be-unrequited labors. M. Grandidier, in closing his own account of his labors, said: "There still remained much to be done, and I felt a lively regret at having been able to lift but a corner of a vail which has for so long hidden this curious island from the eyes of Europeans; but it gives me pleasure to think that I had been able, by careful observation, to correct many erroneous opinions concerning it. I trust that the souvenirs which I left with the Madagascans will tend to make the travels of future explorers less difficult. The first step is made, and when these superstitious people perceive that, far from doing them the least harm, I have the rather done them good, then, perhaps, they will cease to follow with incessant persecution those geographers and naturalists who wish to make a study of their interesting country."

Madagascar may be divided into two parts—one division containing the North and East, which is altogether mountainous; the other the South and West, which is relatively flat. There are five chains of mountains, which trend in the same direction—north-northeast and south-southwest. In the whole of the eastern part there is no level ground, save in the small valleys which are utilized by the natives for the cultivation of rice. The slope facing the Indian Ocean is very fertile, thanks to continual rains which fall on the east coast. There is also a narrow and continuous line of forests from north to south, which, joining those of the west, form a belt or circle, the centre of which is nothing but sterility and barrenness. The rivers are not generally navigable, although on the west coast there are several which can be navigated by small craft for a distance of from thirty to forty miles. The lakes of Madagascar are not very many, and even these, with the exception of the salt ones, cannot be considered very important.

As Abyssinia has been called the "Switzerland of Africa," so has Madagascar again and again been called, beyond the mere parallel suggested in the beginning of this article, the "Great Britain of Africa." And if we turn from its topographical features to the different tribes of this Malayan family which inhabit it, we shall find a wonderfully equal distribution of the different types of natives. They are as follows: the Hovas (central), 750,000; the Sakalaves (west side), 1,200,000; the Betsileo (south), 1,500,000; the Belanimena, (east), 1,000,000—total, 4,450,000.

This, it should be remembered, is an old estimate, and geographers are much divided on the population. This difference may be appreciated when it is considered that authorities differ on the population of the Continent of Africa to such an extent that, while some give the maximum figures at 65,000,000, the most approved German statisticians place them as high as 250,000,000. The smaller figures are, however, always nearer the truth in estimating masses of people, especially in aboriginal countries, which are always thinly populated.

As to the moral attributes of these tribes, authorities also differ; but it may be said with truth that they have the usual sins of aborigines, or semi-barbarous natives. They are charitable, kind to those in distress, and extravagant in their hospitality. The visitor is met with presents and offerings. The Madagascan is, however, a great liar. He despises the truth—to him, it is neither good morals nor good policy. When the missionaries first began to teach this people the essentials of Christianity, their chief objection was to the precept inculcating truth. To state facts was, to them, to place your enemy at an advantage, and yourself in his power; and was a shame and a disgrace, besides a deplorable weakness. It was the commandment, "Thou shalt not lie," that eventually caused wholesale massacres of the native Christians, and made Madagascar a dangerous country in which missionaries might seek to labor.

The religion of the people primarily was vague and indefinite enough. The people profess to believe in a Supreme Being, but they fail to explain what they mean by that term. They pray, but to whom they address their prayers—whether to the sun, to a planet, or to the winds, the sea, or some departed sovereign—they do not know. They possess ugly wooden idols, but they have no intelligible idea what or whom these images represent. Their idols are fifteen in number, and the priests or keepers of these idols are maintained by the Government. Their priests extol their power and their deities, but beyond this they have no special functions. To cure diseases, to drive

away pestilence, to give fertility to the ground—these are some of the virtues of the Madagascan gods. There is no stated or periodical worship; and less than any country ever discovered do these people seem priest-ridden by idolatrous idlers. The idols are called upon only when the need arises, and then the people do not go to the idol, but the idol is brought to them. They have, however, a kind of ordeal or divination—the *tangena*, or test by poisoned water. It is applied to almost every suspected or accused person, and its operation is very uncertain, many being destroyed by it—the innocent as well as the guilty. It is often customary, when this test is given, to so grade the dose as to exhibit the prejudices of the judges, who are very expert in administering it.

Taken in the aggregate, the Madagascans are skillful and intelligent in applying such knowledge of the mechanical arts as they could possibly, from their situation, possess. They can spin, weave, mine and smelt iron ore, distill spirits, make ropes and brick, and build houses. They are, however, inferior to the Polynesians in their aptitude for shipbuilding.

Radama is the Bismarck and Cavour of the modern Madagascans. It is to this remarkable man that the people of that great island are indebted for the unity they now possess in a regularly constituted government, whose sway is acknowledged over the whole territory bounded by the seas. Travelers were fond of returning from Madagascar at the beginning of the present century, and speaking of it as an island deserving of a better fate—as a fertile and populous country, the prey to warring tribes and chieftains Radama, however, had the wisdom to foresee that nothing short of a dynasty, strongly entrenched behind an undisputed authority to reign and govern, could reduce the people to peace and prosperity. Ankova, the country of the Hovas, is the most important province. Sometimes it is called Imerina, from its principal division. When Radama obtained his ascendency, he took the title of "Prince of Imerina, and King of the Hovas." It is in this province that the capital is situated.

Almost a century ago a principal chief of the Hovas, Andrianbelomasina, indicated as his son's successor an adopted child, Jamboaslama, who, after some disputes, rising even to the dangers of civil war, became the acknowledged ruler of the Hovas, and conquered the adjacent provinces; then took the name Impoimimerina, or the Desire of Imerina, with the prefix of Andriana, "chief," or "noble." He died in the year 1808, in the royal house, and left his son, Radama, to pursue his policy, which was the subjugation of the island. He was of active, industrious, stirring temperament and habits, and rendered himself popular by his firm but impartial administration of justice; and, like a great leader, did all in his power to promote building, mining and the working of metals. But during his time Madagascar became a great slave mart, and the Hova dealers at Tamatave became rich as dealers in human flesh, sending their captives to Bourbon and Mauritius.

Radama became ambitious. He was a man of superior presence, agreeable, and very polite. He sent two of his brothers to Mauritius, that they might receive a European education. They returned in 1817, under charge of Mr. Hastie, the Governor of Mauritius, and the King Radama went down from the capital to Tamatave, on the coast, accompanied by 35,000 of his followers, to meet them. Mr. Hastie then became the British Minister-resident to the Court of Radama, and he was commissioned to endeavor to induce the King to abolish the slave-trade. Another Englishman, a Mr. Brady, was appointed to command and instruct the King's army. The King, with his assistance, in a few years had a disciplined and effective military establishment of 15,000 men, armed with European weapons and artillery, and, of course, no native chief could stand for a moment in independent authority.

Radama began to expand rapidly. He imported maps, horses, clocks, compasses, and he promised the English Government that, for a certain present of arms and equipments, he would suppress the traffic in slaves. Urgent appeals to repress the scourge were made to him from time to time, but Radama feared evil results within his own kingdom. At last a treaty was signed, stopping the export of slaves. But the English failed to ratify their clauses of the treaty, and vexatious delays supervened. But, on October 11th, 1820, a great assembly was convened, by order of the King, and the flags of Britain and Madagascar were hoisted side by side, in token that slavery had been abolished. As a consequence of this, ten Madagascan youths were sent to England to be instructed in the European arts, and ten others were sent to the Island of Mauritius, and one of Radama's own relatives went to London and became a personal friend of George IV.

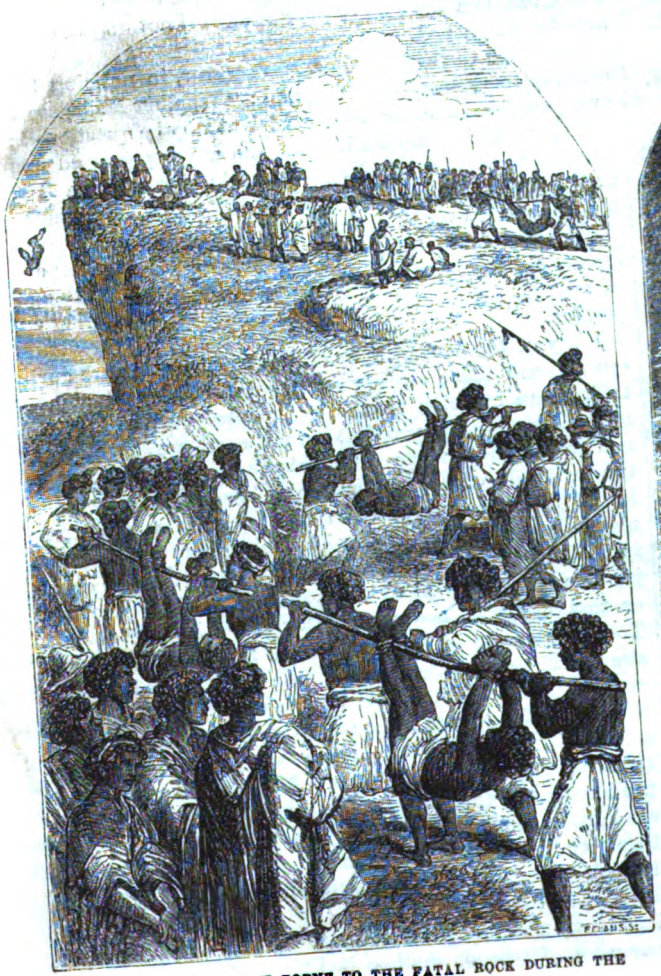
Radama's rule was beneficent in every way, although it was almost wholly despotic, the Hovas believing, as no polite fiction, in the divine right of kings. This led him to be imperious, impetuous and irascible. On one occasion, when a British resident was dining at the palace, one of the King's wives gave her lord sudden offense, when he instantly exclaimed to an officer in waiting, "Take her out, and take off her head!" The officer soon returned, and the King asked if it was done. The simple reply of "Yes!" was given, and the dinner proceeded is if nothing remarkable had happened.

Mr. Ellis, the historian of Madagascar, in noticing the death of this remarkable man, said: "Whether Madagascar ever possessed a prince of equal talent may be questioned; but there can be no doubt that she never possessed one who did so much for the improvement of his country. His reign constitutes an epoch in the history of Madagascar too important ever to be forgotten."

Radama died of intemperance—not alone in this respect among those who have embraced some of the good things of modern civilization in the long line of half-barbarian princes.

Many of the superstitions of the Madagascans are curious beyond those already enumerated. They all appear to have an aversion to the meat distributed at funerals and ordeals. Some prohibit onions, some goats and pigs, and some sheep, while the greatest number prohibit particular kinds of herbs, fruits and shell-fish. They also forbid their keepers to enter any house in which there may be a corpse, and to sit with their feet toward the east in the house in which their idol is kept. It is also an injunction that they shall eat nothing burnt in cooking, or that has been cooked in particular kinds of vessels. The keepers are forbidden to lie in houses thatched with straw. There are also prohibitions peculiar to the rainy season. At that time white mice must not be left on the shelves of the houses; nor may the keepers amuse themselves with their favorite game of kicking, nor with throwing stones at each other. During the approach of the locusts and their destructive attack on the crops, there are charms against the destroyers, such as not wearing black or brown clothes. On public occasions, when a bullock is sacrificed to any particular idol, an animal must be chosen entirely free from any streaks or spots, abhorred by the idol; and it must be purchased by some one whose father or mother is living. The flesh of the bullock is then professedly divided among the multitude.

MEMORIAL CHURCH UPON AMPAMARINANA.



NATIVE CHRISTIANS BORNE TO THE FATAL ROCK DURING THE PERSECUTION.

EXECUTION OF NATIVE CHRISTIANS DURING THE PERSECUTION.

but the chief part is appropriated, without any compunctions of conscience, by the idol-keeper. In many cases the idols are direct objects of worship on the part of individuals.

THE QUEEN OF MOHILLA AND HER ATTENDANTS.

A person wishing to obtain some favor of the idol, makes it a present, handing it to the keeper, who appropriates it for his own benefit. If the idol be favorable to the petition, a rapid motion of a wisp of straw is made by the keeper, as a notification. If there be no motion, it is declined. There are many occasions on which idols are publicly exhibited, and supposed to be instrumental in averting national or general evils. Sprinkling the people is also a form of ceremony. On one occasion an assembly of over 6,000 people were ordered to squat, with their shoulders uncovered; the idol was then borne

among them, and the keeper, with a wisp of straw, proceeded to sprinkle them with the precious fluid, saying: "Cheer up, and fear not, for it is I who am the defense of your lives, and I will not let disease approach. Cheer up, therefore, on account of your children and wives, your property and your own persons, for ye possess me!"

Human sacrifices were formerly offered in the province of Vangordrans. The fact that such sacrifices existed was not ascertained until Madagascar had been thoroughly explored. It appears that a weekly immolation took place; Friday was the fatal day, and, if possible, chiefs and principal men were obtained and put to death, as forming a more costly and hence more acceptable sacrifice to this Molech. The offerings were not made to an idol strictly so-called, but the men were killed before an enormous pole, to the top of which were suspended charms. The victims were speared on the spot, and devoured by dogs and birds.

The term Vaizimba, constantly heard in Madagascar, appears to designate the aborigines of the interior, from whatever part of the coast they may have come. Their graves are regarded with equal fear and veneration by the natives. They sustain two characters When a Vaizimba grants a favor, he is holy, placable, effective; when he does not, he is fierce, implacable. A story is told that when the missionaries visited a noted Vaizimba grave near the capital, their native pupils trembled with fear when the missionaries took a branch from the tree overshadowing the grave, and disturbed the stones. This was insulting the Vaizimba, who would call down vengeance and demand life, as they said. "The Vaizimba will come in the night, and carry you off to the region of ghosts."

The Madagascans possess little idea of a future state. When they are buried, it is customary to cast into the tomb garments, looking-glasses, and all things useful to them while living. The funeral of Radama was a great sacrifice of valuable ornaments. Even the most educated affirm very emphatically a profound belief in ghosts, which, they aver, are in the habit of walking about nights.

It is the universal belief of the Madagascans that the knowledge of the art of divination was supernaturally communicated to their ancestors. Their "*sikidy*" is a word used to denote a kind of divination to which they are devotedly attached, and by which they obtain decisions relating to the most important acts of their lives, whether public or private. It is neither astrology nor necromancy. It is not magic, legerdemain nor incantation. Its nature is oracular, and it directs to the use of charms and incantations. It is the method of working by means of beans, rice, straw, sand, or any other object that can be easily counted or divided. Definite and invariable rules govern the process of deciding the results. Decisions are formed in the cases under inquiry by a comparison between one line of numbers and another. The object of the *sikidy* is to discover what is necessary to be done in cases of real or imaginary danger. It is the grand physician during illness. It foretells future illness; it advises for or against a journey, marriage or investments.

The trial by ordeal still prevails extensively in Madagascar. Its origin is unknown, according to Ellis. Various modes have been in use in different parts of the country—such as passing a red-hot iron over the tongue, or plunging the naked arm into a large earthen or iron pot full of boiling water, and picking out a pebble thrown in for the special purpose of the trial; and in either case to sustain no injury would be a demonstration of innocence. The administering of the test draught is an awful proceeding. The accused is seated on the floor in the middle of his house, and he must then drink the carefully prepared draught on which hinges life or death. As soon as swallowed, the "curser," placing his hand on the crown of his head, pronounces the imprecation or prayer, which is sometimes uttered before the *tangena* is given: "Hear, hear, hear, and hearken well, O thou Raimanamango! searcher, trier, or test. Thou art a round egg, made by God. Though thou hast no eyes, yet thou seest; though thou hast no ears, yet thou hearest; though thou hast no mouth, yet thou answereth. Therefore, hear and hearken well, O Raimanamango!" Then follows, in great detail and circumlocution, a list of the offenses. Having swallowed three pieces of skin before taking the draught, without mastication, additions of rice-water are now given, in the expectation that if guiltless the accused will vomit them into a basket ready to receive them. But if they fail to be thrown off, he is to be beaten with the rice-pestle until dead, unless, as sometimes happens, he has previously died from the poisonous action of the *tangena* itself.

This horrible business proceeds in all cases with great ceremony. Witchcraft is one of the most horrible crimes of which a man can be accused. It is singular the profound respect of the natives for this trial by ordeal. Conscious of innocence when accused, they demand the ordeal, feeling confident that the verdict will be in their favor; and the instances are rare in which the criminals refuse to drink—but should such be the case, the accused, even if a member of the royal family, is instantly put to death.

The latest publications of the Royal Geographical Society disclose the fact that during the past five years there have been many important explorations in Madagascar. Five of them have contributed valuable geographical knowledge, because, prosecuted by the intelligent English missionaries, they have gone over new ground, and have covered territory respecting which knowledge was eagerly sought by the scientific world. In the Betsileo province, which forms the southern part of the central plateau, the great forest has been thoroughly explored. It was here, during Radama's wars, that the natives sustained an eighteen months' siege, and at another point for a year, and each time with success, for the Hovas have never set foot on their soil. The Ikongo, the natives, have still a deep dislike of them, and maintain their liberty and isolation to this day.

The missionary, Mr. Shaw, who has recently penetrated this forest, says that it is the thickest he ever saw in Madagascar. It is a continuous mass of trees. In it he saw no human being, nor a hut or house of any description; neither were there animals, except birds, though there were evident marks of great numbers of wild hogs. A shower, which happened while they were traversing the forest, brought forth from the overhanging leaves and grass millions of leeches. This creature is small, but able to elongate itself to four times its length. The men were terribly bitten about the legs and feet, and on his return the traveler picked off more than thirty from his own legs, but they clung most tenaciously, and until his legs and ankles were covered with blood. The King of the Ikongo treated his guest well. When the Ikongo are not at war with the Hovas they live in their villages on the plain below, rather than in the mountains, where they can defy attack. The women among this nation cannot weave, and the only covering of the people consists of mats and bark beaten out into a thin sheet. Every man traveling, even for a short distance, is invariably armed with one or more spears.

Of the Ivara tribes a great deal has also been added to our knowledge by recent explorers. The town Ihosy,

visited by a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society in 1877, has 220 houses, and stands in the centre of an extensive valley typical of this region of country, which is to the south of the Betsileo province. The land is marshy, and covered by lagoons, which support wildfowl, and little villages of twenty to thirty houses dot this country. The Ivara kings were present to greet the travelers. The hair dressing in this region differs from the custom in other parts of the island. Once in six weeks the hair is washed, then rolled up into a great number of knobs, always round, varying in size from a marble to an orange. It is then thickly coated with beeswax melted with fat, so that when each cold knob is firmly cemented to those adjacent to it, all appearance of hair is gone. When freshly done it looks like lumps of gray clay stuck on their heads, and each of them, when struck, gives back a sound as of hard wood.

Irohibi is one of the wonders of Southern Madagascar, and is well known to its scattered people. It is an enormous, isolated mountain with a level top, standing in the centre of a broad plain. In appearance it is like the fortress rock of Ikongo, but its ascent is not so difficult. Like Ikongo, it has a spring-water lake on its summit, and a considerable cascade on its northern side. This saved the native ruler and his people from defeat when they were besieged by the Hovas.

The travels of Messrs. Sibree and Street have lately been made public. They are all-important to a thorough knowledge of Madagascar. Their field of operations was chiefly in southeast Madagascar, in the Betsileo province. They beheld luxuriance of vegetation, many trees enormously high, and so buttressed round their trunks that they were of great girth at the ground ; and the lovely bits of forest scenery revealed to them a new life beneath the Southern Cross. They found the people subdued and quiet, and were treated with great hospitality and kindness ; and among their discoveries were vast beds of lava and scoria, indicating the volcanic character of this mountain's region.

Messrs. Sewell and Pickersgill's journey to the Western Sakalaves, and an exploration through the Anativolo to Sihanava West, were undertaken and successfully accomplished by Messrs. Moss and Lord in 1875. They traversed territory never before visited by a white man.

The massacre of the Christians in Madagascar has been a repeated occurrence, and as many as 10,000 have suffered death at the hands of the enraged fanatics. In 1838, 1849 and 1857, under various pretexts, these outbreaks took place. But the island is now quiet ; progress is being made in the schools, and the Christian faith is being widely and faithfully propagated by the tireless missionaries. Travelers can penetrate any part of the island with safety, and it is not too much to hope and believe that this great island of the South Seas will be in high cultivation and thorough civilization before the advent of the year 1900.

In Roumelia the rose harvest is reported to have been an exceedingly abundant one last year, the value of the total yield exceeding, it is estimated, 1,000,000 francs. The richest harvest of late years, however, was in 1876, when 3,300 pounds of attar-of-roses, of the value of 932,017 francs, was exported from Philippopolis alone. The attar is principally exported to France, Austria, America and Germany, England obtaining what she requires from India. The French scent manufacturers, and especially the Parisian, buy the finest qualities of attar, while the second qualities are mostly sent to Russia and Austria.

THE FOX IN ERMINE.

For murder, aye, and robbery beside,
A harmless Sheep before a Fox was tried.
A peasant sued, and sure his case was hard.
" I left," said he, "this villain in the yard,
Along with sundry fowls, which in the morn
Lifeless I found, with blood imbrued, and torn.
No depredator, I dare well attest,
Saving this Sheep, could have approached the nest."

'Twas the Sheep's turn: "In sooth I cannot say,"
Thus he, " what ruffian made the birds his prey;
For why ? I slumber'd all the night, and so
Naught of this *fowl* atrocity could know.
Whoever heard a sheep was an assassin,
Whose gullet takes not flesh, but only grass in ?".

Then spoke the Fox, with dignity surpassing:

" The Sheep's iniquity cannot be hid;
He might have killed the fowls, and therefore did.
Locked up alone with poultry all the night,
And never to indulge his appetite!
Tell this to Sheep—too flagrantly it shocks
The common sense and conscience of a Fox.
The Court can but discern in such defense
Deep aggravation of the first offense.
Wherefore it dooms the criminal to bleed
Beneath the steel with all convenient speed;
And (sitting now in Equity) directs
Administration of deceased's effects
Forthwith to be performed in fitting sort—
Fleece to the plaintiff, carcass to the Court.
'Twere ill to grant impunity to crime,
Especially so near to dinner-time."

—*Krilof.*

THE BROWN WIDOW.

By Godfrey Turner.

When Geordie McGalpin was Governor of Sangaree — sweet island of sunlight, set in the sapphire seas, I sigh my heart out to thee across the dark billows of trouble and time !—the vexed question at King's House was, should Dinah Fyfe be received or not by the representative of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria ? It was no bar to the beautiful young widow, who lived a lonely life in the tropic gladness, that, for all her delicate translucency of skin, her gray-blue eyes, and the lovely auburn shadowings of her abundant hair, she was by birth a brown woman.

There lingers very little prejudice of race in the island of which I speak. Four hundred thousand blacks, indeed, must be left out of the social reckoning. But the half-caste and quadroon minority in the colored population holds a pretty equal standing with the white section, whether creole or immigrant. It is often very difficult to discern a tinge of African blood in an octoroon, still less, of course, in a sexdecimaroon, as we may reckon Mrs. Fyfe to have been. Recollections of the "old time"—of slavery, that is to say—have pretty well died out in Sangaree ; and the descendants of slaves, after two or three generations of alliance with Scotch and English creoles, seldom hesitate to classify themselves, and to insist on being classified, as white folk.

Pretty Dinah Fyfe ! Fair stepdaughter of darkness ! Thou wert candor in the simplest sense of that bland word ! Not only had this lovely being a transcendent complexional excuse for casting off the little slur of dark

MADAGASCAR.— DJOMBE-FATOUMA, QUEEN OF MOHILLA, AND HER SUITE.— SEE PAGE 177.

blood: she had likewise the honest courage to disdain any excuse in the matter. When the population of Sangaree was last told, Dinah Fyfe, widow, described herself on the census-paper as brown; whereas, coffee-colored Mother Hogoe, whose ancient visage, tired in the lightest of three-guinea Paris bonnets (from New York), looked like the smirched face of a mountain ewe projected from out a snowy fleece—Mrs. Hannibal Hogoe, I say, secure in her natural immunity from blushes, boldly announced herself to the statistical department as a white.

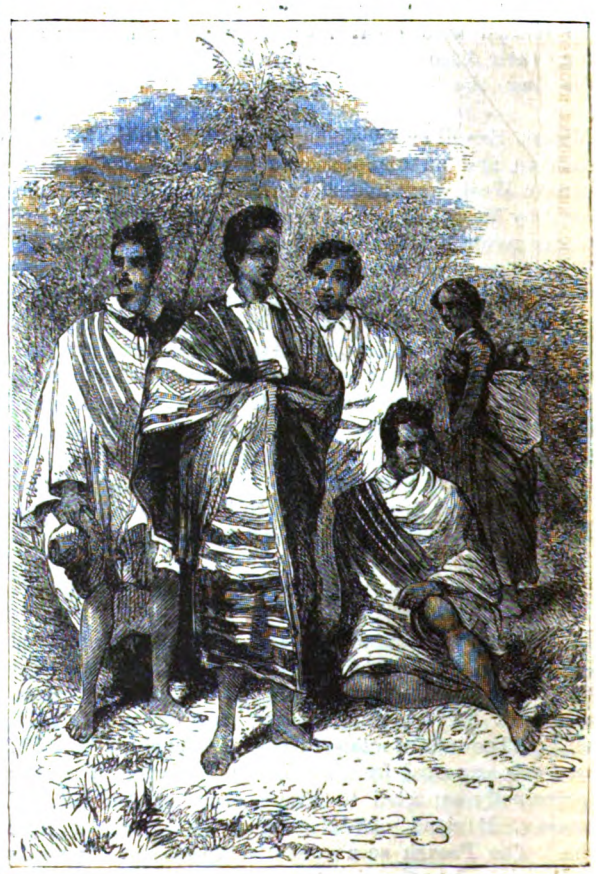
Puzzled, I guess, was my old schoolfellow, Geordie, a kindly precision, with a tender heart encased in many folds of buckram formality, when the names in the big book on the hall-table of King's House were submitted to him, Mrs. Fyfe's being among them. She had a perfect right to call at King's House, though Sir George McGalpin's predecessor—or shall we rather say Sir George McGalpin's predecessor's excellent lady?—had persistently ignored the pretty widow. Everybody knew who she was; not a tongue could wag in her disparagement; but if she had been an adventuress or a *cocotte*, Propriety could not have shunned her with a more resolute disdain. Geordie himself, I am willingly bound to say, bowed with cordial courtesy from his barouche as he passed her veranda, just outside that sandy desert, Government Square, frying in the midday sun.

Mrs. Fyfe, in a cloud of white gauze, happened to be standing there, in the shade of her citron-trees, with her little girl by her side. It is not for me to swear on my knightly faith that the widow's presence there, on that spot, at that moment, was the merest of accidental occurrences. Upon my word, I should have admired the woman none the less had I been told by her own lips that the muslin robe, and the delicate child, and the golden fruit in the dark overshadowing foliage, were parts of a studied picture, in which Dinah Fyfe had posed as the principal figure, with deliberate purpose to catch his excellency's eye—if not his excellency. Who knows? It may have been so, or it may not.

All I can say is, that I was passing too, at the very moment, and took in the whole scene at a glance: the good-natured, astute old Scotchman, stooping his grizzled head with a kind, grave smile; the pale widow, slightly flushed; the fragile, golden-crowned lily of a child, bare-legged and bare-footed, and clad in the thinnest white raiment, like other little white-skins of the fierce Antilles.

I wish I could answer so natural a question as that which you are burning to ask—Did Mrs. Fyfe ever mingle with the queer mob of sham courtiers at King's House? But I think you will see by-and-by that it matters little whether she did or did not. I never saw her there, though I have met, at his excellency's entertainments, a certain Mrs. Macfarlane and her daughters three;—*half-sisters*, these, of poor Dinah. Now you begin to see a little into the brown widow's story, not new or strange, or at all uncommon, if truth be told, in the Island of Sangaree.

Yes, Dinah was what we call, no doubt correctly, the child of sin. Her father, Andrew Macfarlane, a creole of good Scotch family, had inherited two fine sugar estates, one on the north side of the island, the other on the south. Emancipation which brought ruin upon many broad acres of cane, depreciated the property of the Macfarlanes, and yet left it unembarrassed and moderately productive.



MALGACHE CHIEFS AND WOMEN.

MALGACHE WRESTLERS IN MADAGASCAR BEFORE THE COURT.

No longer a mine of gold, it yielded a sufficiency for the absolute needs of a young unmarried planter; and had Mr. Andrew Macfarlane been as prudent as most of his countrymen are known or supposed to be, he might have thriven on his straitened resources. But long expatriation had, perhaps, influenced his family, through several grades of creole descent, till the old Scottish habit of provident calculation had died out.

This careless West Indian gentleman, pure-bred Scot though he was, bore no resemblance to the canny type of humanity famed throughout the world for its mingled shrewdness and love of adventure. Hospitably luxurious, even to splendid ostentation, he preferred residence on the less profitable of his two estates, simply because it lay on that side of the island where the military garrison was quartered, where the commodore's station was situate, where the governor held his official residence, and where the best society, as a consequence, was always to be found.

Sangaree, as the map shows you, is divided longitudinally by a chain of mountains; and, though not more than forty miles across from north to south, it is, or was at the time in question, badly provided with roads, most of which were crossed by rivers fordable only with danger and difficulty at certain seasons of the year.

Managing only the smaller estate himself, and not managing it very well, Mr. Macfarlane necessarily cultivated the more important plantation by attorney. The man whom he intrusted with full powers to act in his place was unquestionably a clever manager; the doubt being whether he was not a trifle too clever, and did not manage the property too much.

For some time Mr. Macfarlane experienced no difficulty, whenever he wanted cash, in getting it from his attorney. A Sangaree attorney, by-the-way, is not an attorney-at-law. Alexander Dinwinkie—also a Scotchman, if you please—was attorney for Andrew Macfarlane, and assisted him readily at all times with money, which, without inquiring too curiously, the young proprietor assumed to be the current yield of his sugar-mills and rum-distillery.

The time came when Mr. Dinwinkie could, or would, no longer answer the calls of his principal; and that time, as the attorney most probably knew, was an exceedingly inconvenient time for Mr. Andrew Macfarlane.

Now, Mr. Dinwinkie had a daughter, who had been educated in England, and had come back upon her father's hands in Sangaree. You shall be spared a pitiful story of matrimonial chicane. Enough that young Macfarlane was forced into a marriage; too much, that he had formed a *liaison* with a beautiful octoroon on a coffee plantation in the mountains midway between his two estates. The girl could yet remember the days of slavery, and had scarcely shaken off, with her childhood, the sense of being a slave, when she became a mother—the mother, in fact, of our friend with the gray-blue eyes and the dark auburn hair, Dinah. This was at the very time when the married and settled Andrew began to have a lawfully-begotten family growing up around him.

Three daughters were born in wedlock to Andrew Macfarlane, and were duly sent to Europe for their education, while little Dinah, the child of sin—and an uncommonly sweet child, too—was dragged up somehow, not ungently, in Sangaree. Between her half-sisters and herself was never a word, at any period of their lives, exchanged. Bitter taunts, upbraidings, lamentations, more in anger than in sorrow, were continually poured upon the wretched father by the upstart shrew, his wife.

There came a new governor to Sangaree when Dinah was eighteen years of age, and that governor had a son of three-and-twenty. Captain Fyfe was often a guest at the house of the Macfarlanes, and as the head of that family had now risen to office in the government of the island, and had not only recovered, but largely augmented, his possessions, a match between the governor's son and the eldest of the Misses Macfarlane was looked upon as a good thing for all parties. Captain Fyfe, in short, was "all but" hooked and landed, when he ran away with another bait in his mouth—a bait of his own choosing—the illegitimate brown girl, Dinah.

Married they were, sure enough, in a neighboring island; and it suited slanderous tongues to give out many evil sayings, darkly hinting or boldly averring that the marriage had been prevented. The girl's half-hearted father died somewhat suddenly—there are no lingering maladies in Sangaree, where coffins are ordered when people take to their beds—and, worse still, her husband died, too, less than a year after their union. He had broken with *his* father, but only for a few months; and their reconciliation was complete before Sir James Fyfe exchanged his governorship for that of Knobkerry, on the African coast. Poor Captain Fyfe left his widow a small freehold residence and three thousand pounds, which sum she managed to invest very safely at four per cent. You have seen how she was living on her little income, with her child; else quite alone, neglected and despised by all right-thinking members of Sangaree society.

As my friend, Sir George McGalpin, was a celibate, the feminine honors of King's House were at that time dispensed by Mrs. O'Flaherty, wife of the Jineral-Commanding-in-Chief. A softer, more motherly and affectionate heart than that central organ of the circulation enshrined in the ample bust of O'Flaherty *femme*, never beat under diamonds. But the good lady went in fear and trembling of that awful Priestess of the Ten Thousand Punctualities, Mrs. Macfarlane, whose eye, by Jove! *did* threaten and command!

When I was a quiet observer of that little scene which I have attempted to portray—the passing recognition of Mrs. Fyfe by Sir George McGalpin, shortly after the good old Caledonian's appointment to a governorship, which is usually a stepping-stone to something else—I had by my side a companion with whom I presently afterward exchanged some remarks, of a harmless nature, on what our eyes had beheld.

My friend was a lieutenant of the flagship at that time anchored in the bay. He had heard a little about Mrs. Fyfe—nothing good, of course—and he thought he would like an introduction—if, that was to say, any introduction were necessary. In this fashion do men discuss the characters of women they don't know.

Next Sunday he and I found ourselves at church. Church in Sangaree is less like a little heaven below than it would perhaps be were the climate a few degrees cooler. A hideous temple, with open jalousie blinds in lieu of windows, is the cathedral church of Sangaree; but its ugliness is, at all events, unpretentious, and it is, moreover, partly screened by groups of orange, mango and cocoanut-trees, and a gigantic cotton-tree, in whose ample shade the horses of the congregation were tethered. The *coup d'œil* that presented itself to us on our entrance—which was later than it ought to have been—was a congregation for the most part consisting of black faces, before each of which a plantain-leaf fan was kept in a continual state of agitation. Incense thereby was offered up to the organ-loft and the galleries; nor did this odor of sanctity altogether refrain from dwelling with the saints below. Near the pulpit was gathered the white section of the flock—his excellency the Governor; the Honorable Isaac Moses, Secretary of State, and a stalwart pillar of the Colonial Church, with Mrs.

Moses and numerous offspring; Major-General Patrick O'Flaherty, Commander-in-Chief, Mrs. O'Flaherty, and Lieutenant O'Flaherty, aide-de-camp to the general; Dr. Kinnean, Mrs. Kinnean and the two Masters Kinnean, lately returned from school at Peckham in England; Mrs. Macfarlane, Miss Ada Macfarlane and Miss Blanche Macfarlane; Mrs. Hannibal Hogoe, who was as white as burnt umber, and resembled Solomon in all his glory, as being also *not* like the lilies of the field; and other miserable offenders.

In the Sangaree Litany, a special clause is inserted, praying for deliverance "from hurricane and earthquake," to which the island is chronically subjected. For prevention of other and more general ills, very languid supplication is sent up to the Throne of Grace; and of these, "hardness of heart" seemed then to be one. In condescending to worship at the same shrine with Dinah Fyfe, did not Mrs. Macfarlane sufficiently show that her religious heart was in no need of mollifying? To be sure, the good lady may have been quite oblivious of the fact that Dinah Fyfe and her little girl were kneeling a few yards off; and the fervor of Mrs. Macfarlane's petition that it might please the All-Good to defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows, may, like the whole of her charitable system, have begun and ended at home.

To speak the truth, it would have been better for me and my sailor friend to have staid at home ourselves. We were there, in the Sangaree tabernacle, entirely under false pretenses, the object with him and with myself being to gain a stage in forcing on our acquaintance with Mrs. Fyfe. Men hunt in couples when pursuing such game, simply because they dare not trust one another to follow the chase singly.

After church, seeing the little girl in the verandaed portico of her mother's house, we opened fire by asking whether it was her voice we had heard in the singing. When the child had colored crimson and murmured an almost inaudible "No," we begged a glass of lemonade, which she speedily procured, picking for the purpose three or four green limes, which she was just able to reach on tiptoe, and soon afterward reappearing with two goblets of the cool refreshment, their rims adorned with ringlets of the fragrant peel, and their contents rendered cooler by a liberal admixture of the Canadian ice, which is a necessary in Sangaree. Our polite piece of mendicancy gained us the opportunity of raising our hats to the fair mother, who received our thanks very graciously, and was yet more evidently pleased when we spoke the eloquent praises of her little girl.

Still harping on Dinah Fyfe's daughter, we soon found our way to the good graces of Dinah Fyfe. In less than a week we had gained a friendly footing in her house, and found the poor, solitary widow naïvely communicative on the topic of her sadness and desolation. It was very touching. Lieutenant Dash declared it was a confounded shame. I went on board the admiral's ship next morning, and found my young friend writing at a corner of the wardroom table. He was a poet in a small way, was Lieutenant Dash, and this is what he wrote:

TO HANID.

Where the mangrove dips her branches in the coral-girt lagoon,
And at eve the land-breeze rustles in the palms,
Till their lofty leaves sound rain-like in the rainless blue——

And there he stuck, not liking to complete the line with "aboon" for "above," nor clearly seeing his way to end the stanza with "qualms," "balms," "calms," or "psalms." (N. B.—"Hanid" is what we should vulgarly call *back slang* for "Dinah.")

"I say, my dear fellow," exclaimed the poetical lieutenant, as soon as he saw me, "isn't it enough to bring a what-d'ye-call-it?—a ban, upon the island? By Jove, it is! and I shouldn't be surprised to see the whole concern swallowed up by an earthquake. And what's more, I shouldn't care, if *she* got off safely."

"Meaning Mrs. Fyfe?" I asked.

"Meaning Mrs. Fyfe, of course. Don't you think she's atrociously ill-treated?"

"Indeed, I do," said I; and indeed I did. "But how can we help it?"

"Speak to your friend Sir George," was Dash's reply.

"Well, do you know, I don't think it would be the least use. He has put all the petticoat ceremonies of King's House into the hands of the Jineraless; and he's the very last man to alter his arrangements. But I'll tell you what we can do. The O'Flaherty only wants a little backing up, to pitch over her friend Mrs. Macfarlane; and I'll see about that, straight."

"Capital notion, by Jove!" says Dash. "The Jineraless is a good old sort, and she'd listen to reason and justice. Only get her to see the cruelty of that feline person's behavior, and I'm sure she'd pluck up courage to resist it."

Soon afterward we were rowed ashore; and very soon after that we were driven in a spider-buggy from the quay to Headquarters House, where, wonderful to relate, Mrs. Macfarlane was sitting in the veranda with the Generaless.

Something had happened—something we had never thought at all likely to happen; and, when Mrs. Macfarlane had gracefully taken her leave, we heard all about it from the Generaless before we had time to pop in a word.

"Would ye believe it, now?" said the excellent woman. "That's a kinder-hearted creature than any of us gave her credit for being. She came here and asked me to presint Doinah Foyfe; and sure it's meself wanted to do that same, long ago."

You may suppose we were somewhat surprised and taken aback by this intelligence, which seemed, if not too good to be true, rather too true to be good. Was the artful one scheming some unholy contrivance? No. To do her justice, as we soon discovered, her only motive was one of politic patronage. Some straw had shown her which way the wind was blowing—and a pretty wind it was. We should have taken in sail and put about, had we known the fog-bank into which we were running, stem on.

Bright weather was waiting beyond it, no doubt; but, alas! before it could be reached, a cloud more terrible than any that had yet arisen settled over Dinah Fyfe's house, and broke upon it, and overwhelmed it, and left it a hopeless, comfortless wreck. That same night good Mrs. O'Flaherty was helping Dinah Fyfe to nurse her one ewe lamb: and on the morrow there was no human help or consolation for the broken-hearted, childless widow.

Time heals the wounds he makes; and I suppose, nay, am sure, that nature's kindly balm was laid to the bruised heart of this poor suffering woman. You see, we had intended to make Dinah Fyfe happy in a very poor and commonplace way, after all. But man proposes—and woman accepts. A few months after these events, I read an announcement of the marriage of his excellency Sir George McGalpin, Governor of Sangaree, to Dinah, widow of the late Captain Fyfe; so *now* it must be plain that whether this fairest of brown widows went to King's House or not *as* a widow, matters positively nothing; and that I was right in saying so. Nor shall I think it worth while to interrogate Lady McGalpin on the subject when I am invited, as I hope I soon shall be, to dine at Sir George's house in Manchester Square.

GREAT BOURBON PALM OF MADAGASCAR.—SEE PAGE 177.

THE AMBER WITCH.

By the Author of "The House with an L," Etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.—SHE AND I.

I came down to breakfast this morning, dressed simply in white, but white *with a train*, and with the innumerable puffs and frills that belong to young ladyhood, and my hair was turned up on my head, and fastened with a jet comb. I knew how I looked, by Monsieur Shirley's gloomy, unwilling admiration—for my beauty is to him like a corpse-light on his brother's grave—and the uncivility and *sauvagerie* of Clemence.

"You seem determined to ruin us both!" she said, when our silent and unsocial meal was finished.

"If I fail with Monsieur Shirley," I reply, "there remains Monsieur le General. Did you hear his exclamation last evening?"

This attack silences Clemence.

"Adieu," I continue. "I am going out to seek other prey."

I had resolved to ask Rafe for the picture that Guido had asked of me. And I was anxious to see her in the new light thrown upon her by my discovery of her identity. Would that light deepen the obscurity of my shadows?

I found Rafe in her studio. She started when she first saw me, and involuntarily exclaimed:

"How beautiful!"

"And I shall respond, How good! if you will grant a request I have come to make of you."

It was as if she had put on a white waxen mask, so sudden was the change in her expression and color. "You shall have it," she said, and her very voice sounded colorless.

"You know what I want?"

"The picture of Glaucus."

"Are you a witch?" I exclaimed; "or—no—did Guido——"

"You call him *Guido?* But you are so beautiful—I know he must love you!"

I went up to her; I went down on my knees—I, who never kneel! I kissed her hands.

"You are the very soul of generosity!" I said.

The blood flamed up to her forehead.

"You do not think——" she began, vehemently.

"I do not *think*, I *know* all you have forborne to do."

She looked at me in amazement. I went on:

"I can be generous, too. If you want him, tell him whom you are—tell him whom I am!"

She looked at me with wide eyes, the color coming and going in her cheeks.

"Do you mean—my cousin Lawrence?" she asked.

"No; *Guido.*"

She stooped and kissed me on the forehead. The touch of her innocent lips was to me as a benediction.

"May you be very happy together," she meekly said.

"I swear to you," I replied, "that I will never marry your cousin!"

"Thank you!" she said; "here is the Glaucus." Her face was white and cold as snow, but her hands burned like fire.

I left her, elated, triumphant. It seemed almost inconceivable that she, who should have been my worst enemy, was my best friend. Who could harm me now? Not even Germont. Now that she has saved her cousin from the disgrace of marrying an adventuress, nothing will lead her to betray me, I am sure—not even her love for him—Germont.

From Rafe's studio I went to madame's palazzo, where Guido also has apartments. I would call on madame, and trust to chance for meeting Guido. But, as I was walking down the open gallery from which her *salon* opened, I heard some one whistling deliciously—like a flageolet, and encountered Guido himself. His eyes paid me a thousand compliments, even before he opened his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he said, "both moonlight and daylight are your sworn allies. I congratulate you on your *début.* I suppose a young lady who turns up her hair, and wears trailing skirts, is old enough to go to balls?"

"Yes, signor." I thought of the last ball I attended, the masquerade at the Comtesse de G——'s.

A FRENCH INN WHEN LOUIS XV. WAS KING.—FROM A PAINTING BY ISABEY.

"I am the bearer of invitations for miladi, your cousin, and yourself, to a ball at the Palazzo Giustiniani."

This was an honor that hundreds were seeking, and seeking in vain. I thanked him, and said that I knew to whom we owed the invitation.

"The prince is one of my oldest friends," he replied. "How many dances will you promise to give me?"

I said he should choose his own; and then our talk drifted into music, and he told me of some "antediluvian operas," as he called them—works of Pergolesi, Metastasio and other forgotten composers, and was giving me an air from "Achille in Scio," when madame slipped out into the gallery, like an old cat after a young mouse. She did not get her mouse, however, though Guido changed color, and looked at her apprehensively, as she approached with that serpentine sway of her waist and hips.

"Guido," said the cat.

"Madonna," said the mouse, and made a little bit of a movement, as if about to jump down under the feline fascination of her glance.

Madame, the cat, with a pretty sarcastic purr: "Can you spare me a few moments of your *valuable* time?"

Monsieur, the mouse, visibly alarmed: "Certainly, madonna."

The trap—me: "What! going away, when you promised to sing 'Tis better to laugh than be sighing'? Stay, and laugh with me, instead of sighing with madame."

The cat: "I mademoiselle! I do not sigh."

The trap: "Madame, may you never have reason to. When does the chevalier return?"

The cat: "I—I cannot tell. Are you coming, Guido?"

The trap: "Are you *going*, Guido?"

How my mouse's eyes brightened over this bit of cheese.

"I will come, madonna, directly that I have fulfilled my promise to mademoiselle."

But he did not, for I kept him there, singing and chatting, while I sat and listened the more intently that I felt sure madame was eating her heart out with ineffectual wrath, on the other side of the wall; and on going away I gave Guido the Glaucus, and had my hand passionately kissed in return.

In the evening, as we were all sitting on the colonnade, in the moonlight, I heard the plashing of an oar, then the grating of the prow of a gondola, and afterward the tap-tapping of boot-heels coming up the worn marble steps. As Don Juan's heart beat at the sound of the tramp, tramp of those marble feet on the staircase, so mine was slightly agitated by the rhythm of these light footsteps. Was the same handsome young man who had sung to me in the morning about to give me the benefit of his charms by moonlight? And if so, how would Monsieur Shirley receive him?—Monsieur Shirley, who had kept his back turned to me more than the rules of politeness warranted, since my transformation, but whose uncertain temper might resent the fact that any other man should turn his face to me too often. But the newcomer is madame, and her presence is no more acceptable to me than that of the commander to Don Juan.

Clemence sees her coming, and slips back into the *salon* to guard her "barbarian," who is calling on Mrs. Van Zandt, and who has expressed unbounded admiration of madame. Monsieur Shirley goes toward her. She gives him her hand, and says, in an agitated tone:

"I am come on an errand to Mademoiselle Beatrix. Can I see her alone?"

He leads her to me, bows, and vanishes. I assume all the hauteur of which I am capable. The instant I saw her I had a premonition that something was coming—there was a species of solemnity in her every movement that I thought portended war—but about what? She surely would not be such a fool as to attack me about Guido! I rose, and offered her a chair.

"I will not sit, thank you," said she. "I think I will say what I have to say standing, as it is a species of confession, and," she added, smiling, "I will keep the attitude of a criminal."

"A *criminal*, madame!" What was the woman about to confess? My thoughts flew to Germont.

"A criminal, in so far that I have sanctioned a deceit by my silence."

"I do not understand."

"My brother brought here and introduced as his cousin the young man who is called Signor Guido. Now, I have to confess that he is *not* our cousin, neither does Philippe know his real name or his antecedents."

I was confounded. Suddenly I recollected that I had heard her call him "Signor," so she undoubtedly spoke the truth.

"Why should you tell me this, madame?" I asked, with an appearance of entire indifference, although I was anxious to know why Philippe had done such a thing. Her motive in making the revelation I could easily understand.

"Because it was not right that you should be ignorant whom you are admitting to your intimacy."

"But I am no more intimate with him than are Rafe and yourself."

Madame was caught. She hesitated, grew embarrassed, and changed color repeatedly.

"Madame, you had another reason for telling me this. You are jealous!"

"Jealous!"—with a look of scorn.

"Yes, madame; and jealousy always overreaches itself. I cannot believe that your brother would introduce to his sister a person of whom he knows nothing. Your brother is a man of the world."

"Then you think that what I have told you—— Mademoiselle, I can exculpate myself; but, at what a price! Will you give me your word of honor never to repeat what I am about to tell you?"

"I do, madame."

"Mademoiselle, it is with shame that almost bows me to the earth, that I tell you that my brother's design in introducing Guido to you was to influence you to break off your engagement with your cousin, that—— Mademoiselle, how *can* I go on—that there might be an opening for me!"

"With Monsieur Shirley?"

Madame inclined her head, and tears began to stream from her eyes.

"This—is—very strange, madame!"

"You believe me?"

"I suppose I must, madame."

"And I have your word of honor?"

"I have already given it."

"Thanks, mademoiselle."

"May I ask what mademoiselle has given you?" said a soft voice. And another pair of boot-heels clicked across the marble to us, from the shadow into the moonlight.

Madame turned pale as death, and seemed to grow as rigid as a corpse, as her brother confronted her. I confess half the thrill of terror I felt was for her, should he chance to have overheard what she had said.

"Mademoiselle, you are looking even better than my friend Guido's description of your appearance would convey. As for you, Rose-Marie, you tremble. Why do you stand, if you feel so weak? or are you overcome by the unexpected pleasure of seeing me? You must get better before the ball, *ma chère!* Guido has been telling me

about it, and it seems that it is to be an exceedingly grand affair."

"Have you ever been at the Giuistiniani Palace?" I asked.

I wanted to make Germont look at me, for, after the first strangely expressive glance, he had kept his eyes fixed on his sister.

"Never, mademoiselle. The family are so very exclusive, that it is only by the favor of my friend Guido, who is a relative, that I shall ever gain admittance. Rose-Marie, will you come home with me, and give me a cup of coffee? I have tasted nothing since two o'clock."

How like a guilty thing madame cowered and shrank, when she saw her brother! I always fancied that Germont would be anything but gentle with a woman who should be in his power. But why should she show so much emotion? He couldn't *kill* her for telling. People are killed for love or money, but not for telling that a man wants his sister to marry a rich American. And as for Guido not being "known," how does he happen to have so many aristocratic friends here? How does he happen to have the power to invite us to the palace of a Venetian noble? —who is also his relation!

Perhaps Germont will be grateful to me if I play into his hands, and leave Monsieur Shirley to madame! She is very welcome to him, as far as I am concerned. Poor Marie Antoinette called Madame de Noailles, "Madame Etiquette"; I think I shall call Monsieur Shirley, "Monsieur Ennui"!

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

As I SAID, "Thanks, mademoiselle," Philippe spoke. I almost lost my senses. Had he heard? He could not have done so, for he spoke to me very kindly. But still, I could not be *sure*. He asked me to go home with him and make him a cup of coffee, and I turned to go, as if in a dream. The very stones which paved the colonnade seemed to rise up against me in judgment for parting with a secret the telling of which endangered all my daughter's future happiness. I stumbled continually.

"What is the matter, Rose-Marie?" he asked.

"The floor is so uneven!" I replied.

"The fault is in yourself, my sister," said he. (How my heart beat!) "You cannot be very well; you have a vertigo, for the floor is as smooth as my hand."

He looked approvingly at one of his handsome hands. I breathed again, and, when we reached home, managed to find all the materials for making the coffee without mistake, and to light the spirit-lamp without burning my fingers. When the coffee was made, Philippe tasted it, nodded approvingly, and then said:

"Sit down, Rose-Marie; I wish to talk with you." I sat down, for I could not stand. All my fears were revived.

"Have you a dress for this ball?"

Oh, what a relief!

"I have several, Philippe."

"Are they fresh? On such an occasion, no soiled silk or crushed tulle is admissible."

I acknowledged that they were not *fresh*, but looked well by lamplight.

"Very well; I will attend to that. Send for a dressmaker, that she may be ready by to-morrow morning. Now, about this American?"

My heart stood still.

"He is very kind, Philippe."

"That is not what I mean. What have you been doing in my absence?"

"Oh! seeing the city."

"In company with Monsieur Shirley?"

"My dear brother, would I be seen constantly *alone* with him? Rafe has been with me, and also our *beau cousin*."

I had accomplished quite a playful manner by this time.

"I hope you have been telling me the truth," said Philippe, slowly. "If not, I have means of finding it out."

Good heavens! he will question them! I am sure Rafe will stand my friend—— What am I saying? She knows nothing of the circumstances, or my miserable need of silence. What shall I do?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BALL AT THE PALAZZO GIUSTINIANI.

From the Journal of Beatrix Amberside (pro tem.).

LEMENCE came to me, looking so radiant that I was sure her "barbarian" must have proclaimed himself the victim of her sword and spear. But no; Monsieur Shirley had given her a "magnificent" sum of money, to procure two *toilettes du bal* for herself and me.

"What will you wear? As for me, I have thought of something striking—*bizarre*. Barbarians fancy combinations that are like a blow in the face; and I can carry off a costume *à la reine sauvage*."

"You can get something really superb with the money Monsieur Shirley has given you, for I shall require none of it; my costume is all prepared."

I took from a box a dress of serpent-green satin—the waist and entire front was a mass of silver embroidery, and a band of the same bordered the train.

Clemence struck her hands together.

"And your ornaments?" she asked.

"With that dress, I can wear nothing but these," I said, taking from their casket the jeweled serpents I had worn the night of the masquerade at the Comtesse de G——'s.

"I knew it!" exclaimed Clemence, wringing her hands. "I see that you mean to ruin us!"

"Nonsense!" I replied. "Monsieur Shirley and Germont will be the only ones at the ball who have ever seen my serpents. I no longer fear Germont—nor is Monsieur Shirley now an object to me."

"Has the Italian spoken?"

"No—but he shall, to-night. You must confess that my dress will be as unique as my beauty. These Italians all dress badly. I shall be a Greek among barbarians."

"But, Monsieur Shirley is not a fool. He will know that not five times the amount he has given us for our toilets would buy jewels like those serpents of yours. Florestine, they will destroy you as surely as if you had been bitten by them."

"If he questions me, I shall tell him that I hired them for the evening."

"You are a fool!" said Clemence, bitterly. "There are men much more unendurable than Monsieur Shirley; and your Italian may prove but a wind-bag, after all."

"Don't be coarse, Clemence! As for my serpents, I would wear them, were they as real as Cleopatra's asp."

"And that dress! Why, that dress is known all over Paris!"

"But Paris will not be at the Palazzo Giustiniani to-night."

* * * * * * *

"'Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad,'" Germont said in a low tone to me, when we met

in the ballroom of the Palazzo Giustiniani. As for Monsieur Shirley, he had shuddered when he first saw me, and had stared at my serpents as if held to the spot by their diamond eyes. And Clemence, who was watching him, had grown so pale as to quite destroy the effect of the gorgeous "tones" of her toilet; her face looking almost livid above the ruby shadows and pink and amber sheen of her satins and laces.

"I don't like that serpent-jewelry," she said, sharply. "I begged Beatrix not to wear it; and I think hired jewelry always has a bad appearance."

"Why did not you tell me you wanted jewels?" said Monsieur Shirley. "I fancied you too young for them; but I would have bought you a parure, with pleasure."

"Pearls!" I replied—"or turquoise! *Merci, non!*" and I shrugged my shoulders, and put up my hands, in deprecation of the idea.

Monsieur Shirley had continued to look gloomy. He had given me his arm, with a reluctant air, and had avoided looking at me; and now his face grew blacker than ever, as Germont added, aloud:

"I have seen ornaments like yours, mademoiselle, in a Parisian *salon*, and on a Parisian celebrity. Have you ever heard of the famous Amber Witch, Monsieur Shirley?"

"The Amber Witch! Why, good heavens! it is she!" cried a voice at my elbow.

I think I must have grown pale, but I neither started nor turned around, but kept my eyes on the bracelet that I was twisting around on my arm, as I said:

"Was she a true witch, Monsieur le Chevalier? I did not know they had witches in our days"—purposely using the familiar English idiom; while I heard Monsieur Shirley exclaim:

"Why, Guy! my dear, dear fellow!" and then, the hissing sibillations of continuous whisperings; and then—"Beatrix, let me make known to you my friend, Mr. Lusignan."

I made my demure little English courtesy, while mentally calling on the mountains to hide me. Guy Lusignan! Why, the time had been when he was always at my elbow, or my feet, until I disillusioned him—because I wanted the place he filled for some one else. My heart stopped beating for a moment. He was from England. Had he by chance ever met miladi and Miss Amberside?

He was being introduced to Clemence. I looked at him. He was scanning her gorgeous costume. I recollected that he had been used to call similar splendor "stunning"—and I smiled.

Clemence evidently regarded him with favorable eyes. She was asking him if he danced, while keeping visible time with her foot to the air the band was playing; but our host was now approaching, his white, stately head bending in salute above the glistening orders on his breast. In the human parterre he evidently prefers tulips and dahlias, for he implores the honor of miladi's hand for a dance, and she gives me a triumphant glance as he leads her away. I am sure it is the very first time that she has ever had a prince for her partner.

Guy Lusignan turned to me. I wonder if he thought there was anything odd in the wearer of such a dress and such ornaments, blushing—I can blush very easily—and hiding her face with girlish timidity in her bouquet. Monsieur Shirley had provided my bouquet; it was composed of all the flowers most appropriate to youth and innocence. He asked me to dance; I assented, awkwardly; I made my arms all elbows, and my body as jointless as if I had been carved from wood, and I constantly stepped on his feet, and then apologized with little gasps and uneasy movements of the shoulders. He grew weary of me in a very short time, and led me back to Monsieur Shirley, and when I was seated I heard him say, in a low tone:

"I have never seen but one woman as beautiful as your cousin, but—did you ever dance with her?"

"Never."

"Then—don't."

"Doesn't she dance well?"

"She dances—atrociously."

Then Monsieur Shirley made this reply, that must have sounded very enigmatical to his friend:

"I am very glad to hear it."

He had seen the Amber Witch dance, he had danced with her; those supple undulations, those sinuous movements, were not what he wished to see reproduced in his English wife.

"I have pranced and galloped, now I am going to rest my muscles by *dancing*," said Guy. "What a beautiful creature! Venetian, of course! Do you know her?"

"I am acquainted with her. She is a Frenchwoman."

"French? with that Titian hair! Do introduce me, before any other fellow cuts in."

Madame was dressed in white satin, embroidered with jet, with ornaments of diamonds set in black enamel; with her red-gold hair and waxen skin, all this was very effective.

Having seen madame disposed of, Monsieur Shirley returned to me with a brilliant uniform, which wished to dance with me. The uniform did not have much of a head attached to it, but the legs moved superbly, and I, who had been so long deprived of my usual aliment, began to feel "the soul of the rose go into my blood, as the music clashed in the hall," and to move as I have been told only Taglioni, Ellsler and myself can move. When that dance finished I was surrounded, and had more applicants for dances than my card would hold. But I reserved several for Guido, who had not yet appeared.

As I danced again and again, I saw Guy Lusignan watching me with an air of stupefaction, and whispering to Monsieur Shirley, who was looking remarkably pale, and gazing at me from under lowered brows. Germont's face also occasionally crossed my vision, and once I saw it side by side with a powdered head belonging to a costume of Pompadour rose and blue. After a while I recognized Rafe under the powdered puffs and curls. Had she taken pains to make herself look as unlike me as possible? She had certainly succeeded. Germont was looking very devoted, and once I saw him raise his hand to her hair, from which one of the roses seemed to be falling.

All at once there was quite a commotion at the lower end of the hall, caused by the entrance of two ladies, who moved toward us, accompanied by several gentlemen. The elder lady was unusually tall, and had a handsome, serene face, from which the still dark hair was turned back under a diamond coronet. Her dress was black velvet, very long and flowing, and on her arms, her wrists, her hands, and in the rich lace that surrounded her long, finely-formed throat, were the largest and most brilliant diamonds I had ever seen; each one was a little sun, shining with its own light, and not from any borrowed reflection.

The younger lady had no jewels but her eyes, which were wonderfully brilliant. A complexion of absolute purity, a small head, weighted with bright chestnut braids, and a haughty, scarlet-lipped mouth. Where had I seen that face before? I asked my partner who the new arrivals were.

"The Princess di Rospigliosi, and her granddaughter," was the reply.

"Their arrival seems to create quite a sensation," I said.

"Yes; the princess has been for years almost a *religieuse*. The desire to introduce her granddaughter into society has caused her to leave her seclusion."

As the princess moved slowly on, addressing from time to time the gentlemen who accompanied her, she paused suddenly, her full bright eyes enlarged, her handsome mouth quivered, and she turned to one of those who accompanied her, and seemed to ask him some question. I followed the direction of her eyes, and saw madame approaching, leaning on Guido's arm, her head thrown back a little, and her eyes raised, as she listened to what he was saying. When her eyes fell, they rested on the princess, and she started visibly. I saw her hand clutch Guido's arm, and a shudder shake her from head to foot, while her face grew as white as her dress, and her eyes stared, large and wild, from her white face.

They met, and Guido bowed. The princess laid one jeweled hand on the shoulder of the young girl at her side —I thought of a raven with a dove in its claw—and passed on, with head erect, and unshrinking eyes. The young girl acknowledged Guido's salute with a blush and smile, and the attendant gentlemen gazed curiously at the beautiful, pale stranger who had attracted the attention of the haughty princess.

Shall I confess to such curiosity? I refused to dance, that I might watch the princess, who was sitting at the upper end of the ballroom, surrounded by gentlemen. Her granddaughter was led out to dance, and I saw her watch every movement, not with the fond pride of a parent, but with evident anxiety, that bent her brow, and set her mouth in rigid lines. I soon perceived that she seemed so lost in thought, and was so inattentive to the gentlemen around her, that, one by one, they left her. She seemed pleased to be alone, and I saw her look keenly around the room, until her eyes rested on Guido, who was just coming into it. To him she beckoned, and he, obeying the gesture, crossed the room and seated himself beside her. She raised her eyes to his face, as it appeared to me, with an inquiring glance; her cheeks reddened a little, her lips, relaxed from their former obstinate curve, were parted, and trembling. He met her glance with one of affectionate deference. She closed her lips with an air of relief, leaned back, and made some remark. He replied, and they carried on a conversation for several minutes. At last he arose, offered his arm, and, leaning upon it, the princess left the ballroom.

I refused to dance again; I was waiting for Guido to come back, and feared that he might lose me in the soft whirl and rush of satin and lace that was keeping time to the rhythmic rise and fall of the music. I had frowned so persistently on my would-be partners, and turned so provokingly deaf an ear to their half-whispered words, that at last I was left alone.

Conspicuous, as a beauty always is when occupying the position of wallflower, doubly conspicuous by my peculiar dress and ornaments, and my head filleted with Grecian braids, among all those floating curls and loosely-looped tresses—I felt sure that Guido could not miss seeing me as soon as he should enter the room.

Clemence now rustled up to me. Why is it that everything she wears always rustles, or swishes?

"You don't seem to be 'making hay while the sun shines,'" she said, bitterly. "I never saw you unsurrounded in such a place as this before."

"I chose to be alone."

"Have you played your trump card yet?"

"It has not yet come into my hand."

Clemence came nearer to me, and, leaning on the back of my chair, murmured in my ear:

"Did you ever know that Englishman—the one who is now talking with Monsieur Shirley?"

"I knew him as well as one knows one's pet poodle," I answered.

Clemence grew so pale that I thought she was going to faint.

"You know that he is an old friend of Monsieur Shirley, do you not?"

"I had fancied so, from the way in which they have glued themselves to each other this evening."

"And they have been watching you for the last hour, and whispering together—and you in that dress! and with those snakes!"

"Ah!" I said, and started. I thought for a moment that the serpent around my neck had bitten me. I looked down at it; the flexible body had parted, and a loose scale was abrading my throat.

"Look!—look there, now!" said Clemence, grasping my arm with such force that the jeweled scales on my bracelet were almost imbedded in the flesh. The pain was so great that I snatched my arm away.

"Clemence," I said, "you are insupportable! Pray, recollect that you are not on the stage. People do not clutch each other in polite society."

"Polite society! Yes—*very* polite society!" said Clemence, with a hysterical gasp. "You were wise to wear your serpents to-night, *ma chère*—with them, your identity is unmistakable! Is it true that Monsieur d'O—— gave them to you?"

It was now my turn to gasp.

"*Monsieur d'O——!*"

"You do not know him? Very well, you can get the Chevalier Germont to introduce him to you, when he shall have made him known to Monsieur Shirley and Monsieur Lusignan. How superb is his bow! One would know him to be a prince of the bloo——"

I interrupted Clemence by grasping her arm in my turn. Looking at me with that cold, still smile of his, was the man who had given me the serpents!—the man who——

Clemence shook off my arm.

"I know what was said!" she hissed in my ear. "I suppose you will give up the Italian now? Shall you wish to retain me as *dame de compagnie?*"

I could say nothing. I knew now why Germont had gone to Paris; and I sat there, simply staring before me, idiotically, while *that* man approached me, arm-in-arm with Germont, and followed by Monsieur Shirley and Guy Lusignan. I was conscious of a strange buzzing in my ears, of vari-colored lights flashing before my eyes—such, I have heard, are the sensations of one who is being fascinated by a serpent. He drew nearer and nearer.

"Florestine!"

The word fell on my ear like the shriek of doom, but it served to break the spell under which I had sat, inert and frozen. I raised myself in my chair; I began to button my glove, while glancing from Monsieur d'O—— to Monsieur Shirley, with an air of simple expectation.

"Will Madame la Baronne permit me to present an old friend, Monsieur d'O——?" said Germont.

He was as pale as I was—we were all white, and there was a species of hush of expectancy in the air, such as sometimes precedes a thunderclap.

"M. le Baron d'O——?" I repeated. "There is no such name on my card" (consulting it). "Did I promise to dance with you, M. le Baron?"

"You would only be fulfilling an old engagement, Florestine." (Here my serpent-necklace slid from my throat

to my lap, shaken from its place by the vehement pulsations of my blood). "Your necklace is broken, I perceive. You must let me send it to the jewelers from whom I bought it"—he put his hand in his vest-pocket—"Abier & Cie., Rue de ——, was it not? Yes; here is the receipt. Would you like to see it, gentlemen? You may fancy the display a vulgar one, but I wish you to know what sum a man of gallantry in France will throw away on a charming woman. And, if I recollect rightly, my name and yours, *ma belle*, were engraved in a *nœud d'amour* on the inner side of the clasp. Your pardon, but the necklace is useless at present."

He had it in his hand. At this moment I heard a voice say:

"So it is *you* who are the Serpent! Lady, I have been seeking you everywhere."

I looked up and saw Guido—recognized him with something the same feeling that Andromeda must have had, when, bound to the rock, and awaiting the approach of the devouring monster, the winged feet of Perseus stayed themselves at her side.

"You have saved a dance for me, I hope?" went on Guido; "or do my claims conflict with those of these gentlemen?" looking somewhat haughtily around.

"Your claims have the preference," I said, rising, and putting my hand within his arm. I looked around as I moved away under this welcome protection.

"Madame Crow has lost the cheese," I said, with a laugh. Monsieur Shirley and Gny Lusignan were both examining the inscription; but what did I care for that, after meeting Guido's eyes? In them I saw that my victory was secure, *could I strike first.*

"'When you do dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea, that you might ever do nothing but that,'" Guido says, as we pause at the close of a strain.

I am looking anxiously around me, without appearing to do so; I see none of the enemy, but I fear a mine—the floor feels unsteady under my feet.

"This atmosphere is suffocating," I say. "Is there no cooler——"

Guido interrupts me, eagerly.

"I know a charming place. You see, I am a species of 'tame cat' in this house. Eccellenzo calls it the 'Retreat.' Shall I take you there?"

I assented, eagerly. He took me through a long, winding corridor, and we entered—a grotto, as roughly formed, as purely wild and savage-looking as if cut from the rocky side of a mountain. A small stream of water seemed to spring from a place near the roof of the grotto, and trickling down the rocky side, gathered and expanded itself into a rivulet of some depth, flowing over sparkling pebbles of different colors, and bordered by strange water-plants. Ferns sprouted in the crevices of the rocks, which were also covered with silvery and scarlet fringe, and rough with gray, branching mosses.

This grotto was illuminated from above, and the moist rocks and water gleamed spectrally in the weird, moonlike radiance. It was doubly strange to see so excellent an imitation of Nature, in her wildest moods, in sea-girt Venice.

"You remind me of the stories of princesses imprisoned in enchanted grottoes," said Guido. "Your peculiar dress and jewels all favor the illusion; but your hair, your beautiful hair, should be unbound."

"Why will you persist in disguising it with powder?" said another voice. "I am sure that I have never yet seen its natural color. It is blonde, I know—as blonde as Madame d'Estampes's."

"Who is Madame d'Estampes?" asked another voice, and Rafe entered the grotto, leaning on Germont's arm. A cluster of gigantic brakes interposed themselves between us and them, but some subtle intuition told me that Germont knew of our presence there, and had followed us purposely.

"How peculiar!—how picturesque!" said Rafe. "Oh, I must draw this, some time!"

"Madame d'Estampes," said Germont, "is the woman who drove Monsieur Shirley's brother to commit suicide. You start; but I assure you that she is accomplished in that art, having sent numberless men to perdition. Well, Monsieur Shirley resolved to put an end to her power to do evil, by destroying her beauty. He used a detonating powder, in a certain masquerade, but the lady, having been forewarned, protected herself by a mask, such as is worn by chemists when making their experiments, and escaped."

Rafe gave a long sigh.

"Do you wish to hear what became of her?"

"I can't say I feel any particular interest. And I am glad she got off. I don't approve of Mr. Shirley's manner of revenging himself."

"The lady determined upon a very peculiar revenge—a life-long one, in fact; she resolved to marry him."

"Ah!"

"An aunt and cousin from England were to join Monsieur Shirley in Paris. A paper informs him that they both have perished in the wreck of a steamer. Before he has had time to shed more than a few tears, the aunt and cousin appear, alive and well. Madame d'Estampes finds it convenient to leave Paris for a short time. She assumes the *rôle* of the deceased cousin; she plays the part to the life. She, who in Paris was known, from the peculiar color of her hair, as the Amber Witch, is now Miss Beatrix Amberside."

Guido gives a convulsive start. He looks at me; I am laughing.

"What!" he whispers. "You hear that man!—and you——"

"He knows we are here," I whispered back. "He was following us, and—he is a rejected lover."

He presses my hand as it lies on his arm.

"I understand," he whispers back. "But, how dares he? Your cousin——"

"*My cousin!*" I repeat, bitterly. "My cousin will not forgive me, either. And I can't help myself—I am a dependent."

I lift my eyes, brimming with tears, to his. All this whispering goes on unheard by the others, for the bubbling and plashing of the miniature stream makes an excellent cover.

"Would you accept independence, should I——"

A loud cry from Rafe interrupted him. With one sweep of his arm Guido has broken down the screen of brakes, and there is Rafe, the powdered superstructure that had crowned her head fallen in ruins upon her shoulders, and the magnificent hair that shrouds her like a vail is as glossy as floss silk, and of a true amber color.

"There is no use in trying to conceal your identity, Miss Beatrix Amberside," Germont says, without appearing to see us. But Rafe sees us instantly. She looks at Guido, who at first gazes at her with startled surprise, and then turns and looks at me—suspiciously. I feel it, I am sure of it, and I sicken, and involuntarily stretch out my hand, blindly groping for some support.

A lovely, pitying expression comes into Rafe's eyes. Then she laughs, and gathers her hair in her two slender hands, which it overflows, and ripples in amber waves down to the rocky floor.

"I didn't mean to scream so loudly," she said; "but I must say that I was taken by surprise when Monsieur Germont pulled down my hair, to find out if it were all my own."

"I beg your pardon, but I did it to prove your identity. Can you doubt now, Signor Guido, that——"

"I don't care to have my identity proved," said Rafe, stamping her foot. "With or without my tow locks, I am still Fleta St. John."

"You are Beatrix Amberside," said Germont.

Rafe laughed in his face.

"You have taken too much champagne, chevalier. You see double. Miss Beatrix Amberside is behind you. If you take the trouble to turn around, you will see her."

"And you will see *me*," said Guido, pale with passion. "I have already given you one lesson, M. le chevalier. Shall I have to give you another?"

"I don't fight, for Helen of Troy," said Germont. "Miss Rafe, if you will still persist in keeping your incognita——"

He said no more, for Guido laid his hand on his collar. Germont released himself.

"Signor Guido," he said, "I refer you to M. le Duc d'O——. He will see you at any hour you may appoint to-morrow."

He bowed, and followed Rafe, who had slipped out of the grotto while he was speaking. Something crunched under Germont's retreating footsteps, and Guido stooped and picked up the string of shells he had given Rafe, and which she had worn twisted in her hair. He examined it closely by the pale light showered from the roof, and then put it in his pocket.

I wondered what spell there could have been in those miserable pink fragments, for in vain I tried to bring him back to the point at which he had been when Rafe screamed. Monsieur Shirley and Clemence had both disappeared from the ballroom, and he offered me the use of his own gondola to take me home. When I found that he was to accompany me, my hopes revived. He seated himself by my side, but was silent, until the palazzo, with its solitary light gleaming redly from an upper window, appeared. Then he said:

"When I was sitting for the Athenian Glaucus, I lost a sleeve-button. I carried them in my vest-pocket, at the time, as unsuited to a Roman beggar's costume. It was very peculiar, being an *intaglio* of great value, but of insignificant appearance, except in the eyes of a connoisseur. I have just found it, made into a clasp to fasten these." He drew the string of shells from his pocket. "The truth often lies in a nutshell, does it not?"

I made no reply. I could not speak. He assisted me from the gondola, and left me standing, shivering, on the landing-steps.

I did not dare to go into the palazzo. Should I not find it closed against me? But here was the canal, whose all-embracing arms would take me in the same sheltering clasp it had given to so many! As I stooped over the dark waters, despairing, doubting, some one touched my arm. I turned around—it was Clemence.

"Well," she said, "and the Italian?"

"He knows everything! And Monsieur Shirley?"

"Dismisses us, bag and baggage, *ma chère!* Our tidings are mutually cheering."

"Well, there is still the canal," I said. "I was just thinking of it when you interrupted me."

"Nonsense! I have only been waiting to know the state of affairs, to do this."

She whistled shrilly. I heard the plash of an oar, and a black shadow separated itself from the shadows clustered under the colonnade of the palazzo—and gliding down to where I was standing, said: "My gondola is waiting for you."

CHAPTER XXV.

"DO NOT FANCY THAT I REGRET THAT WOMAN."

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

I HAVE been very happy in Venice, notwithstanding the sword suspended over my head—notwithstanding certain dreams which can never become realities. Perhaps I should write *in a state of excitement* instead of "happy." But to live between a palace and a gondola, is to be an actor in a daily romance, and the most prosaic person would be unconsciously influenced by it. Then the most golden of all golden suns shines upon us, and lends some of its brilliancy even to one's thoughts—so that there can be nothing sombre in Venice.

* * * * * *

I have just returned from a ball at the Palazzo Giustiniani, and I have seen *that* woman. She came before me like a vampire, not aged by all these years, but young and fresh with the blood of her victims.

I dressed myself for that ball with some feeling of pleasure. I should probably dance once or twice with my American, and I had a new and becoming dress—*une robe ravissante*—Philippe's gift, in which I lost at least ten of my years.

The charming Rafe was with me. Philippe was kind, I danced with my American, and Guido—naughty boy!—returned for a time to his allegiance. Leaning on his arm and listening to his voice, which has in it a certain ring of old times, I was walking down the ballroom, when a spectre started out of the midst of the lights and flowers and happy faces, with the sweet music playing merry waltzes and galops, and the air blowing fresh from the dancing waves of the sea. She knew me at once, as well I knew the cruel eyes of old, the stern mouth, the haughty step as of one whose foot is set on the necks of her foes.

If I had not had Guido's arm I should have fallen, but that brought me a wonderful sense of protection, and I held my own until I had passed, when, seeing I looked pale—I must have been livid!—he proposed that I should sit down for a while, and let him bring me a glass of water. A glass of *wine*, I said; and, when he had left me, lay back among the cushions, feeling stunned, with every one of the old wounds freshly opened by the apparition I had seen, draining my heart. He brought me the wine, and telling him I would now like to rest, I sent him away.

How long I sat there I know not, but presently a shadow crossed the light, and, looking up, I saw that *she* was there. My very flesh rose, abhorrent at the sight of her, and dragged me to my feet; the old fever came into my blood, and I faced her, though I know not what I said.

"Oh! you are still mad!" said she, withdrawing a step, in feigned fear.

"I am as mad as ever I have been. There is *method* in my madness."

"I am glad to hear it; for where there is method there must be either reason or instinct. You have changed very little since I last saw you, which is, I believe, some seventeen or eighteen years."

"My boy would have been a man, now."

I thought she changed color at this. She knit her brows as she replied:

"And nameless, and an outcast."

"Do *you* dare to speak of him?" I said, taking a step toward her.

I had no weapon, but I could have strangled her with my hands. The thought was in my heart, and must have looked out of my eyes; but she did not quail, only said, with the old, mocking laugh:

"I *dare* to speak of him, though I name the poor child of sin with grief and shame."

"That child's birth was as stainless as your own, his blood as pure—and it's on your hands!—'tis on your hands, you wicked woman, and you stand there *alive!*"

"I presume that I should not do so very long, if you had your will. And you still persist in clinging to that ridiculous belief? Child, such tales belong only to the past of Venice. The old seignorial rights are sadly restricted in our modern times. It is hard if one can't wall up an old closet to keep out the rats, without being suspected of murder. Madame—for I believe you *are* a madame now—I will make an arrangement with you. I will have that wall, built up eighteen years ago, in the Palazzo Rospigliosi, torn down, upon condition that you will leave Venice to-morrow. You can precede me to Florence, if you please. I will even give you rooms in the palace, that you may be sure I have removed no interesting relics in the meantime."

I stood amazed. She would actually do this? Were my suspicions unjust? Had she told me the truth?

"You hesitate?" said she.

"Not an instant. I will leave Venice to-morrow—this night, if you wish it. But why do you wish me to leave Venice?"

She turned upon me at this, her color heightened, her eyes flashing.

"Do you think it pleasant for me to meet *you*, who have caused the wreck of all my hopes? You accuse me of the destruction of your son. I can prove the accusation to be false. But *you* were the destruction of *my* son, as surely as if you had plunged a dagger into his heart."

"It was your own pride and falsehood that destroyed him."

"No; I did it all for the best—all for the best. But it was of no avail."

She pressed her hands together on her bosom; tears stood in her cold eyes.

"He is dead, then?"

"Dead to me—dead to the world! Lost to the bright future, of which my hands had laid the foundation; lost to society, and to the State! Never was there a more glorious career terminated—never loftier plans frustrated! Had I done all you thought I did, I had been excused. All was lost for a pair of black eyes, and a handful of hair like that of those vile beauties of Titian. Woman, I hate you!—I *hate* you! You stand there, young, beautiful, full of life, with the prospect of many happy years before you. And where is my son?"

"I repeat, it was your own mad ambition that destroyed him. He was more faithful than I, for *I* could not die, though I prayed for death day and night. My poor Guido! Tell me how and when he died? Oh, how I loved him! More than you did, for I never could have borne to see him unhappy. Now, all my love comes back to me like a thing of yesterday."

"You shall not know how he died, or when, or if he left word or caress for you. I had not condescended to you thus far, had I not wished your absence from Venice, where to breathe the same air with yourself poisons me. We shall meet once more in Florence, and then, I hope, never again—not even in the next world, where I would choose hell were you in heaven!"

She left me, and I went to Philippe, and, saying I was ill, begged him to take me home.

I rose early this morning, dressed myself, and packed my trunk; and, when all was done, Philippe came into my room. I had not told him my intention, but my resolution was taken, and nothing earthly could now move me. Philippe's first glance was at my trunk. He looked from it to me, inquiringly.

"I am going to Florence," I said, boldly

"When?"

"To-day."

"Without having consulted me?"

"Without consulting anything but my own wishes."

"Are you not a little bit mad, my sister?"

"Not in the least, my brother."

"Why do you go to Florence?"

"I have business there."

"What is the nature of that business?"

"It is known only to myself."

"But I think it would be more for your *daughter's* interest if you were to attend to your business here."

"I have no business here."

"You are certainly mad," he said, scanning my face. "Everything is going on as I would have it. Madame d'Estampes has decamped with Monsieur d'O——; the Englishman—I beg his pardon—the American, is left for you. The game is in your own hands, and you throw it up, knowing what I wish, and what I have in my power?"

"I *must* go, Philippe."

"Ungrateful, obstinate woman! Do you suppose I am ignorant of what you have done? No; I have borne with you, knowing all the time that the blow you tried to give to my little chain of circumstances would but rivet them the more firmly. Yes; I overheard you expose my plans to that mock Mademoiselle Amberside, but she thought you jealous—jealous of that boy! And, in consequence, she exposed herself to Monsieur Shirley's suspicions by resuming her old *rôle* of the Amber Witch, and so paved the way for the proof I was prepared to offer, that she was an impostor and adventuress. Now, my sister, circumstances, and not yourself, have brought the American to your feet. All I ask you to do is to raise him to your heart, and I will forgive you all."

"Wait until I return from Florence."

"Why do you go?"

"I cannot tell you."

"No; I will not wait. You must not go to Florence, and you shall conform to my plans, or repent your refusal."

"Then I will repent."

His face changed dreadfully; he came toward me and seized my arm.

"You shall repent!" said he, and threw me from him.

I fell, the ceiling seemed to crash down upon me. I heard a dreadful cry—did I utter it?—and thought, "This is death, at last!"

* * * * * * *

No, I was not dead, for I had become conscious of a dull, miserable ache, which I knew to be the beating of my heart, and at the same time I heard these words exchanged above me:

"I repeat, it was a shame!"

"I would do it again, however."

"I do not doubt it."

"Who are you, who are quarreling over my corpse?" I asked, and opened my eyes, first on the lovely, flushed face of Rafe, on whose lap my head was resting, and then on Guido, who was kneeling by my side.

"I am glad to hear you speak again," said Guido. "Can you raise yourself? Are you at all bruised?"

GRANDMOTHER AND HER PETS.

"I can raise myself," I replied, suiting the action to the word; "and I am not at all bruised. I was so foolish as to faint from over-fatigue and excitement. I hope Rafe doesn't think that you knocked me down, Guido?"

"Perhaps," said Guido.

Rafe shrugged her shoulders, her cheeks reddened still more angrily, and she walked to the window, while Guido, with evident solicitude, bent over me.

"You are sure you are not hurt?"

"Not in the least. How did you happen to be here?"

"I was passing your door when you fell. I had heard your brother's voice raised in anger, I heard you scream, I ran in, and you were lying there; and—and—I knocked him down."

"Oh, Guido!"

"I do not know if he struck you. By heaven, if he had!—but his brutality had made you faint, and, in such cases, I always strike before I speak."

"And so are often unjust!" cried Rafe.

"Mademoiselle flew in like a whirlwind when she saw her prostrate hero. Had she not been a woman, I had been annihilated."

"No, I would be a gentleman, like—like the chevalier. If a man is to be knocked down every time a woman screams, bullies will be in the ascendant."

Having said this, she left the room.

"It can't be possible that she loves Philippe!" I had unconsciously spoken, aloud.

Guido shrugged his shoulders.

"It certainly looks like it. But, madonna, how pale you are! Please get a little color back into those white cheeks."

"I must get both my color and strength back," said I, rising slowly, "or I cannot go to Florence."

"Are you going to Florence?"

"Yes."

"Alone?"

"Yes."

"But you are not equal to it?"

"I shall be equal to it when the time comes.

"Let me go with you?"

"Thank you, dear Guido, but I can get along very well alone."

"You do not wish my companionship?"

"I do not like to take you from your friends."

"But, madonna, you are my *best* friend; and it is my greatest pleasure to be with you."

"I'm afraid it would not do."

"There could be no impropriety——"

"Oh! I am not thinking of that!"

"Madonna, I implore you! See, I am kneeling to you, as to Our Lady," he added, playfully. "Now you *can't* refuse me!"

"I cannot, indeed. And, perhaps, it will also be good for *you* to leave Venice for a while. You, too, are looking pale, and there is a line between the two arches of your brows that was not there yesterday."

He looked at me earnestly.

"Do not fancy, madonna, that I regret that woman," he said.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CHEVALIER FINDS THAT THE EMBLEM OF ST. JOHN IS THE LION.

From the Journal of the true Beatrix Amberside.

YES, I was jealous, horribly, disgustingly jealous! I wonder my eyes haven't changed their color, I am such an unmitigated "green-eyed monster"! Thank heaven, however, that neither he nor she knows it! I am sure—and I blush to acknowledge it—that they judge me to be in love with—pah!—Mephistopheles; and no wonder, for I behaved like an idiot.

I saw Guido run into madame's rooms. I heard the sound of a fall, and then Mephistopheles came out, looking as if he meditated murder. How white he was, and how his eyes glared! And—ha, ha, ha!—there was dust all down one side of that immaculate coat of his, and the collar was wrenched to one side, and his white linen and his white curls were all rumpled. I felt sure then that he had been knocked down, and that Guido had done it! I rushed in, then, with the impulse to run up to Guido, and kiss the strong right hand that had given that just blow; and the first thing I saw was madame on the floor, and Guido kissing her hand, and begging her to open her eyes. I don't know why this maddened me, when I had deliberately handed him over to my Double the night before; but it did, and I distinguished myself.

Dear me, how savage every one is this morning! I suppose it is the day after the ball. Does that account for my delinquency? Maud Van Zandt is "fractious," Blanche moody, and Mrs. Van Zandt "nervous," and they have all come to vent their moods on us, so I must put away my journal, and sharpen my claws for Maud, who, somehow, always contrives to rub my fur the wrong way.

The B. C. has a headache, and when suffering under that infliction she is so portentously meek that a raging tiger would be a positive relief. The general, in fact, is the only bright spot in the general cloudiness of the moral atmosphere. His jolly red face beams like a rising sun through the fogs and exhalations of our various moods and tenses, and his great voice rings through the *salons* like a trumpet.

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I am stunned. Is it, *can* it be true? When I put aside my journal and went into the *salon* to receive my guests, I had expected nothing more than a series of clashings and jars, as those highly-charged batteries, Maud and Blanche Van Zandt, should come in contact with my mettle. I still live, for I can pun. But they hit me a knock-down blow at once with the tidings of the discovery of my Double's identity, and the fact of her elopement with Monsieur d'O——. I was still catching my breath, when the chevalier appeared, coming in amongst us with an expression of such unmistakable agitation on his face that Mrs. Van Zandt exclaimed:

"Mercy, chevalyer!"—that's what she always calls him—"what has happened?"

"I am sorry to inform you that my sister has left me."

"Left you, chevalyer! What do you mean? Where has she gone?"

Thus Mrs. Van Zandt and her daughters, pricking up their ears like hounds on a fresh scent.

"I went to her room this morning, and found her trunks packed. I asked her if she was going away, and she said, Yes, to Florence. I inquired why she was going without consulting me. She said she had business there. When I asked what business, she refused to tell me. I insisted upon knowing. We quarreled, and I left her. I have just been to her apartment, and I found it empty."

"Gone! Really gone! How strange! How singular! How incomprehensible!"

When the vocabulary of exclamations had been exhausted, Mephistopheles continued, as if every word had been dragged from him.

"I do not think—she has gone—alone."

I felt for a moment as if I had been shot through the heart. Mrs. Van Zandt exclaimed: "Why, it's just like that Madame Stamps!" and Maud grew green, and ejaculated "Laurence Shirley!"

Mephistopheles shook his head.

"By George—the Italian!" burst from the general.

"Then she has gone to be married," said Blanche.

Mephistopheles took out a handkerchief and wiped his forehead. His face was livid, and his eyes traveled slowly around the circle of faces as he spoke.

"She cannot have gone to be married, for I have lately discovered that at the time she married Monsieur d'Arbrai she had a husband living in Italy, and who is alive now, as far as I can ascertain."

There was a half-groan, a smothered exclamation, and then dead silence—a silence so unbroken, that when Mephistopheles left the room each footfall sounded upon the marble floor like thunder. The first sound after this was Mrs. Van Zandt's voice, squealing out:

"There, general!"

"Madam!" said the general, stiffly.

"You know I told you so."

"Told me what?"

"That there was—well, something *unusual* about that woman."

"And, by George, you were right! There was something unusual about her. She was unusually handsome, unusually bright, and unusually fascinating. I should like to see some more like her."

"General!" ejaculated Mrs. Van Zandt.

"I don't believe a word her brother says. He's a great liar!"

"General!" exclaimed Mrs. Van Zandt again, but faintly, as if from excess of horror.

"I—I beg your pardon for swearing, but I should have burst if I hadn't. I can't breathe the very atmosphere that traducer has left behind him! I must have a little fresh air." And the old warrior hurried out of the room.

Maud and Blanche took their leave, and their mamma, having hinted to the B. C. that she feared the general's indulgence of his violent temper would some time bring on an attack of apoplexy, followed, leaving me sitting there in the midst of one of those moral convulsions that shock us all occasionally, when the earth seems slipping away from under our feet, and our mental horizon seems to be lost in the chaos that replaces all the old, familiar landmarks. Madame and Guido were both lost to me! Had years elapsed since last night? How entirely I had been deceived!

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Mephistopheles is lonely! Mephistopheles craves support and sympathy in his loneliness, and Mephistopheles has come here to find it. He has actually taken an apartment in our palazzo, and uses the same piano as we do. He finds the consolation for which he seeks in the B. C.'s company—for I don't dare to let him see much of me, for fear I should fly out at him before the time comes. The B. C. is always overflowing with sympathy, and I think, this time, her feelings are aided by a slight degree of jealousy on my account. She thinks that madame had no business to carry off Guido. As for me, every other feeling is swallowed up in my absolute abhorrence of Stoffy—Phisty and Meffy—as I call him, indiscriminately. The B. C. didn't object to my nicknaming him once, but now she mildly expostulates. She says, "To me, misfortune always hallows a fellow-being," and "I wonder how you can be so hard-hearted, when you see how grief and mortification have worn upon the poor man"; or, "I declare, sorrow has taken every bit of the spring out of the chevalier's walk"; when I wickedly suggest that he "should get a pair of those spring-soled boots, then."

I think the more the B. C. pities and coddles him, the more frantically I detest him! Sometimes, when I sit and think how he used to treat that poor, dear madame, and how he dares to make love to me, I feel as if I must fly at him, blacken those blue eyes of his, and pull out a good handful of his carefully-kept curls. I wish I could fill his room with bad dreams, or asphyxiate the atmosphere, so as to half strangle him. I know what I *can* do. I can give him the nightmare! I can only make one kind of cake, but that—as the B. C. says—"just screeches with butter," and is leaden with a plethora of eggs.

* * * * * * *

I feel so ashamed! I made my cake, and told the B. C. that I had concocted it especially to "comfort" her "pet." And the unsuspicious dear embraced me, remarking that she always knew my "bark was worse than my bite." She told Mephistopheles that I had made it "purposely for" him, and so inveigled him into eating a slice of it, though it looked like the *personification of bile.*

I must confess that I felt a little bit of remorse when I saw him the next morning, for my action seemed too much akin to poisoning, as I looked at his leaden eyes and yellow skin. He said that he had dreamed that he lay under St. Peter's at Rome, and the foundations having given way, the whole building was supported on his chest. But then I balanced my evil deed by the amount of satisfaction it brought to the B. C. in "doctoring" my victim.

* * * * * *

I have felt that it was coming for days, and at last it has come! I have carefully avoided all gondola *tête-à-têtes* with Mephistopheles, the balconies and the corridor windows looking into the court, when it is moonlight. Considering that the moon is synonymous with the cold, chaste, and decidedly old-maidish Diana, I do not see why its beams should so generally be provocative of love-making!

I had thought that Mephistopheles was safely out of the house, and had perched myself up in one of the windows looking out on the court, and was indulging in a reverie, with my eyes fixed on the stars, which were flashing with the diamond-like lustre peculiar to them in Italy, when I heard some one say:

"Pray for me, also!"

His voice was like honey, his eyes shone large and bright in the semi-light of the gallery. Why was it that he reminded me so of a cat about to spring?

"I was not praying for myself, chevalier."

Unfortunately, one can't call him Toffy to his face; but *toffee* was what his mellifluous accents suggested to me.

"I need it."

"You do, chevalier."

My voice shook a little. I suppose he thought that 'twas emotion!

"She was my only sister!"

Dear me! I thought *that* subject completely worn out!

"And you were always so tender of her!"

I wondered if he would perceive my sarcastic intonation.

"I tried to do my duty." (Was it your *duty* to *torture* her?) "Mademoiselle Rafe, my sense of loneliness and desolation is sometimes intolerable."

I heaved a pitying sigh.

"It must be so."

"May you never know what it is to be friendless and alone!"

Dear me, how pathetic! I came very near saying this aloud, but I didn't; I only said, "*Friendless*, monsieur?" putting in considerable expression.

"My sister has disgraced me! Who will now be my friend?"

"Do you think you will have to go far to find one?"

"Mademoiselle!"

He possessed himself of my hand.

"I am sure the B. C. is very kind to you."

I began to get frightened, and I loathed the satiny feel of his long fingers.

"I do not care for her kindness—it is yours I want; and mere kindness from you will not satisfy me; I must have your love—*you!*"

I hate to write it, but he did actually take me in his arms—pah! I can feel his hot breath on my face now!—

and the expression of his passion to which he then gave loose, was like a torrent of burning lava. It seemed to pass over me like a flame, and I felt as if my very flesh were scorched, when he at last released me, and stood by me, waiting my answer. I was trembling so that I could not speak. He again approached me, but I held up my hand.

"Don't touch me again, or I will drown myself!"

"Mademoiselle!"

"I am glad you love me as you do, for it will hurt you more when I tell you that I actually *loathe* you. Do you think I could love a liar? and one who is worse than one of those wretches of the Inquisition? for you tortured your sister's heart instead of her body. I don't believe that she has a husband living. She has married a man who loves her, to escape your persecutions. Oh! you fiend! you Mephistopheles! to plan to destroy her reputation because you wished to revenge her refusal to further your plans! I have watched you, you—you *rascal!* I have let you love me, that I might stab you when my hour should come."

It was now my time to play Vesuvius, and my torrent of indignation seemed to overwhelm him as if it had been so much actual lava poured upon his person. Nothing could look more evil than did his white, distorted face in the pure light of the stars. He said, in a voice hoarse beyond recognition:

"Have you finished?"

"I have."

Excess of passion, when the paroxysm is past, often leaves with the one who has indulged in it a sense of terror at the might of the tempest that has swept over him; and I now paused, trembling and feeling very weak. He made a step toward me. A horror seized me. "Perhaps he will push me through the window, down upon the stones of the courtyard," I thought; but I could neither scream nor fly, fascinated as I was by the glare of his eyes.

With a livid face, white, drawn lips, and every finger of his upraised hand quivering with repressed rage, he made a sign above my forehead, as if banning me, and then turned away.

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I had horrible dreams last night, in which I suffered every variety of torture that was ever inflicted by the Inquisition, and the chief inquisitor was always Mephistopheles. When I went into the breakfast-room I observed that the B. C. was very much agitated.

"What do you think?" she said; "the chevalier is going away!"

I felt so relieved that I laughed.

"You might give him the rest of that cake to take away with him as a *memento dyspepsiæ!*"

"Beatrix!"

"How odd it seems to be called Beatrix! I fancy I like Rafe better."

"I am come to say good-by, Miss Amberside."

I looked around. There was Mephistopheles, looking as if he had spent the night on a hot gridiron. The B. C. had given an uncomfortable little laugh, but I took no notice of his calling me out of my assumed name.

"Good-by," I said, and then I vanished, for I had a plan in my head that I thought I might carry out while the B. C. and he were bidding each other elaborate adieu.

I did not know that the B. C. would accompany him down the staircase, and that she did so was much to my advantage, for in the innocence of her heart she made an excellent showwoman.

"Dear me!" she said; "why, we are quite elegant! I did not know that our landlord had hung paintings all the way down this staircase. He must be patronizing some struggling young painter, I fancy. What is this? Cæsar Borgia!—that's a very well-painted goblet he's handing to the young woman. Of course, she don't know there's poison in it, poor thing! And, I declare, she's the image of——"

Here the B. C. was seized with a fit of coughing.

"I recognize the resemblance to my unfortunate sister," said Mephistopheles, calmly.

The B. C. went on quickly, to cover up her *lapsus linguæ*.

"Mephistopheles tempting Faust! Why, that's young Gui——"

"And Mephistopheles is myself, as you perceive."

"Satan giving the apple to Eve. Dear me, these are positively like a reunion of old acquaintances. There's Madame d'Estampes. And isn't there a name on the apple? Yes—'Guido'! What can that mean?"

"These pictures seem to be slightly allegorical," Mephistopheles observed, quietly. He certainly didn't wince under the knife, as I could see from my place of espial.

"Procrustes fitting a poor wretch to his diabolical bed. Why——"

"My sister again! And you recognize Procrustes, do you not?"

"My dear chevalier, it *can't* be!"

"Do you see Satan exposed by Ithuriel? Who is the Ithuriel?—Miss Beatrix. And Satan, as you perceive, is poor me."

Mephistopheles sighed. The B. C. turned purple.

"At any rate, he is a very *handsome*—a—dev-il!" she said.

"You don't suppose I care?" he said. "On the contrary, I admire the little girl's ingenious revenge for a fancied slight. Now, my dear mademoiselle, *could* I be thinking of love when my heart was full of grief?"

"I—no."

"*You* excuse me, do you not? Miss Beatrix is only too charming, but——"

"Don't say any more, chevalier, I beg. I am sure I thought Beatrix——"

"Was cold and slightly supercilious in her treatment of me? My best friend, that was in *public*."

Fancy my feelings!

"It is partly for this reason that I leave you. If I had *had* a heart at my disposal, dear mademoiselle, I should have laid it at *your* feet."

A kiss on the B. C.'s hand, a profound salutation, and Mephistopheles has shaken off the dust of his feet against me!

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE B. C.'S DIPLOMACY.

THE hint that the chevalier had given the B. C. as to the *cause* of my delinquency, I *suppose*, caused her to pass it over in silence. But while I was arranging my allegorical picture gallery, it seems that Mephistopheles was putting into her dear old head that it was her *duty* to acquaint Cousin Laurence with the fact of my being Beatrix Amberside. Why did he do it? That is the puzzle. He never did anything without a reason, I am persuaded; and I am equally persuaded that his reasons are generally objectionable. Did he fancy that Laurence would treat me as an impostor, and so mortify me?

So the B. C., without saying a word to me, trotted off on her errand. It seems that the "scalded cat dreaded cold water" at first, until the B. C. induced him to try the temperature with his paw, by informing him that she was rich, and I was to be her heir; at the same time producing cre-

dentials from well-known Americans, vouching for her good standing in her own country. Then he was solicitous to learn why the fact had been kept from him so long; and the B. C. told him bluntly that I had always understood that dear mamma had intended us for each other—an intention that I did not wish to carry out.

"If I am so disagreeable to her, why should I force my relationship upon her?"

"You seem to be as much averse to claiming it as she is!" exclaimed the B. C., out of all patience. "I am very sorry to have been importunate, and I wish you a very good-morning."

"Don't be in a hurry," said Laurence. "I am sure I should like to know *you*."

This mollified the B. C. She never can keep savage long with a handsome young man!

"Come and see *me*, then," she said, "though I warn you that you may not find Beatrix very agreeable. I don't know what she may do to you, when she treated the poor dear, suffering chevalier so badly."

Of course, Laurence inquired what I had done, and the B. C. gave an elaborate description of my delinquency.

The B. C. never *can* keep a secret, and I soon learned, by degrees, what she had been about. I expressed my opinion of her temerity in no measured terms.

"But you will be pleasant to him, won't you?" she appealed to me, pathetically.

"B. C., I am perfectly furious with you," was my reply. "And since I never hit any one smaller than I am, I shall let you escape; but, as I must vent my wrath upon some one, I shall fall on him, tooth and nail."

"Beatrix! when you see him you will feel differently. He looks so thin and pale—so utterly wretched! Perhaps he was fond of that adventuress."

"My dear B. C., you have lost Mephistopheles"—here the B. C. looked at me curiously; she has been watching me ever since Meffy left, but, I fancy, has so far not believed me to be "on the pine"—"the general is too uproariously healthy to even look at your pills and powders, or to care for your jellies and broths—and you are just dying for a man to coddle."

A faint flush dyed the B. C.'s venerable cheeks.

"That's better than to be sticking pins and needles into them," she said.

"That depends on one's disposition. The pincushion business suits my temperament."

"'It's best to begin with a little aversion,'" quoted the B. C., who can be sharp on occasion.

I whirled round upon her.

"Base creature! That's what your initials stand for! Are you plotting and planning?"

"I? oh, no! I told him you hated him, and he told me that he loves some one whom he can never marry. There! I didn't mean to tell you that, but it set me to thinking that it might be Madame d'Estampes. Of course, he could never wish to marry her, even if he loves her."

I really begin to pity him. Our situations are somewhat similar. It would be funny—it seems impossible—but, suppose——

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Laurence has been to call—ostensibly on the B. C.—and I did not absolutely cut off his head at first sight, as the B. C. had evidently apprehended. He is very handsome, and looks unhappy. Will any woman venture to assert that an unhappy handsome man is not much more interesting—does not move our pity more intensely, than a wretched ugly one? . . . . . Laurence keeps coming. We are getting quite confidential. I have told him of the bargain I made with Madame d'Estampes to secure his release, though, of course, I breathed no syllable of Guido; but I fancy he suspects, and I more than suspect that our two "fause loves," who "pu'd" the roses of our affections, but "left the thorns" with us, are now together. When he speaks of madame he alternately flushes and pales, like a girl, and his voice caresses the syllables as if he really meant, *my* lady.

It's such fun to see the B. C. and the general with their blessed old heads together. I know what they are surmising and hoping. The way in which they beam on Laurence and me is too absurdly open. It would make a timid man wish for his hat and the door in two seconds.

I haven't resumed my dear old name. It would make so much talk. I think Laurence is glad that I do not, for he would just as soon have it supposed that he is not coming to see me as his *cousin*. Maud Van Zandt simply persecutes him.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

In Florence again, and in a fever of anticipation. She has not yet arrived, and I do nothing but wander up and down the corridors, and wonder when she will come, and what Philippe has been saying of me in my absence. I feel so helpless, so alone—though I am ungrateful to say that, for Guido is the kindest of friends. By-and-by he, too, will shrink from me, when he learns my story—not the sorrowful story I could tell, but Philippe's garbled and malicious narrative. But I enjoy his friendship while it lasts, and constrain myself to appear always cheerful to him, that he may associate nothing unpleasant with his last recollections of me. Alas! now that I am separated from him, I find my thoughts continually reverting to my American—the well-known effect of absence. . . . A hand has been stretched out from the grave to me.

My thoughts drew me toward the garden—that garden so haunted by the spectres of the dead! Again I seated myself by the fountain, whose waters plashed sullenly into the vase upheld by the marble nymph, and, overflowing it, crept through a crevice in the edge of the basin, marking their course by the luxuriance and vivid green of the verdure, until they were lost in a tangled wilderness of shrubs. Idly following their course with my eyes, I saw something shining amid the herbage, and disentangled from the long, rank grass a slender chain, to which was attached a locket, so crushed and broken that I could with difficulty make out the monogram traced with tiny rubies on one side. Its form was peculiar. Where had I seen a locket like that? I looked on the reverse side, and saw a familiar coat-of-arms. I forced it open; there were two curls of hair, one purple-black, the other—I compared one of my own long curls with it, it was the same. I remembered now when he had it made, and how he stole one of my "prodigal curls," as he called them, to braid with his own.

A terror seized me. Did the dead walk in this garden, sacred to so much love, and so much sorrow? I looked around me, fearfully, and there *he* stood, so near that I could have touched him with my hand! The earth rocked under me, the sky fell, and I was crushed between!

Guido found me in the garden, after having searched for me everywhere, and brought me into the house. He was very much alarmed, and has been petting and caring for me assiduously ever since. I found the locket tightly clasped in my hand when I came to my senses. Guido asks me if I saw a ghost.

I have indeed *seen a ghost*. That face and figure could not have been created by my imagination. It was too vivid, too real, and so much *older* than when I saw him—so pale, so severe. So he must have looked when he died! Why

has he never haunted "me miserable" before? Why does he come now? Is it because that, since I have seen *her*, my memory of him has been refreshed and strengthened? or does he come to frown on my faithlessness?

I wear the locket as a penance, and the gold is bright with my tears.

My nerves are as tense as harp-strings. *She* is coming to-morrow, and I feel equal to any emergency that may occur.

I have written my history for the benefit of the American, wishing that he may think as little ill as possible of the woman to whom he has said, "I love you." Why do I think of him so much? Is it because of his beauty and grace? I have certainly never heard him say very much, and I imagine that he is not very amiable. But now I will think of him no more. After to-morrow, Rose-Marie d'Arbrai will exist no longer. My daughter and I shall live for each other only, under some obscure name, in some obscure place.

(To be continued.)

MEMORIALS IN EXTON CHURCH.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

In Exton Church, Rutland, England, is a medallion profile portrait, in white marble, of Elizabeth Chapman, the farmer's daughter, who married successively the sixth Earl of Gainsborough, and his cousin, Tom Noel, known in the family annals as a famous sportsman. On either side of her portrait are those, also in medallions, of her two husbands; and she herself is buried beneath this monument, opposite the family pew. Before going across the lawn to look at her other portrait, in peeress's robes, it is worth while to glance at the few old relics the little church can boast, in the shape of an ancient six-sided font, with half effaced carvings, and in the choir opposite Elizabeth, Lady Gainsborough, the massive altar tomb of one Nicholas, a crusader—a full-length figure in coat of mail, his hands crossed on his breast, and his feet crossed (in token of his having fought the Saracens), and leaning against a dog. In the churchyard there are also two "brasses," or brazen tombplates, removed from the floor of the church, with scarcely legible inscriptions; and close to them is the ivied wall, with the carved, arched gate, which is the only division between the lawn and the churchyard. I wish truth and poetry could be so far reconciled as to allow the gate to be called a lych-gate, or corpse-gate (lych is an old Saxon word, akin to the German word *leiche*, corpse), such as were once universal in old English churchyards, and the use of which is now being revived. These gates are generally covered stone archways, with stone seats at each side, where, in former times, when coffins were always borne by hand into the church, the bearers rested themselves, and set the coffin down, while the portion of the burial service which was intended to be read at the church door was gone through. Time and neglect have to answer for the destruction or disuse of many such gates, but at present the custom of reading a portion of the service at this outer entrance has reappeared, together with the lych-gate.

Exton Church, which can boast of no "restoring" tendencies, since its last owner was almost a Baptist, and its present one a Roman Catholic, does not possess this gate, but it has a rather rare family memento in its series of banners, bearing the arms of six or eight successive lords of the manor. They hang from the roof, one over each pillar in the nave, and some are as tattered as the battle standards in Canterbury Cathedral. I never saw funeral banners elsewhere, though at one time the custom must have been common; but every one will remember the banners of the Knights of the Garter, hung over their magnificent carved stalls in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

A rather prim and conventional monument is one commemorating three maiden sisters, who bequeathed to the head of their family the substantial possession of a large London house. An irreverent friend, passing this monument, once suggested that the female figure bending over a (tea) urn must be lamenting the weakness of the contents. Opposite this is the magniloquent tablet setting forth the virtues of the great hero of the family, the central figure, round whom fond domestic traditions have grown and multiplied, and who is here gravely praised for his "loyalty to two sovereigns" (the two Charleses), "his conjugal fidelity to four wives, and his paternal indulgence to nineteen children."

But by far the most interesting tombs are those of the Haringtons, to whom the manor belonged originally. There are two, with recumbent figures, life-size, alabaster against a black marble dado, much like a large bedstead. The long massive folds of satin, and the ruffs and Elizabethan farthingales are elaborately carved, and even the lace laboriously copied in detail; while, by way of a bas-relief, on the base of the monuments is sculptured a patriarchal array of children, the sons in armor on one side, the daughters in Court dress on the other, kneeling in Indian file, with hands uplifted and palms joined in prayer, and forming a graduated scale of sizes, like steps, denoting their various ages.

One of these worthies was chosen guardian to a royal princess—Elizabeth, daughter of James I., and afterward Queen of Bohemia. In Exton Park is shown, among a grove of old oaks, where the spotted deer troop together, a raised grass terrace, where tradition, which has named it "The Queen's Walk," says that she used to take her daily "constitutional."

Mabel, the sister and co-heir of John, Lord Harington, married Sir Andrew Noel, of Brook, a favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who knighted him in 1585. Of him a biographer says, pithily, that he lived "in that state of magnificence as to equalise the Barons of great worth; and for person, parentage, grace, gesture, valour and many other excellent parts (amongst which, skill in musick) he was of the first rank in the Court." His portrait hangs in the large drawing-room of the house—a severe type, the features somewhat hard, the dress black and apparently costly. He is said to have died as became so accomplished a courtier. "Being challenged by an Italian gentleman at the 'baloune'" (a kind of play with a great ball tossed with wooden braces upon the arm), "he used therein such violent action, and did so overheat his blood, that he fell into a burning fever, and thereof shortly after died."

The tradition of lavishness and display seems to have been less fatal to the Noels than it was to some other families, for Andrew's son, Edward, was created Baron Noel of Ridlington by James I., who, it is expressly said, "took notice of his hospitality, and his great merits and abilities."

Prudent marriages brought land and money to the Noel stock, and Edward laid the foundations of a great fortune by marrying an heiress, Juliana Hicks, the daughter of an ennobled London merchant, who had a lovely house and a large estate in Gloucestershire—the place where all the poetry and romance of the family history centred in the next generation, when the civil wars made that part of the country a continuous battlefield.

A companion picture to Andrew Noel is that of his friend, the Duke of Buckingham, chiefly noticeable from the color of his rich dress—crimson, from top to toe. And

there are several of the Berties, Earls of Lindsey—one by Vandyke, a half-length, in armor, with a scarf and deep lace collar falling over the shoulders; the countenance is very frank, open and loyal. He was Lord High Chamberlain of England. His sister married a Noel—Anna Lindsey, whose picture in the dining-room shows a lordly, dashing woman, in flowing, fashionable Stuart draperies. Robert Bertie (the Vandyke) was a stanch cavalier, and was killed at Edgehill, whence his body was brought by a faithful servant; and a few marbles and common coins that were found in his pocket are still preserved in the Gloucestershire house.

Elizabeth Chapman's portrait is a large, life-size one, and her beauty seems to have been just of that compelling kind which has so often been the excuse of men in hours of passion. Black eyes and hair, and cheeks like a rose, but not much depth of expression; a proud look, a graceful figure, a dash of coquetry in her *pose*. She wears her crimson velvet and white ermine bravely, and holds a coronet in her hand. She was the daughter of one of Lord Gainsborough's chief and oldest tenants; and the Chapmans, her kinsmen, are still in the same house, more than two hundred years old.

The details of the courtship are not given in any written annals; the fact of their marriage tells all that is necessary, and fancy is free to picture the rest. In that pretty, rich, but tame scenery, any one can reconstruct the old romance. She had her orchard and her dairy, no doubt, and wore cotton dresses at work; they could meet at the stile between two meadows, or on the edge of a little wood; he would ride past her father's house, and make an errand such as would induce the farmer to ask his landlord in, and call on his daughter to bring their guest a horn of ale; she would see him at church, dressed in her best, in which, by modern analogies at least, she could never have looked so charming as in the picturesque disorder of her working clothes; and so on, and so on, through the old wheel of small incidents which, to every successive lover, are more absorbing than the fall of empires or the wars of churches, until the perhaps reluctant, perhaps infatuated, and certainly headlong, young earl made her a great and titled lady. And yet, after all, she spoiled the romance by marrying again, and this time she chose her husband's cousin, "Jolly Tom," the sportsman, whose portrait hangs over the fireplace in the billiard-room—a half-length, in green hunting-coat, a horn strapped over his shoulder, and a great hound's head just under his fondling hand. "Tom" looks very domestic, and rather commonplace—a good, placid husband, no doubt. Of him, nothing has survived except the tradition of his love for field sports.

A rather suggestive portrait of a historical personage of that minor order which supplies the real interest of history, is that of the dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who had adventures as good as Sinbad's and Richard Cœur-de-Lion's, for he equipped a galley at his own expense, and fought the Algerines on the Barbary coast, at a time when they were thought resistless enemies; and when he came home he was thrown into prison as a recusant, because his religion differed from that established by law. But his social fame depended mainly on his stature, which is *said* to have been little over two feet; and the fact of his portrait just fitting in over the dining-room door, recalls the great feat upon which his reputation rests—of hiding himself in an enormous venison-pie, baked on purpose, and set before King Charles I. by some of his facetious and hare-brained favorites.

Some of these portraits, that are not family ones, have the most interesting associations, as, to quote one more, that of Mrs. Siddons, on one side of a large fireplace in a long, narrow, oak-wainscoted room which served as *the* general gathering-place and cozy nook of the whole house. Of this grand picture, the story is told that Sir Joshua Reynolds threw down the brush in despair, telling her it was impossible to paint her eyebrows, and that she, half in fun, said, "Allow me to try them;" and daubing the brush on, produced something which the painter excitedly called to her to let alone, as she had precisely hit it. And so the picture remains; but an uninitiated eye sees only a pair of very strong, bushy, dark eyebrows, over piercing eyes. The costume is rich and dark, a profusion of heavy golden embroidery over a deep-blue robe, but indefinite, as it is connected with no special "part"; she wears a diadem, and has one arm outstretched and one foot set forward, almost crossing the other, in a rather strained position. The features are strong, and the expression almost fierce.

How many pleasant gatherings that room—half hall, half writing-room—has seen, after hunting parties, when the tea-table is set, and the wood-fire—that rare luxury in England—blazes merrily under the great, heavy, carved old mantelpiece, topped with great Chinese jars! A stained glass window, with the arms and mottoes of the Noels, takes up all one end of the long, narrow room, and the other gives place for a winding stair of oak, broad and shiny, with tiers of portraits up the walls on the sides. It was one of the most picturesque rooms in the house, especially if you had imagination enough to believe that that ancient carved arm-chair had really belonged, as its story has it, to the great Cardinal Wolsey himself.

SOME REMARKABLE TREES.

Boston is said to own the first two horse-chestnut trees brought to this country. They are reputed to be 108 years old.

A ring does not always denote a year, for the blue gum-tree of Australia sheds its bark twice a year. A tree recently hewn, that was known to be only eighteen years old, showed thirty-six distinct rings of growth.

Old oaks and yews in England are not uncommon. Several oaks felled in Sherwood Forest about a quarter of a century ago, exposed, on being sawn up, the date 1212, and the mark or cipher of King John; and it has been calculated that these trees must have been several centuries old at the time the marks were made.

Berks, Penn., claims the largest chestnut-tree in the country. It measures thirty-eight feet four inches in circumference; the lowest limbs are fifteen feet from the ground, and measure fourteen feet in circumference at the base. The top of the tree is reached without danger by steps that are fastened between the limbs. It is estimated that this tree contains about seventeen cords of wood. It still yields about three bushels of chestnuts annually.

The oldest yew-tree in England, which is situated in Cowhurst churchyard, was mentioned by Aubry, in the reign of Charles I., as then measuring ten yards in circumference at a height of five feet from the ground. It is said, on the authority of De Candolle, to be 1,450 years old. Its present girth is about thirty-three feet. In 1820 this old tree was hollowed out, and a cannon-ball was found in the centre. In 1825 a severe storm deprived it of its upright branches. A door has been made to the inside of the tree, where seats are to be had for twelve persons comfortably.

Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise; so, when a fault is discovered, it is well to look up a virtue to go in company with it.

A NEGLIGENT NURSE.

FRONTISPIECE OF MOLIÈRE'S WORKS, SHOWING HIM IN THE CHARACTERS OF "MASCARILLE" AND "SGANARELLE."

MOLIERE AND HIS WORLD.

By Henry Barton Baker, Author of "Mirabeau," etc.

When Louis XIV. asked Boileau who was the greatest genius that had adorned his reign, the poet replied, "Molière"; the King seems to have doubted the accuracy of this judgment, but posterity has confirmed it. Corneille and Racine are little appreciated by foreigners, since they reflect only the fashion of an epoch; but the whole world agrees upon the merits of the great comic writer who, while reflecting his age with marvelous fidelity, has, like Shakespeare, drawn those eternal types of human nature which are independent of time, country, or manners, and which are as true to-day as in the hour in which they were embodied, or as they will be a thousand years hence. The Tartuffes, the Sganarelles, the Dandins, the Agnès, the Orgons, the Jourdains, the Harpagons, will endure while humanity exists.

One of the first points that must strike a student of these comedies, is the extreme narrowness of the world they represent; the same personages, or rather varieties of the same, are constantly reappearing in different plays; and, with the exception of such individual types as Tartuffe and Harpagon, of which the reproduction was scarcely possible, the marquis, the valet, the *bourgeois*, the *ingénue*, and the *intriguante* form the whole of the *dramatis personæ*. The fact is, the elements of the society in which he lived were then as simple as those of a Greek tragedy, when compared with the perplexities and multiform aspects of our modern civilization. His world was broadly divided into two parts—the noble and the *bourgeois;* the grade below was non-existent in an artistic point of view, its individualisms were too coarse for the purposes of the stage. These two great divisions were, however, capable of several subdivisions: there was the courtier, the provincial noble, and the plain gentleman; in the second division there were the *gens de robe*, the men of law and medicine, the merchant and the shopkeeper.

It has been a matter of surprise that Molière should have had the hardihood to ridicule the courtier so mercilessly as he has done in the "Marquis." But the whole policy of Louis XIV. was to abase the pride and lower the consequence of the noblesse, and all which tended to that object gave him pleasure—indeed, it has been said that more than one character of this kind was suggested by himself. The "Marquis" has always been a favorite subject of ridicule with French dramatists, from Molière to Lecocq.

"'Always the Marquises!' exclaims Madame Molière, in 'L'Impromptu de Versailles.'

"'Yes—always the Marquises,' replies her husband. 'What the devil would you have me take as an amusing character for the stage? The marquis of the day is the buffoon of comedy; and as in all the ancient comedies we find a comic servant who affords laughter to the audience, so in all our pieces we must have a ridiculous marquis to divert the company.'"

In directing La Grange (the actor) how to support this *rôle*, he says:

"'You know how to come on, as I have told you, with that air which is called *le bel air*, combing your perruque and humming a song between your teeth—la, la, la, la, la, la. Make room there, you others—two marquises must have some ground; they are not the people to content themselves with a small space.'"

"Do you believe," he says, speaking in his own person, "that Molière has exhausted all that is ridiculous in mankind? Without quitting the Court, has he not twenty characters he has not touched? Has he not, for example, those who profess the greatest friendship in the world, and who, their backs being turned, make it their business to revile one another? Are there not those extravagant adulators, those insipid flatterers, who do not season with any salt the praises they give, and whose flatteries have a nauseous sweetness which sickens the heart that listens to them? Are there not those sordid courtiers of favor—those perfidious adorers of fortune, who burn incense before you in prosperity and crush you in disgrace? Are there not those who are always the discontents of the Court—those useless followers, those assiduous nuisances—those people, I say, who can count no services but importunities, and who desire to be recompensed

MOLIÈRE.

for besieging the prince for ten years? Are there not those who caress all alike, who promenade their civilities right and left, and run to every one they see with the same embraces and protestations of friendship?" etc.

In "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," we have *le Marquis* again, but in a yet more despicable light, fawning upon and flattering, borrowing from and cheating, the poor ignorant citizen, whom he despises. That these portraits were beneath rather than above truth, we have ample proof in the pictures of contemporary writers, where we find him, while in a state of intoxication, entering the presence of a lady, his face stained with snuff and half concealed by an enormous perriwig, which it was the fashion to be constantly combing, in whatever place or company he might find himself; the comb had another use for these gallants, who *scratched* with it at their mistresses' doors instead of knocking—this denoted an advanced state of familiarity. Another fashion, even more objectionable than the snuff and the comb, was allowing the nail of the little finger of the right hand to grow very long for the purpose of picking the teeth and cleansing the ears.

But there were worse men than the marquis about Court and city: brutal libertines, veritable wehr-wolves, believing in nothing, fearing nothing, knowing no law but their own devouring passions—the race greatly multiplied during the succeeding century—these he has typified in Don Juan in the "Festin de Pierre."

The fatuities and pretentiousness of the rustic noblesse have been held up to immortal laughter in the persons of M. de Pourceaugnac and the Comtesse d'Escarbagnas. Monsieur is so ignorant of every law and custom out of his own province, so credulous, yet puffed with self-importance, that he is ready to become the dupe of the first knave he meets. But la comtesse is of another order: she is as ignorant and as silly as monsieur, but she has been "two months at Paris, and seen all the Court," and gilds her rusticity with town airs, with new customs, new words, or old ones in a new sense, much to the bewilderment of her stupid rustic servants. Her neighbors are insupportable to her, "with the impertinent equality with which they treat people," she condescends to flirt with monsieur the councillor and monsieur the receiver of taxes, "they serve to fill up at least the voids of gallantry, and to make up the number of aspirants"; but her heart is given to a young town gallant, who is making her a stalking-horse and a laughing-stock.

It is a noticeable fact that Molière never attacked the magistracy. Probably the fate which overtook Gros Guillaume and his companions for doing so had so impressed his boyish imagination that he ever afterward stood in awe of that grave body. Next in the *bourgeois* grade came the merchants, a wealthy class, but as yet of little social consideration; their lives were passed in great obscurity, wholly devoted to business, and unlightened by any pleasure or distraction; their manners were harsh and surly, and they were sparing of civility, even to their customers. The merchant appears but once in Molière's comedies, "Le Festin de Pierre," and the servility with which he receives the cajoleries of Don Juan, who is deeply indebted to him, displays the inferior position of his order. Trade had been largely developed under the wise administration of Colbert, but it was not until the next century that wealth began to shoulder birth in society. Neither merchants nor magistrates nor men of any profession were admitted to the *salons* of the great. The financiers had not yet risen into importance; it was they who by the force of their enormous riches first broke down the barriers of caste in the succeeding reign.

The pedantry of scholastics was too rich a mine not to be worked by our comedian. Rabelais had ridiculed it more than a century before with wonderful, and, indeed, unapproachable humor; that the so-called philosophers had little advanced in common sense since the days of Panurge and Gargantua, that their learning was still a mere cloud of verbosity, is shown in the person of M. Pancrace, the Aristotelean doctor of the "Mariage Forcé." A rival has asserted that the *form* of a hat is the proper expression, Pancrace maintains it should be the *figure* of a hat:

"The world," he cries, "is overthrown—fallen into a general corruption. A frightful license reigns everywhere, and the magistrates who are appointed to maintain order in the State ought to blush with shame to suffer a scandal so intolerable. Is it not a horrible thing—a thing which cries to heaven for vengeance, that it is permitted to say publicly, the *form* of a hat?"

He has one ear for the learned languages and the other for the vulgar tongue, and people must speak to him on one side or the other, according to the language in which they address him. When asked a plain question, he can only reply in the jargon of the schools; he is a man of syllogisms, all words and no meaning. Such were the "pedants" of that age.

After the citizen, however, the doctor of medicine was the favorite butt of Molière's wit. He was never weary of exposing his ignorance, his pedantries and absurdities. That the doctors deserved all the ridicule and censure that not only Molière, but so many other authors, heaped upon them, cannot be doubted by any one acquainted with their mode of treatment: to bleed and purge until they had almost drained the patient of blood and vitality were the Alpha and Omega of the pharmacopœia of the time. Like the philosophers, they were all theory, and as Aristotle was the infallible guide to the one, so were Galen and Hippocrates the not-to-be-disputed authorities of the other. When one of the doctors in "L'Amour Médecin" is told that Sganarelle's coachman is dead and buried, he persists that it is impossible, because Hippocrates says that the complaint of which he was sick terminates only on the fourteenth or twenty-first day, and he was ill but six. The highest praise the apothecary can bestow upon the doctor in "M. de Pourceaugnac" is, that "for all the gold in the world he would not cure a person with any other remedies than those the Faculty permitted. I would sooner die of his remedies," he adds, enthusiastically, "than be cured of any other man's. For whatever happens, we may be certain that everything is done according to rule."

When the first physician, in the same comedy, seeks in a very long speech to prove that M. de Pourceaugnac is both mad and hypochondriacal, the second exclaims, in a burst of admiration:

"Your reasonings are so learned and so beautiful that it is impossible for him not to be mad and under the influence of melancholy hypochondria; and, although he were not, it would be necessary that he should become so for the sake of the admirable things you have said and the justness of your reasoning."

Again, that exquisitely comical Thomas Diafoirus is chiefly praised by his father because he never relinquishes an opinion, attaches himself blindly to the doctrines of the ancients, and has never wished "to understand or listen to the reasons and experiences of the pretended discoveries of the age touching the circulation of the blood."

But not even in the "Malade Imaginaire" is the satire so poignant as in "L'Amour Médecin." The four doctors there introduced represented the four head physicians of the King—Desfongerais, Esprit, Guenaut and Daquin—

under the names of Desfonandres, which signifies a man-killer; Bahis, a barker or stammerer (M. Esprit stammered); Macroton, a slow speaker; and Tomès, a bleeder. These worthies being left to what is supposed to be a learned consultation upon Lucinde's malady, never once mention the patient, but gossip about their business and compare notes. M. Tomès tells a story:

"We assembled one day, three of us, for a consultation. I stopped the whole affair, and would not permit any opinion, unless things were conducted according to rule. The people of the house did what they could; the disease was urgent, but I would not give way, and the sick man died bravely during the contest. A man dead is only a man dead, and is of no consequence; but a formality neglected is prejudicial to the whole body of physicians."

The subsequent quarrel over the mode of treatment is richly humorous:

"*M. Tomès:* I sustain that an emetic will kill her. *M. Desfonandres:* And I that bleeding will cause her death. *M. Tomès:* It is well you should play the learned man. *M. Desfonandres:* Yes, I! I will cope with you in any kind of erudition. *M. Tomès:* Remember the man you made burst some days back. *M. Desfonandres:* Remember the lady you sent to the other world in three days," etc.

After M. Macroton and Bahis have enumerated to the father all the drugs, bleedings and purgations they have in store for his daughter, they add, "But it does not follow that with all these your daughter will not die; but you will have at least the consolation of knowing she died in form. Better to die in accordance with rules than recover against rule."

The homily read to the disputants by another of their order, M. Filerin (friend of death), is full of scathing irony: "Since heaven has vouchsafed during so many ages that people should be infatuated with us, do not let us, by our absurd cabals, disabuse men's minds, but profit by their silliness as gently as we can."

The popular impression went with Molière; as an instance, after Mazarin's death, the physician who attended him used to be pointed out in the streets as "the good doctor who killed the cardinal for us." In a succeeding generation, Le Sage held up the Faculty to a ridicule almost as terrible as that of his great predecessor.

The citizen shared with the doctor in the unenviable honor of being the most frequent subject of his satire. Molière knew every inch of him; he was born in his ranks, and had studied him in every phase—in his meanness, avarice, silliness, pride, jealousy, ostentation; and in all these aspects he has held him up to the laughter of posterity. His mode of life was similar to that of the magistrate and merchant. His home, save when, like M. Jourdain, he rose to considerable wealth, was plain to discomfort—one sitting-room, bare-floored, a couple of arm-chairs for the mother and father, wooden stools for the rest, and a table for meals, served in pewter and wood; he kept no company, saw no pleasure; if he were gayly inclined, he might once or twice in his life pay a visit to the playhouse of the Hôtel de Bourgogne; his dress was as simple as his home—a black, close-fitting jacket, a black cloak and a leathern cap, formed his ordinary costume; he was wholly uneducated, credulous, superstitious, easily imposed upon. "Les Sganarelles" picture him to the life.

But Georges Dandin and M. Jourdain indicate the approach of a transition period; Sganarelle has grown wealthy, and, weary of his grub state, longs to soar among the butterflies; he marries an aristocratic wife, and becomes a Dandin; he is laughed at and betrayed by her, bullied and despised by her parents, and bound to submit to every indignity they choose to impose upon him. Yet Molière allows no pity for him, gifts him with no redeeming quality; he renders him cowardly, despicable, ungenerous in every action, and sides with his enemies; Dandin has no spark of gentleness or nobleness in his nature; he would wreak any vengeance on the man who dishonors him, provided he could do so without personal danger to himself, but the fear of that renders him ready to humbly apologize for daring to suspect; when his wife pleads to him for forgiveness for past faults, and promises to give him duty, respect, and even love, in the future, he only mocks her, and proclaims his determination of thrusting his advantage to the utmost; but when her ready wit turns the tables upon him, he is upon his knees craving her forgiveness.

M. Jourdain is a better type than Georges Dandin; we laugh at but do not despise him; yet he aims very much higher than Dandin Married in his own sphere, he aspires to have a *marquise* for his mistress; he desires to gain all the accomplishments of a courtier, and all the learning of a doctor of the university, to be dressed like a *petit-maître*, and to give entertainments like a prince. There is nothing in the whole range of comedy more amusing than the vagaries of M. Jourdain; how rich is the scene of instruction, the quarrel between the masters over the comparative excellence and usefulness of their different arts; the scene with the valets, the tailors; his delight when the *maître de philosophie* tells him that he speaks prose—although, by-the-by, Molière drew that stroke from a far higher source than a simple *bourgeois*, the Duc de Soissons, who, according to Madame de Sévigné, received the information with as much astonishment as M. Jourdain.

The Sganarelles were the *bourgeois* of the old *régime*; the Dandins and Jourdains were of the coming race.

Molière dared not touch the Church, but the greatest of all his works is devoted to the exposure of hypocrites and their dupes. Under Louis XIV., society was cursed with a swarm of pretended devotees, who made piety a mask for the concealment of the worst vices of human nature. A pretension to devoutness and asceticism was one of the fashions of the time.

"'The profession of hypocrite,' says Don Juan (Festin de Pierre), "has marvelous advantages. It is an act of which the imposture is always respected; and though it may be discovered, no one dares do anything against it. All the other vices of man are liable to censure, and every one has the liberty of boldly attacking them; but hypocrisy is a privileged vice, who with its hand closes everybody's mouth, and enjoys its repose with sovereign impunity."

There were hundreds of Tartuffes and Orgons in Paris in those days, but few Elmires. Tartuffe was a thunderbolt launched among these whited sepulchres. The subject inspired the poet; for never, whether we consider the subtlety of the dialogue, the power of the situations, the delineation of character, or the consummate skill with which the action is conducted, did the genius of Molière, either before or after, soar to such a height. The storm he raised, however, was too terrible to be again evoked, but he had shown how terribly he could scourge, and what a mighty latent power there was within him.

Upon no class did his satire fall more heavily and more deservedly than upon the *Précieuses*, the blue-stockings of the Hôtel Rambouillet, and their imitators. "Les Précieuses Ridicules" was his first great success. "Courage, Molière," cried a voice from the front, on its first representation; "this is good comedy!" In his preface to that work he stated that its satire was directed, not against the true *précieuse*, but her imitator. Such was, probably, the fact; but "Les Femmes Savantes," produced some years afterward, were no rustic imitators, but the veritable Parisian blue-stockings. Under the

names of Trissotin and Vadius, he put upon the stage the Abbé Cotin and Ménage, the two idols of the *salons*, and introduced and turned into ridicule a sonnet composed by the former, which had obtained great applause at the *hôtel*. The famous quarrel between these worthies, one of the most humorous scenes in the whole range of comedy, is likewise an almost exact reproduction of an actual event.

The reform of language is, however, the ruling passion of the ladies. In a furious rage, Philaminte discharges her cook. "What has she done?" inquires the husband. Has she broken some valuable piece of china? Worse. Has she allowed the plate to be stolen? Worse. Has she herself proved unfaithful to her trust? Worse, much worse. After thirty lessons, she has insulted her lady's ear by using a barbarous and plebeian word decisively condemned by Vaugelas! We have also much about women's rights that is appropriately diverting at the present day.

The Savantes loudly assert the equality of the sexes, aspire to scientific discoveries, cultivate the most abstruse learning. "Rise above these low and vulgar inclinations," says Armande to her sister, who is in love. "Marry yourself to philosophy. Give up to reason the sovereign lordship. What can you see, what is there to see, in marriage?" They also discuss the distinctions between spiritual and sensual love, with as much plainness as certain lady orators discourse upon a certain disgusting topic in our own day.

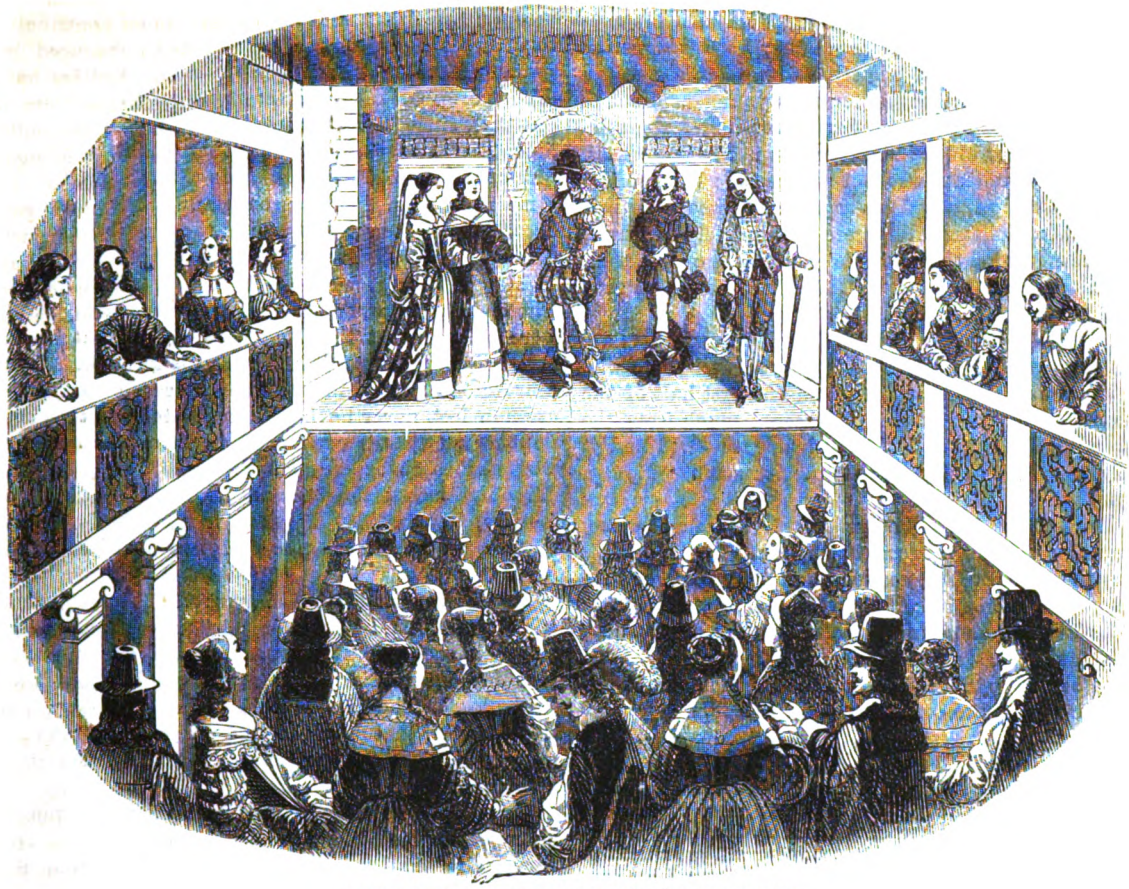
Of the Molière world there now remains to this brief *résumé* only the servants. His valet is Spanish, though Plautus and Terence were also laid under contribution for this character. The *soubrette* was first introduced by Corneille in his "Galerie du Palais": but Molière has given us a wonderful variety of these personages—there are no two alike; all the *suivantes* and *servantes* are outspoken and sharp-tongued; all the valets cheat, lie, intrigue; all are knaves, and yet each has such special characteristics that it is impossible to confound him or her with another. Their familiarity with their masters, their zeal and affection in their interests, the endurance with which they suffer blows and abuse, indicate a state of society for ever passed away.

MOLIÈRE'S FATHER BRINGING THE YOUNG IDLER FROM THE STREET.

But it is time to turn from the writings to the man.

Jean Baptiste Poquelin was born in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, in the year 1622. His parents were *bourgeois* in comfortable circumstances; his father and grandfather were tapestry-makers and *valets de chambre* to Louis XIII. The son was destined to the same calling. His grandfather, however, who greatly petted him, had a passion for the theatre, and frequently took the boy to the Hôtel de Bourgogne. The plays he witnessed there were not of a very elevated description, being chiefly comic dramas, borrowed from the Spanish; the prolific Hardy was the *genius loci*; Corneille had only just begun to write, and had not produced any of his *chefs-d'œuvre*. There was no comedy, either in the classic or modern sense of the word.

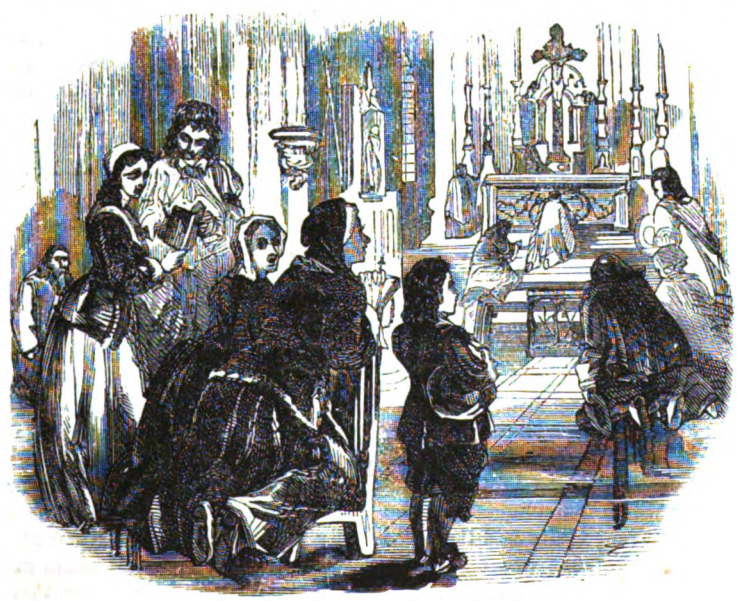
The father of Jean Baptiste, however, with the true



A FRENCH THEATRE DURING MOLIÈRE'S MANAGEMENT.

bourgeois hatred of all things without the limits of trade, regarded this playgoing with great uneasiness. "Do you desire to make an actor of him?" he demanded, one day, angrily of the grandfather. "I would he were as good an actor as Bellerose" (a famous comedian of the time), answered the old man. This reply struck the boy, and although he did not make up his mind at once to adopt the stage, he conceived a disgust for his father's trade, and after a time summoned up courage to tell him that he should never be able to adapt himself to it. He had a powerful friend in the grandfather, by whose persuasions he was sent to the College of Jesuits, afterward known as that of Louis le Grand. The Prince de Conti, the brother of the great Condé, also Chapelle and Bernier, were his schoolfellows; and for preceptor in philosophy he had the celebrated Gassendi. Here he remained five years, until 1641. His studies completed, he made a journey into Narbonne in the train of Louis XIII., probably as substitute for his father, who, as it has been before stated, was one of the royal *valets de chambre*. During the next year he was sent to Orléans to study the law, and he did not return to Paris until 1645, when he practiced as advocate at the bar.

But the old love of the theatre was still as strong as in his boyish days. He and some other young men of his own class formed a company and performed plays for their own and their friends' entertainment, of which amusement and their own talents they by-and-by became so enamored that they conceived the idea of turning them to profit. So they took a tennis-court in La Croix Blanche, in the Faubourg Saint-Germain, and called it the Illustre Théâtre, and developed from amateurs into actors. It was now that Jean Baptiste Poquelin became Jean Baptiste Molière. The change of name was doubtless made in deference to his father, who, as a matter of course, had the true *bourgeois* horror of



MOLIÈRE AT MASS IN HIS BOYHOOD.

players. And yet it must be admitted that there was some cause for such a feeling in those days. The condition of the actor was most degraded; he was a pariah quite beyond the pale of society, and no society would receive him. It was reserved for this young aspirant to elevate the profession, and render it a calling for gentlemen. But the poor old upholsterer was not to know that.

Molière's first venture was not successful; like modern amateurs, probably his and his *confrères'* estimate of their abilities and that of the public were not precisely the same, and they confounded their friends' good nature with their judgment. Paris did not appreciate their efforts, so they migrated to the provinces.

Of the next eight years of his life few particulars are known. It was that of a strolling player, and those who would know what that life meant in the first half of the seventeenth century—not that it differed much from the same thing in the first half of the nineteenth—will find it minutely pictured in the pages of Scarron's "Roman Comique."

At Lyons, in 1653, he produced his first piece, "L'Etourdi," with some success. The next year he and his company passed into Languedoc, where they were well received by the Prince de Conti, Molière's old schoolfellow; here "Le Dépit Amoureux" was first acted. D'Assoucy, who was a kind of troubadour, musician, etc., a notable character of the period, gives us, in his memoirs, a delightful glimpse of the comedian and his troupe:

"What charmed me the most was my meeting with Molière and the Béjarts. As the theatre has attractions, I could not very soon quit these charming friends; I remained at Lyons three months amidst comedy and festivity. . . . They took me with them to Pézénas, where I could not recount how many favors I received from them all. It is said that the best brother will grow tired of feeding his brother by the end of a month; but these, more generous than all the brothers one could have, did not weary of seeing me at their table a whole Winter; and I can say that I pleasantly passed the days in that gentle company, feasting upon seven or eight dishes, free from care and embarrassment. Never more of a beggar, and never better fed. Although you may sing and talk of your fine gentlemen with their estates, who every day have six ducats, and music and comedy—at this table, well-supplied with dainty wines, it was I who gave the toast and drank more than hypocras. In fine, although I was with them, I could well say I was at home. I never saw so much goodness, so much frankness, nor so much honesty, as among those people, well worthy to really represent in the world the persons of princes, whom they represent every day upon the stage."

The Prince de Conti confided to Molière the conduct of all his festivities and spectacles, and conceived such a high esteem for him that he offered him the post of secretary. Molière, however, solicited the prince to allow him to decline the offer; he better loved to be the head of his little republic, to be unrestrained, to exercise his talents as he liked best, than to be a dependent upon the caprices of the great. So far from forfeiting the prince's friendship by this refusal, he was promised that august personage's patronage upon his reappearance in Paris, where he had determined to again try his fortune. Thither he went, and was presented by De Conti to the King and the Queen Mother.

His and his company's first appearance before Louis was on the 24th of October, 1658, at the Louvre, in Corneille's "Nicomède." They were completely successful, especially the ladies. But Molière was too wise to enter into a rivalry with the Hôtel de Bourgogne in the representation of serious plays, for which its company was so much better trained than his that had performed little else than comedy; so, when the performance was ended, he advanced to the front and thanked his Majesty for the goodness with which he had excused the faults of those who had only appeared trembling before so august an assembly, and that the desire they had of having the honor to divert the greatest King in the world, had rendered them forgetful that his Majesty had in his service some excellent originals of whom they were only very weak copies; but that, since he had been willing to countenance them, he entreated very humbly that they might be permitted to give one of those *divertissements* in which they had acquired some reputation in the provinces. Such permission was accorded, and he selected one of those *petites comédies*, after the style of the Italian, which had achieved much success in Languedoc; it was called "Le Docteur Amoureux." The style was new, and the piece and the acting of Molière were so good that the King gave orders that he and his company should establish themselves in Paris. "Le Docteur Amoureux," and several other pieces of the same kind, are now lost, never having been printed; but there is no doubt that all that was good in them was subsequently worked into his existing comedies.

Molière's first theatre was Le Petit Bourbon, at the Louvre, but in 1660 he went to the Palais Royal, and his company took the name of Les Comédiens de Monsieur.

Before the end of the year 1658, he had given "L'Etourdi" and "Le Dépit Amoureux," and with considerable success. But it was not until the following year that he achieved his first great triumph in "Les Précieuses Ridicules." The people rushed in such crowds to see this comedy, that after the first night it was found necessary to double, and afterward to treble, the prices of admission.

This play secured the fame of its author, and inaugurated a new era in the history of the French stage. "Le Cocu Imaginaire" and "L'École des Maris" followed in rapid succession. Success always breeds enemies, and Molière's were numerous. His portraits were so lifelike, that there were always people angrily declaring themselves to be the originals, and threatening vengeance against him; then there were the unsuccessful poets and dramatists, a savage crew, to sneer at his works, and vow that they were plagiaries; but the public, paying no heed to them, continued to crowd his theatre, and every new work gave indication of a genius that grew finer and stronger with each effort. Ménage relates a curious anecdote of "Les Fâcheux." "In the comedy of the 'Fâcheux,'" he says, "which is one of the finest of M. Molière's, the huntsman who is introduced is M. de Soyecourt; it was the King who gave him this subject, upon leaving, after the first representation of this piece, which took place at M. Fouquet's. His Majesty, seeing M. de Soyecourt pass, said to Molière, 'There is a great original that you have not copied'; and all the hunting terms are said to have been dictated by the King himself."

"L'École des Femmes," produced in 1662, raised a great storm; prudery took alarm, and pronounced it immoral and indecent; pedantry was shocked at some familiar expressions introduced, especially at the words, "tarte à la crème," which was bandied from mouth to mouth until it became a proverb. The Duc de la Feuillade pronounced the piece that contained such an expression to be unendurable. Molière replied to the clamor by a little sketch, entitled "La Critique de l'École des Femmes," in which he mercilessly ridiculed the clamorers, especially La Feuillade, whom he introduced under the title of *le Marquis*. This gentleman, when asked his objections to the play, can only repeat, "tarte à la crème!"

The duc revenged this satire in a very cowardly manner. Meeting Molière in the street one day, he caught him in his arms, and rubbed his face against the cut buttons of

his coat until he made it bleed, crying, "Tarte à la crème, tarte à la crème!"

The King was very indignant when he heard of this outrage, and held La Feuillade in disgrace for some time afterward.

In the same year, 1663, Molière produced another satire of a similar kind, "L'Impromptu de Versailles," in which he again attacked courtiers and précieuses, together with his literary detractors, especially Boursault, who had attacked him in a piece entitled "Le Portrait du Peintre." His satire was this time chiefly directed against the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, who, envious of the greater success of the rival theatre, were his most bitter enemies. These he held up to ridicule by mimicking their faults, extravagances and peculiarities, which were seemingly of a very pronounced description. Montfleury, one of those imitated, revenged himself and his *confrères* in a comedy entitled "L'Impromptu de l'Hôtel de Condé," in which he imitated Molière in the *rôle* of César, in "La Mort de Pompée," and thus described his acting in tragedy:

"Il paroît tout de même; il vient le nez au vent,
Les pieds en parenthèse, et l'épaule en avant;
Sa perruque qui suit le côté qu'il avance,
Plus pleine de lauriers qu'un jambon de Mayence.
Les mains sur les côtés, d'un air peu négligé,
La tête sur le dos comme un mulet chargé;
Les yeux fort égarés; puis, débitant ses rôles,
D'un hoquet éternel sépare ses paroles."

Now, Molière, like all born comedians, had a great penchant for tragedy, and this satire galled him extremely. But, not content with this legitimate retaliation, Montfleury endeavored to ruin him with the King by a most horrible accusation, to understand which it will be necessary to turn to the great writer's domestic life.

Among the ladies who joined the Illustre Théâtre was one named Madeleine Béjart, and she had never quitted him in all his wanderings. She was his friend and confidant, and possessed great influence over him; some say they were united by closer ties than friendship. Be that as it may, she had a young sister, Armande Béjart, who was a child when she first joined the troupe, but who afterward became one of its members. Molière conceived a violent attachment for this girl, and ultimately married her. There were various stories circulated about this marriage; some said that Armande was Madeleine's daughter,* by a gentleman of Avignon, to whom she was secretly married; others went so far as to report that she was Molière's own child! It was this latter atrocious calumny that Montfleury laid before the King. Molière deigned no public reply, but it is evident that he fully satisfied his Majesty, for two months afterward the King, together with Henriette d'Orléans, held at the baptismal font the comedian's first child, and gave it the name of Louis. It was a noble reply to his traducers. As a further proof of his esteem, his Majesty conferred upon him a pension of 1,000 livres. The union was an unhappy one; Molière was many years her senior, she had little affection for him; his great fame and high position were probably the only incentives to the marriage. That he was devotedly attached to her is beyond a doubt, but there is something to be said upon both sides. He was very jealous, and it is to be feared he had ample cause to be so. She was a thorough coquette, with very little heart, and treated her husband very badly at times. But one smile of affection could always dispel his anger.

"'Her presence,' he said to Chapelain, 'caused me to forget all my resolutions, and the very first words she uttered in her own defense left me so convinced that my suspicions were ill founded, that I asked her pardon for my credulity. Everything in the world is connected in my heart with her; the idea of her has so seized me that I can think of nothing in her absence that will give me the least pleasure.'"

At another time, in some confidences with Rohault and Mignard, he spoke in a different strain:

"'I am the most unfortunate of men,' he said, 'and I have only what I merit. I have not considered I was too austere for domestic society. I have believed that my wife ought to subject her actions and her virtue entirely to my ideas; and I feel fully that in her situation she had been more unfortunate than I am if she had done so. She is sprightly, witty, and she is sensible of the pleasure of being so; all that annoys me, spite of myself. I am always talking and complaining of it.'"

During his ruptures with his wife, Mademoiselle la Brie, the heroine and *ingénue* of so many of his comedies, and who played Agnès in "L'École des Femmes," by the general demand of the audience, at sixty years of age, was his *chère amie*. One of his friends, surprised that a man so delicate as Molière should have placed his affections so badly, wished to disgust him with this lady:

"'You know,' he said, 'that La Barre and Florimont are her lovers, that she is not handsome, that she is, in truth, a skeleton, and that she has not common sense.'

"'I know all that,' replied Molière, 'but I am accustomed to her faults; and it would be too much trouble for me to accommodate myself to the imperfections of another—I have neither time nor patience.'"

He was evidently a most exacting man in domestic life:

"A window opened or shut before or after the time he had ordered would put him in convulsions; if a book was disarranged, it was enough to throw him off his work for a fortnight. He had few domestics with whom he did not find fault; those of his friends who were the most precise were those whom he most esteemed."

In all his habits he observed the manners of a *grand seigneur;* he would not have arranged the folds of his cravat with his own hands, and exacted an observance as punctilious from his valets as though he had been the King himself. These peculiarities throw some light upon his domestic grievances.

Be it as it may, he was Sganarelle at home as well as upon the stage, and, after making every possible deduction, Madame Molière was a very bad wife. Of her personal appearance he has bequeathed us a portrait, in that of Lucile, of which she was the original, in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme":

"She has small eyes, but they are full of fire; the most brilliant and most piercing in the world; the most melting that one could see. She has a large mouth, but it has charms that you never see in other mouths; the very sight of it inspires desire—it is the most attractive, the most lovable mouth in the world. She is not tall, but her figure is easy and graceful. She affects a nonchalance in her speech and her actions, and her manners have I know not what charm, that insinuates them into every heart. She has the finest and most delicate wit. Her conversation is charming. She is as capricious as it is possible to be. But her caprices become her."—"Bourgeois Gentilhomme," Act iii., Scene 9.

* This statement will be found in all the old biographies of Molière, and was not exploded until M. Beffara published the copy of the marriage deed. It runs as follows: "Jean Baptiste Poquelin, fils de Jean Poquelin et de feu Marie Cressé, d'une part; et Armande Gresinde Béjart, fille de feu Joseph Béjart et de Marie Hervé, d'autre part; tous deux de cette paroisse vis-à-vis le Palais Royal, fiancés et mariés, tout ensemble, par permission de M. Comtes, doyen de Notre Dame, et grand-vicaire de Monseigneur le Cardinal de Retz, archevêque de Paris, en présence dudit Jean Poquelin, père du marié, et d'André Boudet, beau-frère du mariée, de ladite Marie Hervé, mère de la mariée, Louis Béjart, et Madeleine Béjart, frère et sœur de ladite mariée." This deed is signed by all the persons therein named.

The presence of the parents and relations of both parties clears the transaction of all the foul imputations cast upon it, as well as of the story that Madeleine was so violently opposed to the marriage that it had to be celebrated clandestinely.

Tutored by her husband, she was an admirable actress. "Her voice," says a contemporary, "was so pathetic that she had truly in her heart the passion which was only in her mouth."

At length their disagreements rose to such a height as to be no longer endurable and they separated, still living under the same roof, however; to come together again only one year before his death.

Molière lived among the wildest spirits of the age—Chapelle, Bachaumont, Cyrano de Bergerac, Boileau, Ninon de l'Enclos, Madame de la Sablière, all were guests at his country house at Auteuil, and made many a wild revel there. His health, however, compelled him to be abstemious in his own habits, and he frequently went to bed, leaving Chapelle to play the host.

Toward three o'clock one morning, the company, very drunk, began moralizing, in a melancholy vein, upon the ills of life, its vanities and nothingness. "Life is a poor lot," exclaimed one. "Let us quit it, for fear such good friends as us should be separated; let us go and drown ourselves, the river is at the door." "That is true," said a third; "we can never have a better opportunity of dying good friends and joyfully; and our death will make some noise." And thereupon the whole party started for the river, except one, Baron, the actor, who ran to wake Molière, and to send some of the servants after them. The would-be suicides had already launched a boat to carry them into deep water, when the domestics came up and made every effort to stop them. In a great rage, the gentlemen drew their swords and furiously attacked the

TRAVELING PLAYERS IN MOLIÈRE'S TIME.

THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE IN THE TIME OF MOLIÈRE.—THE PALAIS ROYAL STAGE, AFTER CHARLES COYPEL.

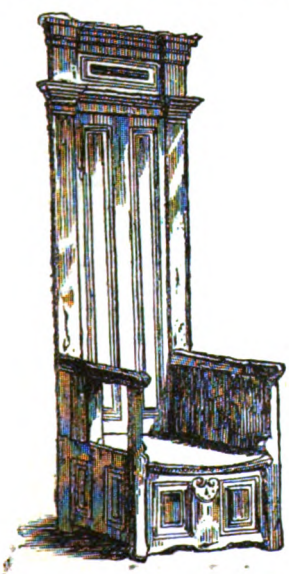
interlopers, driving them back to Auteuil; there they were met by Molière, to whom they loudly complained of the insolent interference of his people.

"Weary of the troubles of this world," said one, "we have determined to pass into the other to better ourselves; the river appeared to us the shortest road thither, and those rogues stopped us."

"And what have I done," said Molière, feigning to be angry, "that you should form such an excellent purpose without asking me to take part in it? What, drown yourselves without me? I will never again believe you to be my friends."

"You are right," cried Chapelle; "we have done you injustice. Come and drown yourself with us."

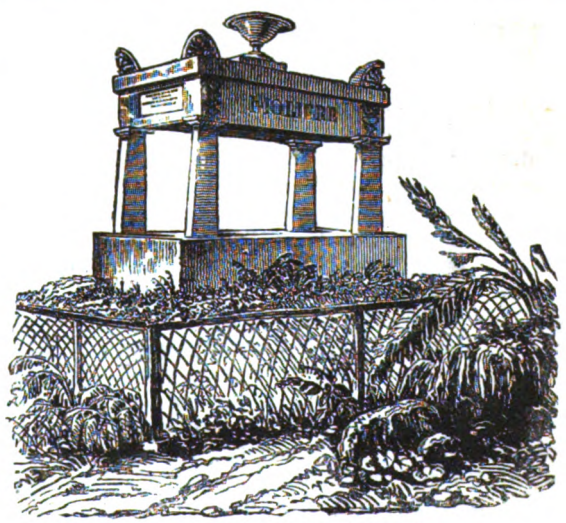
"Softly," responded Molière; "it is not an affair to be improperly undertaken. Were we to drown ourselves at this hour of the morning, people would say we had been carousing, and that we had done it like desperadoes or drunkards. To-morrow, between eight and nine in the morning, fasting, and before everybody, we will go and throw ourselves head-foremost into the river."



MOLIÈRE'S CHAIR AT PÉZÉNAS.

"Morbleu!" exclaimed Jean Baptiste Lulli, who was of the party; "Molière has always a hundred times more sense than we have. Let us put it off until to-morrow, and go to bed, for I am sleepy."

And thus by his wit and finesse our poet averted what these headstrong bacchanalians would certainly have carried to a fatal catastrophe. He was himself a grave and silent man. There is a story told of a lady of distinction who invited him to meet a party, thinking that he would entertain them with his wit; he came, but throughout the evening scarcely opened his lips. He tells the story himself in his "Critique de l'École des Femmes." At Pézénas



MOLIÈRE'S TOMB AT PERE LA CHAISE.

they used to show a chair in a barber's shop, where he would sit for hours without speaking a word. This taciturn melancholy is a frequent characteristic of great comedians.

The production of "Don Juan" (Le Festin de Pierre), in which he anticipated "Tartuffe" by his attacks upon the hypocrisy of the age, and by making his libertine hero, the very embodiment of all that is evil, turn false *dévot*, was the signal for another furious attack upon him; he was called a devil incarnate, and one writer prognosticated deluge, famine and plague unless the King put a bridle upon his impiety. Immediately afterward Louis conferred upon his company the title of "Troupe du Roi," and a pension of 7,000 livres, together with 1,000 livres for himself.

It was thus he always replied to the great writer's enemies. In what high esteem he held him is testified by the following anecdote, related by Madame Campan in her Mémoires:

"Louis XIV. discovered that the officers of his chamber having testified by the most offensive disdain how greatly they were mortified to eat at the table of the comptroller of the household with Molière, *valet de chambre* to the King, because he was an actor, that celebrated man had abstained from eating at that table. Louis XIV., desiring to put an end to these outrages, which should not have been inflicted upon one of the greatest geniuses of his age, said one morning to Molière, at rising: 'They tell me you fare badly here, Molière, and that the officers of my chamber do not think you fit to eat with them. You are perhaps hungry; for my part, I have awakened with a very good appetite. Sit at that table, and let there be served my *en cas de nuit*.'* Then the King, carving his fowl, and having ordered Molière to be seated, served him with a wing, taking at the same time one for himself; and ordered that the *entrées familières*, which were composed of some of the most distinguished and favored of the Court, should be admitted. 'You see me,' said the King to them, 'entertaining Molière, whom my *valets de chambre* do not find good company enough for them.' From that time Molière had no need to present himself at *that* table—all the Court overwhelmed him with invitations."

This act alone would have entitled Louis XIV. to the title of *le Grand Monarque*.

"L'Avare," after "Tartuffe," one of the finest of his works, brought out in 1667, was not successful at first. "What!" said a duke, "is Molière a fool? and does he take us for ninnies, to endure five acts of prose? Was there ever anything more absurd? How can one possibly be diverted by prose?" Only the jingle of rhyme was grateful to the exquisite ears of that age. Upon its reproduction, however, some time afterward, it crowded the theatre for almost a year.

The return of the celebrated Italian comedian, Scaramouche, after three years' absence, sent all Paris crowding to the Italian theatre. Molière's house was deserted. The company became dissatisfied, and urged several projects upon him to increase the receipts. Among others, they begged him to obtain an order from the King that the household troops, who had always been free of the *parterre*, and who nightly filled it, to the manifest loss of the comedians, should not be admitted without paying as other spectators. Molière yielded to their desire, and obtained the order. But the first time it was put in force there was a riot, the soldiers forced their way into the theatre, slew the doorkeepers who opposed their passage, and threatened the lives of the actors, which were saved only by Molière's courage in facing and exhorting the rioters. His troupe were now clamorous for the withdrawal of the prohibition, but his dignity would not permit of this. He complained to the King of the outrage that had been offered him. The offenders were punished, and the burdensome free admissions abolished for ever.

But he was soon again in hot water over his comedy of "Tartuffe." The first three acts of this great work had been represented at Versailles as early as 1664, although the complete play was not given in Paris until 1667. The storm raised against it by the pious was so terrible that the King prohibited the second representation.

"'Eight days after the prohibition of "Tartuffe," ' says Molière, in his preface to that comedy, 'there was represented before the Court a piece entitled "Scaramouche Ermite," and the King, in leaving, said to the great prince (Condé) what I am about to tell: "I would much like to know why the people, who are so scandalized by Molière's comedy, say not a word about that of Scaramouche." "It is," replied the prince, "because the comedy of Scaramouche mocks heaven and religion, for which these gentlemen care little; while that of Molière mocks themselves, and that they are not able to endure." ' "

The date assigned to the production of "Le Misanthrope" in all the editions of Molière's works is 1666, but there is internal evidence in the play that it was not acted until after "Le Tartuffe." Although placed upon the stage in the month of June, it had a run of twenty-one consecutive performances, considered a great success in those days, more especially at such a time of year. It is the most refined, although by no means the most amusing, of his comedies; one scene of it probably suggested the scandal scenes of Sheridan's "School for Scandal." "Melicerte," "Amphitryon," "Le Sicilien" and "Georges Dandin" followed. There is an amusing anecdote relative to this last piece which is worth giving. While he was engaged upon the play, a friend warned him that there was a real Dandin, who would most probably recognize his portrait, and who, by his position and influence, might cause him some trouble.

"You are right," replied the author, "and I know a sure means of conciliating the man of whom you speak—I will read him my piece."

One night at the theatre, of which he was a constant attendant, Molière said to this "Dandin" that when he had an hour to spare he should like to give him a reading. The man felt himself so honored by the compliment, that he proposed the next day, and ran all over Paris, inviting friends to be present. The comedy was read to a large assembly, everybody was delighted, none more so than he whom it reflected, and who mightily enjoyed his stage presentment.

When the clamor against "Le Tartuffe" had subsided, Molière once more announced it for repetition. All the fury of its opponents was in an instant reawakened. The eagerness to secure places was so great that the most distinguished people were happy to obtain boxes on the third tier. But ere the curtain was raised there came an order from the representatives of the King, who was then in Flanders, prohibiting the performance. Molière immediately dispatched two of his company, La Thorillière and La Grange, to the camp, with a petition praying his Majesty's protection. They returned with an order authorizing the representation. Les Tartuffes of Paris continued to howl and denounce; but the comedian had triumphed, and the piece continued to be played without further interruption.

"M. de Pourceaugnac," "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "Les Fourberies de Scapin," "La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas," and "Les Femmes Savantes," were produced in the four following years, 1669–72. The last was not an immediate success. "Les Précieuses Ridicules" had years before demolished the subjects satirized, and the satire had lost much of its point. The King, however, was pleased

* Food left in readiness for the King during the night.

to express his approval of the work, and from that time it rose in public estimation.

In 1672 his unhappy differences with his wife were patched up for the last time. His health had long been failing, he had suffered for years from a distressing cough, but from this period he became rapidly worse, and on the day of the third representation of "Le Malade Imaginaire," produced on the 10th of February, 1673, he was so ill that both his wife and Baron, the actor, entreated him not to perform. "What can I do?" he answered; "there are fifty poor workmen who have only their daily pay to live upon, what will they do if I do not act? I should reproach myself if I neglected to give them their bread for a single day." But he sent for the company, and told them if they were not ready by four o'clock he would not be able to play, as he felt himself more than usually indisposed.

At four o'clock precisely the curtain rose, and he went through his part, but with great difficulty; once during the performance the audience could not help perceiving that he was convulsed, but he passed it off with a forced laugh. When the piece was finished he put on his dressing-gown and went into Baron's box, and asked him what the people thought of the play. After expressing the opinions he had heard, Baron remarked that he appeared very unwell. "I am," replied Molière, "the cold is killing me." Then Baron felt his hands, which were quite frozen, and put them into a muff to try and warm them, and sent for his chairman to convey him home. He was put to bed, after eating a little bread and some Parmesan cheese. But soon afterward he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and brought up a quantity of blood. Baron was very much frightened, but Molière endeavored to pass it off by saying he had frequently brought up a great deal more; nevertheless, he requested him to fetch his wife up-stairs. When Baron returned with Madame Molière, he was dead; he had expired in the arms of two sisters of charity, suffocated with blood that was pouring from his mouth.

He died on the 17th of February, 1673, aged fifty-three. The Archbishop of Paris refused him Christian burial, and his opposition was overcome only by the orders of the King. Considering the state of society in those days, Molière's body would have been quite as well out of their company. Nevertheless, he was interred, but with maimed rites. "What!" exclaimed his wife, "refuse burial to a man who has deserved altars!" But posterity has avenged him. Madame raised a handsome tomb, and paid all the respect to his memory she had refused to him living.*

Of his personal appearance we have the following description:

"He was neither too fat nor too lean; he was tall rather than short. He had a noble carriage, a fine leg, and he walked with a grave air; his nose was big, his mouth large, his lips thick, complexion dark, eyebrows black and heavy, and the different movements he gave them rendered his physiognomy very comic."

As an actor he was inimitable, and he imparted much of his own perfection to his company. "He understood," says a contemporary, "the capabilities of his actors so admirably in giving them their proper characters, and in afterward so perfectly instructing them, that they seemed not so much comedians as the true persons they represented."

I have no space left for a critical examination of his works. That they have many faults as well as beauties is only a truism which applies to all human productions; but the best proof of their truth and worth is their vitality; while Corneille, Racine, Voltaire have disappeared from the stage, and could only be galvanized into existence again by the appearance of another Talma or Rachel, these can still please the fickle Parisian, and their characters are still the highest efforts of the greatest French *artistes*. He borrowed much more than we can now trace, and he openly acknowledged doing so: "I take my property wherever I find it." Plautus, Terence, Boccaccio and the Italian and Spanish dramatists were freely plundered, but such gatherings were distilled, transmuted in the alembic of his brain into forms of originality.

He was far from believing his works perfect. One day Boileau was reading some verses which directly referred to him; when he came to the line,

"Il plaît à tout le monde, et ne sauroit se plaire,"

he exclaimed, pressing the writer's hand, "That is the greatest truth you have ever uttered. I am not of the number of those sublime spirits of whom you speak, but such as I am, I have never done anything with which I am truly content."

He composed very slowly, although he liked the contrary to be understood, and many pieces supposed to have been written on the spur of a royal command, had been prepared some time previously. When we consider, however, the great demands made upon his time in so many other ways, the amount of literary work he actually accomplished cannot fail to astonish us. He was the manager of a theatre, a position alone sufficient to monopolize the whole attention of an ordinary man! he played all the principal parts; he was constantly visited by friends and great personages; to these we have to add ill health and domestic troubles; and yet, during twenty years he contrived to write thirty-one dramatic works, many of which are unsurpassed in the literature of the world.

"'I remember,' Boileau says, 'Molière pointed out to me several times an old servant that he had, to whom he told me he sometimes read his comedies, and he assured me that when the humorous passages did not strike her, he altered them, because he had frequently proved that such passages did not take upon the stage."

As a man he had many virtues; he was a sincere friend, and his charities were munificent and freely given.

"The great Condé had an especial friendship for Molière," Ménage tells us. "He frequently sent for him to entertain him. One day he said to him, in the presence of persons who related to me the circumstance: 'Molière, perhaps I bring you here too often—I fear I distract you from your work, so I shall not send for you any more; but I pray you come to me in all your leisure hours, announce yourself by a *valet de chambre*, and I will leave every one to be with you.' When Molière came, the Prince always left whoever might be with him, and he was often three or four hours with him. After these conversations this great prince has been heard to say, publicly: 'I am never weary of being with Molière. He is a man whose learning and judgment are never exhausted.'"

* There is a curious story told, since well worked up by Charles Reade, and vouched as a fact, which is worth repeating here. There was a courtesan in Paris who so wonderfully resembled Molière's wife that the two could scarcely be distinguished apart. This woman, taking advantage of the circumstance, used to entertain her admirers in the character of the *comédienne*, with whom all the gallants were in love. Hence the stories which roused her husband's jealousy. The fraud was at last discovered, but only after his death, and the vile personator was condemned to a severe punishment.

THERE are hopes, the bloom of whose beauty would be spoiled by the trammels of description; too lovely, too delicate, too sacred for words, they should be only known through the sympathy of hearts.

SCENE FROM MOLIÈRE'S "BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME".— MADAME JOURDAIN SURPRISING HER HUSBAND WITH LA BELLE MARQUISE.— SEE PAGE 209.

SCENE IN THE CAMPOS, BRAZIL.

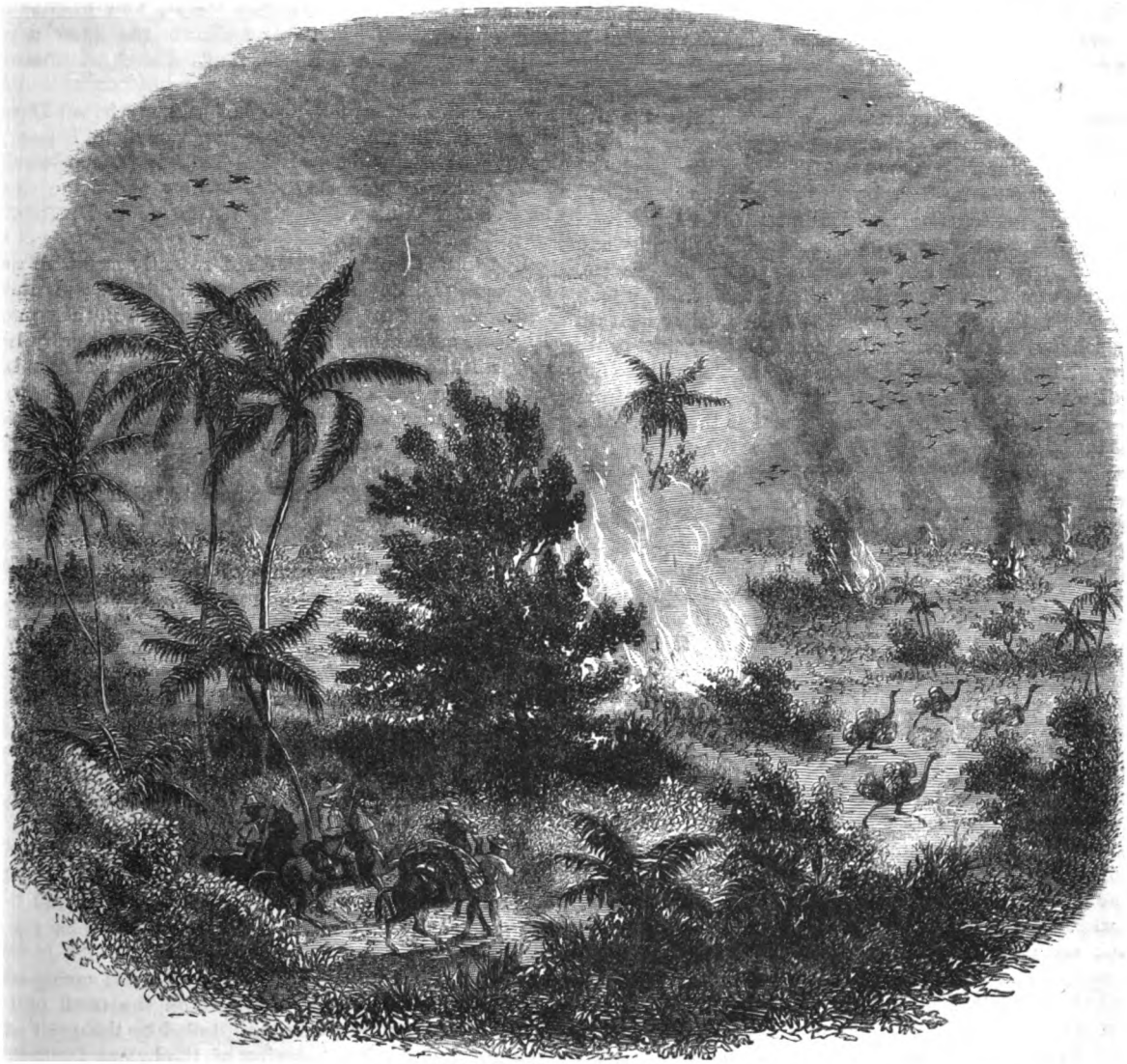
A RECENT traveler thus speaks of the scenery in Brazil: "We zigzag up the steep sides of the Sierra, looking down upon the tops of majestic forest-trees, whose very names are unfamiliar, and whose appearance is as curious as picturesque and beautiful. Dr. Gardner, who made a most thorough investigation of the *flora* of the Organ Mountains, has recorded in his interesting travels the vegetal riches of this lofty range; and those who would revel in descriptions of palms, *Cassiæ*, *Lauri*, *Bignonias*, *Myrtaceæ*, *Orchideæ*, *Bromeliaceæ*, ferns. etc., must turn to the pages of a work which, though necessarily deficient in the history, politics, and present condition of Brazil, is the most unassuming and charming book ever written on the natural aspect of the tropic land under consideration.

"In the months of April and May (October and November in Brazil), only the autumnal tints of our gorgeous North American woods can compare with the sight of the forest of the Sierra dos Orgoes. Then the various species of the *Laurus* are blooming, and the atmosphere is loaded with the rich perfume of their tiny, snow-white blossoms. The *Cassiæ* then put forth their millions of golden flowers, while, at the same time, huge trees—whose native names would be more unintelligible, though less pedantic, than their botanic terms of *Lasiandra*, *Fontanesia* and others of the *Melastoma* tribe—are in full bloom, and, joining rich purple to the brightest yellow, present, together with gorgeously-clothed shrubs, 'flowers of more mingled hue than her (Iris's) purpled scarf can show.'

"From time to time a silk cotton-tree (the *Chorisia speciosa*) shoots up its lofty hemispherical top, covered with thousands of beautiful, large, rose-colored blossoms, which gratefully contrast with the masses of vivid green, purple and yellow that clothe the surrounding trees.

"Floral treasures are heaped on every side. Wild vines twisted into most fantastic forms, or hanging in graceful festoons; passion-flowers, trumpet-flowers and fuchsias in their native glory; tree ferns, whose elegance of form is only surpassed by the tall, gently-curved *palmito*, which is the very embodiment of the line of beauty; orchids whose flowers are of as soft a tint as the blossom of the peach-tree, or as brilliant as red spikes of fire; curious and eccentric epiphytes draping naked rocks, or the decaying branches of old forest monarchs—all form a scene enrapturing to the naturalist, and bewildering with its richness to the uninitiated, who still appreciate the beauty and the splendor that is scattered on every side by the Hand Divine.

"The overpowering sensation which one experiences



SCENE IN THE CAMPOS, BRAZIL.

when entering an extensive conservatory filled with the choicest plants, exotics of the rarest description, and odor-laden flowers, is that—multiplied a thousandfold—which filled my mind as I gazed for the first time upon the landscape, with its tiers of mountains, robed in such drapery as that described above; and yet there was such a feeling of liberty, incompatible with the sensation expressed by the word 'overpowering,' that it is impossible to define it. In the province of Minas-Geraes, from a commanding point, I once beheld a magnificent forest in bloom; and, as the hills and undulating plains stretched far away to the horizon, they seemed to be enveloped in a fairy mist of purple and gold.

"The Barreira is situated in a spot of great wildness and sublimity; for the Organ peaks, that rise thousands of feet above, seem like the *aiguilles* which start fantastically from the glaciers of Mont Blanc; and the rushing, leaping, thundering cascades are comparable to the five wild mountain torrents, 'fiercely glad,' that pour into the Vale of Chamouni.

"I was once at the Barreira during a tropic storm, and the foaming, roaring rivers, which hurried down with fearful leap from the very region of dread lightning and clouds, madly dashed against the huge masses of granite, as if they would have hurled them from their mighty fastenings, and tore their way into the deep valley beneath with sounds that reverberated among the giant peaks above, giving me a new commentary on the sublime description in the Apocalypse: 'And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters and as the voice of a great thunder.'"

THE DOOM OF BELLE-ISLE.

By Susan Archer Weiss.

IN the Summer of 1860 I was sent by the New Orleans cotton firm in whose employ I then was, to Powell's Point, to superintend their affairs in that place. It was a small settlement, or station, on the Mississippi River, about twenty miles above New Orleans, where boats were laden with cotton, sugar and other products of the neighboring plantations, intended for the market. The place was dull enough, ordinarily, though in the regular season crowded with creoles, negroes, mulattoes and whites, some in search of work, others merely "jobbing" or loafing around.

Among the throng of idlers, I was not long in observing one who, by his unlikeness to the rest, particularly attracted my attention. He was a dark, handsome man, apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age, with a manner and style of dress which, despite a certain fastidious elegance, yet betrayed that he was *not* a gentleman. Indeed, to an experienced eye, this fact would have been evident from the manner in which he wore his hat, a little on one side, and displayed on his little finger a diamond ring. Still, there was a certain style and graceful, easy "dash" about the man, which, together with his fine figure and handsome face, challenged the admiration of most persons, and "Mr. Philip Seymour, New York," as his name was registered at the "hotel," was regarded as quite an ornament to that establishment, and Powell's Point in general.

Who or what he was, or for what purpose he had sought this apparently uncongenial locality, no one seemed to know, or to care about knowing. He himself said that, as a Northerner, the scene was new to him, and amusing; and so he loitered about for some weeks, smoking, reading novels and newspapers, and joining with apparent indifference, yet almost invariable success, in the gaming, which, as at most other places on the lower Mississippi, formed one of the chief recreations of Powell's Point.

In the course of my business, I soon had occasion to visit "Belle-Isle"—a plantation lying some miles down the river, and the property of an old planter of French extraction, known as Colonel de Lanier, with whom I had already some slight acquaintance. The estate was one of the finest in the neighborhood, and the colonel had the reputation of being a wealthy man. In his youth, I had heard it said, he had been a "fast liver," gay and extravagant, but had now sunk into an infirm, fretful and penurious old age, being extremely "close" in his dealings, and by no means hospitably inclined—the latter a peculiarity which, in the South, ranks almost as a cardinal vice.

"We won't dine at Belle-Isle," said my friend Dawson, as we came in sight of the house, "or the old man may grudge us his claret. Capital stuff it is, too—real St. Julien, directly imported. It is now about the dinner-hour, and I think we may as well go on to Dixon's, who will be glad to see us."

But to this I objected. I had recently met with one of the Misses Dixon at a ball on a neighboring plantation, and being, as I confess, somewhat smitten in that quarter, I had strong reasons for not desiring to be seen by her in my present condition. We had been riding for some hours along dusty roads; the day was warm, and I knew that my appearance was very different from that which had, as I fondly hoped, won favor in the eyes of the fair Florence at the ball.

"But what's to be done?" remonstrated Dawson. "You know I've got to go to Dixon's about that last consignment?"

No, I had not been aware of this; but now that the question was presented, there was but one alternative.

"You can go on to Dixon's," I said. "I will give you an hour for dinner and business, and meantime I'll wait for you among the trees in the hollow over there. It will give me a good rest, and I may find something to eat at that log cabin."

"Oh, I'll be back in less than an hour," said Dawson, as he drove away in the gig.

The "hollow" to which I have referred was a tempting-looking retreat on a warm day. It lay not very far distant from the private plantation road, just back of the garden which extended in the rear of the house. This latter faced the river, and the road wound around it and the garden, leading up to the broad veranda in front of the house.

After bathing my head and face in the cool spring which I found in the hollow, I lay down on the fresh turf beneath a thicket of sassafras, and, lulled by the quiet of the place and the soft whispering of the breeze through the foliage, unconsciously sank into a refreshing sleep.

From this I was roused by a murmur of voices, and in my half drowsy condition I lay still, and unconsciously listened.

It was a woman's voice, the words of which first reached me:

"Yes, I know it; but who would have thought at his age, and with his infirmities, he would live so long?"

"He may yet outlive us both, for what we know," replied a man's voice, which, abrupt though it was, yet seemed somehow familiar to me.

"What *can* be done?" said the woman, almost in a tone of desperation. "I cannot go on leading this hateful life. Oh! if you knew how I loathe it and him!"

"Yes, yes—I know," said the other, soothingly. "It is very hard for you, *ma belle.*"

"And all for *your* sake," she uttered, in a half faltering voice, as through tears.

"All for sake of the plantation," he returned, half mockingly; "and that is for both our sakes—yours and mine."

"You are cruel."

"But, suppose he don't leave you the plantation?"

"But he must—he *shall!*" she returned, with an energy which thoroughly startled and awakened me.

I became conscious that I was listening to a conversation not intended for other ears; but how to escape? It was an awkward dilemma, from which I was relieved on hearing the voices and the footsteps gradually recede.

A few moments after there was the tramp of a horse, and, mounting to the edge of the hollow, I had the satisfaction of seeing my elegant acquaintance, Mr. Philip Seymour, riding away in the shade of the tall osage-orange hedge, which, extending from the back of the garden to the road, effectually screened him from sight of the house.

I was compelled to wait a considerable time for Dawson's return. He appeared at length, vexed at the delay which had been caused by a broken trace, and in a few minutes thereafter we presented ourselves at the Belle-Isle mansion.

A negro appeared to take our horse, and another showed us into the house, saying his master was at home.

As we entered the front door a young girl, fair and delicate-looking, crossed the great breezy hall, having in her hand a boo Dawson, who was an honest, good-natured sort of fellow, universally liked, addressed her:

"How d'ye do, Miss Eleanor? Glad to see you looking so well—but, dear me, I hope you haven't been sick?"

The girl smiled as she modestly greeted him.

"Not sick and well at the same time, Mr. Dawson," she said, half playfully.

"But I fancied you were looking pale, Miss Nellie. When did you hear last from Master Harry, if I may ask?"

"A few days since," she answered, with a just perceptible blush stealing into her fair face. "In Paris—well, and enjoying himself."

"Not so much but that he would prefer being at home, I dare say," responded Dawson, with what he intended as a delicate significance.

But at that moment a door opened, and another lady appeared. She was a woman rather past her first youth—indeed, I should have guessed her age to be somewhere between twenty-five and thirty—but of a beauty really remarkable, and that in a style by no means usual. Her hair was dark, and rippled in wavy lines back from her temples; her eyes large and dark-gray, while her complexion was of a clear, marble-like cream tint. Her form, features, and in special her hands and her bust (which latter was rather freely displayed through the light organdie dress), were exquisitely symmetrical; and in her whole appearance was an Oriental voluptuousness and grace which reminded me of the representations of reclining, half-clad Eastern beauties which one so often sees hawked about the streets by picture-venders.

Immediately upon her appearance the young girl passed in, but not before I had noted the rapid glance which each cast upon the other, and which assured me that between these two there was no love lost.

"Good afternoon, madame," said Dawson, rather stiffly, waving his hat in salutation. "The colonel at home, ma'am? We've called to see him on business. Mr. Lascelles—Madame de Lanier."

The lady graciously acknowledged the introduction.

"The colonel is always at home at this hour," she said, with a smile which displayed a perfect set of teeth. "Indeed, I fear we are rather a lazy family, for we have only just aroused from our after-dinner *siesta.*"

She said this as Colonel de Lanier entered the hall by an opposite door, she seeming unconscious of his presence, as she led the way to a Summer parlor opening upon the front veranda.

As regarded her statement of having just awakened, I did not believe one word of it; for, at the first syllable she had uttered, I had recognized the voice which I had only an hour previous heard in the hollow.

Immediately the sentence recurred to me, "*If you knew how I loathe it and him!*"—and now, knowing her to be Madame de Lanier, and contrasting her in her youth and beauty with this withered and infirm old man, I was at no loss to comprehend its meaning. Neither—when I looked around upon this deliciously cool and picturesque old mansion, with its spacious halls, its windows opening upon broad verandas, embowered in perfumed vines, and overshadowed by magnificent magnolias, and then upon the flowery lawn and the broad cotton and sugar fields beyond—could I much wonder that she should so strongly covet possession of this "plantation."

"Ah, my lady," I thought, "little do you imagine that the stranger whose admiration you are so coquettishly endeavoring to win knows that about you which closes his heart against even the charms of your rare beauty!"

I watched curiously, almost as a sort of study, her behavior to her husband: how she placed his easy-chair in the coolest and pleasantest part of the room; how she closed the blinds to shut out a ray of sunlight which seemed to annoy him, and, by various little attentions and graces—to the casual observer the most simple and natural in the world—sought to please and charm him. And that he was charmed—strangely charmed and fascinated for one of his age—it was not difficult to perceive.

"You have a beautiful place here," I remarked, from my seat near the open window.

"Ah, yes! None more so in this neighborhood," he answered, with an expression of pride. "Strangers passing in the steamers call it a little paradise. But I could wish it were not so near the river," he added, with what seemed a vague uneasiness.

"That is what I would consider one of its chief attractions."

"Why, yes; it is no doubt pleasant in some respects. But, you see, the river encroaches, and much of the land below there has thus been lost to me. I am thinking of building a levee as a protection from this, and also from the inundations, which have more than once nearly destroyed my sugar crop. But it will cost a good deal—a good deal!" he concluded, querulously.

"The old man is right," remarked Dawson, as we started on our way home. "Why, when I first came here, about twenty years ago, this road was a good three rods further from the river's brink than it is now. It's in the last two years, mostly, that the mischief's been done. But if it goes on in this way, the Mississippi'll be up to the house-door before many years are passed, though the old colonel mayn't live to see it."

"Who will inherit the property?"

"His son, of course—young Harry de Lanier; a fine young fellow, though rather high-spirited on occasion. It was thought, too, that Miss Eleanor would come in for something, until the old man discovered that the two young people had a more than cousinly liking for each other—a thing he don't approve of, having other views for

his son. Eleanor is only the daughter of a poor clergyman—a half-brother of the first Mrs. de Lanier—and hasn't a cent except a little legacy her aunt left her; so the old colonel don't approve of her as the future bride of the heir of Belle-Isle. But she's a sweet young creature, and fit for a prince."

"So she is, so far as looks and manners are concerned; but of a very different style from the madame."

"Ah, *she's* a stunner, ain't she?—a regular ring-tailed roarer, as the boys say. She has the old man completely under her thumb, and carries all before her at Belle-Isle. But just fancy *her* marrying the colonel, and *him* fool enough to marry *her!* And then, the idea of his bringing such a woman to live in the same house with Miss Eleanor!"

"Why, what's the objection?" Dawson shrugged his shoulders.

"She's an octoroon. They can't blind *my* eyes to that, howsoever they may do with other people. Then, how or where he picked her up, nobody knows. He went last Summer on business to New Orleans—went for two days, and remained two months; and when he returned, he brought this woman with him as his bride; and, if I am not mistaken," added Dawson, with a shrewd look out of the corners of his eyes—"if I am not mistaken, I have seen *la belle's* delicate, cream-colored complexion and dimpled arms and shoulders elsewhere than at Belle-Isle."

THE WATER BABIES."

"In New Orleans?"

"In New York, in the green-room of one of the theatres. I don't feel bound to say much more. Neither must you, in honor, repeat it; but the 'Black Crook' was performing there at the time."

"Impossible!"

"Mind, I don't say that he—that is, the colonel—knows it. It may not be so bad as that; and very probably he has been to some extent imposed upon. But some day he will find his eyes opened. These octoroons, many of them as beautiful as angels, are generally very devils in temper and disposition. The single drop of African blood seems to poison all the rest. Now, here," said Dawson, pointing with his whip to an old negro seated before the door of a log cabin close to the river—"here is an old fellow, genuine African all over, who ain't one-tenth as bad as the mixed black-and-white set. Hello, Uncle Juniper! How goes the world with you in these days?"

The old man looked up, shading his eyes with his hand. He must have been nearly one hundred years old, as, indeed, he professed to be, and had a shock of hair as white as wool.

"Mighty poo'ly, marster, mighty poo'ly!" he answered, to Dawson's inquiry. "De times dey get wuss and wuss, and it's a-comin', marster, it's a-comin'!"

"What's coming?" asked Dawson, at the same time whispering to me, "He's in his dotage, poor fellow!"

"Ise watch for it ebery day, and I see it a-comin'," resumed the old negro, meditatively. "I knowed it when *she* come here in my poo' young missus's place; an' I knowed it when *she* made marse sell my chillun away down to 'Leans; an' I knowed it when *she* turn me outen my cabin an' put me here, 'way off out o' sight ob de house an' young missus. It comin'—it comin', an' I watch it o' days an' hear it o' nights, an' feel it creepin', creepin' on!"

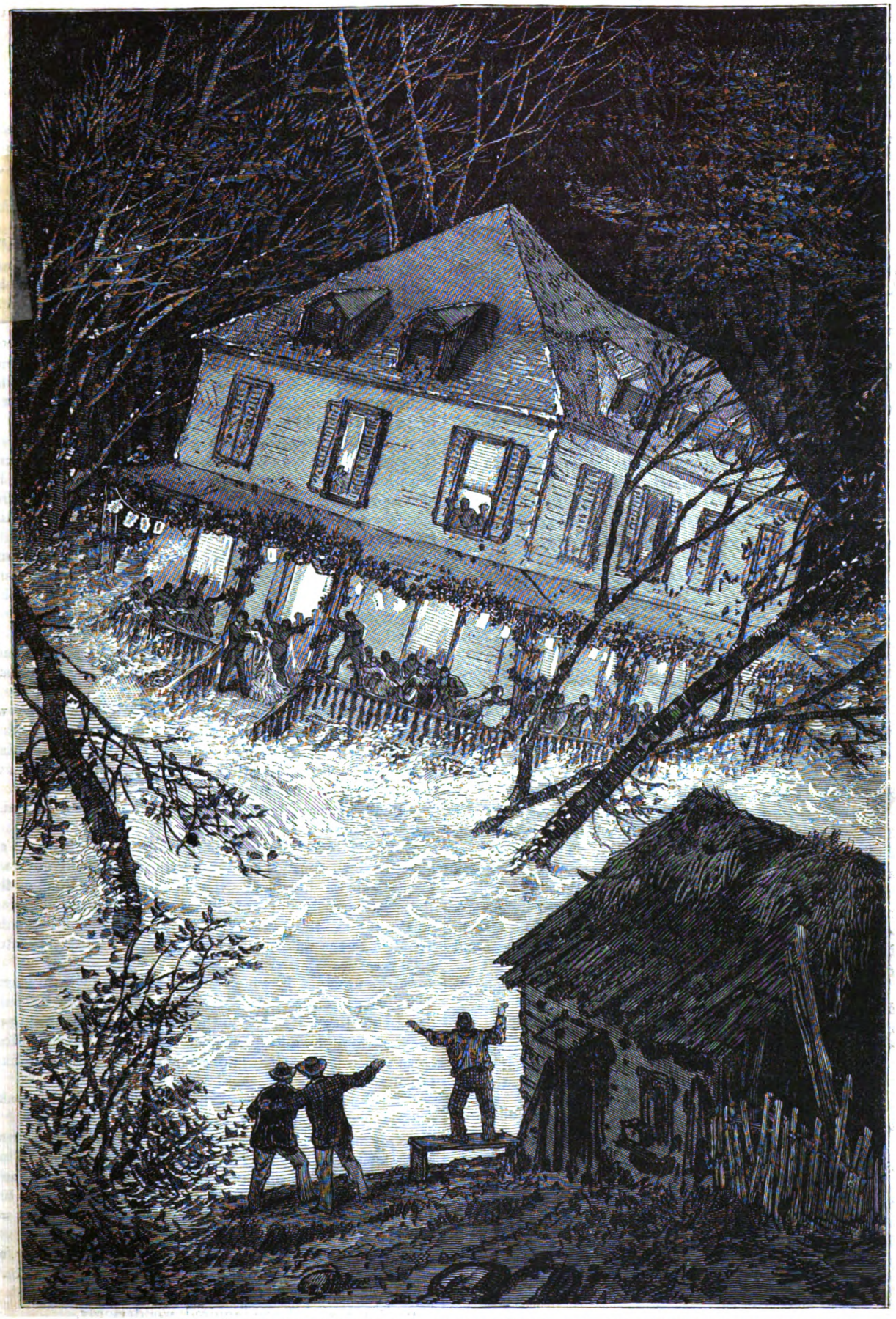
"Don't Miss Nellie come and see you, Uncle Juniper?"

"Be sure she come, an' fotch me tea an' goodies, an' read de blessed Bible to me. But, all for same, it comin'."

"What *is* it that is coming, Uncle Juniper?" I inquired, somewhat impressed by the solemn earnestness, not to say eagerness, of the old man's words and manner.

He made no reply, but gazed steadfastly before him.

"His soul's so nigh out of his poor old body," said Dawson, "that he really seems to be almost as much in another world as in this. It's my belief he fancies he sees spirits, or *spooks*, as the niggers call 'em. Why, when I passed here three weeks ago, he was sitting in the same place, watching for something that he said was *a-comin'*. What little sense old age had left in him was knocked in the head by his only grandson and daughter being sold away from him not long ago. The madame heard of some remarks of theirs not complimentary to herself, and persuaded the colonel to send 'em off. The girl was Miss Eleanor's foster-sister—that is, the daughter of her colored nurse—and she took on mightily about it, and——"



THE DOOM OF BELLE-ISLE. —"AT THAT MOMENT A WILD SHRIEK AROSE ON THE LAWN. THE MUSIC CEASED THEN, AND WE COULD SEE THE THRONG OF DANCERS RUSH OUT UPON THE VERANDA."—SEE PAGE 222.

"Dah!" suddenly cried old Juniper, half rising from his seat, and, with staring eyes, pointing to a particular spot on the river-bank before him. "Dah!—it's a-comin', it's a-comin'!"

I looked attentively at the spot indicated. A cluster of blue flowers growing on the edge of the bank bent slowly over and disappeared; a spike of tall rushes rising from the water quivered and trembled; a soft, slushing sound, as of some soft body slipping into the water; a ripple, a few bubbles—that was all!

"A muskrat," said Dawson.

But to me it looked wonderfully as though an unseen hand had reached out of the great river and torn the blue violets from their roots, and with them disappeared into the waters beneath.

This was my introduction to Belle-Isle, though I had subsequently frequent occasions to repeat my visit.

On one of them I, for the first time, met Harry de Lanier, the old colonel's only son, a fine, handsome young fellow, high-spirited, and, as I heard it said, rather hot-tempered and rash upon occasion.

His father's marriage had greatly mortified and vexed him—chiefly on his cousin Eleanor's account—and it was owing to this principally that the colonel had sent him out of the way for a time on business to Paris. He had now, after nearly a year's absence, returned, yet, as I could not but perceive, not one whit reconciled to his beautiful stepmother, or to Eleanor's now subordinate position in the family.

That Madame de Lanier was aware of this, and that she heartily resented it and reciprocated his dislike, was also sufficiently evident; and, on the whole, a more uncongenial and ill-assorted family group could scarcely have been found than that at the "paradise" of Belle-Isle.

And all the time the serpent, in the shape of Philip Seymour, hovered about the place, and I could not but have a vague presentiment, with old Juniper, that something—I knew not exactly what, but something to be feared and dreaded—was "a-comin'."

It came at last—that, at least, for which *I* had looked—and this was the manner of it:

Madame took a fancy to the apartments occupied by Miss de Lanier. These were two retired rooms at the back of the house, projecting into the garden. The upper commanded a view of the hollow before mentioned, which was shut out of sight of the other windows by the dense foliage surrounding the house, and the lower opened by a glass door directly on an embowered walk, or alley, leading to the back of the garden, whence a flight of steps descended to the spring in the hollow.

Whether or not these circumstances influenced madame's choice, she did not mention; but, simply as a preliminary, offered to exchange apartments with Eleanor. This the young lady declined doing. The rooms had always been hers, and she did not desire to change them. Thereupon madame appealed to the colonel, and the result was that on the following day the rooms were in possession of Mrs. de Lanier.

Young De Lanier flared up when he heard of this matter.

"Madame," said he to his stepmother, "those apartments were given to Miss de Lanier by my mother, whose own rooms they adjoined. They have always been hers; nor do I consider that any one had a right to deprive her of them."

The octoroon's blood was up.

"Do you know, sir, to whom you are speaking?" she demanded, hotly.

"Unfortunately I do not, madame," he replied, pointedly. "That is a question upon which there are none of us enlightened."

Madame turned pale with anger. Her hand clinched in a manner which might have suggested the idea of a stiletto; but she bit her crimson lips till the blood started, and restrained herself.

"Enough that I am the mistress of this house," she said, trembling with suppressed passion, "and that your cousin—your *chère amie*—is here only by the pleasure of my husband."

"This is Miss de Lanier's *home*, and such it will remain, so long as she lives and chooses to remain here."

"Ah, indeed!" There was a sneering, exultant smile on the octoroon's lip. "That remains to be seen," said she; and, with a look which he remembered long after, she gathered up her embroidered muslin train, and swept from the room.

That evening there were hot words between the old colonel and his son. The latter distinctly avowed his intention of marrying Eleanor so soon as he could command sufficient means. He would go into some business immediately. He had been brought up with no particular business in view, save that of a planter; had been entirely dependent upon his father, expecting, of course, to inherit the property. But now the colonel cast him off, and he also cast off his niece, and so these two young people, with scarcely a dollar between them, were set adrift upon the great ocean of life.

Nor were people surprised, howsoever indignant some may have been, on learning what Colonel de Lanier now publicly declared, that he had made a will, entitling his wife, upon his death, to the whole of his large property—Belle-Isle included.

This it was to which I, as well as some others, had confidently looked. But there was more to come, which had been foreseen only by old Juniper.

Passing the old man's cabin in one of our drives, we found him in his usual seat on the bench at the door, facing the river. Dawson, who never passed without a few kind words and a small donation of "baccy," spoke to him, to which he replied in his usual way of late:

"Poo'ly, massa; but 'twon't be for long, now. Comin' fast, an' soon be here. Look dah!"

With his bony finger he pointed cautiously through an opening in the bushes by which his cabin was surrounded. Leaning forward, we had a view of the lawn in front of the Belle-Isle mansion, and of a little arbor, or summer-house, on the edge of the bank, whence a short flight of steps descended to the water, where was moored a gayly painted little pleasure-boat.

At the moment in which we took in this view, Madame de Lanier, attended by a little spaniel, was walking slowly down the alley which led to the summer-house, pausing as she went to pluck a bud here and there from the rich blossoms which loaded the evening air with their intoxicating Oriental perfume.

"What a magnificent woman she is, after all!" I could not help remarking.

To my surprise, Dawson uttered an exclamation of alarm, and, starting up, shouted aloud and waved his hat. This attracted the attention of madame, who stood still, and looked on with natural surprise as we drove rapidly up the avenue, Dawson evidently forgetting the arrangement we had made.

"I beg pardon, Madame de Lanier," said he, hastily, as we reached within speaking distance of her. "But don't go any nearer that summer-house; there is danger."

"What danger?" she inquired, wonderingly.

"The river—you cannot see it from here, but it has

washed away the under embankment. Nothing but the turf keeps the surface firm. Your weight would probably cause it to give way entirely—summer-house and all."

"How strange! I am obliged to you, I am sure, for warning me of the danger."

"You see," resumed Dawson, coldly, "the river has been very high and rapid for some days. Now that it has so suddenly subsided to this low ebb, we can see the mischief it has done. At this rate, the colonel will soon lose one-half his plantation," he added, maliciously.

She looked thoughtfully at the bank and the river.

"I think I'll mention it to him," said Dawson; "where is he, if you please, ma'am?"

"Perhaps it will be better not to do so—at least, this evening," she said, quickly. "He is not well, and is vexed and worried with the cotton hands. I will myself tell him of it to-night. He ought certainly to build that levee that he talks so much about. But why is it that just here, at Belle-Isle, the land seems crumbling away so much more rapidly than elsewhere on this side of the river?"

"Why, I've heard it explained geologically, on the ground that just about here is an under-strata of sand. The sand, you see, washes away beneath, and the surface, then, of course, gives way. Wouldn't be surprised if, before many years, you step off your veranda into a boat instead of a carriage—as they do in some of those foreign cities I've heard of. But I must send away my friend here. He has important business at Dixon's, which must be attended to."

The lady did not look quite pleased. She was fond of admiration, fond of the society of the male sex, and, in the absence of more promising material, I suppose, had manifested a disposition to flirt with me. And I could not but reflect, as I drove off, how dangerous, in the absence of a true and pure love, the fascinations of such a woman might prove. Not that there was about her any charm of either moral, intellectual or *spirituelle* beauty, but the mere physical perfection of such a woman is to most men an influence which few can resist.

It could not have been two hours after, when, as I was wandering with Florence Dixon amid the orange-trees on the lawn, a negro came galloping wildly up to the house, and spoke a few hurried words to Mr. Dixon. Immediately he called for his horse, and Dawson came hastily to me, appearing agitated.

"Will you go with us, Lascelles? The colonel——"

"What has happened? Sick?"

"No—dead."

"Dead! Impossible. Why, he was alive and comparatively well two hours ago."

"Yes—but the river-bank," said Dawson, in a strange, low tone.

"You don't mean——" I was too shocked to conclude the sentence, but he understood me.

"Yes, that is it."

"But Madame de Lanier—you warned her?"

He gave me a strange, meaning look. Florence, terribly shocked, was standing by, and neither of us dared, in her presence, to speak openly; but I said, under my breath:

"Do you think it possible that *she*——" and there I stopped, almost ashamed to suggest my half-formed suspicion. But he replied by a silent nod of assent, as he said:

"Come, we must do what we can to find the body."

From what we subsequently learned, our suspicions proved but too true. Madame de Lanier asserted that she informed the colonel of the circumstance of the bank being undermined, and that he immediately proceeded thither to examine for himself, and, despite her warnings, ventured too near the edge.

But an old servant-woman, who acted as housekeeper, stated that, about an hour after our departure, she had heard Mrs. de Lanier propose to her husband a walk on the lawn, it being so warm within doors; that they had proceeded straight to the summer-house on the bank, accompanied by madame's favorite spaniel; and that, when near it, madame had taken up the little dog in her arms, and, turning back, called to a servant who stood at a window to bring her fan, leaving the colonel to enter the arbor alone. Then there had been a cry, a shriek from her mistress, and, when she ran out upon the lawn, Mrs. de Lanier was frantically screaming, while the arbor, the colonel, and a magnolia-tree which stood near, had all disappeared.

"The octoroon d——!" muttered Dawson. "Only think of her coolly taking precautions to save the dog's life, while in the very act of murdering her own husband!"

Madame left Belle-Isle immediately after the funeral, sending from New Orleans a fat, frowsy, vulgar mulatto woman to act as housekeeper during her absence.

The absence extended to several months, during which time Harry de Lanier, having succeeded in obtaining a business situation, married his cousin Eleanor, and took her away with him to Memphis. They had barely enough to live on, yet both looked hopefully to the future, and the young man being possessed of plenty of capacity, energy and perseverance, their friends felt but little doubt of his future success.

Early in the Spring workmen were busy at the mansion-house of Belle-Isle, painting, ornamenting and upholstering; and in May Madame de Lanier arrived, accompanied by a number of friends.

Who they were we had little opportunity of knowing, for few of the respectable families of the neighborhood now visited Mrs. de Lanier, nor did she manifest much desire for their society. Her house was now constantly full of company.

The steamers which stopped at Powell's Point brought some visitor nearly every day, and frequently they would come in parties, remaining a few days or a week at a time. They seemed to be, like madame herself, of the "fast" order, and among them I recognized, as they landed, a well-known stage-manager, accompanied by a star actress; besides, on another occasion, a gentleman who had made a fortune by writing sensational novels for the New York papers.

Mr. Philip Seymour was himself among them; and once, going down to New Orleans on the same boat with himself, I inquired of a person who had greeted him as an old acquaintance, and was informed that he had been some years previous keeper of a famous fashionable gaming-saloon in New York, and was, furthermore, the husband of a woman against whom he had more than a year since brought suit for divorce, still pending in the courts.

This I considered probably true, as the report was that he was to marry Madame de Lanier; and it was probably some such obstacle in the way, and not by any means a consideration of "proprieties," which could induce the gay widow to postpone her nuptials. For proprieties, indeed, there appeared to be no very scrupulous regard at Belle-Isle. Music and dancing and luxurious suppers were the order of the day, and we heard through the servants of card-playing prolonged till the break of day, and of some of the guests being carried to bed in a state which rendered the proceeding necessary.

One bright moonlight night I was returning at rather a

late hour from a visit to Mr. Dixon's plantation. Florence and I were now engaged, and it was seldom that I passed an evening without seeing her. Dawson was with me, and as we passed the Belle-Isle mansion-house we paused a few minutes to listen to the delicious strains of a waltz, which floated out upon the perfumed air. Something more than usual seemed going on, for through the thick foliage we caught glimpses of illuminated windows, and, bright as was the night, Chinese lanterns hung suspended on the verandas and upon the lawn, on which we could see couples slowly promenading, and in the brief pauses of the music light voices and laughter from the garden came faintly to our ears.

"It looks, indeed, like a paradise," I remarked.

"Yes, paradise with a serpent in it," replied Dawson, giving the reins an impatient jerk. "How successfully she has played her game!" he presently resumed, as we bowled leisurely along. "Got rid of all three of her encumbrances, and a clear title to the whole plantation."

At this moment we were startled by a sudden cry, so strange and wild that it scarcely seemed human. It came from the direction of Juniper's cottage, and sounded like a cry half of fright, half of triumph.

"What on earth is that?" inquired Dawson.

"I can't imagine. Let us see."

We drove straight across the field, from the road to the narrow carriageway along the river-bank, leading past the old negro's cottage to the front of the mansion-house.

A BABY SONG.—SEE PAGE 231.

"Dear me!" Dawson exclaimed. "Why, the road is almost washed away just here. The river, too, seems to set in strongly at this point. What can it mean?"

For two days the river had been gradually rising, and now, as we looked at it, it stretched in the bright moonlight a broad, glittering sheet of muddy water, sluggish enough elsewhere, but rushing with a strange rapidity around the point of land on which stood Juniper's hut. The old man himself was in sight, mounted on the bench upon which we had generally found him seated, waving

THE PATIOS OF SEVILLE—THE PATIO OF THE PALACE OF SAN TELMO.— SEE PAGE 231.

both arms aloft, and uttering the strange wild cry of mingled terror and exultation which had startled us.

"It comin'—comin'! Whooch! whooch!" (I find it impossible to give a correct idea of the sound.) "Lor' in heaben, ha' mercy on us! It come! *come!* COME!"

Staring around me, I felt that something, indeed, was there—something which I could not immediately comprehend. But in the moonlight the forms and outlines of objects seemed moving and changing before my sight. A tall cypress-tree on the bank trembled, and dipped over and disappeared, precisely as I had seen the blue violets disappear not long ago. What terrible, invisible hand was here again at work in the quiet of the lovely Summer night? But again as I looked, a stately poplar shivered and fell, and there came a swift, but soft, "swushing" sound, as the turbid river foamed and gushed and gurgled about the banks that it was so stealthily and greedily devouring. And all the while the voluptuous music floated joyously out, and the dancers danced on.

With a frantic impulse I was rushing forward, when Dawson's strong grasp restrained me.

"Are you mad?" he said. "Save yourself, for you can do nothing there."

At that moment a wild shriek arose on the lawn. The music ceased then, and we could see the throng of dancers rush out upon the veranda. In the mingled light of the moon and the lanterns, we could plainly distinguish Madame de Lanier, foremost of them all, her hair entwined with flowers, and her beautiful arms clinging to the form of Philip Seymour—the man who was probably the only person that she really loved on earth. And it was her cry which rang out longest and loudest of all, and most heart-rending in its agony of hopeless terror, as the next moment the foaming waters rushed to her feet, and she saw before her the doom from which no mortal hand could save her. One instant of unspeakable horror, and the next the lights, the gay company, the house itself, had all disappeared, and the remorseless river gurgled and foamed, as in exultation over the rich prey which it had engulfed.

* * * * * * *

"It was just as I said," remarked Dawson, as, on the following day, we stood amid a horror-stricken crowd, surveying the scene of the catastrophe. "Just hereabout, in this bend of the river, was a great bed of sand, deposited, it may be, ages ago, and there the current carried the drift and alluvial deposits, which, collecting, formed what was known as Belle-Isle. Some gradual change in the banks above had let in the current here, which, after slowly washing away the clayey outer strata, had reached the sandy basis, and literally swept it away from beneath the surface. I have heard of the thing occurring more than once on this river; but how old Juniper should have foreseen what no one else seems to have had a suspicion of, does puzzle me, I confess."

"Perhaps it was a fortunate thing for him that he was removed beyond reach of the catastrophe—also for young De Lanier and his cousin. How strangely providentially for them it has all turned out! and what a terrible retribution has overtaken Madame de Lanier and her lover!"

PROVERBS.

EACH of the seven wise men is represented as having uttered some memorable saying, which became a proverb. The most famous of these sayings was the injunction of Thales, "Know thyself." That writer, whether of prose or poetry, whose words most abound in passages which have become proverbial and current in the everyday speech of everybody has achieved a lasting and genuine fame.

The two English writers who have achieved this sort of fame beyond any others are Shakespeare and Pope.

Gray wrote but little, but that little has become, almost all of it, proverbial.

Eastern wise men, from the days of Solomon down, and long before, were always fond of expressing their wisdom sententiously.

Every reader of "Don Quixote" is aware that the Spanish language is peculiarly rich in proverbs. Sancho Panza profusely seasons his remarks and conversations with his master of the rueful countenance with proverbial spice.

But most nations of any account, whether ancient or modern, had and have a copious literature of proverbs, or brief, pregnant sayings, which go directly to the mark, and compress a great deal of truth in regard to men and things into the smallest possible verbal compass, furnishing a sort of portable philosophy of life, or small change of wisdom for daily use. Proverbs are ordinarily as blunt as they are pithy.

Bacon was not only a collector of proverbs, but the author of a great number of sententious sayings full of significance. He observed that, "He that goes into a foreign country before he knows its language, goes to school and not to travel."

Wherever we dip into a collection of proverbs we are sure of finding wit and wisdom, both. Here are four sayings about success: "Successful guilt is the bane of society." "Success consecrates the foulest crimes." "Success makes a fool seem wise." "Success is never blamed."

Many a lonely, friendless man in a throng has felt that a great city is a great solitude, more depressing with its social contrasts than even a great forest. He who has good health is young, whatever his age may be. He who serves the public has but a scurvy master.

Here is a proverb which has the note of Scotland about it: "A dog winna yowl if ye fell him wi' a bane."

One of the oldest Greek proverbs asserts that those whom the gods love die young; or, as it has been finely put by an English poet, "To die young is heaven's divinest gift."

An old proverb, which has come down from a far past, is to the effect that the voice of the people is the voice of heaven.

A handbook of the proverbial sayings of all ages and nations may be called the judgment of the grand man, humanity, on every conceivable subject, delivered in terse, epigrammatic sentences.

Fools and weeds grow without watering. The proverbs of all nations are very full on the subject of fools. Gray comes to the rescue of fools in one of his lines, which asserts that "if ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

The ancients had a good deal to say about fortune, and even made a divinity of her, for fortune personified was of a feminine gender, as her proverbial fickleness sufficiently indicates. She was a dreaded power among the Romans. She was, and is, said to favor the brave; and also to favor fools, as the saying, "A fool for luck," indicates. The Italians have a proverb to the effect that a little of the fool is necessary to the composition of a thoroughly successful man.

There is no saying indicating a profounder knowledge of human nature than Pope's line that man never is, but always to be, blest.

Gifts from enemies are pronounced dangerous, ever since the affair of the Trojan horse.

The primitive sages were principally famous for their

power of condensing much wisdom in a single sentence, which would fly for ever through the mouths of men.

An old Egyptian King undertook to perplex an old Greek sage by propounding to him several conundrums, answers to which were requested at the earliest convenience of the sage. The last of his Egyptian majesty's questions was, "What is the wisest of all things?" The sage's reply was, "Time, for it has found out many mysteries already, and in the long run it will solve all."

This reply, which became a proverbial saying or apothegm among the ancient Greeks, was proof positive that he who uttered it was indeed a wise man. It was Thales. The aphorism was uttered nearly three thousand years ago.

A BABY SONG.

By C. A. Burke.

Sweet little Enid! How did you come here—
Into this kingdom of tears and sighs?
Did you wander out of some fairy palace?
Or did you fall from the azure skies?

Did you drop at our feet from a golden sunbeam?
Did the great stork bring you? you creature small!
Were you cradled soft in the heart of a lily?
Or hidden under a mushroom tall?

That swaying bulrush is twice your stature—
The sunflower set by the garden door
To the hollyhock whispers: "Was ever a baby
So tiny seen in the world before?

How did you come by all your beauty?
Did an angel lend you those sweet blue eyes?
Did the fayfolk fashion those dainty fingers?
And print that dimple for our surprise?

Did the ripe peach fall on your cheek and tint it?
Did the jasmine whiten that forehead fair?
Did the red rose blush on your lips for sweetness?
And the silkworm spin you your golden hair?

Did the woodbirds teach you your wanton singing?
And the brook your laughter so wild and gay?
Were your wee feet trained to those graceful dances
In some fairy ring where you chanced to stray?

Sweet little Enid—or fay, or angel,
We blessed your coming, we bless it still;
For there was a void in our hearts, my darling,
An aching void you were sent to fill.

"What do we think you?" You know who'll tell you—
Tempt her with flowers, your childish charms—
What does she whisper? "The sweetest baby
That ever was given to mother's arms."

THE PATIOS OF SEVILLE—THE PATIO OF THE PALACE OF SAN TELMO.

Passing down almost any street in Seville, the senses are gratified with the most delightful perfumes issuing from the inner patios, and with sounds of music and dancing. Enter, by a door of open metal-work, through a hall paved with marble, into the inner court, filled with plants and flowers; a fountain is playing in the centre, and an awning overhangs, which keeps the air cool all the day long. There, with such "surroundings" as tropical plants, sculpture, antique hanging lamps and pretty tiled walls, the Sevillians spend their lives in their Summer drawing-rooms, and in their cozy little "boudoirs" leading on to balconies, of which we just get a peep here and there.

All the principal rooms lead on the central court, where visitors are received, concerts are held, and the main business of life is transacted; varying, of course, very much according to the position or taste or wealth of the owner. Everything has such an air of home comfort and luxury about it, that we are quite taken by surprise. Here, at least, is one continental nation that understands the meaning of the word "comfort," and can appreciate "home."

But Seville is not itself without "*life*"—life in music, in dance, in song—animation everywhere.

The charming patio which suggests these remarks is that of the Palace of San Telmo, which has, since 1849, been the residence of the Duke of Montpensier, and which is well worthy of the abode of a prince of royal line. But this noble edifice, with its court so alluring and dreamy, was not erected for the abode of royalty. It was a Navy School, and was founded by Ferdinand, son of the great Columbus by his second wife, Beatrice, and heir of his father's studious mind, but not of his daring on the ocean. As it stands, this edifice is that erected in 1682 by Antonio Rodriguez.

When Spain lost her power on the sea, and began her decline, she closed her Naval School, and the building intended for the leisure hours of future officers who were to meet the enemies of Spain in naval combat was given over to the idlers of a court.

FISHTOWN: A WINTER SETTLEMENT ON THE ICE IN SAGINAW BAY, ON LAKE HURON.

On the borders of Lake Huron, where its waters dash up against the thickly wooded shores of the State of Michigan, is an inlet known as Saginaw Bay. Visit this inlet any time before the long Winter sets in, and you will see the bay dotted over with innumerable small fishing-boats, whose white sails resemble so many graceful sea-gulls skimming over the water; in these boats are the fishermen dragging their nets for Mackinaw trout.

Hundreds support themselves in this way through the season when the lake and bay are free from ice; but a time soon comes when, for twenty miles out from the shore, an ice-bridge forms, thick enough to sustain a whole village, and the mercury seldom rising above zero from the last of November until the first of March, the fishermen and their families would be quite destitute as soon as the bleak Winter commences, had not a mode been established whereby they can fish all the Winter through.

As there was no work to be accomplished, there was, of course, much suffering, and an opportunity offered to prove the proverb that "Necessity is the mother of invention." Many ways were devised, and much cogitating racked the brains of the poor, until they at last concluded to try the experiment of each man's building himself a house and moving on to the lake, directly the ice formed. It was no sooner thought of than put to the test, and several hundred families moved out from shore, and by cutting a large square hole through the solid floor into the dark waters, they were enabled to drop their nets and secure the fish.

It seems almost incredible that it is possible for so large a number of people to live at once upon the ice; but it is a favorite haunt of Jack Frost, and he comes puffing and blowing from his home in the Spitzbergen regions with a blast that not only bites fingers and noses, and tingles ears with a cruel nip, but keeps a solid foundation for the ice-city for many months.

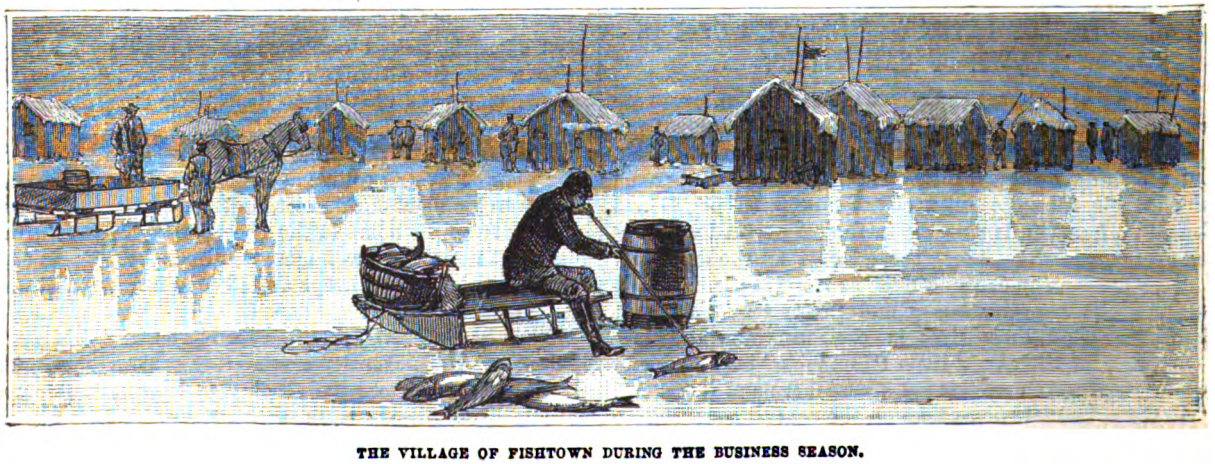
If you have never been upon the shores of Michigan in midwinter, you never have felt truly cold weather. The renown of this curious city reached us long before we were willing to accept the truth of the report, and it was not until we had visited it, and beheld the markets and green

FISHERMEN ON THEIR WAY TO ERECT THE WINTER VILLAGE ON THE FISHING-GROUND.

groceries, the odd little log dwellings containing only one room, with a stove perched upon a shelf to prevent the ice from melting, and had peeped down through the large square hole in the floor where the men were dragging in the fish, that we could believe such a city really existed—scarcely even then could we feel certain that it was not a myth, or a fairy village, that would soon slip away and leave, where were now roads and houses, taverns and markets, but angry, treacherous waters that would bear not a trace of the hundreds of busy workmen so recently living above them.

WEIGHING FISH FOR THE MARKET.

The houses



THE VILLAGE OF FISHTOWN DURING THE BUSINESS SEASON.

A NIGHT-SCENE IN A FISHING-SHANTY.

are built on sleds, have a door and a chimney, are furnished with very little comfort, and generally contain from four to five people in each. The village lies ten miles from shore, and includes, besides the large number of dwellings, many markets and stores.

We did not expect to see so many happy-faced people in such a dreary, desolate place; possibly it might have been because of the unusual excitement that prevailed at the good fortune of bringing in a ten-pound trout, or it might be owing to the clear Western climate, that we beheld so many sturdy people; but, I take it, it would be quite impossible to find a city lad who could outstrip a Michigan boy in a long run—here he thinks no more of skating twelve miles to shore and back than of walking two city blocks on a frosty morning. The clear atmosphere is invigorating and healthful, such a disease as pulmonary complaint never having been known.

Once, two fishermen more venturous than the rest, remained a night too long in the fast-ebbing village, and in the morning not a trace of ice could be seen beyond the small cake upon which they floated. Fortune, however, served them a good turn, for, after floating in the lake for two days and nights, a cold east wind prevailed, which was sufficient to form a new bridge, and upon this they skated ashore.

The lives of the inhabitants are thus fraught with danger, as a sudden change in the temperature may leave them at any time without their city; therefore, it seems to present a constant fluctuation, and the owners of the cabins, not being burdened with much furniture, are ever ready to close their doors, and, at a moment's notice, drag their families to *terra firma*. But this does not often happen, as Jack Frost's visits are generally so prolonged as to leave do doubt regarding the safety of the city.

CARRYING FISH TO THE STOREHOUSE.

It seemed to us, who were unaccustomed to so cheerless an existence, that the living in such a bleak, dreary town must of necessity be very demoralizing; but we found the men and boys enjoying themselves

with cards, spinning yarns and singing in a very sailorly manner, and apparently enjoying life quite as much as "lubberly landsmen." Christmas is celebrated, too, in these humble dwellings, and we found scarcely a house undecorated with a bit of pine and holly, the inmates rejoicing over the day Christ was born with as much real enjoyment as though they could celebrate the advent with gifts befitting the wealthiest.

The fishermen find their employment almost as profitable in Winter as in the Spring and Summer, and haul twice a day. The nets are sunk with weights, and stretched to their uttermost, being fastened to sticks laid across the opening in the ice.

The hardy sons of the ice seem far more contented with their mode of living than we could imagine possible, and are a far better class of men than the gangs who hew timber in the Michigan forests, to be floated down the rivers in the Spring to the lumber-mills that line the Saginaw River.

The road that leads to Fishtown carries the traveler through many tracts of unbroken snow, and across plains and desolate country. The wind was blowing a steady gale during our day-journey in the family sleigh, and made us well wish to shorten the fifteen miles of travel before we stepped upon the frozen bay, after which we must still ride ten miles before reaching the phantom city. But in due time it was accomplished, and we beheld what we have already described.

The vicinity of Fishtown, upon the shore, is wild and uninviting-looking, and we were glad enough to turn our faces homeward, to find a warm, cheerful fire to welcome us, congratulating ourselves that the perilous journey need not be again repeated, and grateful that our lines lay in pleasanter places than those of the fishermen whom we had just visited, ten miles out upon the ice.

DAPPLE-GRAY.

"I had a little pony, they called him Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him through the mire:
I would not lend my horse again for all the lady's hire."

THERE was once a boy named Philip, who lived in a little cottage in the middle of a wood. He had lived there for many years with his father, but the old man died at last; and on his deathbed he told his son that if he had not been cruelly wronged he might have left him a large house and wide lands, but that now he had nothing to leave him except the cottage and his little pony. And he begged him to be kind to the pony for his sake.

After his father's death, Philip had no companion but the pony, and very fond of one another they were. The pony was white, spotted and dappled all over with gray, and therefore he was called Dapple-gray.

Now, Dapple-gray was very useful to his young master, for Philip used to pick up dry sticks in the wood and tie them into fagots, and carry them into the nearest town on Dapple-gray's back, where the people bought them to light their fires with. Or sometimes he and Dapple-gray would take a long trip to the moor, and bring back heather for making brooms, or dry fern for making beds for the cattle. With the money that they earned in this way, Philip would buy bread and clothes for himself, and corn for Dapple-gray. So they lived very happily together, although they had to work very hard in order to earn enough to live on.

One day, when Philip had sold all his pony-load of fagots, and he and Dapple-gray were just going to leave the town and go home to their cottage, a grandly-dressed lady came up to him, and said:

"Is this your pony?"

"Yes, he is mine," said Philip, patting Dapple-gray's sleek shoulder.

"He does not look a bad pony," said the lady. "I will give you a shilling if you will lend him to me for half an hour. I have to go a mile away to see one of my fields, and I am afraid of dirtying my boots"—for she had very smart red boots on, with gilt laces.

Philip had never parted with his pony before, and he hesitated for some time. But a shilling was more than he could earn in a whole week, and he certainly did very much want some money to buy a new jacket before the cold weather came. So he said to the lady:

"Will you be very kind to my pony if I let you have him? And will you ride him gently, and not whip him? for he never was whipped in his life."

"Oh, of course!" said the lady; and up she got, and away she rode.

"Who is that lady?" said Philip to the woman who had bought his last fagot.

"Don't you know?" replied the woman. "She is Mrs. Hippoharpy. She lives in the grand house up there, and she is the richest and most powerful person in the country."

"I hope she will be kind to Dapple-gray," said Philip.

He waited very anxiously until he saw the lady coming back on Dapple-gray. She jumped off and flung him the shilling, and went away in such a hurry that he had not even time to thank her. But I do not think he would have done so if he could; for when he came to look at Dapple-gray, he was panting and hot and tired, and splashed with mud from head to foot, and there were marks of cuts and slashes from a whip all over his pretty dappled sides and legs.

Philip patted and comforted poor Dapple-gray as well as he could, and he walked home with his arm over his pony's neck, singing:

"I had a little pony, they called him Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him through the mire:
I would not lend my horse again for all the lady's hire."

The next time that Philip came to the town to sell fagots, the lady met him again.

"Oh, here you are!" said she. "Now, give me your pony quickly, for I want him again."

"I cannot let you have my pony," said Philip.

"Why not?" said Mrs. Hippoharpy. "I will give you a shilling."

"I will not lend him you for all your hire," said Philip, "because you whipped him."

"Oh, nonsense!" said the lady. "Do not be so foolish. I will give you two shillings."

"I will not lend him for all the money you have got," said Philip; and he walked away. And Dapple-gray rubbed his nose against Philip's arm as they went.

When the lady saw that Philip would not lend her the pony, she stamped in her fine red boots, and called out after him:

"You will repent it!"

And before Philip could reach the wood, five servants in Mrs. Hippoharpy's livery rushed upon him, tied his hands behind him, and led him and Dapple-gray prisoners to the great house. Dapple-gray was put into Mrs. Hippoharpy's stable, and Philip was set to break stones to mend the road through the park.

Poor Philip was nearly heart-broken when he saw Mrs. Hippoharpy riding by the next morning on Dapple-gray, and the pony neighed and struggled to come to him, until the lady whipped him so that he was obliged to go on. But there was no one to help them, for Mrs. Hippoharpy was so rich that nobody dared to say a word against anything that she did. So Philip went on breaking stones.

One day, when Philip was going knock, knock, knock with his heavy hammer upon the stones, he began to keep time to it by singing:

"I had a little pony, they called him Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady to ride a mile away.
She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him through the mire:
I would not lend my horse again for all the lady's hire.

"But when I told the lady, 'I won't lend Dapple-gray,'
Oh then she was so angry, she took him quite away.
She whipped him, she slashed him, she rode him through the mire,
She set me to break stones here, and gave me naught for hire.'

"Mr. Philip, I am very sorry for you," said a small, piping voice, as soon as he had finished.

"Why, what was that?" said Philip. And he looked up and down, and to and fro; but no one could he see, far or near. "Perhaps it was only my fancy," thought Philip; and he began to sing again:

"I had a little pony."

But scarcely had he done his song, when—

"Mr. Philip, indeed I am very sorry for you," said the small piping voice again.

Philip looked up and down, and to and fro; until, on a bramble-branch just over his heap of stones, he saw a little robin sitting watching him, with its head on one side.

"Halloo! was that you?" said Philip.

"Yes, that is me," said the robin, bowing and bobbing and jerking his tail until he nearly jerked himself off the bramble-branch.

"What can I do to help you?" he added, in his small piping voice.

"I am much obliged to you," said Philip, "but I don't think you can do anything for me."

"Can't I, though?" said the robin, jerking his tail very hard. "Come, what do you want done?"

"Why, I want to get my dear Dapple-gray back again."

"Very well," said the robin; "and if I get him back for you, will you do whatever I ask you?"

"Yes, that I will," said Philip.

"Very well," piped the robin again. "Then, when the dinner-bell rings to-day, do not you go in to dinner with the other servants, but hide yourself under the bushes outside the stable-yard, and you shall see what will happen."

Philip promised, and the robin immediately flew away to the stable where Dapple-gray was kept. The door happened to be open, for the groom was sweeping out the stable. The robin busily fetched a quantity of little sticks and straws, which he laid on the top of the door near the hinge, and then went and waited inside the stable. But the groom never observed him; so when he had done his job he went out and pulled the door after him, and turned the key and put it into his pocket. This his mistress had told him always to do, for fear Dapple-gray should be stolen away. But he did not see that the robin's bits of stick prevented the door from shutting close, so that when he turned the key the lock stuck harmlessly out, without fastening anything at all.

When the robin saw that this part of his plan had succeeded, he jerked his tail for pleasure, and flying to Dapple-gray, began to peck and claw at the knot which fastened his halter. Dapple-gray watched him as if he understood it all. But the knot would not come undone, and the robin was nearly tired out, when a little squeaky voice close to him said:

"Shall I help you, Robin?"

The robin looked round, and saw a little brown mouse running along the edge of the manger.

"Oh, yes, good Mousey; bite this knot in two for me," he said.

"And if I do you this service, will you do me a service in return?" said the mouse.

"To be sure I will," replied the robin; "only be quick."

Then the mouse ran along the halter, and very soon gnawed it through. As soon as Dapple-gray saw that he was loose, he ran to the door and pawed it open with his hoof, and trotted out, with the robin flying after.

"Stop, stop!" cried the mouse, who could not go so fast. "You promised to do me a service now."

But the robin was so busy trying to keep up with Dapple-gray that he did not hear the mouse's little squeaky voice, and so, on they went. And Philip sprang out from the bushes and jumped joyfully upon his pony's back, and Dapple-gray neighed as they galloped away.

"Stop, stop!" cried the robin, "we have not half finished. You promised to do whatever I asked."

But Philip was so busy running away from Mrs. Hippoharpy that he did not hear the robin's small piping voice. So, on they went, and never stopped until they reached the cottage in the middle of the wood. Then Philip jumped down, and he and his pony rubbed noses together for nearly ten minutes without stopping.

"There, now," piped the robin, flying up quite out of breath; "why did you not stop when I called you? Now we shall have to go all the way back again."

"What for?" said Philip.

"Why, would you not like to punish Mrs. Hippoharpy, and to prevent her ever getting Dapple-gray back again?"

"Yes, very much," said Philip.

"Then please to pull out the longest feather in my tail," said the robin.

"What an odd thing to ask!" said Philip. "No, indeed, I will not; I should hurt you if I did."

"But, please do," persisted the robin. "You promised to do whatever I asked."

Then Philip took hold of the longest feather in the robin's tail, and pulled it out. And, behold! instead of a feather, he held in his hand a small, beautiful, bright steel sword, with a golden hilt. And instead of a robin, there stood before him a tall serving-man in a red velvet waistcoat, who bowed to him, and said:

"Thank you, Mr. Philip. Now I am Robin the man, and no longer Robin the bird; and I will serve you as faithfully as I served your father before you."

As they walked back to the great house, Philip still riding on Dapple-gray, Robin—for that really was his name—told Philip that his father had once been lord of the country, and owner of that great house, until Mrs. Hippoharpy came and wickedly turned him out by means of an enchanted willow wand which she had. "I was your father's

"I HAD A LITTLE PONY, THEY CALLED HIM DAPPLE-GRAY;
I LENT HIM TO A LADY TO RIDE A MILE AWAY."

own serving-man," continued Robin. "The other servants all ran away except the groom and myself. We fought to the last; and she turned me into a bird with her wand, but what became of the groom I cannot tell."

"But when I go and claim my rights, perhaps she will turn me into a frog or a spider," said Philip.

"You need not fear," replied Robin; "for round the wand there is written:

"'Wand of willow shall not quail,
Save at sword from robin's tail.'

This is why she never dares to bring the wand out of doors with her, or she would have turned you into something before now. When you meet her, wave the sword that you drew from my tail over her head, and her wand will have no power to hurt you."

So they came boldly up to the door, and Philip said to the porter:

"I want to see your mistress."

"She does not see beggar-boys," said the porter.

"But she must see me," said Philip.

"What are you doing here? Go back and break stones," said the porter, "or I will have you flogged."

Then Robin stepped forward in his red velvet waistcoat, and held the porter fast by his collar, while Philip marched straight into the hall where Mrs. Hippoharpy was sitting at dinner. As soon as she saw him, she cried:

"Get along with you, or I will turn you into a horse-fly!" And she brandished the willow wand.

Philip waved his sword, and answered:

"Wand of willow, fear and fail,
Here is sword from robin's tail!"

And the willow wand blackened and shriveled, and fell in little pieces at her feet. Then Mrs. Hippoharpy screamed, and ran to the window and jumped out, and fled away through the park and across the fields, and away, away, far out of sight.

The same moment that the wand shriveled, Robin found that he was no longer holding the porter by the throat, but a big bumble-bee. And all the other servants turned back into flies and wasps and ants; for Mrs. Hippoharpy had turned them into servants for herself by the power of her wand. So there was no one to dispute Philip's right to his father's house. He was just going in to take possession, when he felt something running on his foot, and on looking down he saw that it was a little brown mouse.

"Oh, I had forgotten him," said Robin. "That is the mouse that gnawed Dapple-gray's halter in two, and I promised to do him a service."

"What do you want done for you, Mousey?" said Philip.

"Please to cut off my tail with your sword," replied the mouse's little squeaky voice.

"Certainly, if you wish it," said Philip. "I wonder what you will turn into?"

And, behold! as soon as his tail was cut off, the mouse turned into a tidy little groom in a brown fustian suit, and his tail turned into a stable-broom.

"That is capital!" cried Philip. "Now you shall take care of Dapple-gray."

All the other old servants who had run away, when they heard that their old master's son was come back, came and begged to be taken into his service.

So Philip became the richest and most powerful person in all the country. Never had there been a better master than he, or better servants than Robin and Mousey; and never was pony better groomed and fed and tended than Dapple-gray was from that time forth.

And the robin's-tail sword hangs in a glass case over the hall chimney-piece to this day.

A RECENT English writer says: "Brazil-wood is not named from the country, but, strange as it may appear, that vast empire is named from the wood found there so abundantly. The word 'brazil' was known in English long before the country was known. It comes from *braise*, or *braza* (live coals), and Brazil-wood is a dye-wood, producing the color of glowing coals."

But this is an error. Hy Brazil was the mysterious land visited by St. Brendan and other early real or fabulous Irish explorers. The belief in St. Brendan's Isle was still strong in the days of Columbus, and the name Brazil, which is purely Irish, was thus given.

THE SCENES OF SHAKESPEARE'S "HAMLET."

THE excursion to Helsingor can be accomplished by rail, but the steamer which ascends the Sound and skirts the coast is the more pleasant conveyance. Helsingor, or Elsinore in English, is a commercial town of less than 10,000 inhabitants, and of great antiquity. Between Helsingor and Helsingborg, in Sweden, the Sound is so narrow that for three centuries the Danish Government asserted the right to exact tolls from passing vessels. In order to enforce the demand, in the sixteenth century a castle was erected at each side, both shores having at that time been subject to Denmark. These tolls were levied until 1857, when, by a treaty with the interested powers, a sum equal to about $17,500,000 was accepted to declare the passage for ever free.

The castle at Helsingor, which is known as the Kronberg, still exists in a fair state of preservation. Fronting on the Sound is the "Flag Battery," which displays the Dannebrog, or national standard of Denmark—the scarlet ground with the white cross, which, tradition relates, dropped from heaven during a critical battle, and so inspired the Christian Danes that they routed the unbelieving enemy. The Flag Battery is named as the "platform of the Castle of Elsinore," where the poet arranged that Hamlet should look upon the ghost of his father. Three-quarters of a mile to the northwest of the castle is a seashore resort, called Marienlyst, where there is an uninscribed column, reputed to indicate Hamlet's grave. Naturally, the inevitable learned doubter would not overlook such a likely opportunity, and we therefore find him in print insisting that Hamlet neither lived nor died in Zealand, but that Jutland was the scene of the events which Shakespeare wove into his immortal tragedy. Whatever the truth may be, it is not to be questioned that sites are occasionally determined to engage the attention of travelers. As an instance, the good people of Banbury, in England, were so importuned by tourists, who insisted there must be a cross somewhere in the town, that one has been duly erected, and now the strangers depart contented. But, on the other hand, would Shakespeare study of Hamlet in Jutland and write of him in Zealand? Would the dramatist of to-day select Gibbon as his guide, and yet deliberately weave a historical plot at variance with that unerring authority?

DISCOURAGING AN ARDENT SWAIN.

HE: "*What's that glass in the door for?*"
SHE: "*That's for pa's eye; and he says no young man that really means business could possibly object to it.*"

A BIRD'S FEAR OF THE DEAD.

It is not mere sentimentalism that pleads in favor of the most merciful form of death being adopted in the case of the slaughtering of animals intended for human consumption. There is no question that much suffering would be spared cattle if they were not allowed to see each other slaughtered. Not easy is it to conceive the kind of torture they feel and cannot express. How observant are animals is proved by a case which came under my own observation.

Among the inmates of my house is a jackdaw, as ill-grained and vituperative a bird as ever accepted, under protest, human companionship and human attention. He prefers so distinctly sleeping in a cage where no enemy can assail while he is off his guard, that he is allowed to have his own way in the matter. One day, while he was in the cage, some dead pheasants, which had just arrived in a hamper, were placed beside him. His dread of these was remarkable to witness. A bird whose whole time was passed in defiance of things stronger than himself—in aggravating a mastiff that would not make two bites of him, or in pinching surreptitiously the flamboyant tail of his arch-enemy, the cat, when it came within reach of his cage, went at this sight into an ecstasy of terror, which could not be appeased until the uncanny objects were removed.

What instinct caused this strange demonstration in the presence of death shown in one of its own race, albeit of so different a species, is not to be guessed. Much food for reflection and speculation is, however, afforded.

THE CABBAGE.

Cabbages were thought of highly by ancient nations, and the Egyptians gave the cabbage the honor of letting it precede all their other dishes; they called it a divine dish. The Greeks and Romans had a great affection for cabbage, and conceived the idea, which I have myself, that the use of cabbage keeps people from drunkenness. I am persuaded that the constant eating of certain vegetables kills the desire for alcoholic beverages. Greek doctors ascribed all kinds of virtues to the cabbage. It was thought to cure even paralysis. Books were composed to celebrate the virtues of the cabbage, and ladies partook of it soon after childbirth. The Romans thought even more of the cabbage than the Greeks. They ascribed to it the fact that they could for six hundred years do without doctors, and Cato actually maintained that cabbage cured all diseases. The ancients knew several kinds of cabbage—the long-leaved green cabbage, the hard white, so much used in Germany for "sauer-kraut" or fermented cabbage, the curly, and the red. This last seems to have held the place of honor, and was first introduced by the Romans into Gaul or France, and then into Great Britain. Later the green-leaved cabbage was introduced.

MODERN TRAVEL.

A lady of my acquaintance not long since sent to her butcher to complain that there was some mistake in the monthly bill. She received for answer the information that "Mr. ——" (the butcher) "had gone up the Nile; but when he returned, the error should be rectified."

This universal traveling sorely disturbs our ideas, and is apt sometimes to cause awkward complications. "What is the distance from Bethany to Jerusalem?" was the question asked by the examiner of an undergraduate in the schools at Oxford. "A mile and a half," was the prompt answer. "I think not, sir," rejoined the examiner; "the best authorities do not make that the distance." "I beg your pardon," said the examinee, "but I have walked it too often myself to be mistaken on the point!"

What could the examiner do but thank him for his information, and glide away easily from the subject? Nay, it is not examiners only at the university, but even schoolmasters, who are liable in this manner to receive information, when they are mindful to impart it. A country Orbilius, who had among his pupils the son of a gentleman who had been consul in Greece, though he was not aware of the fact, is reported to have received a similar homethrust. "Where did you learn that barbarous pronunciation of Greek words, sir?" he inquired. "At Athens, sir," was the boy's reply.

AN UGLY MISTAKE ODDLY CORRECTED.

By Carl Carlton.

My father spent the greater part of his life in the self-denying work of a pioneer preacher in what was the Far West forty years ago. It was a life full of events, chiefly of a disagreeable sort. There were long horseback journeys to make, unknown streams to ford, miles of corduroy road to traverse; there were churches to be formed out of the crude material offered by new settlements; there were churches to be strengthened by the galvanic treatment of a protracted meeting.

Every man of those early workers did enough to send half a dozen of their less hardy successors to the seaside in pursuit of health. Not infrequently, too, there were incidents that smacked disagreeably of adventure. One such, that befell my father while on a journey to supply temporarily a vacant church, will be thought, I trust, worth hearing.

The place in question being some fifty miles distant, he took two days to the trip. Toward the evening of the first day, the road being new to him, he began to inquire, according to his custom, whether any good Presbyterian brother lived in that vicinity.

It was a hilly, thinly peopled district of southeastern Indiana, where church distinctions seemed to be entirely ignored, which even the most sanguine circuit-rider had apparently not had the heart to undertake.

Finding the chance of other hospitality rather slender, our traveler pressed on in search of a tavern, to which he had been directed, but which, like an *ignis fatuus*, still retreated as he advanced; till at length darkness came upon him, with a long stretch of lonesome road yet before him. An unfenced wood, without sign of habitation, lay on either side of him. The sky was overcast, and it would presently be as dark in the road as at the bottom of a well.

Really, the prospect was not inspiring. The tired horse was urged into a brisk trot, and it was yet barely possible to keep the track, when the welcome glimmer of a light appeared ahead. In a few moments more the rider thankfully dismounted at a low rail-fence.

Guided by the light, he made his way to a cabin-door, a rather extensive experience teaching that it was better to have his proposed host face to face than to trust to a more distant parley.

His knock was promptly answered by a gaunt, hard-visaged woman of perhaps sixty. She seemed either to have expected some one else, or to be displeased at seeing him; but he was not surprised at that.

He put his case as forcibly as possible, laying special stress upon the weather prospect.

"I reckon you're a stranger round here," returned the person addressed, slowly, "or you wouldn't stop at this house, even to escape a storm—leastways, if you're a preacher. But for all as is said of me and my son, I wouldn't turn a dog out this kind of a night. So you can come in, though you won't find much but a shelter."

The guest asked nothing more, but borrowing a candle, proceeded to quarter his horse in what was left of a disused log-stable. Returning to the house, he found the old woman in so far better than her promise that she was preparing some corn-bread and bacon for his supper. He inquired about herself and family, according to the universal Western custom, and was rather taken aback to learn that his hostess lived alone, her son, the only surviving member of her family, having been forced to leave the country on account of an undeserved prejudice against him.

The ground of this prejudice was not very clearly made known; but the questioner readily guessed, even from the mother's partial account, that the young fellow was probably a scamp. He pitied her the more, for, though bitter and sore at heart from the cruel treatment of herself and son, she seemed not a bad woman.

After a somewhat scanty supper of corn-bread and fat pork, my father took from the saddle-bags a well-worn Bible, and with the tact acquired by long experience, began to talk to this poor creature, whose lot seemed so desolate, of that Divine Friend who was Himself reviled and persecuted in this world, reading appropriate passages from time to time.

The hard lines of the woman's face softened as she listened; she seemed quite touched by what was to her almost a new revelation of compassion and sympathy. Then the simple prayer at the end, in which the absent son was kindly remembered for the first time, perhaps, by any one but his mother, did more for her than all the rest.

Seeing the cabin consisted of but one room, in which was a single bed, an absorbing question of propriety would have suggested itself to some people—to Mr. Pickwick, for instance, remembering the lady with the yellow curl-papers; but a backwoods preacher was used to every sort of makeshift in the way of lodging. Without any hesitation he camped down in one corner, with his saddle-bags for pillow and his greatcoat for mattress, and went directly to sleep, leaving the lady to manage her part of the problem in her own way.

Wearied by his day's ride, my father slept the sleep of the just till past midnight, oblivious of the heavy rain that fell meanwhile, and of certain mysterious sounds that began, about twelve o'clock, to excite the liveliest protests from the wolfish-looking cur who had been turned out of the cabin at bedtime, to act as sentinel. He never woke, in fact, till a peremptory knocking at the door roused him to hear the querulous demand of the old woman to know what was wanted.

"We want to get in, right away," was the rejoinder.

This demand the dame at first stoutly refused; but on the assurance that the door would instantly be broken in, she got up, grumbling, and evidently frightened.

"What's wanted, do you think?" asked my father, more in wonder than alarm, for from robbers he had as little to fear as the individual who regarded his purse as trash.

At the sound of his voice there came a menacing murmur as from an angry crowd of men without.

What could this mean? He sat up and watched his hostess light a candle, and rather tremulously open the door, calling out, at the same time, in a sharp, defiant key:

"What brings anybody here at this unseasonable hour, to skeer honest folks out of their senses?"

"We've nothing to say to you—we want your son!" was the gruffly spoken reply.

"Want my son? Lord-a-mercy! I h'ain't set eyes on him in three months."

"Come, old woman, that won't do. He was seen to stop here to-night. He's fairly treed, and might as well come down."

My father, divining the mistake that had been made, now stepped to the door for the purpose of correcting it. By the light of lanterns and torches made of hickory-bark, which they carried, he could dimly descry a considerable number of men assembled in front of the cabin—some on foot, others on horseback, most of them armed with guns or stout clubs.

Being somewhat confused by the novelty of his position, my worthy father not unnaturally fell into the formal preaching tone much affected by ministers of that day, and, from force of habit, addressed his hearers as "brethren," explaining that he was a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who, being overtaken by darkness on a strange road, had found shelter with this good "sister," and that there was no other person in the house.

Altogether, the speech sounded not unlike a crude imitation of the ministerial style; and as such it was evidently received by the crowd with yells and hootings.

Balked in finding what they sought, they were bent on doing mischief of some sort.

Just then, by an unlucky chance, some one happened to bring round the pretended parson's horse, a tall brown quadruped of good locomotive powers, which the owner had recently purchased of a dealer in Cincinnati, but which three or four persons at once declared to have been stolen from an adjoining neighborhood within a month past.

The young scapegrace, whom they had come out to seek, had been suspected of the theft; and this canting parson was doubtless an accomplice.

Prompt action was at once taken. An impromptu jury was hastily selected by the leaders of the mob, which, retiring to the interior of the cabin, examined witnesses as to the identity of the horse, examined the prisoner with steadily increasing incredulity, and, after ten minutes' deliberation, brought in a verdict of guilty, and recommended summary punishment.

That meant hanging before daylight.

Strange as it may seem, the situation was critical; the men here assembled were the scum of a no more than semi-civilized society, belonging to the lowest type of Southern whites—lank-haired, tallow-faced fellows, whose ideal existence would have consisted of chewing tobacco, drinking whisky, and celebrating the Fourth of July perennially. In all new settlements, moreover, the horse-thief is, next to the cold-blooded murderer, the criminal most detested, because most dreaded. This community, in particular, had been of late specially exasperated against this class by a series of losses from that cause.

The verdict was, therefore, received with a yell of approbation. The leaders consulted together a few moments, then announced to their prisoner that he must prepare to die.

To his remonstrances and explanations they gave no heed, and less, if possible, to the outcries of the old dame, who stood his fast friend. They were all hot from a neighboring groggery, where the whole scheme had been hatched, and were about as venomous and unreasoning as so many roused rattlesnakes.

The preparations were terribly brief and simple. A

spreading beech-tree was selected, just on the edge of the clearing. The prisoner was conducted thither, his arms securely bound behind him—the fatal noose adjusted.

Then one of the leaders, who seemed a trifle less brutal than his companions, held up his watch to the light of a lantern, and said:

"It now lacks ten minutes to two. Those ten minutes are all of life that is left you. You will do well to spend them in seeking mercy hereafter; for here it will not be granted."

In the dead pause that ensued, some human brute called out:

"If yer a preacher, give us a taste of yer prayin' talents!"

Even in that lawless assembly the coarse jest awoke a muttered dissent. I have heard my father say often, that even in that trying hour the incident brought to his mind the scene of like lawless violence long ago, when "they that passed by wagged their heads and railed on Him," and something of that Divine Sufferer's spirit must have flowed in upon him with the recollection; for when there was again silence, in a calm, unshaken voice, he began to pray aloud, for his enemies not less than himself.

AN UGLY MISTAKE ODDLY CORRECTED.—"WITH ARMS STILL BOUND, THEIR LATE CAPTIVE MADE HIS WAY TO THE CABIN, WHERE THE OLD WOMAN, WHO HAD NOT BEEN PERMITTED TO FOLLOW TO THE PLACE OF EXECUTION, JOYFULLY RECEIVED AND RELEASED HIM."

He had always been, as a minister, remarkable for fervency in prayer; and now all the intense emotions of this supreme moment found in it eloquent expression. As he went on, his tones gathered strength, his face lighted up, his whole soul seemed to rise superior to the paltry considerations of self. The scene must have been sublimely impressive, from its very simplicity: a dimly lighted sky above, a forest background of mysterious, fathomless blackness; fierce, half-besotted faces grouped around in awe-struck attention, and, in the midst, the bound figure, majestic in prayer, brought front to front with the most hideous and shameful of deaths, yet unshrinking, almost triumphant, with features divinely illumined, "as it had been the face of an angel."

When, the prayer ended, my father turned to submit himself to the will of his late implacable enemies, he found himself standing alone. Where were those, his accusers? They were gone, every one of them, as completely as if the earth had swallowed them up. The eloquent, heartfelt prayer had convinced all of their mistake. One by one they had slunk away into the darkness, till, at the end, nothing was to be seen but the occasional gleam of a lantern or torch that showed the direction of their retreat.

With arms still bound, their late captive, thus strangely snatched from death, made his way to the cabin, where the old woman, who had not been permitted to follow to the place of execution, joyfully received and released him.

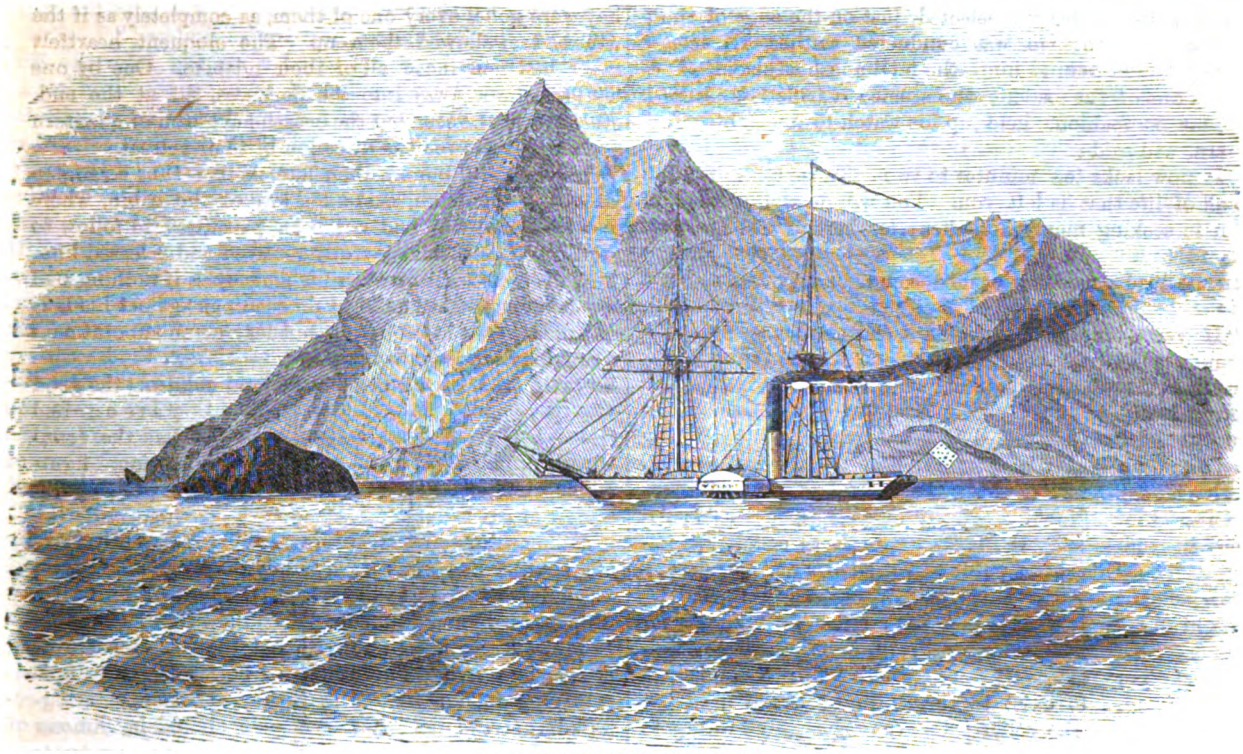
Next day, he went on with his journey as if nothing had happened, instituting no legal proceedings against his lawless captors of the night before, but leaving an appointment for religious services that day fortnight.

In brief, ere he again saw his wife and children, the good parson had laid the foundation, figuratively speaking, of the church that stands just across the road from the former site of that well-remembered log-cabin. Among the first fruits of that work were some of the would-be lynchers. The old woman and her scapegrace son (who returned home, reformed, married and made a fortune) became actual pillars of the new church. The son still lives, in gray-haired prosperity, to enjoy the repute of being the best farmer, morally and materially, in the county. As to the tall brown horse, he proved not to be the stolen animal, but so like him that even an entirely sober Hoosier might have confounded the two.

So, tried by the Shakespearean standard of "All's well that ends well," my worthy father had abundant reason to rejoice in the ugly little adventure that came near cheating him of some thirty years of useful breath.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies; the other injures friends and foes alike.

Sincerity is, speaking as we think, believing as we pretend, acting as we profess, performing as we promise, and being as we appear to be.



A STEAMER ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

THE FIRST VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

AMONG the heroes who accompanied Don Francisco d'Almeida to India in 1506 was the descendant of an old hidalgo family, Fernan del Magalhaes, who was born at Oporto probably about the year 1480. We find this cavalier, whose low stature and unpretending demeanor concealed his inner merits, as officer on board Diego Lopez de Sequeira's squadron off Malacca in 1509. He served at the conquest of this place in 1511, under the great Affonso d'Albuquerque, and there formed the friendship of Francisco Serrao. As early as June 12th, 1512, we learn that he had returned to Portugal. He then served as an officer at Azamor, an African conquest of the Portuguese, where he received a lance-stab in the knee-cap in a *razzia* against the Barbary tribes, and was thus lamed for life. He was also publicly accused there of having sold ammunition secretly to the Bedouins. A change of commandants having taken place, Magalhaes quitted the African garrison without leave, and proceeded to the Court, where, however, the King Dom Emmanuel received him ungraciously and ordered him to return at once to his garrison. Magalhaes obeyed, and was honorably acquitted. On returning again to Portugal, he asked the King for a slight augmentation of his monthly pay, from 1,000 to 1,200 reis (2½ to 3 ducats). This pay was connected with a Court appointment, and much value was laid on even half a ducat, because the social position was gauged by the height of the salary. As his request was not granted, Magalhaes gave up his Portuguese right of citizenship, and made his appearance at Seville on the 20th of October, 1517.

In the meanwhile, his friend Serrao had advanced as far as the Moluccas, and described his voyage to him. His communications led Magalhaes to the supposition that the Moluccas lay beyond the Portuguese line of demarcation. He therefore joined an expatriated countryman, the astronomer Rui Falero, who deceived himself and other persons by the statement that he possessed a useful mathematical formula for determining the east-western altitudes—the name then given to the geographic longitudes. In Seville, Magalhaes married the daughter of Diego Barbosa, Knight of St. Iago, a Portuguese, who sailed to India in 1501, and had eventually emigrated to

MAGELLAN (FERNAN DEL MAGALHAES).

Seville, where many dissatisfied Portuguese had taken up their abode. On the 20th of January, 1518, Magalhaes and Falero proceeded to the imperial Court at Valladolid, where they soon gained over Fonseca, Bishop of Burgos, to their views.

One of the participators in the first circumnavigation of the globe, the Cavalier Pigafetta, of Vicenza, asserted that Magalhaes had seen in the treasury of the King of Portugal a map drawn by the Chevalier Martin Behaim, on which a strait leading to the open Southern Sea was indicated. It seems very possible that this was so, for a globe has been found at Nuremberg, made by John Schoner in 1520, on which South America is clearly designated; and under the 45th degree of latitude is a nameless continent, separated from the mainland by a strait which might easily be taken for the Straits of Magellan. In the account of Juan Diaz de Solis's discoveries, also written by Schoner, we find the assertion that the Portuguese had sailed along the coast of Brazil, and found at its southern extremity a continent separated by a strait, just as is Africa from Europe by the Gut of Gibraltar; and it was imagined that this south point of Brazil was at no great distance from Malacca. But this description is dispelled by the first critical comparison with older documents, for Schoner's South America, or Brazil, is only a very defective copy of an old chart bearing date 1507 That a strait was supposed to exist to the south of Brazil need not surprise us, for the belief in passages possibly leading to the Indian Ocean was a general symptom of the feverish thirst for discoveries. Columbus sought a Central American passage on his fourth voyage to the Caribbean Sea, while, after Cortes's conquests, a strait was sought leading from the Mexican Gulf to the South Sea, and Sebastian Cabot, by means of Davis's Straits, went to seek a northwestern passage, which had been imperfectly drawn on all the charts of the sixteenth century.

The straits, however, of which Schoner speaks, were the same that had been long conjectured in Spain to exist, and which the imperial pilot, Juan Diaz de Solis, proceeded in search of with two or three vessels from Lepe on the 8th of October, 1515. The bold navigator discovered, to the south of the Rio Cananea, a coast, of which he took possession in the name of the Castilian Crown; he then discovered, below the 35th degree of southern latitude, the harbor of Nuestra Señora de la Candelaria, and afterward found that the coast trended to the northwest, where he entered a sweet sea in 34½ degrees, which was eventually proved to be the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, long known as the Rio de Solis. There the celebrated voyager found his death in the presence of his caravels at the hands of a bloodthirsty Charreca tribe, and his terrified comrades set sail homeward after this lamentable event.

Magalhaes's eventual conduct proves to us, however, that he had no knowledge of the Patagonian passage, for, when he was in the centre of the straits named after him, he doubted whether it was really a strait or a deceptive gulf. "Magalhaes," Las Casas tells us, "brought with him a delicately painted globe, on which all the coasts were drawn, except that he purposely left a blank near his straits, lest his secret might be stolen from him. I was present on that day in the cabinet of the imperial chancellor, when Bishop Fonseca brought in this map, and pointed out the route Magalhaes proposed to take. I also conversed with him about his intended course. He told me that he would first seek the Cabo Santa Maria, which we now call Rio de la Plata, and then follow the coast until he came to his straits. 'But,' I objected, 'if no such a passage is found, how will you reach the South Sea?' 'If I find none,' he replied, 'I will take the same course as the Portuguese East Indian traders.'"

Falero and Magalhaes found a hearing from the Emperor for their proposition of taking a squadron round the southern extremity of America to the Spice Islands; and, after they had moderated their demands somewhat, the Crown formed an agreement with them on the 22d of March, 1518, in which it was promised them that no other discoverer should be, for ten years, allowed to follow the route they had selected. It guaranteed them one-twentieth part of the net Crown receipts from the future possessions, the privilege of importing into Spain spices to the amount of 1,000 ducats, at 5 per cent. duty, the fifth part of the net proceeds of the first voyage, and lastly, the hereditary title and rank of adelentados and viceroys of the new discoveries, conditionally, however, that they lay within the Spanish line of demarcation. For the first voyage the Crown promised five well-armed ships—two of 130, two of 90, and one of 60 tons, with provisions for two years, and a crew of 234 sailors.

Although Magalhaes—who was regarded as a traitor by his countrymen—was really doing no wrong, Portugal seemed determined to thwart his designs. At first it was proposed by King Emmanuel's council that he should be bought over by a high reward, but the fear of corrupting morals by offering a premium for betraying one's fatherland restrained them. The Bishop of Lamego then proposed that the dangerous renegade should be put out of the way. Hence it was no unnecessary precaution that when Magalhaes and Falero left the episcopal palace at night they were escorted home by an armed guard. There was also at that time a Spanish envoy at the Portuguese Court, Alvaro de Costa, who was negotiating a marriage between his master and the Infanta Leonora, and who complained bitterly about Magalhaes's undertaking. Such a plot, he added, with the dissatisfied subjects of a power whom they were seeking to bring into closer family ties, was contrary to the custom of monarchs; ay, even of gentlemen. Shortly before the expedition started, Sebastian Alvarez, Portuguese consul at Seville, tried to make Magalhaes hesitate, and promised great rewards, to which the navigator replied by asking whether he had full power to negotiate, which the consul was compelled to deny.

Magalhaes, who had been named a Knight of St. Jago, with Falero, had no sooner quitted the Court than he found great ill-will among the officials of the Indian House at Seville. The old repugnance between Spaniards and Portuguese was heightened by a feeling of envy that equivocal strangers should receive such favor and distinctions. This ill-will, which was also participated by the citizens of Seville, found vent on the 20th of October, 1518, in a serious disturbance, because Magalhaes had hoisted flags bearing his coat-of-arms, while no Spanish banners were visible, as the painter had not yet finished them. The Admiralty authorities, with drawn swords, compelled Magalhaes to lower his flags. Although the originators of this disturbance received a sharp reprimand, still it created a certain degree of mistrust between Magalhaes and his friends in the ministry, and they insisted on his dismissal of at least seven of the seventeen Portuguese sailors he had enrolled.

In the last week of July, just before starting, Falero announced his decision of not accompanying the expedition. It was soon too evident that Magalhaes was the sole originator of the expedition, and Falero his satellite. The two promoters had then a dispute as to who should carry the royal standard at the masthead and the lantern, as the symbol of authority, and as Magalhaes would not yield, Falero was forced to retire, after receiving from the Court

a half promise that he should have command of a second squadron. His place was taken by Juan de Cartagena. The squadron consisted of the *Trinidad*, under Commodore Magalhaes; the *San Antonio*, under Juan de Cartagena; the *Concepcion*, under Gaspar de Quesada; the *Victoria*, under Luiz de Mendoza; and the *Santiago*, under Juan Serrano.

By an imperial decree, dated May 5th, Magalhaes had been compelled to give all captains and pilots instructions as to the longitude and latitude of the route to be taken, and shortly before the departure of the squadron in September, Magalhaes handed into the Emperor a written opinion of the mathematical position of the Moluccas, according to charts drawn up by the well-known Reinel. According to this document, the Portuguese half of the world commenced 22 deg. west of the Cape de Verde island San Antonio, so that the Cape of Good Hope was 65 deg. and Malacca 166½ deg. east of the former, while the Moluccas were 2½ deg. beyond the last Portuguese meridian.

The squadron left San Lucar de Barrameda on the 20th of September, 1519, and the Canaries on the 2d of October. The commodore sailed thence in a direction south quarter by southwest. On the next morning Juan de Cartagena, captain of the *San Antonio*, informed Magalhaes that, as the instructions ordered a southwesterly course to the 24th degree, he requested to be consulted about any alterations; for, as he was the successor of Falero, no change could be made without his leave. Magalhaes replied that the instructions were merely drawn up in the event of any dispersion of the squadron, but in other cases the captains had only to follow his flag by day and his lantern by night. Shortly after this occurrence Juan Cartagena gave Magalhaes a morning salutation, in which he addressed him simply as "captain." Magalhaes forbade him in future addressing him otherwise than as commodore (captain-general), and for three mornings Cartagena avoided any salute. At length, on a calm day, when the captains and chief officers were collected on board the *Trinidad*, to hold a court-martial on a sailor, and Cartagena renewed his claim for a division of the command, Magalhaes seized him by the throat, put him under arrest, and gave him in charge of Luiz de Mendoza. Through this spirited behavior Magalhaes suppressed any doubts as to his authority. On the 29th of November the promontory of San Augustine was sighted, and on the 20th of January, 1520, they were in the neighborhood of Cape Santa Maria.

To the south of the Rio la Plata the discoveries commenced on the then unknown coast of South America, where they found the Bay of San Matias on the 24th of February, and reached the Puerto de San Julian on the 31st of March. Here Magalhaes announced his determination of passing the Australian Winter, to the great dissatisfaction of the captains, who would have preferred giving up all change of an Atlantic-Pacific passage, and sailing round the Cape to India. On the 1st of April (Palm Sunday), Magalhaes had mass read ashore, and invited all the officers to dinner. Alvaro de la Mezquita, who had been appointed captain of the *San Antonio*, in the place of Cartagena, was the only one that appeared. On the same night, after the first watch, Gaspar de Quesada, captain of the *Concepcion*, accompanied by Juan de Cartagena and thirty armed sailors, boarded the *San Antonio*, and forced their way into the cabin. They put the captain in chains, and confined him in the notary's cabin, where they placed a guard over him. Elloriaga, the first lieutenant of the *San Antonio*, ordered the men to resist, but he was cut down at once by Quesada. The crew were then disarmed, as they were distrusted, and wine and provisions distributed to the sailors. The three mutinous captains, having been so far successful, then informed the commodore that they had acted thus to defend themselves against any further ill treatment, and requested him to carry out the imperial instructions. In that case they were prepared to kiss his hand, and call him in future "his grace" (de señoria).

Magalhaes feigned a reconciliation, and invited them on board the *Trinidad*, but as they did not consider themselves safe there, they begged the commodore to come aboard the *San Antonio*. When this reply was received, Magalhaes sent the alguazil Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa on board the *San Antonio*, with five or six comrades, secretly to Luiz de Mendoza, inviting him to a special interview. While Mendoza was smilingly reading the alguazil his written excuse for refusing, the latter thrust his sword through the captain's throat, while another of the party chopped his head off. Duarte Barbosa, with fifteen armed men, then took possession of the *Victoria*, and brought the crew over to Magalhaes's side without opposition. The other two mutineers now saw themselves in a terrible position, for the cautious Magalhaes had cast anchor at the mouth of the harbor, and the ships could only escape under fire of his batteries. On the next night the *San Antonio* drifted aboard the commodore's ship. "On whose side are you?" Magalhaes shouted to the startled crew. "For the King, our master, and your seigneury," was the unanimous reply. Thus this ship and the *Concepcion* immediately after were overmastered by Magalhaes, who put Quesada and Juan de Cartagena in chains. The next day the commodore ordered the corpse of Mendoza to be quartered, and Quesada decapitated. More than forty persons had been engaged in the mutiny, but Magalhaes contented himself by landing Cartagena and a certain chaplain, Pedro Sanchez de la Reina, on the desolate mainland of San Julian Harbor.

On the 22d of May, 1520, the *Santiago*, in which Juan Serrano had proceeded to examine the coast, stranded, the crew being barely able to save their lives, somewhat to the south of the River Santa Cruz (50° south latitude). Although Magalhaes felt the loss of this vessel severely, he gave Serrano the chief command of the *Concepcion*. In June and July the anchorage was visited by a fleet of the inhabitants of the wild, snow-covered country, who were called Patagonians, and, through the Chevalier Pigafetta's exaggerated statements, were afterward regarded as giants. Two of them were retained on board, to be taken to Europe as curiosities.

One evening, a fire being seen on shore, a foraging party of seven men surprised a Patagonian family, in a tent made of hides, where they were hospitably entertained. The next morning, however, a quarrel ensued, probably owing to a misunderstanding, and the natives appeared in their war costume. As the Spaniards had only one musket with them, they were compelled to retreat with the loss of one man.

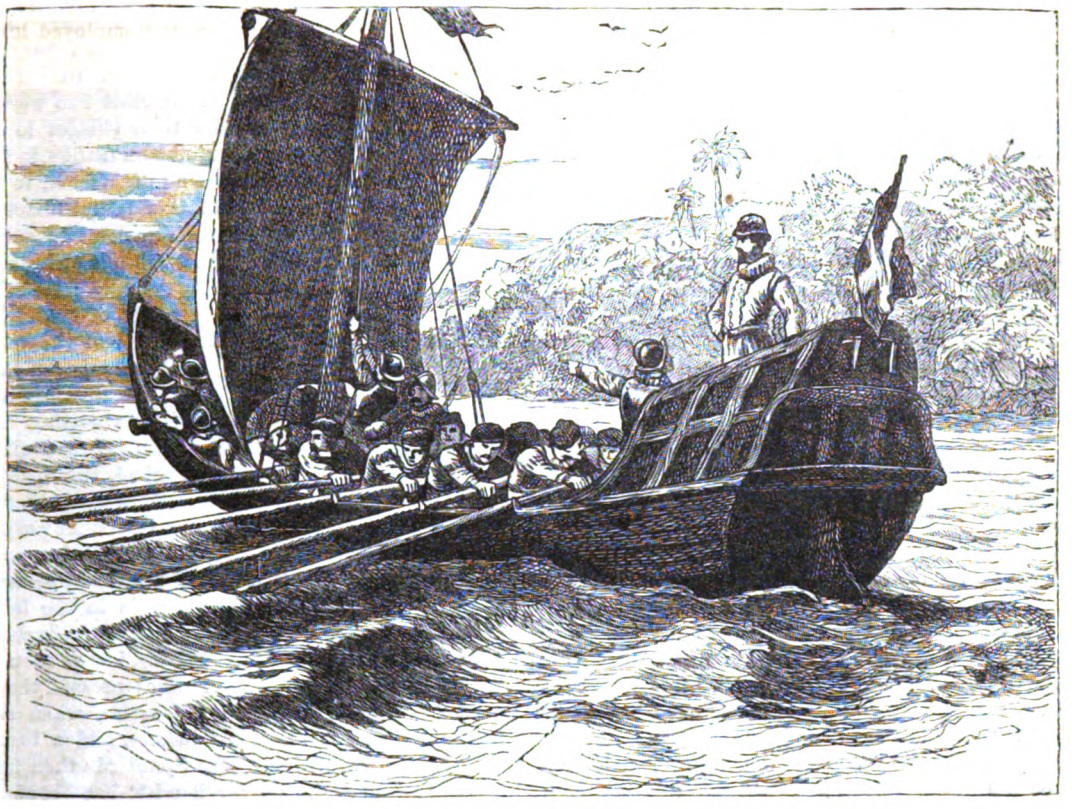
On the 24th of August the squadron weighed anchor. Magalhaes commanded the *Trinidad*, Mezquita the *San Antonio*, Serrano the *Concepcion*, and Duarte Barbosa the *Victoria*. They pushed on in a southerly course as far as the Rio Santa Cruz, where, as the season was probably still too cold, they remained till the 18th of October, and the fleet took in fish, water and wood. In the harbor of Santa Cruz, Magalhaes told the captains that the squadron would follow the coast down the 75th degree, unless a strait were discovered sooner, and then he intended to sail in an easterly direction toward the Spice Islands.

On the 18th of October the squadron quitted the harbor, and on the 21st the Cape of the Eleven Thousand Virgins and the entrance into a deep frith were discovered. Magalhaes

sent off two vessels to examine this gulf, and they penetrated through the first two narrow guts into the sound of the Patagonian straits. When they returned with their report, the squadron followed them into what is called the third bay, terminating at Cape Froward.

So soon as Magalhaes had reached the present Hunger Bay, he sent the *San Antonio* forward to reconnoitre, and examine the gulfs opening to the south, but he very incautiously quitted his anchorage and employed his crews in catching fish. When the *San Antonio* returned from its investigation without any result, the squadron could not be found, and, as the signal-guns remained unanswered,

NATIVES OF TERRA DEL FUEGO AT THE PRESENT DAY.



MAGALHAES ON THE PACIFIC.

the crew requested the captain to turn back. Of this opinion was the pilot of the squadron, Esteban Gomez, a Portuguese, who happened to be on board the *San Antonio*, and who had recommended a return after the first reconnoitring expedition, because he foresaw a want of provisions. To this, Magalhaes had given him the spirited reply, that "he would carry out his promise to the Emperor, even if he had to chew the leather of the rigging."

Since that occurrence, the punishment of death had been decreed against any one who dared to express any doubt as to the success of the expedition, for it was evident that only fear of Magalhaes would force the first navigators through the gates of the Pacific.

Gomez now began quarreling with Alvaro de la Mezquita, and after captain and pilot had exchanged several stabs, the crew interfered, put Mezquita in chains, and proceeded homeward under the orders of the third officer, Geronimo Guerra. They arrived on the 6th of May, 1521, and the worst accusations against Magalhaes were soon put in circulation.

Magalhaes had thus lost his finest vessel and sixty men. After six days had been expended in waiting, and three in searching, on the 21st of November the commodore demanded from the officers of the *Victoria* (probably to try their temper) a written opinion whether the expedition should proceed further or not. The opinion of the astronomer, San Martin, clearly revealed the despondency of the crew, and their terror at Magalhaes's unbending severity. Still, the commodore considered it advisable to contradict explicitly the apprehensions as to the exhaustion of the crew and the want of tackle, and on the next day

A VESSEL PASSING THROUGH MAGELLAN'S STRAITS.

(November 23d) he ordered the anchors to be weighed under a solemn salute, and really reached the mouth of the strait on the 27th.

The navigators, in their delight, gave the name of the Beautiful, or Desired Cape (Fermoso Deseado), to the cape which they left on their left. During this period they had seen a burial-place on the coast, but no inhabitants; and they had noticed a few fires on the land to their left, which they thence designated Tierra del Fuego, and which they correctly took for islands, because they heard the noise of the breakers on the other side.

Magalhaes now steered in a northerly direction, and finally lost sight of the coast of South America, after seeing it once more at a great distance on the 1st of December, in 48° south latitude. He then sailed between the islands of Juan Fernandez and San Felix, though without sighting either of them, and thence held to a northwesterly course. Hence it strangely happened that Magalhaes saw neither the Marquesas nor any of the islands that stud the Pacific between the Equator and the Southern tropic.

On the 25th of January, 1521, they found an uninhabited island, San Pablo, and on the 4th of February another island, which they called Los Tiburones, in consequence of the enormous number of sharks, and which may probably be sought to the southwest of the Marquesas group. The line was crossed on the 12th of February, somewhat east of Christmas Island, in 156° west longitude from Paris. On the 28th of February they reached the 13th degree north longitude, and sailed through this desolate portion of the island-begemmed ocean for six days, until they sighted, on the 6th of March, two islands, Quam and Santa Rosa. As the natives swarmed round the vessels in canoes with outriggers and triangular matting sails, Magalhaes christened them the "Islands of the Lateen Sails," though the name of the Ladrones became much more popular, owing to the boldness with which the olive-colored naked Indians came on board and plundered, although the ship was repeatedly cleared of them, and a well-directed fire was returned to their innocuous flights of arrows. At last, when they had succeeded in stealing a ship's boat, Magalhaes landed, burned down their village, and plundered their stores of cocoanuts, yam-roots and sugar-canes, which greatly refreshed the exhausted crew, as they had eaten nothing for months save ship's biscuit.

On the 9th of March they continued their course westward, and on the 10th reached the Lurigao group at the mouth of the strait dividing Mindanao from Leyto, when the sick were allowed some time to recruit on shore, and kept up a friendly intercourse with the races inhabiting the Philippines between Mindanao and Luçon.

On the 28th of March the circumnavigators stopped at the Island of Limasagua, where the rajah received them very hospitably, and offered to pilot them himself to the Island of Cebu, where they would find abundance of provisions. The anchor was dropped off the town of Cebu on the 7th of April, and the rajah was induced by his brother rajah to treat the Spaniards kindly. The Europeans had an opportunity of displaying their firearms and coats of mail in a mock battle they got up. The rajah would much have liked, however, to make the Spaniards pay harbor dues, but a Siamese coaster lying off Cebu told him that he had to do with the same people who had already conquered Calicut and Malacca. A treaty was therefore hurriedly drawn up; the rajah supplied the Spaniards with provisions, and gave them banquets. On the next Sunday, when they were celebrating mass on the beach, the rajah, his eldest son, and the queen, with several hundred subjects, were baptized, promising to quit their idols and pay homage to the Cross.

After the rajah had taken the oath of supremacy to the Emperor Charles V., Magalhaes, desirous of rewarding him, determined on compelling the four other chiefs of the island to recognize him as their sovereign. Two of them feigned obedience, while, as the other two were obstinate, the Spaniards soon reduced their villages to ashes. By degrees, all those who entertained a dislike to the foreigners sought shelter in the Island of Mactan, to the east of Cebu. One of the chiefs of this island treacherously requested aid from the Spanish general to subjugate the other rajahs. Deaf to all the warnings of his followers, as well as of the rajah of Cebu, Magalhaes armed three boats, and started for Mactan on the night of the 27th of April, 1521, accompanied by the remainder of the healthy crew, some sixty or seventy men, and the rajah of Cebu at the head of a thousand warriors. The Spanish boats could not go close to shore, and, without waiting to land the guns, Magalhaes waded ashore at daybreak with fifty-five companions. With criminal neglect, the Spanish general ordered his native allies to remain in the rear, and admire from a distance the marvels of Christian weapons. The Spaniards then proceeded to fire the villages on the coast. Soon, however, fifteen hundred natives appeared in three columns, and attacked the Spaniards in the front and on both flanks. The musqueteers and arquebusiers fired in vain on the carefully-concealed foe, but so soon as the ammunition was expended the natives pressed the Spaniards closely. Magalhaes would not retire, when suddenly a heavy stone knocked off his helmet, and a bamboo spear pierced his right thigh. The Spaniards then fell back on their boats, and, during the hand-to-hand contest, Magalhaes received a stab through the head, which stretched him lifeless on the ground. Christobal Rabelo, captain of the *Victoria*, and six other Spaniards, shared the same fate. The Christian rajah hastened up to the help of his allies, for the combat was continued in the water, until the boat-guns were brought into action, and the flotilla could retire.

The squadron now chose Duarte Barbosa as captain-general, and the Portuguese, Luis Alfonzo, as captain of the *Victoria*. The defeat at Mactan had, however, changed the views of the treacherous Christians at Cebu, especially since the victorious Mactanese threatened them with war unless they seized the strangers and their vessels. The rajah of Cebu invited the Spaniards on the 1st of May to a great banquet in his capital, in order to give them a costly jewel as a parting present. Juan Serrano hesitated as to accepting the invitation, but when Duarte accused him of cowardice, he was the first to spring into the boat, being followed by the commandant and twenty-two Spaniards. During the festival the guests were attacked, and their death-cries reached the ships, whose crews immediately began bombarding the buildings on shore. Juan Serrano was suddenly brought forward, stripped to his shirt, wounded, and in fetters, and he implored them to cease their fire and rescue him from his enemies. But no one dared to venture among the treacherous Cebuans, and so soon as the anchors were raised, Serrano was led away, his death-shrieks being audible in the distance, while the exultant natives trampled the lately erected crosses under foot in sight of the Spaniards.

After the murder of Barbosa, Juan Carvalho, boatswain of the *Concepcion*, was appointed general, and Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa captain of the *Victoria*; the *Concepcion* was then burned in the straits between Cebu and Bohol, because the sailors, now reduced to one hundred and fifty men, were only sufficient to navigate two ships. They then skirted Mindanao, and on the 8th of July reached Borneo and the great harbor of Bruni, whence the island

derives its name, and where Malays had settled since the thirteenth century, before Mohammedanism had reached them.

This town, where the Spaniards hoped to find a pilot for the Moluccas, contained nearly 25,000 houses, and was governed by a Mohammedan rajah. His officials put off to the ships in gilded proas, and on the 15th of July the Spanish envoys were conducted through the streets on elephants to the palace of the monarch, who, surrounded by all the pomp of Eastern luxury, gave his commands to his chamberlains through a speaking-trumpet from behind a gilt screen, and they again imparted to the strangers the royal permission to remain in port. On the 29th of July, however, the ships were so alarmed at the sight of three squadrons of war-proas, that they put off to sea with the loss of an anchor. Off the coast they seized two junks, on board of which they found a prince of Luçon, high admiral of the Sultan of Bruni. Him Carvalho released, having in all probability been bribed. Although the Borneans assured the Spaniards that the expedition was not intended against them, they could not be induced to put back.

From Bruni the Spaniards were compelled to return to Palawan, skirting Mindanao. On their way they captured a junk, having on board Tuan Mahmud, viceroy of the Sultan of Bruni at Palawan, who paid them a heavy ransom in provisions; and in another junk a pilot, who guided them to the Sarangani Islands, at the southern extremity of Mindanao, where, after a dangerous storm, they captured another pilot, who, however escaped with the first one at the island of Sangir. They were helped out of their embarrassment by one of their Malay prisoners, who promised to bring them through safely. He kept his word, and on the 8th of October, 1521, they cast anchor off Tidori. Since September, Gomez de Espinosa had been captain-general, and Juan Sebastian de Elcano captain of the *Victoria*, for Juan Carvalho had been deposed by the crews for a pretended contravention of the royal orders.

On the next morning the Sultan Almanzor, rajah of Tidori, came on board, expressed his pleasure at their arrival, requested the Spanish flag to be unfurled, and then swore on the Koran his fealty to Charles V., on condition that the Spaniards would subjugate Ternati for him. It had a very depressing effect on the navigators, however, to hear that Francisco Serrao, the brother in arms of Magalhaes, had died just seven months before, almost simultaneously with Magalhaes, and (as was afterward discovered) through poison received from Almanzor. As there was only a small store of spices at Tidori, the rajah recommended them to wait for the new crop in December, but the Spaniards were anxious to reach home.

After some difficulty the Spanish vessels obtained a full freight, and started homeward on the 18th of December. They had scarce left port, however, when it was discovered that the *Trinidad* had a dangerous leak, which compelled her to put back, and a delay of three months was required to repair her thoroughly. It was, therefore, decided that Espinosa should remain with the *Trinidad*, and then seek to fetch Panama through the South Sea, while Elcano started homeward on the 21st of December, 1521, in the *Victoria*, with a crew of forty-seven Europeans and thirteen natives, partly prisoners, partly volunteers.

The Mohammedan pilot, a Tidorese, first guided the *Victoria* southward, through the Buru Straits, to Amboyna. Thence he steered in a southerly course to Timor, the northern coast of which land was sighted on the 26th of January, 1522. On the 9th of February they were out of sight of land once more. The *Victoria* then kept a southwesterly course, to gain the same latitude as the Cape of Good Hope. On the 18th of March, when the pilot, Francisco Alvo, had given the latitude as 37° 35′, half-way between Australia and Africa, the desolate island of New Amsterdam was sighted, but they did not stop. Continuing their course, they reached, on the 18th of May, the Rio de Infante (Bushman's River). On the 20th of May the Cape of Good Hope lay to the southeast, and on the 9th of July, according to the pilot's calculation, they cast anchor in the Rio Grande Bay, on the Cape de Verde island Santiago.

The navigators had by this time melted away to thirty, for two men had deserted at Timor, and fifteen Spaniards and six Tidorese had perished from hunger on the passage, while the rest were so weakened, that several proposed sailing from the Cape of Good Hope straight to Mozambique, the nearest Portuguese settlement. The planters of Santiago at first treated the Spaniards kindly; but when, on the 14th of July, a boat sent on shore for rice offered cloves in exchange, the Portuguese perceived that the *Victoria* had arrived from the East Indies, and seized the boat, with twelve Spaniards in her. The *Victoria* was on the next morning summoned to surrender, and four vessels were rapidly equipped in the harbor to enforce obedience. Elcano, however, ordered all sail to be set, although the crew were utterly exhausted, and had to work double tides at the pumps. On the 6th of August another sailor died; and on the 6th of September, 1522, three Asiatics and thirteen Europeans, whose names have all been preserved (among them being the boatswain, Francisco Alvo, and Antonio Pigafetta), reached San Lucar de Barrameda, after completing the first voyage round the world. The first thing they did on landing was to walk barefoot, and in their shirts, to the Cathedral of Seville, where they returned thanks for their miraculous preservation.

On the news of their return reaching the Emperor at Valladolid, he immediately ordered them to his presence, and gave them various pensions. He could, however, well afford to do so, for Magalhaes's expedition had only cost him 22,000 ducats, while the freight of the *Victoria* was sold for more than 100,000 ducats. It is a refreshing instance of the blessings of civilization to find that the first question one of the Tidorese natives asked on landing was, how many reals the ducat was worth, and how many maravedis the real contained. He then went from one spice-dealer to another, and carefully inquired after the market value of spices.

Our readers, we believe, will not blame us for presenting them with an old tale, perhaps often told. We found the story of Magalhaes's voyage recently in a German work, and we thought that many would feel interested in it, as enabling them to form a contrast between past and present. Indeed, it seems scarcely credible in our enlightened age that so many difficulties should have been connected with the discovery of the passage round Cape Horn. And yet a lesson can be gained from our narrative: the hostility of the Spaniards and Portuguese, and the insane efforts made to prevent any encroachment on their fancied rights, ended by throwing the entire Indies open to competition, in which, of course, England did not come off the worst. To Spain accrued the honor of making the first circumnavigation of the globe; while to England is reserved a far greater triumph—that of joining two hemispheres indissolubly by the Atlantic telegraph. *Suum cuique.*

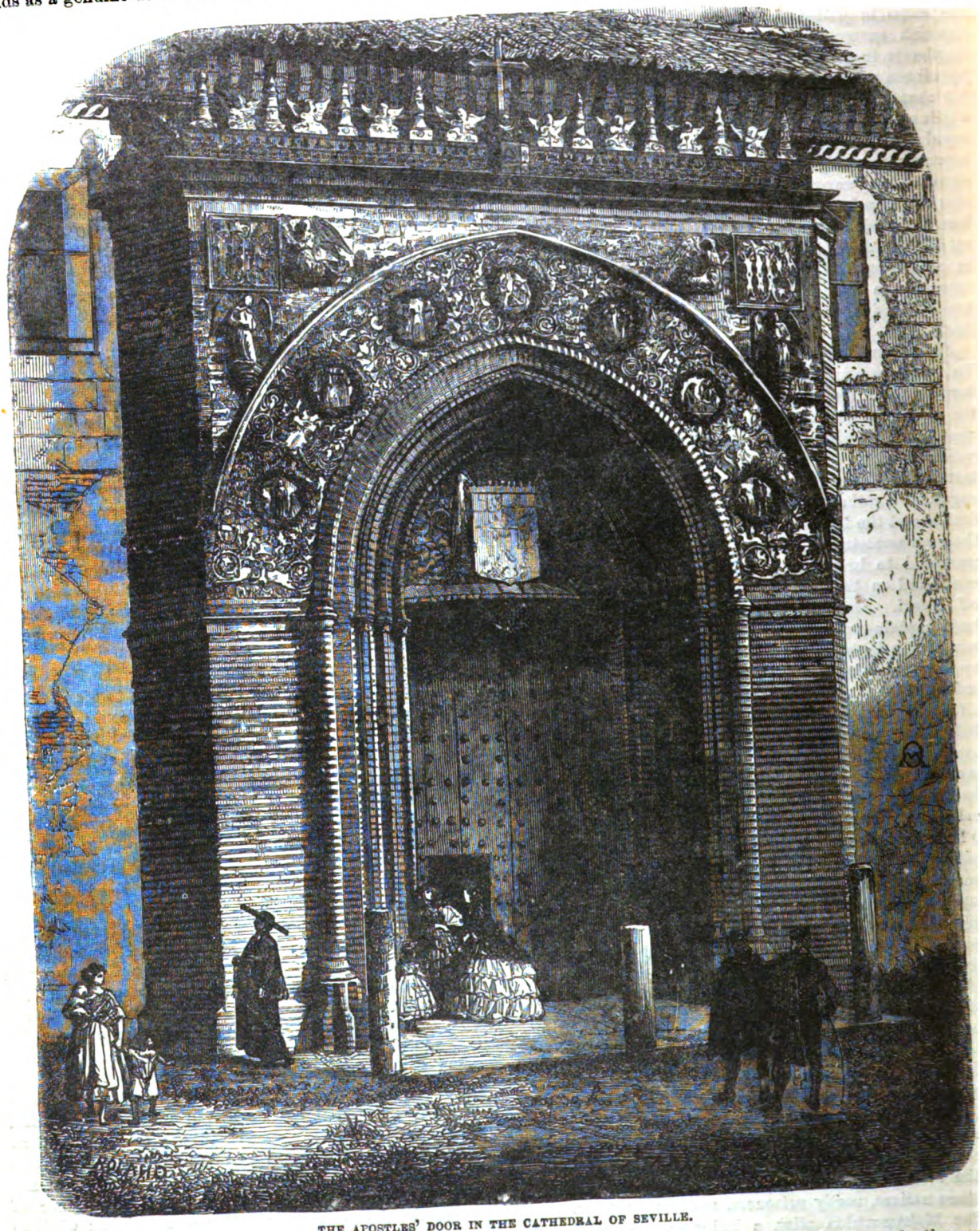
Show may be purchased, happiness is home-made.

AN AMBIGUOUS LEGACY.

We will not pledge ourselves to the authenticity of the following will, which was, nevertheless, placed in our hands as a genuine document. Our readers will, however, agree with us that it is not a bad model for a will, and that, at all events, *se non è vero è ben trovato*. It runs thus:

"This is my last will and testament, which I make, being sound in mind but utterly ruined in health.

"As I have but one surviving relative, it is to him—to *you*, I may as well say, my dear George, that I address these my last words. They will, no doubt, cause you some surprise, and their purport may be distasteful to you; but perhaps when you have read to the end, you will take a sounder view of the case.



THE APOSTLES' DOOR IN THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.

"You very reasonably expected that my death would put you in possession of a considerable fortune, which I once owned, and am still supposed to possess. Alas! this fortune no longer exists—not a penny of it.

"Now, the question naturally arises: What has become

SHADOW.— THE SPECTRE OF THE BROCKEN.— SEE PAGE 251.

of the money? and it might be supposed I had squandered it on myself. Such, however, is not the case; and the part I have played in the disposal of it has been rather that of the master of the house who gives a banquet to his guests, but tastes not a single dish himself.

"However, I shall not stop to recall the detail of things that are past and cannot be revoked; I must proceed to the main business, which is simply as follows:

"My sole legacy to you is, alas! confined to *a bunch of keys*, which you will find attached to this document.

"Do not imagine from this that I have any wish to mystify you; indeed, nothing can be more serious, not to say solemn, than what I am about to say in supplying you with the clew to these old bits of iron, which I hope to make more useful to you than if I were bestowing on you ten times their weight in gold.

"Key No. 1, then, my dear nephew—that little twisted one, antique in form and rusty in condition—was the key of my desk at school—my desk within which I kept a family of silkworms instead of a pile of copybooks. This slight indication of my boyish propensities will speak volumes to an intelligent mind; it will show you that I was an idle, incorrigible dunce, and will explain to you how it was that I grew up fit for nothing useful, and only clever at spending a fortune which I was quite incapable of earning.

"Key No. 2—a rough and heavy one—was the key of my cellar when I first entered upon my life of indolence and dissipation. I had a dozen boon companions. I have lived to discover that they could not be called 'friends.' We used to meet together to drink *my* wine (they had none of their own), not from need or from thirst, but solely out of debauchery and bravado. Three have since died in Bedlam, and one in the workhouse; for myself, I paused just in time, startled by these ugly results. Still, one night, in a fit of drunkenness, I got into a quarrel with one of them; we fought, and I killed him. That will explain the presence of the scarlet thread I have tied on to that key for your instruction, that you may remember that a man who quarrels with another during an orgy is a fool, and one who kills his adversary in such a quarrel is a scoundrel.

"Keys No. 3, 4 and 5, are, as you will see, tiny, elegant little instruments. They admitted me into certain boudoirs, where fashionable women condescended to welcome me as long as I was handsome and attractive.

"Keys No. 6, 7 and 8 open the caskets in which I preserved my several gallant correspondences. To this I may add, my dear George, that after believing that I had for many years played the part of a gay deceiver, I found I had, on the contrary, performed only in the sorry character of dupe! I have reached the end of my career, to find myself old, broken down, abandoned, and to discover too late that, instead of amusing myself by the hour with the wives of others, I ought to have taken one of my own, of whom I should have made the friend and companion of my life, and not the toy of an idle day.

"Keys 9 and 10 used to open my two strong-boxes. The first was that of my cash-box. All my friends have dipped their hands in it, though not one remembers it now; and if I had not taken care to reserve a small sum to provide a decent burial, you would have had to consign me to a parish grave.

"As to the key of my official deed-box, it reminds me of the time when, thinking to enrich myself by a rapid speculation which should entail on me no thought or labor, I engaged a cashier. One fine morning I woke to find the key in the lock and the box empty. The bird had flown! So had my capital.

"To conclude. There is yet one more key, which may help to make the others profitable. It is No. 11, the key of the mortuary chapel I have ordered to be constructed over my remains at the cemetery. I invite you to come and see me there once a year—say on the anniversary of my death. I ask no more. There we will converse for a few moments in the language of silence, the most eloquent of all tongues. You will, I hope, on each of these occasions thank me afresh for the inheritance I have bequeathed you. Had I left you a few thousands, which, after all, you do not need, I should most likely have made as great a fool of you as I have of myself."

THE CLIMAX OF LOVE-STORIES.

It was, we think, with "Jane Eyre" that it began to be supposed that the hot encounter of two lovers, with all their juxtapositions and all their quarrels, heats and coolnesses, were the only objects of fiction—disastrous discovery, which has done more damage in the world than many a more important mistake. Taking Shakespeare's example, however, we may say that a story which is pure love and nothing else, must end in a catastrophe. It is an intolerable state, not to be supported by the great mass of beings who are not in love, and its suddenness, and the overpowering brief current of its potency, the pity of the strange and tragic conclusion, the bitter-sweet of that union which is ending, are component parts of its power over us, and justify its acceptance as the supreme romance, the one typical tale of youth and passion. There is no looking behind or after in that sudden rapture—it is all concentrated in the moment, the hour, the one point of everlasting duration, which, to ordinary mortals, is beat out upon the clock in the shortest spell of time. But when the youthful pair occupy their real position in a real world, the interest of their story not only gives zest to the study of more ordinary existence, but it gives the indispensable composition the necessary beginning and ending which every tale requires.

ANCIENT ROMAN RELICS.

A Roman villa has been discovered near Brading, in the Isle of Wight. The external walls, as at present cleared, measure about 52 feet by 37 feet, and inclose about six or seven chambers, with passages, etc., connected, there is reason to believe, with many others. In addition to tessellated floors, remains of hypocausts, flues, fresco paintings, roofing tiles, coins, pottery, and other interesting relics, there are the remains of a mosaic pavement, with a design upon it of unusual character, and one which is worthy of careful study and attention. The design, though grotesque, is doubtless symbolical, and may be connected either with the mythology of the ancients or the early introduction of Christianity. Moreover, a new chamber has been opened up, inclosing an interesting mosaic, the central design of which is a representation of Orpheus, playing on the lyre, and surrounded by animals, as usual. The border is an unusually good example of what is known as the *guilloche* pattern. Pottery, glass and cloths have been also found; among the latter several brass coins of the reign of Victorinus, A.D. 268.

There are habits contracted by bad example or bad management, before we have judgment to discern their approaches, or because the eye of reason is laid asleep, or has not the compass of view sufficient to look around on every quarter.

A SHADOW.

By William Ackroyd, F. I. C., Etc.

Who has not glanced at his shadow cast by the sun, and with curious eyes made note of its form and proportions, always grotesque, and at one time gigantic in its dimensions, at another dwarfed to the representation of a pygmy? As children we may have chased it, or, like Alexander's horse, Bucephalus, been frightened by it; as boys, it may have been a source of dissatisfaction, more especially when some feature of clothing or gait has been exaggerated; and as men we have doubtless altogether ignored it; but with nothing have we become so familiar, and nothing have we come to regard as so unreal, changeable and devoid of the properties which pertain to tangible bodies. Because of these qualities its name is in constant use metaphorically. A government corrupt to its core is described by the historian as a shadow; the thin, pale man, wasted by disease, we speak of as the shadow of his former self; and, to a Tennyson, concentrating a million years into a moment:

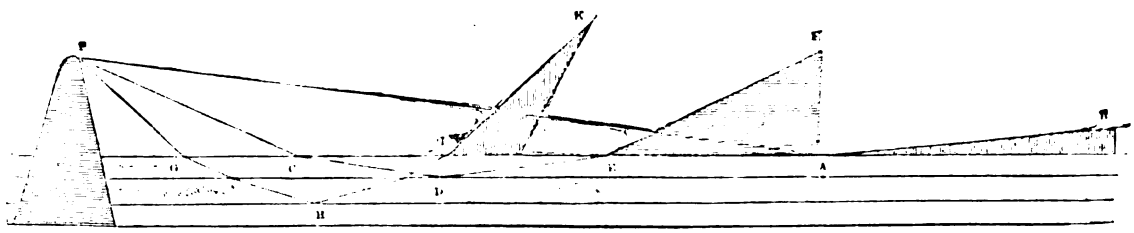
> "The hills are shadows, and they flow
> From form to form, and nothing stands."

It is of this symbol of the changeable and unreal that we have to speak, and we intend to tell of remarkable as well as of common shadows, how they are produced, and what they are like.

Shadows are the result of the great law that light proceeds through a homogeneous medium in straight lines. Hence, when an opaque body is held in the way of light, there is darkness, or shadow, behind it, and the form of the shadow projected on to any screen placed to receive it is determined by the form of that section of the obstructing body which is at right angles to the direction of the light-rays; hence the shadow of a ball is a dark circle, and if one were to bend the bare arm at the elbow and the hand at the wrist, the shadow would be a fair representation of a swan (see page 252).

These hand-shadows have always been a source of keen delight to children, because of the number of shapes one may represent by various dispositions of the hands when held up not far from the gaslight, and, perhaps, because the black moving things on the wall may be made a caricature of the real. Heads of animals of all sorts may be exhibited and made to open their mouths or prick their ears at pleasure, and the enjoyment reaches its height when, by the judicious disposition of lights in the apartment, figures are formed, examples of which may be seen on pages 252-3.

Natural shadows assume a position of some importance, for wherever light can reach, there they are sure to be produced. The shadows of lunar mountains, or of Jupiter's satellites, are interesting sights to the astronomer, and here below our own mountain shadows at times are remarkable things to see. Perhaps one of the most extraordinary mountain shadows is that of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. The peak rises abruptly from the low country to some 7,420 feet above the level of the sea, commanding a fine view of the island scenery to the southwest and northwest for a distance of fifty miles or more. The phenomenon of the shifting shadow of the mountain is thus described by those who have seen it: It appears at sunrise, an enormous elongated shadow, A B, projected to the westward over land and sea to a distance of seventy or eighty miles. As the sun rises higher the shadow approaches the mountain rapidly, and appears at the same time to rise above the spectator in the form of a gigantic pyramid of shadow, I K, a vail of darkness suspended in the air. Each instant it appears to become more distinct, until suddenly it seems to fall back on the observer, and the next moment it is gone. The Rev. R. Abbay, who has described the phenomenon, thus explains it: The temperature of the air at the summit of the peak is about 40° Fah. colder than that of the country below, and considering the lower strata of air to be lighter than the upper, we have no longer that uniform density which is requisite for a ray, passing over the top of the mountain to the low country, to proceed in a straight line. We have, in short, the precise conditions for the production of the now well-known phenomenon of mirage. The rays from the rising sun coming over the mountain, P, in an oblique direction, P A, suffer total reflection in the direction A B; so, likewise, at subsequent stages of the sun's rising, the rays P C and P G are reflected in the directions E F and I K. We get thus, as it were, a reflected shadow, which is constantly altering its position until the sun has risen sufficiently high for its rays to pierce the reflecting strata of air over the low country to the west of the mountain. In the cut the shaded parts, B, F and K, represent the position of the shadow at three different moments of time, from which it will be seen that, as it appears to rise, its base approaches the mountain.



SHADOWS AT ADAM'S PEAK.

Shadows, as we generally see them, are areas of darkness on the surfaces of solids; but smoke and dust particles, which readily reflect light, render shadow very distinct. In a smoky atmosphere the shadow of a house is seen in the air as well as projected on the road, the distinct line of division between the light and shadow being readily traceable. Mist is also a very efficient shadow shower, and probably the moving vail of darkness seen in the case of Adam's Peak is thrown on the morning mist which has not yet been dispelled by the solar heat-rays; and similarly, in the case of the remarkable shadow known as the Spectre of the Brocken, the dense and hazy atmosphere surrounding the mountain-summit forms a good shadow ground.

The Brocken, one of the loftiest of the Hartz Mountains (3,417 feet), has from the earliest times enjoyed pre-eminence as the seat of the marvelous. Here, in times past, the timorous peasant was wont to see, at break of day, black, gigantic forms, more fear-inspiring than any Oriental genii ever were. In his benighted state of mind,

A SHADOW.—THE SWAN'S HEAD.

THE KID.

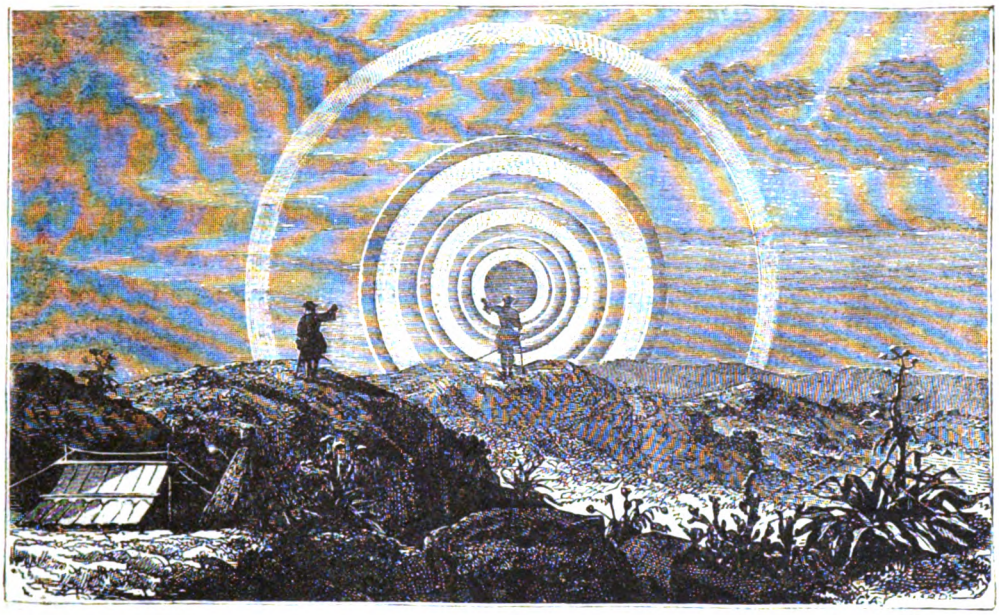
he could but refer the effects he saw to magic—to that wonderful occult influence which enabled a Michael Scott to cleave a mountain, and do other marvelous acts. And now the traveler is shown, on the summit of the Brocken, the Sorcerer's Chair and the Altar—huge blocks of granite; he stoops to drink at the Magic Fountain, a crystal spring; or, maybe, plucks up the anemone of the Brocken, and is told it is the Sorcerer's Flower. His next great desire is to see the Spectre of the Brocken; for, his brain being uncobwebbed with ancient superstition, he perceives clearly that the spectre must be some natural phenomenon. He is successful in his efforts, and sees a most remarkable group of shadows of himself and comrades. Looking westward while the sun is rising, he observes gigantic forms of darkness which mimic every movement that is made; they seem far off, and yet are probably close at hand, and ere long have completely vanished. The phenomenon has been seen both at sunrise and sunset; and one persevering investigator, M. Haue, narrates how he was unsuccessful in seeing it until he had made no less than thirty morning ascents.

When a person's shadow is projected on to mist particles, an accompanying effect is at times observed which might nearly have been predicted—the head of the shadow is surrounded by very large crowns of color. It will be noted that in such a case we have precisely the same conditions as for seeing rainbows—viz., the sun behind and the effect to be observed fair in front; and the reader will have no difficulty in seeing, from what we know of rainbow phenomena, that if the observer's shadow could be cast in the same plane as the rainbow, the head of the shadow would occupy the exact centre of the gorgeous circle. It is seldom that complete circular rainbows are seen, but at such times a shadow of the observer is in the centre.

The phenomenon which is known as Ulloa's Circle would appear to be somewhat of the same nature, and the following are the circumstances under which MM. Ulloa and Bouguer saw it: During their stay in the Pinchincha, they were one morning at daybreak on the summit of the Pambamarca. The mountain-top was covered with a dense fog, which was gradually dispersed by the rising sun. While they were watching this gradual disappearance of fog and light vaporous clouds, one of the travelers, on turning his back to the rising sun, saw the appearance portrayed on page 253. Standing apparently at a distance of twelve feet, was an image of himself, surrounded by three concentric rings, shaded with different colors, while round the whole was a fourth ring of one color only. The figure mimicked every movement of the observer, the rings keeping the shadow of the head as a common centre. It is singular that each of the travelers saw only himself.

THE BIRD.

THE GOAT'S HEAD.



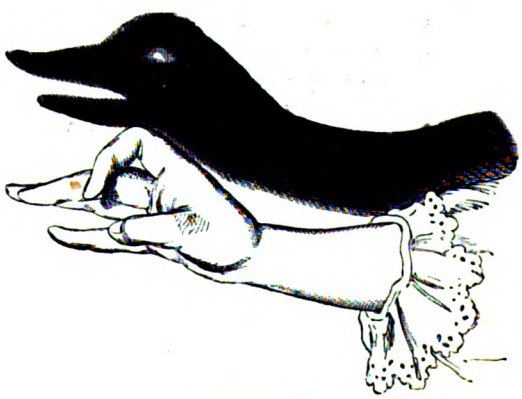
ULLOA'S CIRCLE.

When two lights send their rays toward the obstructing body, a couple of shadows are thrown on to the ground, and one generally appears blacker than the other. An exact comparison of the two shadows may lead to precise information respecting the relative merits of the two lights themselves. Since a perfect shadow is the total

EXPERIMENT WITH TWO LIGHTS.

absence of light, it is apparent that the perfect shadows of *b*, produced by the lights *a* and *c*, ought to have the same degrees of blackness. But the shadows *a'* and *c'* are each illuminated respectively by the lights *c* and *a*, and are consequently much lighter than the perfect shadows would be. It is quite clear, therefore, that if the lights *a* and *c* were the same distance from the light-obstructor *b*, and if, moreover, there were a difference of illuminating power in *a* and *c*, then there would be a difference of blackness in the shadows, that shadow being the blacker which was illuminated by the weaker light, and in the case in point *c* would be the weaker light. More precise information still could be obtained about the relative merits of the lights *a* and *c* by utilizing the law of inverse squares. This was done by Count Rumford, and the reader will now readily understand the principle of his shadow photometer or light-measurer. We shall be best able to illustrate his method by a simple example. Suppose we required to know the relative illuminating powers of a paraffine oil lamp and a common candle, we might proceed in the following homely fashion: Pin a sheet of white paper against the wall, as a screen to catch the shadows; place a rod of cane in the neck of a bottle, *b*, for a shadow-producer; and have a tape measure, *t*, with the free end of the tape pinned down at the bottom of the paper, so that distances from the screen may be readily measured. Now bring the lights to be tested alongside the tape, and, by putting the stronger light further from the screen than the other, the distances may be so adjusted that the shadows *a'* and *c'* are both of the same degree of blackness. Suppose these are the distances of the lights from the screen: candle, 7 feet, oil lamp, 12 feet; the squares of the numbers, viz., 49 and 144, would express the relative

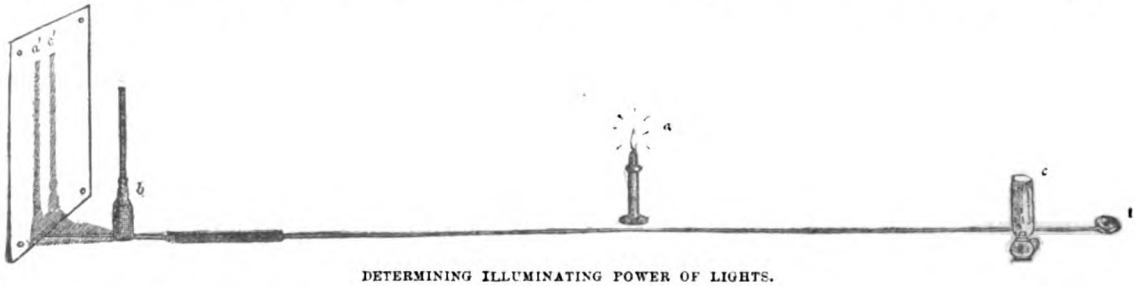
THE COACHMAN.



THE GOOSE.

illuminating powers of the two lights; whence it would appear that the oil lamp is not far short of being equal in illuminating power to three such candles.

Shadow phenomena are somewhat different when the sources of light are a luminous point and a luminous surface respectively, as *e. g.*, a brilliant star and the sun.



DETERMINING ILLUMINATING POWER OF LIGHTS.

When a point of light is used, the usual black shadow is fringed with colors, which form a gradation between the darkness within and the bright space without; but when a surface of light is employed, the complete shadow, or *umbra*, is surrounded by a less complete shadow, or *penumbra*. As we have said, a brilliant star or planet is an example of a point of light, and Sir John Herschel has observed that Venus, when at its greatest brightness, produces a shadow bordered with colored fringes, if the shadow be cast upon a white screen within a one-windowed room, and under favorable circumstances as to twilight. For experiments of this sort an artificial point of light may be thus produced: Admit the parallel rays of the sun into a dark room through a hole in the shutter, and then bring the rays together by means of a lens of short focus. The small image of the sun which is thus formed at the focus is a brilliant point of light.

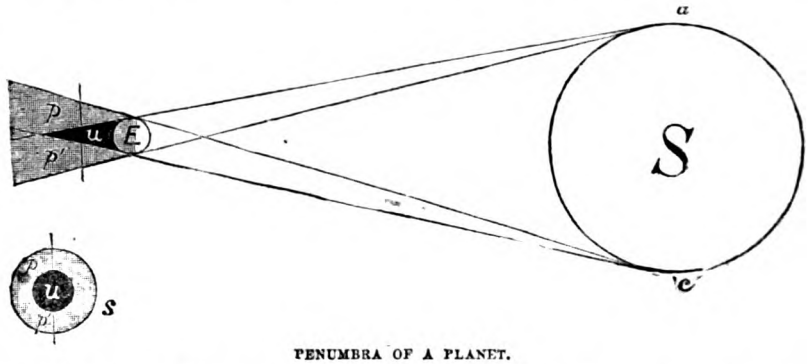
These colored fringes, running close and parallel to the edge of the shadow when a point of light is used, arise from what is known as the diffraction or inflection of light. Light is propagated by ether waves, and these waves, when passing round the corners or edges of opaque bodies, interfere with each other, and produce by their accordance and discordance the blue, yellow and red fringes we are speaking of.

The production of a penumbra is easier still to understand, and may be thus explained: In the two-light experiment illustrated by us, bring the lights *a* and *c* nearer to each other, until their shadows overlap. There is now a middle space of darkness, the *umbra*, *u*, and on either side of it, shadow less complete, *penumbra*, *p p'*. The light from neither candle reaches *u*, whereas the penumbra is illuminated by one or other of the candles.

UMBRA AND PENUMBRA.

The penumbra which surrounds a planetary shadow is of exactly the same nature as the foregoing, and is produced in the same way. For if S represents the surface of the sun, and E the earth, it is evident that the rays emanating from *a*, and those emanating from *c*, shine upon E in a precisely similar manner to the rays falling on *b* from *a* and *c* in the two-light cut, and a dark shadow, *u*, is formed along with a penumbra *p p'*. The surface of the sun, however, is a collection of luminous points like *a* and *c*, and it will readily be perceived, what cannot so well be represented in a sectional diagram, that the shadow of the earth is a cone of darkness, *u*; and, further, that if a screen of immense size could be placed at *p p'* to receive the earth's shadow, we should have, as at *s*, a central dark circle surrounded by a ring of penumbra. The only screen that ever shows us this darkness is the moon, and at such times it is eclipsed.

From all that has been said concerning natural and artificial shadows, we learn the simple lesson that wherever light can reach, there shadow may be produced—on a grand scale when the light-obstructor happens to be a planet, and on a minute scale when the tiny blood-vessels of the eye are the light-obstructors giving rise to what we have described in another paper as Purkinje's figures; and a knowledge of even so simple a natural fact cannot but prove a source of pleasure when it is utilized for the explanation of phenomena such as we have dealt with.



PENUMBRA OF A PLANET.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

ELECTRO-BRONZING.—Electro-bronzing on iron has been brought to a high state of perfection by the Philadelphia Smelting Company. This company pursues the following process: The articles to be bronzed are first put in a bath of paraffine, which stops further oxidation; they are then coated with a metallic substance, and subjected to the electro-bronzing bath, after which they are treated with a peculiar protecting varnish, and are then ready for use. The coating substance is composed entirely of copper and tin, and is said to possess superior malleability, approaching gold alloys in this respect, while its tenacity and solidity are very great. It flows readily, is easily handled by ordinary workmen, and is capable of re-working from old scrap. It is also receptive of a high, smooth finish, wears well, and is largely used for machine journals, car bearings, and other purposes of a similar nature, where a durable anti-friction metal is required.

THE phenomena of explosion of bombs by freezing of water (once studied by Major Williams at Quebec) have been further elucidated by Prof. Hagenbach of Bâle, who exposed, last Winter, two iron bombs, 15 ctm. exterior diameter and 2·2 ctm. thickness, filled with water and closed by screw stoppers, at temperatures descending to —20°. One bomb, placed out early in the afternoon, burst next morning about 7; the other, exposed about 10 A.M., exploded about 9 P.M. In the latter case the stopper was violently projected to a distance, and could nowhere be found (the spotless snow around would have soon revealed its position, if anywhere near). Some parts of the screw thread were detached; there were several fissures round the orifice, and a cylinder of

striated ice was forced out, having an irregular top and a curious upward curved filament of ice attached, narrowing from 9 mm. to 3 mm diameter, and flattened on its upper concave surface. It is thought a little water in suspension got out by the first opening in the screw, flowed down the bomb, and froze; its freezing provoked crystallization of the whole mass, and the stopper was expelled, the ice following and lifting the attached frozen vein. A little later, some water within the expelled cylinder probably froze, and burst the top of this cylinder into four pieces, which twisted like petals, causing the filament to turn upward. The other case was perhaps even more curious. The stopper was not thrown out, but the bomb burst, a triangular piece next the stopper being raised. A round filament curving downward was here found attached to the protruded ice, and it had some sixteen enlargements or nodes, equidistant 7 mm. The initial jet of water had probably come out with high velocity and straight course, and been solidified, afterward curving down by the action of gravity. The nodes were doubtless due to the vibratory motion observed in liquid veins.

A Clever Trick.—The *Japan Mail* describes a clever trick which was being exhibited by a native juggler at Joshida-bashi. The performance takes place in a small room about twenty-six feet long by twelve feet wide, half being allotted to the spectators, who are admitted on payment of the moderate fee of two cents. The "properties" consist of a deal table and a sword, etc. After the usual soul-stirring flourish on a drum and samisen, a man and woman appear from behind a screen; the man binds the woman's head in a cloth, and she then kneels down close to the table, and sideways to the spectators. The man then draws the sword, makes a violent blow at the woman's head; she falls forward, arms extended and limbs twitching. He then, having first wiped the sword on a gory-looking piece of rag, takes up (apparently) the woman's head, wrapped in the cloth, and places it on the table. To all appearance it is a human head; the eyelids and features have a convulsive motion. Presently the eyes open in a dreamy sort of way, and, to the accompaniment of the everlasting samisen, the head sings a mournful song. A curtain is interposed between the audience and the performers, and when again drawn back, the woman is disclosed quietly seated alongside the man. When it is recollected that this all takes place within about three feet from the spectators, and that the "properties" are of the simplest description, some idea may be formed of the wonderful excellence of a performance which has excited attention.

Proof of Death.—The London *Medical Press* remarks: Those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such a contingency, may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with absolute certainty between life and death. For two or three hours after the stoppage of the heart, the whole of the muscles of the body have completely lost their electric excitability. When stimulated by electricity they no longer contract. If, then, when faradism is applied to the muscles of the limbs and trunk, say five or six hours after supposed death there be no contractile response, it may be certified beyond all doubt that death has taken place, for no faint, nor trance, nor coma, however deep, can prevent the manifestation of electric muscular contractility. Here there is no possibility of mistake, as there certainly was when the old tests were employed. Muscular contractility, under the faradic stimulus, disappears gradually after death; it is instantly diminished, but is only finally extinguished in about three hours; and hence Dr. Hughes Bennett has suggested that electricity may sometimes be of use in medico-legal investigations, by affording evidence as to the time of death.

A recent French invention of considerable interest is an improved motive-power engine, worked by means of atmospheric pressure under the effect of barometric vacuum. By means of two connecting rods, a shaft receives a rotary motion produced by the action of two cylinders placed in two parallel cylinders. Each cylinder is closed at one end, and communicates with an oscillating cylinder in the form of a U, which may be placed either horizontally or vertically. When it is placed horizontally and filled with mercury, as well as the motive cylinder, the piston is at the end of the cylinder; the oscillating cylinder is then placed in the vertical position, the mercury falls, and the barometric vacuum being produced, the piston, pushed by the atmospheric pressure, re-enters the fixed cylinder. The oscillating cylinder then again takes a horizontal position, and, the mercury re-entering the fixed cylinder, the piston moves in the contrary direction. The second fixed cylinder is so placed that its piston and that of the second oscillating cylinder are the reverse of the cylinder. Counter weights equilibrate the weight of the U-shaped cylinder full of mercury.

Most people are familiar with the "spark" which may be produced under certain conditions by stroking the fur of a cat: and travelers in Canada and other cold, dry countries have witnessed the still more remarkable phenomenon of the human body being turned into a conductor of electricity, and the possibility of lighting the gas by merely placing one's finger—given the necessary conditions of electrical excitement—near the gas-jet, without any other agency. Mr. A. W. Mitchison, the African traveler, who is engaged in writing a narrative of his exploring expeditions in Western Central Africa, gives some still more startling facts. He states that one evening, when striking an African native, in a moment of anger, with a cowhide whip, he was astonished to see sparks produced, and still more surprised to find the natives themselves were quite accustomed to the phenomenon. He subsequently found that a very light touch, repeated several times under certain conditions of bodily excitement, and in certain states of the atmosphere, would produce a succession of sparks from the bodies of native men as well as native cattle.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Constant motion is a great law of natur nothing being stationery—except pen, ink and paper.

A new style of ladies' hats is called the "Orchard." It probably gets its apple-ation from the number of blossoms on it.

A young lady, if a visitor knocks at the front-door, will sometimes send the word, "engaged" though she has never had an offer in her life.

Startling Advice.—*Medical Man:* "And then with regard to the swelling at the back of your head, I don't apprehend anything serious; but you must keep your eye on it!"

It is a nice moral question whether the underwriters ought to pay insurance on canal-boats which recklessly set sail without nailing a horseshoe to the stern post.

An English engineer was trying to explain the electric telegraph to a Persian governor. Finally he said: "Imagine a dog with his tail in Teheran and his muzzle in London. Tread on his tail here, and he will bark there."

A barrister entering Westminster Hall with his wig very much awry, provoked much merriment, addressing Curran, said: "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" "Nothing, except it be the head," answered Curran.

"To flirt! to flirt!" the father cried,
"What means that latter-day invention?"
Young Lovelace at that word replied,
"Attention, sir, without intention."

"Our new rector's sermons are too short," said a young lady. "I don't think so," responded her mother. "He always gets through," rejoined the daughter, "before I've had time to notice all the new styles of bonnets and dresses."

A Connecticut story is told of a widower preacher who proposed to a young lady and was rejected. Following this a young widow of his congregation sent him this text to preach from: "You ask and receive not, because you ask amiss."

Friend: "I say, when are you going to pay that five dollars I lent you? Mind, I sha'n't ask you for it again." *Impecunious:* "You won't? Now, that is what I call real friendship. I say, you haven't such a thing as——" (Creditor rushes off).

A LUMP OF CARBON.

Tell me, lump of carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
While thy flames rise twisting, turning,
Quench in me this curious yearning—
Ages past elucidate.

Tell me of the time when, waving
High above the primal world,
Thou, a giant palm-tree, lifting
Thy proud head above the shifting
Of the storm-cloud's lightning hurled,
While the tropic sea, hot laving,
Round thy roots its billows curled.

Tell me, did the Mammoth, straying
Near that mighty trunk of yours,
On the verdure stop and graze,
Which thy ample base displays,
Or his weary limbs down laying,
Sleep away the tardy hours?

Perchance some monstrous Saurian, sliding,
Waddled up the neighboring strand,
Or leapt into its neighboring sea
With something of agility,
Though all ungainly on the land,
While near your roots, in blood-stained fray,
Maybe two Ichthye beasts colliding,
Bit and fought their lives away.

Tell me, ancient palm-corpse, was there
In that world of yours primeval
Aught of man in perfect shape?
Was there good? and was there evil?
Was it man? or was it ape?

Tell me, lump of carbon, burning
Lurid in the glowing grate,
Lies there in each human face
Something of the monkey's trace?
Tell me, have we lost a link?
Stir thy coaly brain and think,
While thy red flames rise and sink—
Ages past elucidate.

SPANISH FRUIT-GIRL.

FRANK LESLIE'S POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XI.— No. 3. MARCH, 1881. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

OUR MONSTER TELEGRAPH SYSTEM.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

As, on a very recent occasion, I struggled with the tide in Broadway, *en route* to the gigantic and magnificent building of the Western Union Telegraph Company, my thoughts instinctively reverted to the marvelous discovery of the "linked lightning"; and, tracing its progress as I elbowed my way in the ruck of breathing automata, my memory stood me in good stead.

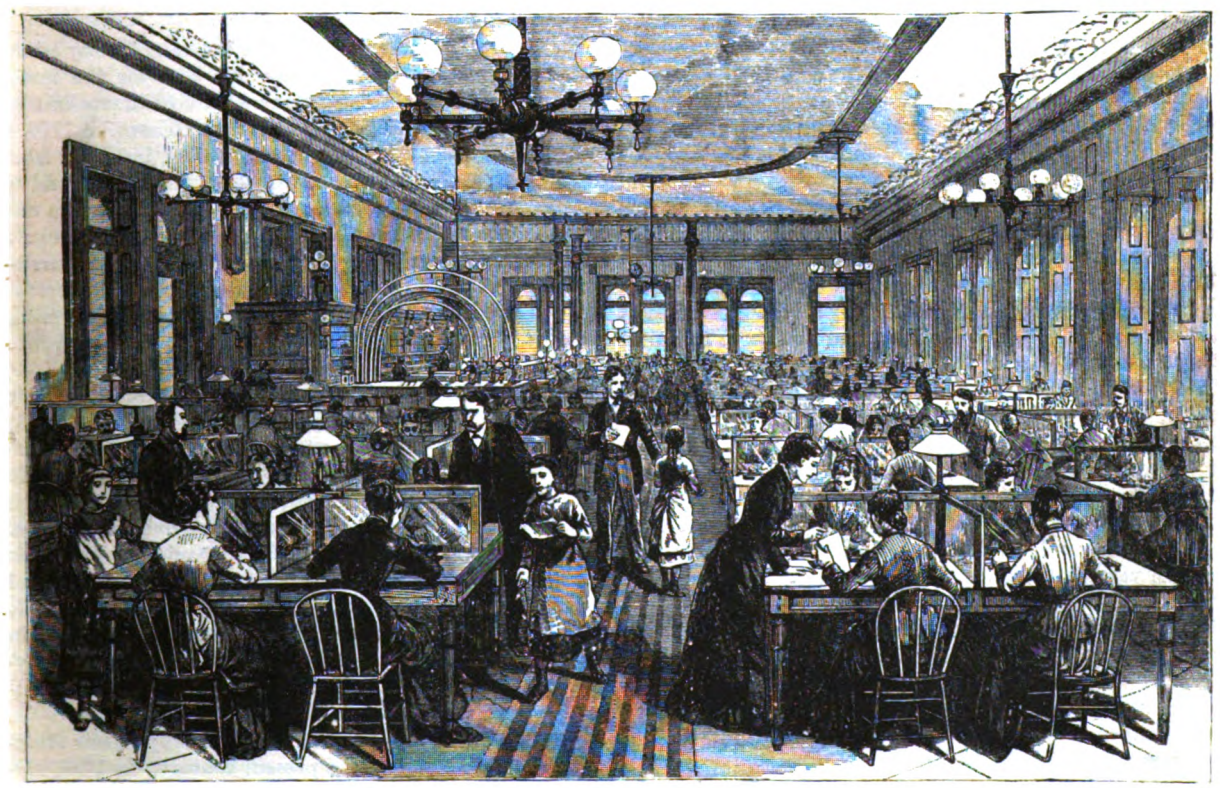
The phenomenon of electrical attraction produced by friction of bodies was, in some instances, known to the ancients. It was first noticed about six hundred years before the Christian era, by Thales, the founder of Ionic philosophy. He observed that when amber was subjected to friction, it acquired the power of attracting light substances, such as bits of feathers.

Three hundred years later, Theophrastus observed that a hard stone (supposed to be tourmaline), when rubbed, attracted straws and little pieces of sticks in its vicinity.

Pliny, as well as other naturalists, both Greek and Roman, remarked, at different dates, the same phenomenon, which they regarded, in the spirit of the times, with superstitious reverence. Fain would I follow Mr. R. Sabine, and other able authorities, in their learned description of the progress of "hand lightning," but the exigencies of space will admit but of a flash glance, and this, too, at but distant intervals.

The first systematic inquiry into the subject was undertaken by Dr. Gilbert, toward the close of the sixteenth century. Dr. Wall, in the middle of the seventeenth century, discovered the electric spark on rubbing a cylinder of amber with a piece of flannel. On approaching the cylinder with his finger, he obtained, for the first time, the spark, and noticed the noise which always accompanies it.

The first discovery on record of the power of transmitting the electric fluid to a distance through an insulated wire, is that of Stephen Grey. Having succeeded in



GENERAL OPERATING ROOM IN THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH BUILDING, NEW YORK.

electrifying a glass tube open at both ends, Grey was desirous of finding out whether he could obtain the same result if he stopped up the ends with corks. The experiment succeeded, and he was surprised to find the corks also highly electrified. On presenting the corked ends of the tube to a feather, he found that the feather was at first attracted, and then repelled. This led him to infer that the electricity which the tube had acquired by friction, passed spontaneously to the corks. From the communication of electricity from tubes to corks, Grey was led to transmit it through strings and wires; and in 1727, we find him employing a wire seven hundred feet long, suspended in the air by silk threads, to one end of which he brought his excited glass tube, whilst another person at the other end observed the electrification.

After Grey came Desaguilliers, who assorted Grey's discoveries into two classes, namely, "electrics" or non-conductors, and "non-electrics" or conductors. On making experiments on the attraction of any light substance by an electrified body, it had been observed by Grey that the former was repelled from the moment it was itself electrified by contact. It was further remembered that when the electrified body was a rod of glass, the light body would be strongly attracted by a stick of resin, also electrified by friction. In 1733, was concluded, from the combination of these facts, the existence of two electricities. It was supposed that all bodies in their natural state contained an equal amount of each of these electricities in equilibrium, but that from the moment the equilibrium was upset, and until it was re-established, the elements would divide themselves between the rubber and the rubbed body—those identical with the electricity of a glass rod showing themselves in some bodies, and in others those of the same nature as the electricity of a piece of resin. This occasioned the former to be called *vitreous electricity*, and the latter *resinous electricity*.

Benjamin Franklin, believing in only one fluid, gave the name of *positive electricity* to that which had been called vitreous, and *negative* to that called resinous. Dufay, without the remotest idea of the transmission of signals for practical purposes, and out of pure curiosity, made some excellent attempts to ascertain the distance to which electric attraction could be observed in an insulated wire. In 1746, Winckler, in Leipsic, and in 1747 Bishop Watson in England, took up the same inquiry; while the discovery of the Leyden jar by Muschenbroeck, of Leyden, in the former year, came very opportunely for the experimenters in the transmission of electrical power. Muschenbroeck was the first man who received an electric shock, and he exclaimed to his friend Réamur, after describing the sensation, "For the whole Kingdom of France I would not take a second shock."

In 1747 Watson stretched a wire across the River Thames, over the old Westminster Bridge. One end was fixed to the exterior coating of a Leyden jar, the interior coating being connected to earth through the body of the experimenter, and the other end held by a person who grasped an iron rod. The moment the latter dipped the rod into the river both felt the shock. Subsequently, in the same year, Watson transmitted an electric discharge through 2,800 feet of wire, and an equal distance of earth; and on the 14th of August, in the same year, repeated his experiments on a considerably larger scale, transmitting the electric impulse through 10,600 feet of wire suspended between wooden poles. In 1748 Franklin made similar experiments across the Schuylkill, at Philadelphia, and Le Duc across the Lake of Geneva.

But up to this time the experiments had been conducted without suspicion of the glorious results to which they were leading; and to a correspondent in the *Scot's Magazine* for 1753, under date of February 1st, signing C. M., on the page headed "An Expeditious Method of Conveying Intelligence," must the credit be given of being the first who published the idea of applying electricity to the telegraph. This interesting communication, of which I quote the first portion, runs as follows:

"RENFREW, Feb. 1st, 1753.

"*To the Editor of the 'Scot's Magazine':*

"SIR—It is well known to all who are conversant in electrical experiments, that the electric power may be propagated along a small wire, from one place to another, without being sensibly abated by the length of its progress. Let, then, a set of wires, equal in number to the letters of the alphabet, be extended horizontally between two given places, parallel to one another, and each of them about an inch distant from that next to it. At every twenty yards' end let them be fixed in glass, or jeweler's cement, to some firm body, both to prevent them from touching the earth or any other non-electric, and from breaking by their own gravity. Let the electric gun-barrel be placed at right angles with the extremities of the wires, and about one inch below them. Also, let the wires be fixed in a solid piece of glass, at six inches from the end; and let that part of them which reaches from the glass to the machine have sufficient spring and stiffness to recover its situation after having been brought in contact with the barrel. Close by the supporting glass, let a ball be suspended from every wire; and about a sixth or an eighth of an inch below the balls place the letters of the alphabet, marked on bits of paper, or any other substance that may be light enough to rise to the electrified ball; and at the same time let it be so continued that each of them may reassume its proper place when dropped. All things constructed as above, and the minute previously fixed, I begin the conversation with my distant friend in this manner: Having set the electrical machine a-going as in ordinary experiments, suppose I am to pronounce the word *Sir*: with a piece of glass, or any other *electric per se*, I strike the wire *S*, so as to bring it in contact with the barrel, then *i*, then *r*, all in the same way; and my correspondent, almost in the same instant, observes these several characters rise in order to the electrified balls at his end of the wires. Thus I spell away as long as I think fit; and my correspondent, for the sake of memory, writes the characters as they rise, and may join and read them afterward as often as he inclines. Upon a signal given, or from choice, I stop the machine, and taking up the pen in my turn, I write down whatever my friend at the other end strikes out."

To Lesage, however, belongs the honor of having established in practice the first telegraph wire for the transmission of signals. This system was almost the realization of the Scotchman. Lesage erected at Geneva, in 1774, a telegraph line of twenty-four metallic wires, insulated from each other; each wire was connected at the further end to a separate pith-ball electroscope, and corresponded to one of the letters of the alphabet. In this way any letter could be indicated by bringing to the end of the wire corresponding to the letter to be sent a source of static electricity, produced by friction, which would immediately cause the divergence of the pith-balls of that particular electroscope.

In 1787, Lomond, by the employment of a delicate electroscope, and combinations of signals, given by the divergence of pith-balls, succeeded in transmitting intelligence with the aid of a single line of wire. In 1794, Reusser proposed the construction of a telegraph by means of electrical discharges passing over the parts of a broken conductor inclosed in a glass tube, or by letters formed by spaces cut out of parallel strips of tinfoil pasted on square plates of glass. In Spain, at the same date, telegraphy was done on a single line of wire stretched in the air between Madrid and Araujuez—a space of twenty-seven miles. Cavallo, in 1795, professed to transmit letters by means of sparks and pauses.

Galvanic electricity commenced to occupy public attention at the beginning of the present century. In 1790, Madame Galvani, wife of the Professor of Anatomy at Bologna, being attacked by a slight cold, her physician prescribed

her a "frog bath." Frogs were provided for the purpose, skinned, washed and laid upon a table in the laboratory of the professor, to await the moment when they were to undergo the culinary operation. Madame Galvani was there with one of the professor's assistants, who was at the moment engaged in some experiments with a large electrical machine which stood upon the same table. Whenever the assistant, in the course of his experiments, took sparks from the conductor of the machine, Madame Galvani was astonished to observe a twitching resembling life in the limbs of the dead frogs. This circumstance excited the lady's curiosity in the highest degree, and she related her observation to her husband, who immediately repeated the experiment, and found the convulsions return whenever he took sparks from the machine.

Galvani followed up, by experiments in animal electricity, and on his heels came Volta, who, in 1800, contended, and successfully, that the simple contact of two dissimilar metals was sufficient to develop electricity, and that the strength of the electricity excited depended upon the nature of the metals. To Volta is due the apparatus known to all electricians as the Voltaic Pile.

In the year 1808, Herr Sömmering invented a system of telegraphy based upon the discovery of the British chemists, Nicholson and Carlisle, that water is decomposed into its constituents of oxygen and hydrogen by the Voltaic current. At the same date, Prof. Coxe, of Pennsylvania, published a system, described by him in a paper published in "Thomson's Annals of Electricity," 1810, which had for its *pied à terre* the same idea as that promulgated by Sömmering.

In 1820, Prof. Oersted, of Copenhagen, proved that a magnetic needle, suspended in the neighborhood of a wire in which a current of electricity was passing, was deflected from its position of rest. The brilliant discovery by Oersted of electro-magnetism was speedily followed by attempts to employ it for the telegraph, which made, from this time, gigantic progress toward its present state of perfection. At this date, too, Prof. Schweiger, of Halle, invented an apparatus, which he made by coiling a wire several times round a magnetic needle, and found that the deflecting force increased with the number of turns. This apparatus—the electro-magnetic multiple—has since become one of the most essential instruments for the measurement and indication of galvanic electricity. To Faraday, who commenced his experiments in 1831, we owe the two discoveries, not less important in physics than useful in relation to the telegraph—volta-electric induction and magneto-electricity.

Gauss and Weber's line, perfected by Prof. Sternhiel, of Munich, is worthy of special mention. The line wires were in three parts: the first included a length of 30,500 feet, erected in the air a few inches over the roofs of the houses, between the Royal Academy of Munich and the Observatory at Bogenhausen. The weight of this section was about 200 pounds. The greatest span between two poles was 400 yards. The second section of the line was 2,000 yards, and the third about 400 yards.

In 1834, Cooke and Wheatstone put up a telegraph on the London and Birmingham, and Great Western railway lines; but it was found to be too expensive, and was abandoned. The history of the subject so far shows us that no single individual can claim the distinction of having been the inventor of the electric telegraph.

And now a few words about Morse, ere I electrically leap to the telegraph system of the present day, in all its incomprehensible wonders.

Samuel Finley Breeze Morse was born in Charlestown, Mass., April 27th, 1791, and died in New York, April 2d, 1872. He graduated at Yale in 1810, and went to England in 1811 with Washington Allston, to study painting under his tuition and that of Benjamin West. In 1813 he received the gold medal of the Adelphi Society of Arts, for an original model of a "Dying Hercules," his first attempt at sculpture. He returned to this country in 1815, where he practiced his profession, and took up his residence in New York in 1822. Morse's mind became saturated with electro-magnetism, consequent upon his familiar intercourse with Prof. J. Freeman Dana. Morse embarked, in the Autumn of 1832, at Havre, on board the packet-ship *Sully;* and in a casual conversation with some of the passengers, on the then recent discovery in France of the means of obtaining the electric spark from the magnet, showing the identity or relation of electricity and magnetism, Morse's mind conceived not merely the idea of an electric telegraph, but of an electro-magnetic and chemical recording telegraph, substantially and essentially as it now exists. A part of the apparatus was constructed in New York before the close of 1832, but circumstances prevented its completion before 1835, when he put up a half-mile of wire in coils around a room, and exhibited a telegraph in operation. In September, 1837, he exhibited the operation of his system in the University of New York. In this year he filed his caveat in the Patent Office in Washington, and asked Congress for aid to build an experimental line from that city to Baltimore. The House Committee on Commerce gave a favorable report, but the session ended without action, and Morse went to Europe, in hope of interesting foreign governments in his invention. The result was a refusal to grant him letters patent in England, and the obtaining of a useless *brevet d'invention* in France, and no exclusive privilege in any other country.

He returned home to struggle again with scanty means for four years, during which he continued his appeals at Washington. His last hope expired on the last evening of the session of 1842–3; but in the morning, March 4th, he was startled with the announcement that the desired aid of Congress had been obtained in the midnight hour of the expiring session, and $30,000 placed at his disposal for his experimental essay between Washington and Baltimore. In 1844 the work was completed, and demonstrated to the world the practicability and the utility of the Morse system of electro-magnetic telegraphy.

It is doubtful if any American ever before received so many marks of distinction. In 1858, at the instance of Napoleon III., representatives of France, Russia, Sweden, Belgium, Holland, Austria, Sardinia, Tuscany, the Holy See, and Turkey, met in Paris to present a collective testimonial to him, and the result was a vote of 400,000 francs as a personal reward for his labor. In 1871 a bronze statue was erected to him in Central Park, New York, by the voluntary contributions of electric telegraph employés.

Submarine telegraphy also originated with Prof. Morse, and it was he who first suggested the Atlantic Cable.

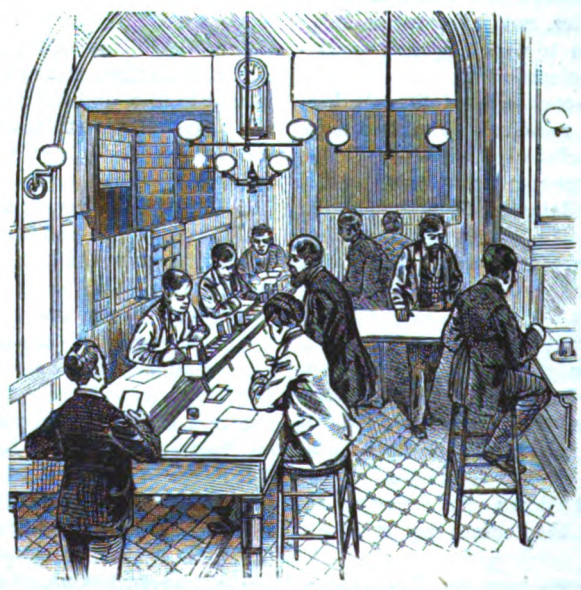
Nothing so well illustrates the progress and spread of the telegraph in America as the massive building of ten stories and tower, erected in New York by the Western Union Telegraph Company for its central offices. It is located on the northwest corner of Dey Street and Broadway, in near proximity to the General Post-Office. The site cost $900,000, and comprises three lots, 25x100 feet, on Broadway, and two lots, 25x78, in the rear on Dey Street. The work of excavation commenced September, 1872. The building was ready for occupation February 1st, 1875, and the transfer from 145 Broadway was made at that time. The total cost was $2,200,000. Thirty years ago a basement room, at a rent of $500, was deemed adequate to all necessities.

WILLIAM ORTON, FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

The style of the building may be called, with some latitude, the French Renaissance. The outer wall is 140 feet in height. The distance from the pavement to the top of the tower is 230 feet. It is is fire-proof throughout. The walls of the first two floors are of granite, from Quincy, Mass., and Richmond, Va. The walls above are of Baltimore brick, with occasional belts of Richmond granite. The roof, embracing three floors, is of iron, so constructed as to require support only from the outer walls, thus leaving the seventh floor, which is the operating department, an unbroken area of 145x70, with a height from floor to ceiling of 23 feet. This is accomplished by the use of iron-truss beams of great strength, which span the walls. The tower, also of iron, derives support from four massive columns which rest on the east end of the seventh floor. The floors throughout are of iron beams, arched with brick and overlaid with artificial stone, known as the Beton Coignet flooring. The borders of the rooms and the whole of the main halls are laid with encaustic tile.

On the cellar floor are six forty-horse-power steam tubular boilers with furnaces. Three of these are for heating purposes. Three others supply power to the machinery which operates the elevators, pneumatic tubes, and hoisters. On this floor are 18 wells, having a united yielding capacity of 300 gallons per minute, and which are united by a common pipe to a Worthington duplex pump, capable of pumping 1,000 gallons per minute to tanks of great capacity, built on the northwestern angle of the eighth floor, and which are connected by large iron pipes with all the halls, where they are pierced by fire-plugs and supplied with abundant hose, ready for instant use in case of fire. These wells terminate in a water stratum below a hard pan which excludes all surface water, and is pure and unfailing.

In the space between the engine floor and the ground floor is the packing room of the Supply department. Here all packing is done. Sidewalk hoisters receive and discharge material. From this room are sent, at regular intervals, supplies for the officers in response to requisitions approved by the superintendents. These packages exceed 30,000 per annum.



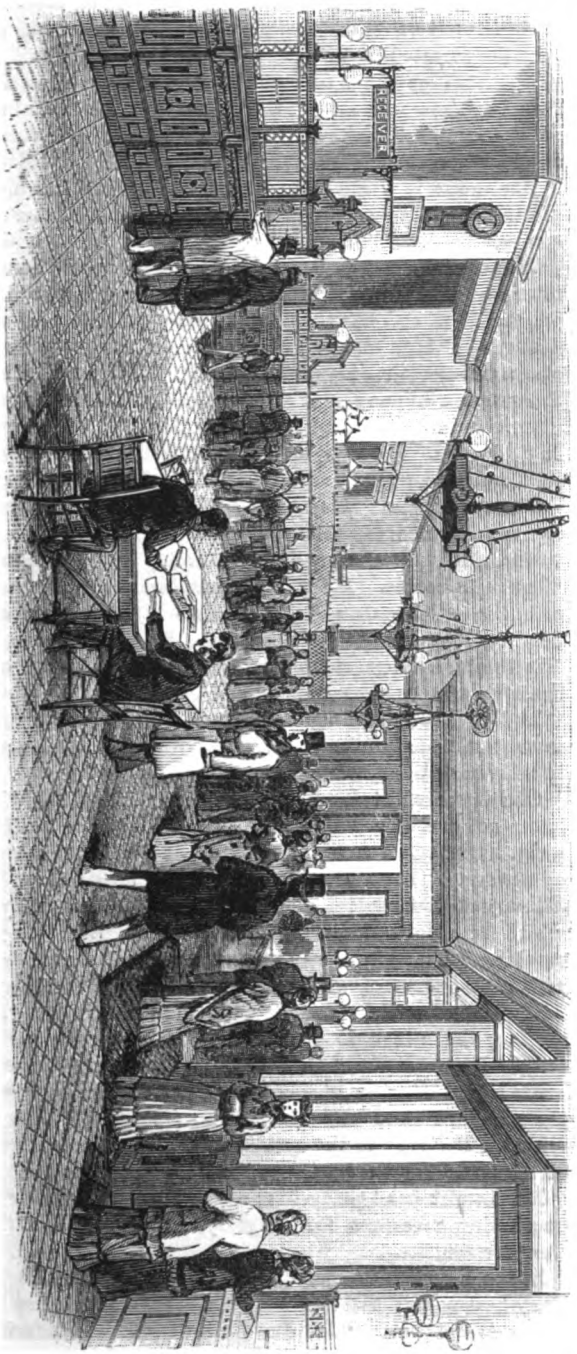
GENERAL DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.

The ground floor is occupied by the public message reception rooms, the Money Transfer department, the delivery and enveloping staff, the Treasurer, and keeper of stores. The treasurer's office has an independent entrance from Broadway, and has attached thereto a large vault encased with massive iron plate, beneath the main entrance. The receiving department is elegant and spacious. The main entrance is from the southeast corner of Broadway and Dey Street. Double doors protect

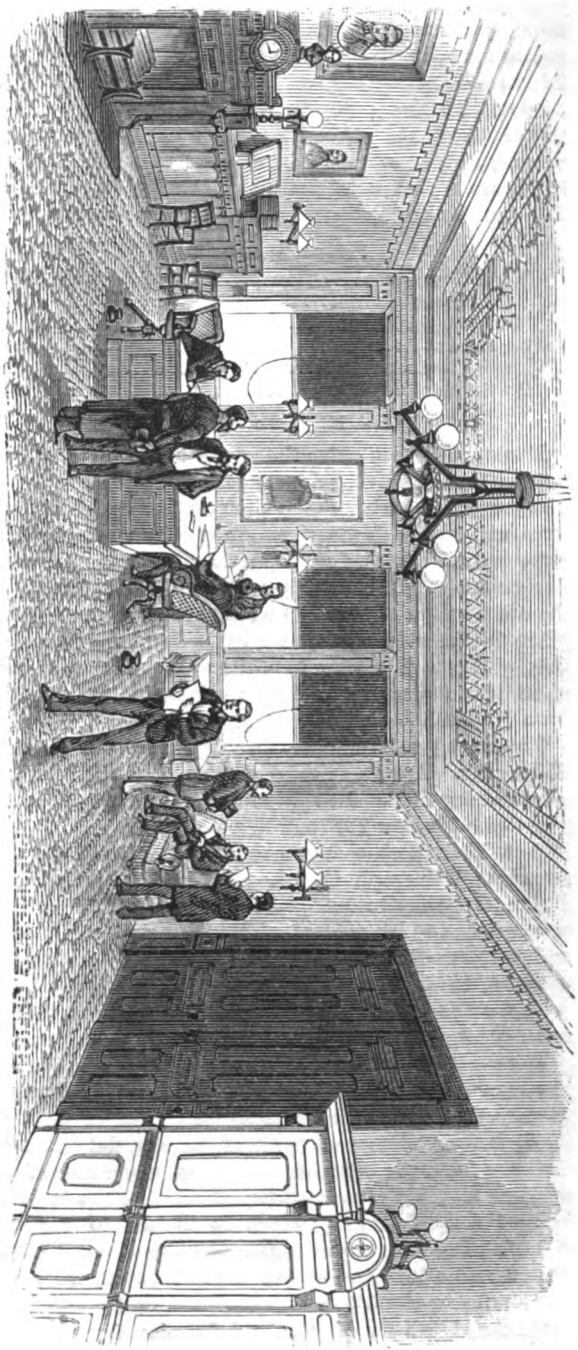
from cold. The floor is laid with encaustic tile in mosaic. A space 80x19 is assigned to the public, and desks for the preparation of messages are amply provided. A man is constantly occupied keeping the apartment clean and properly provided with writing material. A floor-walker preserves order and gives information. In a neatly inclosed barrier at the entrance is the office of the cashier and his assistants, and of the Money Transfer Agent. Between this and the general receiving desks is a wide passage leading to a neatly arranged ladies' waiting-room, and to three elevators which run continuously to and from the floors above, and which carry on an average about 5,000 persons per day. In a continuous counter of much elegance are the Cable, General Message, City, and Delivery departments, in which may be seen men such as Edmund Clasback and John B. Oltman, who have been in the service almost since the wires entered Gotham. Four pneumatic tubes, one from the cashier's and three from the general delivery and receiving departments, connect with the operating room. A staff of about 100 messengers occupy a space in the rear of the delivery department, having an independent exit on Dey Street. The rear rooms are occupied by the keeper of stores, and the Supply department.

The first and second floors are occupied by tenants. The exception to this is a single room occupied by the editor of *The Journal of the Telegraph*, the official paper of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

The third, fourth and fifth floors are occupied by the Executive officers of the Company, with their assistants and subordinates, and also by the Electrician, Auditor, Tariff bureau, General Superintendents, and the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company. The sixth floor contains the



RECEIVING ROOM.



PRESIDENT'S OFFICE.

batteries, averaging 15,000 cells. The wardrobes of the operators occupy apartments at each end of the sixth floor.

The operating room is the chief feature of the building. Its dimensions are 150 by 75 feet. It receives light from every side from 42 windows, and at night from 181 gas-burners, lighted by electricity, 80 of which are from ten chandeliers. The gas fixtures are in the style known as *verd-antique*. The room is warmed by fifteen steam radiators, and 20 ventilators carry off the foul air. The outlook from the windows, which overtop all adjacent buildings, is magnificent.

The operating tables number 84. These are of cherry frames with mahogany tops, flat, and intersected by plates of glass 12 inches wide, incased in light mahogany frames, which bisect the table at right angles, separating the sounds, and accommodate four sets of machinery. The tables are 5 feet 8 inches long, by 3 feet 8 inches wide. The machinery at present employed is as follows:

INSTRUMENTS IN USE.

Morse Sounders	10,303
Morse Recorders	1,639
Phelps Motor Printers	9
Repeaters	220
Duplex Instruments	183
Quadruplex Instruments	113
Cells of main and local battery	120,554

Pneumatic tubes enter the centre of the room, and connect with the receiving department, the Corn and Produce Exchanges, and with the auxiliary office on Pearl Street, from and to which messages are rapidly conveyed by circular boxes driven by atmospheric suction or pressure. A fine switch-board, tastefully arranged, and of capacity for the distribution of over 300 wires, occupies a conspicuous place in the centre of the north side of the room. On this, giving a fine view to visitors, is arranged a convenient platform approached by a private staircase entering from the sixth floor.

The manager of the operating department is Mr. Alfred S. Downer. After a faithful service of twenty-six years, commencing in 1855 at Montrose, Penn., and in later years with the New York and New England Union Company in New York, he became successively chief operator of the American Telegraph Company in 1861, of the Western Union Company in 1866, assistant manager in 1875, and was assigned to his present responsible post, the duties of which he performs with great skill and discretion, January 1st, 1876.

The office force under Mr. Downer numbers 317 persons, of whom 219 are young men and 98 young women.

The night service, numbering about 100 persons, is under the management of a telegrapher of long standing. The average time of day service is 9½ hours, and of night service 7½ hours. Relays of the staff come on duty at 8 A.M., 5.30 P.M., and at midnight. The work never ceases. The average monthly compensation of male service is $70.21, and of female service, which is limited to day duty, $43.37. The labor performed averages from 45,000 to 50,000 messages handled per day. In 1872, the average daily number was 3,500.

On the eighth floor is the book-keeping department. In this is included the department of check errors. On this floor also are lunch-rooms for the operating and other departments. They are light, cheerful, and convenient. The food is provided and served by the Company at the actual cost of the articles as purchased at the market, the Company paying for cooks, cooking and attendance. A similar arrangement is made on the third and fifth floors for officers of the Company. The bill of fare ordinarily embraces a variety of meats, milk, fruit, coffee and tea. By these lunch-rooms a vast amount of time is saved to the Company, and the lunch-rooms of the officers are utilized for exchange of views on questions of administration. A part of the eighth floor is occupied by the agents of the Associated Press, from whence dispatches for the press received by telegraph are distributed to the various papers.

On the ninth floor are the kitchen, washing and drying rooms, refrigerators, and a number of small sleeping apartments for the use of the janitor and his aids. The tenth floor is occupied as a storeroom for messages, where they are assorted and filed.

On the ridge of the roof and around the tower, well protected by iron railings, is an ample walk, from which, perhaps, the finest view of New York and its surroundings can be seen.

The tower is ascended by an easy flight of stairs. An electric clock with four faces is being made for the clock spaces.

The messenger department is in some respects the most interesting in the building. It occupies the rear of the ground floor, and has ample and well-ventilated accommodations. It is in charge of Mr. John Dauler, who in 1860 was a messenger of the New York, Albany and Buffalo Telegraph Company, and afterward office-boy in the operating room of that company under Charles L. Whiting and A. S. Brown. He was made night delivery manager in 1863, and on the death of W. H. Hill, in 1872, entered upon his present duties. He conducts this important branch of the service with discretion, minuteness, kindness and devotion. He knows every boy, visits his home, and knows whence he comes. It is a department requiring the closest care, the effectiveness of the whole telegraph service depending largely on the messenger. The consciousness of this trust develops character. Some of the best men in the service were once messengers.

In New York City, at fifty delivery stations, there is an average of four hundred and fifty boys and men engaged in delivering telegraphic messages.

One hundred of these are at the central office. These latter are uniformed in Navy blue. They are paid two and a half cents a message for delivery and three cents for an answer. They earn from $5 to $10 a week. The daily delivery at the central office averages 3,000, one-third of which are night messages, delivered on the following morning. The night messengers are men, usually heads of families, some of whom have seen better days, who are paid $6 per week. The average time for delivery, including the return to the office, is nine minutes five seconds. Every message and the boy delivering it is recorded, and the time watched. An average delay beyond the standard time occurring five times subjects to dismissal. Delivery to the public over the whole extent of Manhattan Island is free.

Mr. Dauler has twenty-four assistants for preparing and enveloping messages for delivery. Almost all of these were messengers.

In the New York messenger service there is much talent. They have several associations. One is the Enterprise Dramatic Association. "Jumbo Gum" in their hands is no second-class production. They give occasional performances. They have also the "Electric Dramatic Association" and the "Electric Glee Club," and have now formed a brass and string band. In all this they find relaxation from their hard duties.

I am indebted to Mr. A. S. Reid, of the Western Union Service, for much of the foregoing information, and to his admirable work, "The Telegraph in America," dedicated, *in memoriam*, to Samuel F. B. Morse and William Orton,

the pencil of which tells the reader the wondrous story of the rise and progress of the electric telegraph in this country. Mr. Reid has kindly furnished me with the following statistics :

Number of Messages.		Profits.	
1867	5,879,282	1867	$2,624,919 73
1870	9,157,646	1870	2,229,965 54
1880	29,215,509	1880	5,833,937 79

1880..Expended in Construction, Reconstruction and Repairs	$1,940,948 69
1880..Total number of Offices	9,077
1866..Total number of Offices	2,250
1870..Miles of Poles	54,100
1880..Miles of Poles	85,645
1870..Miles of Wire	112,191
1880..Miles of Wire	233,534
Number of Quadruplex Circuits	89
Number of Duplex Circuits	77
Miles of Phantom or Unseen Wire created, so called from one wire being equal to 2 in the Duplex and 4 in the Quadruplex, the Phantom Wires being the added capacity	107,491
Cost of Battery	$140,000
Number of Cells	146,000
Average Tolls per Message	39·8 cts.
Average Cost	22·3 cts.
New Offices Opened, 1870 to 1880	5,105
Employés	10,750
Feet of Cables	840,500
1880..Sets of Instruments in Use	15,881

In the management of the treasury department the chief has six assistants. Thirty years ago the post was one of mild honor, requiring the occasional service of a member of the Board, who glowed benignantly over a deposit of a thousand dollars per month, and who sometimes was called to supply a treasury deficit by a draft from his private purse. Now the monthly receipts average $1,000,000, and the number of daily remittances, by express and mail, an average of one hundred. Of this large income about one-sixth is the product of fifteen offices in the chief cities of the Union, whose managers make daily deposits to the credit of the Treasurer, in accredited local banks, which are announced by telegraph, and confirmed by postal card from the officers of the bank. These deposits average $6,000 per day. The remittances by express and mail from the smaller telegraph stations exceed $20,000 per day, the packages containing them averaging 2,700 per month. Besides these, remittances from railroad and transportation companies in settlement of current accounts, dues for rents, amounts received from superintendents for the sale of old material, payments for the United States Signal Service, the monthly dues of the various press associations, which alone aggregate $350,000 per annum, and from dividends on stock owned by the Company, swell the total receipts to a monthly average of $1,000,000. In addition to these, also, is to be added the large and growing business of the Money Transfer Service, which, during 1876–7, amounted to $2,464,172.82, the number of transfers having been 38,669. The system upon which all this transfer of money from the 9,000 offices of the Company is accomplished is so exact that losses are exceedingly exceptional and rare. Defalcation is prevented by a close and watchful limitation of the amount on hand, and the prompt audit of accounts. The losses by defalcation during the past ten years have been about one-twentieth of one per cent. Bonds are required from all persons holding fiduciary trusts.

It requires only a month to collate, audit and settle the reports of over 9,000 offices, situated between Cape Breton and Vancouver's Island, and from Cuba to Canada.

The staff of the auditor's department consists of fifty-two persons, twenty-five of whom are ladies. These ladies, who occupy commodious and agreeable apartments, devote themselves exclusively to the examination of what are styled "check reports." These are the records sent monthly by each office, stating how many messages were received, sent, and where paid, and how much, during the previous month. To be correct, the "received" of all offices should compare with the combined "sent," and the charge or check of all offices should correspond with the receipts. The free messages are under the inspection of ten clerks, who make a careful return of the use made of all free privileges, and their amount at ordinary tariff rates. The cable service with Europe is under the audit of five clerks. The general book-keeping with superintendents, railroad companies, leased lines, numerous contracts and the general accounts of the Company are under the care of thirteen clerks, some of whom are men of much ability and experience.

It was in the building of the Erie and Michigan Line that the first record of a man afterward conspicuous and successful as a telegraphic organizer appears. Mr. Jeptha H. Wade was a peripatetic portrait-painter, who, like Morse, earned his living for many years by his brush, and, curiously enough, like Morse also, who took the first daguerreotype in New York, took the first likeness by that mode west of Buffalo. In connection with Mr. Speed, Wade built the line from Detroit to Jackson, and opened and for a time managed the office at Jackson. Mr. Wade was sent to Milan, Mich., June 27th, 1848, where he was allowed a salary for himself and boy of $400 per annum, but where, like a genuine Yankee, he hung out his shingle as operator and portrait-painter.

Mr. Wade was burned out at Milan, and, having given up both operating and painting, got the contract for a line from Cleveland to Cincinnati, 350 miles in length, which was called the "Wade Line," and of which Anson Stager became president ; and from this Mr. Wade's career was one of well earned and substantial success.

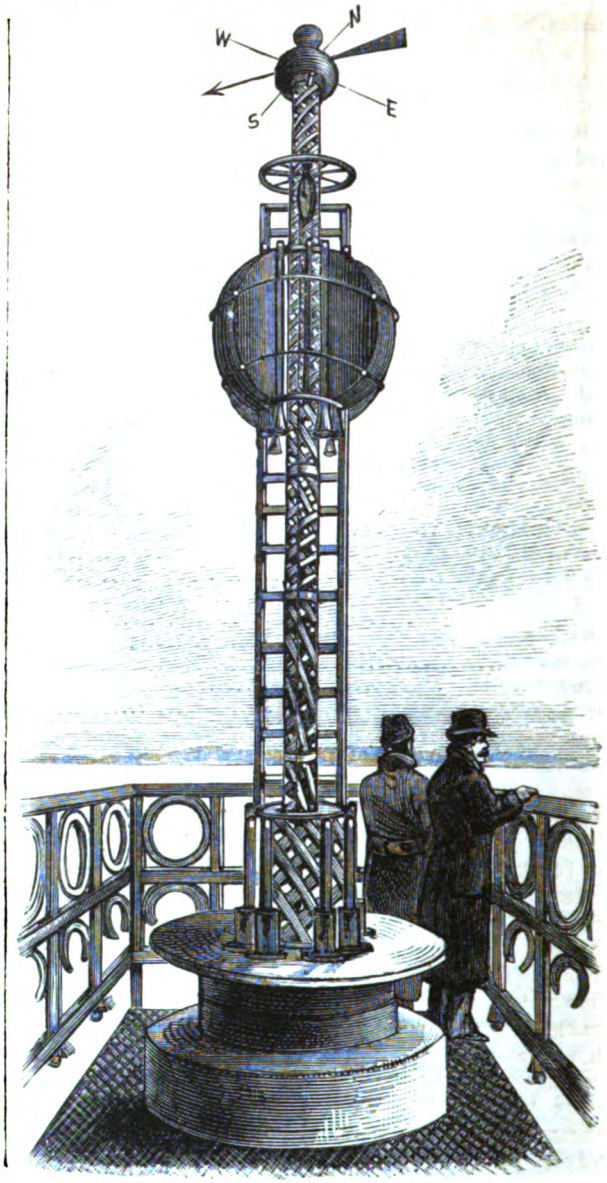
After performing a splendid service as President of the Pacific Telegraph Company—having also, by his personal presence, united with consummate skill, during 1860–1, the telegraph interests of the Pacific coast—Mr. Wade was, at the annual meeting of the Western Union Telegraph Company in 1866, unanimously elected President.

In 1862 Mr. William Orton was collector of internal revenue for the Sixth District of the City of New York. He was young, just past his thirty-sixth year, of delicate physical organization, but with an intellect unusually alert and keen, and of an industry which was earnest almost to ferocity. He was a native of Cuba, N. Y., where he was born June 14th, 1826. His early advantages were restricted, yet practical and thorough. In his early manhood he qualified himself for a teacher, and graduated with honor at the State Normal School at Albany.

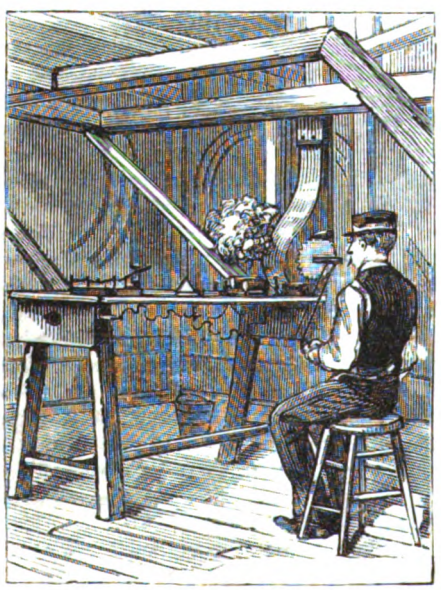
In June, 1865, Mr. Orton, who, in connection with his official duties as collector, had, by his assiduity and able treatment of cases involving nice legal discrimination, attracted the attention of the officials of the Treasury Department, was appointed United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, with his headquarters at Washington. He was elected President of the United States Telegraph Company, and subsequently of the Western Union Company. His masterful handling of the interests confided to him earned the splendid prize to be bestowed upon him, which reflected as much credit upon those who conferred it as to the recipient.

Pushing aside the great swinging doors at the basement entrance of the Western Union Building, I found myself in a large hall bearing all the semblance of the

RECEIVING TIME FROM WASHINGTON.



WESTERN UNION TIME-BALL.



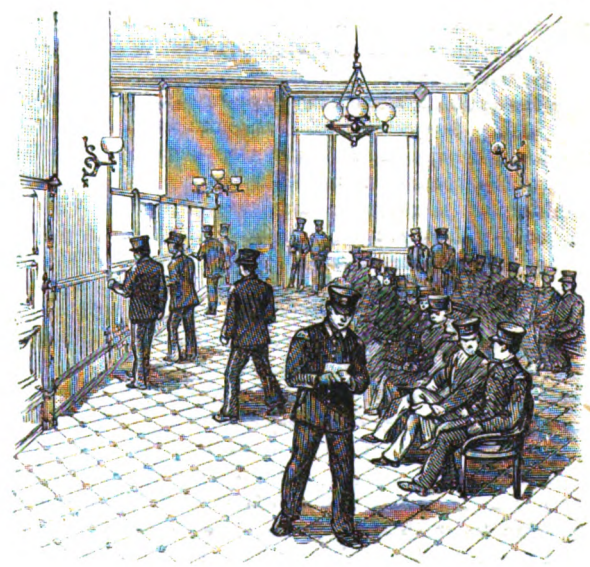
HOISTING THE BALL.

GRAY'S ELECTRIC MOTOR.

cashier's office in a highly prosperous bank. On all sides are brass and bronze railings—behind the railings, lynx-eyed officials. The floor is tessellated. Mahogany tables and counters—the real Domingo, shining like a new dollar—stand in convenient places. Elevators invite you to the upper regions; and courteous floor-walkers see, *mirabile dictu!* that paper and pens, wherewith anxious senders of messages can actually write without uttering full-flavored language, are provided. Would that our banks would follow this admirable lead! The great swinging doors never cease that "wheeze" which proclaims constant use. People, some pale, some red, and all in a hurry, rush in. The knowing ones proceed direct to the desks and write out their messages. The uninitiated wander, drift helplessly, until chucked up by the "lookout." A message is indicted, and handed in. It does not matter in what language, or whether the writing is as undecipherable as the hieroglyphics on the obelisk. The calmly intelligent but silent official glances over it, marks it, numbers it, receives the coin for its transmission, returns the change, rolls the precious bit of paper with a twist peculiar to himself, drops it into a leathern dice-box, or tube of three inches in

J. H. WADE, EX-PRESIDENT OF THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

HARMONIC DUPLEX MACHINE.



BOYS' DELIVERY DEPARTMENT.

length by one in diameter, open at the end, and ready to his hand—flings the loaded cartridge into a pneumatic tube, and—hey, presto! it darts up to the operating room, t is on its way for transmission to the nethermost parts of the earth.

From behind a trellis-work of bronze at the furthermost end of the vast office, comes the chatter of small boys, and I know that here the uniformed youth, who will persist in having the exact time marked on his book when he hands me the yellow envelope—so often a missive of direful tidings—most do congregate.

I take the elevator and ascend to the seventh floor, to the heart of this great electrical body—the operating room. The click of ten thousand sewing-machines worked by fairy fingers assails my ear as I wait while my card is being sent in to Mr. A. S. Downer, the superintendent. The sight that greets my eyes as I pause there is both unique and startling. In every available corner of the magnificent hall are seated men and women, silent as the grave, yet conversing in every known language with their *confrères* all over the world.

As I step up to Mr. Downer's desk, I brush by a lady, and a very handsome one, to boot, who is receiving a message from a sweet little village in England. A little further on a fiercely-whiskered gentleman is being informed upon the subject of the rise in cotton in Japan. At the next desk a young lady is acquiring a knowledge of how gold is going in 'Frisco; while a few paces distant, news is being poured into the ear of a sparkling brunette, anent the doings of the Canadian Parliament.

Mr. Downer is electricity itself. There is a spark in his soft brown eye; his fingers touch everything in that light way peculiar to operators; his conversation is sharp and to the point, every word telling. From his desk, perched on a platform about a foot above the level of the floor, he sees everything that is going on around him, his eyes flashing about the apartment, penetrating glass screens, twisting round pneumatic tubes, and darting into recesses where wily operators are engaged in putting "a girdle round the earth in forty minutes." If he wants a messenger, he hangs out a small Fourth of July flag, and the instant the stars and stripes wave over his chair, a boy appears as if by electricity. To chat with Mr. Downer makes the smartest man feel slow. It can't be helped, but it's humiliating.

Facing Mr. Downer's desk, in the centre of the vast hive, are triumphal arches of brass. These are pneumatic tubes, connected with various exchanges and banks in the city, through which the written message, paper and all, as it leaves the operator, arrives in forty seconds. Behind these tubes stands the commutator, an immense dial, covered with brass keys, every key being connected with a wire, above which Mr. James Hamblet has placed the delicate machinery which regulates the time-ball and the time for anxious New Yorkers; while in different parts of the room are mysterious recesses, fitted up with instruments which it were utterly useless for the purposes of this article to name, even if the writer were capable of grasping their nomenclature. Standing, as I did, at the superintendent's desk, and gazing at the silent crowd of some two hundred operators, the "collectors" and "distributors" moving about like phantoms, while the click and hum and buzz filled the air with weird music, the marvelous conditions which placed these people beside these instruments came to me in a sort of rambling way, until my mind, in endeavoring to grasp the situation, seemed to lose its hold, and I was fain to turn to Mr. A. S. Downer, in order to come to earth on the leaden wings of sober statistics, and regain my mental equilibrium.

Mr. Downer took me for a stroll through the electrical cave, chatting the while.

"We send out about 45,000 messages a day in Winter from this room, and 50,000 in Summer. The reason of the difference lies with the "swells" in Saratoga, Newport and Long Branch. We leased four wires to Saratoga last season, at $1,000 each. We are principally working on quadruplex instruments. The quadruplex sends two messages one way, and we receive two the other simultaneously. This"—stopping opposite a table fitted with four quadruplexes—"is the cable table. They could receive a message in London now, while we would be putting a message to Boston on the wires. The rush of business commences in London at 6 A. M. striking us, allowing four minutes fifty-eight seconds difference. This is the Cuban instrument—see, some of the messages are in Spanish. Any message in Roman characters makes no difficulty, as the majority of messages are in arbitrary words. This," drawing my attention to a sort of miniature piano upon which a gifted professor was executing a brilliant but noiseless fantasia—some of Chopin's chromatic fireworks—"is a Phelps motor. It runs 3,500 words an hour."

"What is the most rapid handling on record in your books, Mr. Downer?" I asked.

"We have operators capable of handling 2,500 words an hour, and there is reliable record of 2,750 words having been made by Mr. Bagley at New York to Mr. Snyder at Philadelphia. We have two girls on the Albany squad who average $40\frac{32}{100}$ and $39\frac{10}{100}$ respectively. Any good Morse operator can easily handle 50 or 60 messages per hour. This," passing onward, "is the main table. From here there are a hundred people to send notices of steamship arrivals to, also to post-offices and custom-houses. This one is the Signal Service table; at certain regulated hours a set of operators come here and take off the signals. This is the Saratoga table. We only send about five messages a day at this time of the year—in Summer about 2,500. Newport in Winter is dead, but in Summer she takes 2,000 messages per diem. We send 3,000 a day to Chicago, also about 3,000 to Boston."

We had now paused beside a strange-looking instrument that emitted a musical hum.

"This is Gray's harmonic; it works 16 messages at the same time. It sent 2,124 messages to Boston in 5 hours, in 5 tones. It requires a large wire. Mr. Gray, the inventor, wants $100,000 for his invention. We are trying it. This table belongs to the Stock Exchange. New Haven, Hartford, Providence and Boston take copy, so do Philadelphia and Baltimore. This one is the New Orleans Cotton Market table. This one is used for the Chicago markets. This table connects with 200 banks and brokers' offices in the city here. Here is a table with $1,500 worth of instruments on it, all belonging to different firms, and all working to Boston. This table contains automatic repeaters, which we switch on when lines cannot be worked direct."

I was intensely interested in the "Phelps Electro Motor Printing Telegraph Instrument," which is the invention of George M. Phelps, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and is owned by the Western Union Company. It has been in operation about four years between the principal cities of the United States, and transmits press matter and commercial messages at the rate of 3,600 words per hour, receiving in plain Roman characters. It can be worked either duplex, quadruplex, or with the recently introduced "Harmonic Multiplex" system of Prof. Gray, in which latter application the amount of business within its capacity would be almost illimitable.

We had now reached the great brass screen called the "switch," but whose proper title is the "commutator." To this gigantic instrument come thousands of wires, and when Mr. Downer opened a door beneath it, a very grove of wire appeared, tangled in clustering festoons.

"Now," observed Mr. Downer, "let us take a look at the pneumatic tube," turning in the direction of the arches of brass, of which I have already spoken. "This one runs 3,000 feet, to the Cotton Exchange; this one 2,000, to No. 8 Broad Street; this one 600, to No. 145 Broadway. The message travels 3,000 feet, in its leather boat, in about forty seconds. We send between 5,000 and 6,000 messages a day. See, here is our record—638 messages have already traveled, and it's now 11.30 A.M. I'll send one to the Cotton Exchange; this bell will ring on its arrival."

Mr. Downer took the paper on which the message was written, rolled it, thrust it into its leather cartridge, and dropped the cartridge into the tube. I held my watch, and in forty-six seconds the bell announced its arrival 3,000 feet away.

"See what a draft there is," exclaimed Mr. Downer, as he held his handkerchief over one of the orifices, protected in a sort of glass case.

We paused at one of the windows.

"Just look at that stretch of wire!" exclaimed Mr. Downer, admiringly, directing my attention to a number of wires strained to almost a dead level. "It is 400 feet without a support. Those poles are 85 feet high each, and cost $130 apiece. Over a thousand wires come into this building.

We now proceeded into the stationery room, where a million of message blanks are ready for use, 75,000 being cable blanks. We next examined a sextaplex, an instrument capable of sending and receiving three messages simultaneously, or six in all; and from there we came to a large upright case, which was in connection with fifty-eight city wires to public buildings, hotels, and the New York *Herald*, Ward's Island, etc. I would gladly have lingered in this marvelous place, but Mr. Downer's time was precious, and so was mine, and I left to descend to the battery room, where, after passing through an iron gate, as if to serve a term in a penitentiary, I found myself in the midst of 14,000 glass cells, shining in luminous bluish green, and with coils of ropes of wires suspended in festoons over my head, while the great whir of revolving machinery announced the presence of the batteries. There are a hundred miles of wire in this room, each cable containing eight wires.

As it was close to noontime I retraced my steps to the operating room, where I found Mr. James Hamblet, who is the manager of the time service, preparing to drop the ball.

It was from the necessities of railway management that the electric time service grew up. The safety of life and property demanded that the servants of each road should not only have trustworthy timepieces, but that they should all be regulated by some common standard.

Many of our distant readers may not know that the standard time of New York City is determined by the dropping of a ball above the Western Union Telegraph building, at the corner of Broadway and Dey Street, precisely at noon each day; and few of those who daily avail themselves of the means thus afforded for regulating their timepieces understand the mechanism by which the ball is dropped at the right moment, by an operator seated in the National Observatory at Washington, two hundred and forty miles away.

Though from a distance the ball appears to be solid, it is in reality composed of a dozen thin vanes of sheet copper, disposed radially, half of them semi-circles, the rest crescents. By this device the visual effect of a solid ball is secured, with the least possible resistance to the wind, or to the air when falling. The man standing in the tower is 230 feet above the street, and the ball rises 28 feet higher. The ball falls 23 feet, and is received by six plungers, which enter the closed cylinders attached to the ball, providing as many air-cushions for the arrest of the motion of the ball without the shock. The moment the ball begins its downward course it is noon.

The operating of the ball is a matter easily explained. Five minutes before noon the officer in charge of the station raises the ball nearly to the top of the pole. This is done by means of a drum fixed at the right-hand end of the table; the cord from the drum passing upward through a box to the foot of the tower, thence through the air to the top of the pole, where it passes over a pulley, and is attached to the ball. Two minutes before noon a signal is received from Washington that all is ready, whereupon the ball is raised to the top of the pole, and the crank removed. The ball is now held in position by means of a lever, one end of which engages the rachet wheel of the drum, the other being caught in the notch in the little standard to the left. The latter is attached to the armature of an electro-magnet, which is placed in telegraphic connection with the National Observatory at Washington. At the moment of noon, New York time, the officer in charge at Washington closes the circuit; the armature is retracted, the lever disengaged, and the ball drops. The instant the ball reaches the base of the pole the fact is automatically reported at Washington through an electric tell-tale. Owing to the great height of the ball when raised, it is visible for many miles around; and, directly or indirectly, the clocks and watches of some two millions of people are thereby kept from straying far from the true time. Even as far off as Bayonne, N. J., according to a local paper, the principal of a public school regulates his clock daily by the falling ball.

The ball and its discharging apparatus were designed by Mr. George M. Phelps, Superintendent of the Western Union Manufactory. The public service thus rendered by the Western Union Telegraph Company is wholly gratuitous, and affords not only a notable illustration of the public spirit of our great commercial corporations, but also an illustration of the far-reaching, indirect benefits which applied science is constantly conferring upon modern life, free of expense to the recipients.

The central regulator, under the care of Mr. W. J. Hamblet, is stationed in the Western Union Telegraph Company's building, and is so constructed as to keep time with the highest attainable accuracy. In addition, it is every day compared with the clock of the National Observatory at Washington, and checked by the daily time observations made at the observatories at Allegheny, Pa., and Cambridge, Mass., with which it is in telegraphic connection. By this it must not be inferred that the clock in question is kept in exact accord with either or all of the observatory clocks, that being a mechanical impossibility. The range of variation, however, is kept within a few hundredths of a second.

The reader must not be incredulous; it is possible to measure, nay more, to record, the hundredth part of a second. A paper tape of the chronograph is used in comparing the standard clock with the clock of the Washington Observatory. The chronograph is electrically connected with both clocks, and records the pendulum beats of each on the strip of paper. If the beats are exactly synchronous the dots stand side by side. If the beats are not synchronous the dots will be separated by an interval,

THE SWITCH—GENERAL OPERATING DEPARTMENT.

long or short, according to the difference of the clocks—that is, the difference in time between the beginnings of corresponding beats—and the speed of the chronograph. Supposing the clock to be beating seconds, and the chronograph to discharge an inch of tape each second, it is obvious that the dots recording the beats of each clock will stand one inch apart. It is obvious, too, that the lineal space between the recording dots of two clocks not beating exactly together can easily be measured, and difference in time exactly determined.

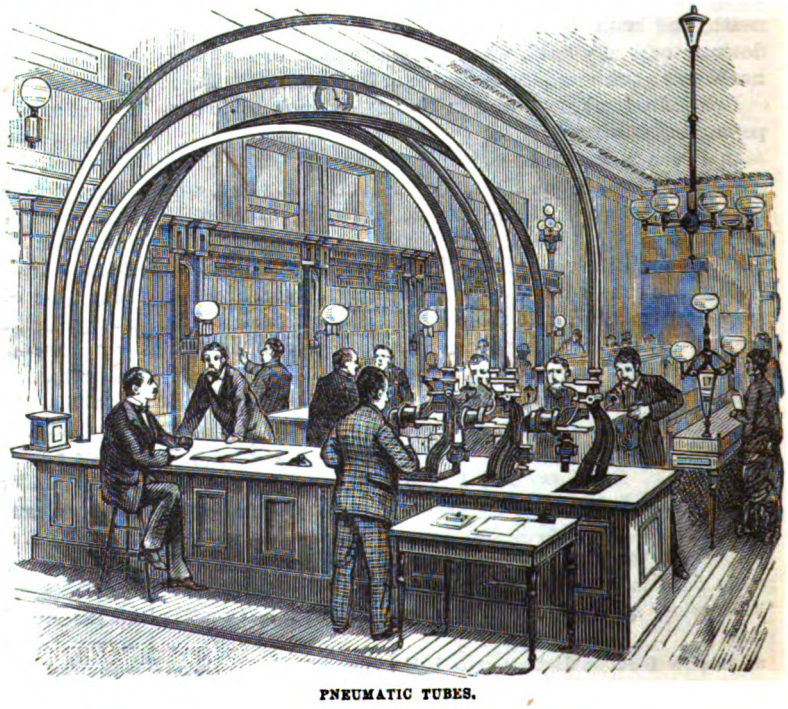
The next step in the time service is to distribute the accurate time thus maintained to such as want it, which is done through an electrical attachment to the standard clock. This controlling clock was constructed by E. Howard & Co., of Boston, from designs by Mr. Hamblet, and has a Dennison gravity escapement. The wheel in the centre with the second hand revolves once a minute. One of its thirty teeth has been filed away, the vacant space causing the omission of the tick which would otherwise mark the fifty-eighth second of the minute. The remaining teeth act upon a delicate jeweled spring, which breaks an electric circuit at the passage of each tooth. The two wires connecting with this spring and its banking operate the relay at the left of the figure, and through it the sounder, which indicates the beginning of each minute by a pause of two seconds. The beginning of each five minutes is identified by a pause of twenty seconds, obtained through the agency of the five-minute wheel to the left of the seconds wheel. At each revolution of the five-minute wheel, the lever at the top drops into the notch in the wheel, making electric connection between the two wires governing the relay, thus preventing the minute-wheel from breaking the circuit for the space of twenty seconds. At the right, near the top of the figure, is a sounder, which may be located at any point on the lines. It is by means of these sounders, with which the recipients of the service are supplied, that their timepieces are regulated.

The immediate direction of the New York Time Service is in the hands of Mr. Hamblet, Room 40, Western Union Telegraph Building; while the business generally is controlled by the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company.

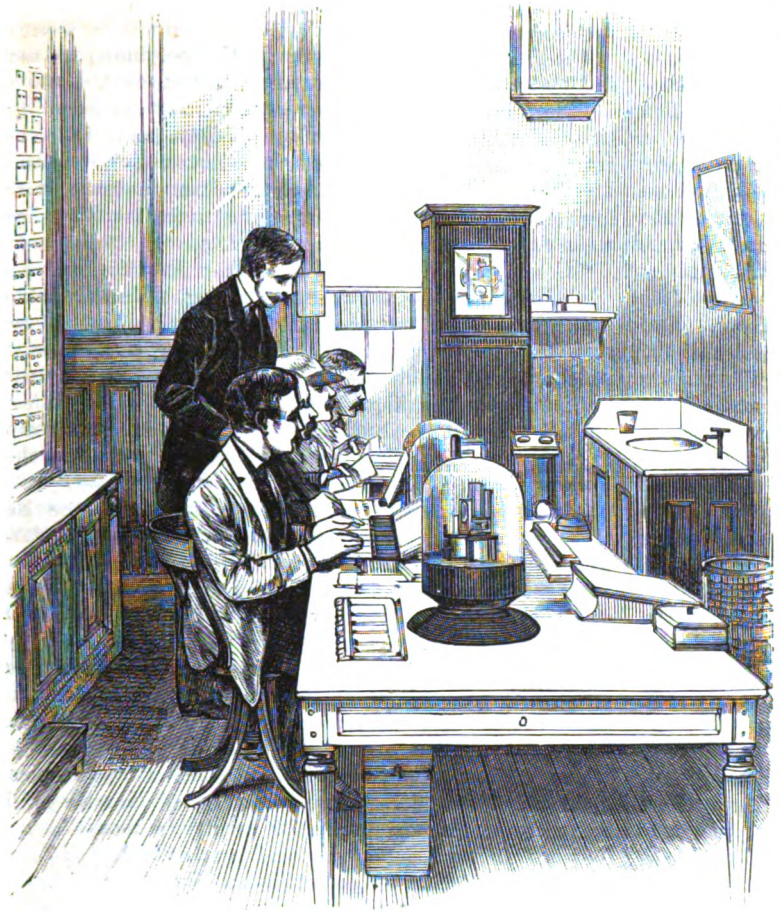
Of course I visited the tower, taking in *en route* the dining-rooms fitted up for the employés, which are admirably lighted and scrupulously clean, while a most appetizing perfume assailed my nostrils—that twelve-o'clock odor, which, to the hungry man, is sweeter far than—

> "Sabean odors from the spicy shore
> Of Arabic the blest."

Turning my olfactory organ in the direction from whence came the "appetizing perfume," I beheld, near-by a gentleman—who had just been conversing with a friend in Scotland—a cut of underdone roast beef which would have tickled the palate of a London alderman; while the mince pies and apple tarts were in shrill demand from the lady operators.



PNEUMATIC TUBES.



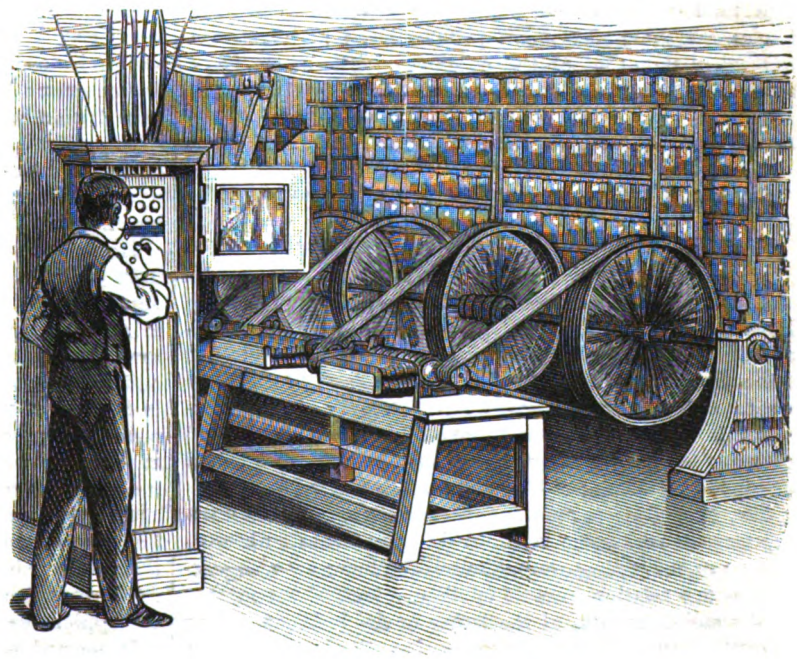
GOLD AND STOCK ROOM.

The climb to the tower means business, but the view would repay a victim to asthma. Such a panorama! the broad Atlantic, the Orange Mountains, the glorious Hudson, the beautifully indented lands stretching away beyond Yonkers, the picturesque Sound, the interminable Long Island. Below us, and far beneath, the roofs of houses; and down, down, the pygmies that represented horses and men.

I did the Gold and Stock Room, and penetrated within the august regions sacred to the President and his colleagues. This room is a large, gloomy, somewhat scantily furnished apartment, where, like Robinson Crusoe, on an island of desk sat the president, Dr. Green. On his left hand were a number of knobs, to touch any one of which meant the appearance of the slave of the lamp of the particular department about to be queried. The room is fitted up in mahogany, the mantelpiece being of that wood inlaid, while a qaint little clock is inserted over a wide tiled medieval fireplace. The furniture is of mahogany, upholstered in green morocco. Great mahogany book-cases run round like a dado. Enlarged photographs of Morse, ex-President Orton, and ex-Vice-President Mumford adorn the northern, while a map showing the cable lines of the world hangs on the western wall. The carpet is of brussels, black ground and yellow-flowered. *Facilis est descensus Averni.* I descended to the basement in a hydraulic elevator, which dropped me like a hot potato. Next to tobogganing, excursions on this elevator give one the correct idea of rapid transit. I duly visited the basement, where I cast a glance at the grim steam-engines with their attendant squat boilers, the storeroom with its acres of shelves, and ascended a set of iron steps to find myself "with the boys." On long benches sat, lounged, lay the messengers, awaiting their turns to fly on their respective errands of joy or sorrow, caring not a whit; little recking that the slips of paper in the flimsy envelopes bore heart-breaks or announced fortunes, kindled hope, or summoned despair. The little lads, pictures of neatness and general rosiness, mustered in considerable strength, and seemed as happy as the wires were long.

Down the pneumatic tubes come the messages received and written out by the operators in Mr. Downer's department. The instant they arrive at the glass depot, at the end of their journey, they are pounced upon by nimble fingers, handed to employés ready to take copies of them in the press, to number, to envelope and direct, and then to drop them on an ever-gliding strap, four inches wide, working in a groove, which bears them to the delivery clerks, who in turn hand them to the messengers.

This is but a brief description of a visit which was rendered so full of interest to me by the courteous and intelligent officials of the greatest telegraph institution in the world, a visit which gave me a peep into the wondrous inner life of the machine which tends so much to develop the prosperity of this great country.



BATTERY ROOM.

THE WHITE SPOONBILL.

THE spoonbill affords an instance of the endless variety of forms assumed by the same organ under different conditions, both the beak and the windpipe being modified in a very remarkable manner.

The spoonbill has a very wide range of country, being spread over the greater part of Europe and Asia, and inhabiting a portion of Africa. This species is one of the waders, frequenting the waters, and obtaining a subsistence from the fish, reptiles, and smaller aquatic inhabitants, which it captures in the broad, spoon-like extremity of its beak. It is also fond of frequenting the seashore, where it finds a bountiful supply of food along the edge of the waves and in the little pools that are left by the retiring waters, where shrimps, crabs, sand-hoppers, and similar animals are crowded closely together as the water sinks through the sand. The bird also eats some vegetable substances, such as the roots of aquatic herbage, and when in confinement will feed upon almost any kind of animal or vegetable matter, providing it be soft and moist. The beak of an adult spoonbill is about eight inches in length, very much flattened, and is channeled and grooved at the base. In some countries the beak is taken from the bird, scraped very thin, and polished, and is then used as a spoon, and is thought a valuable article, being sometimes set in silver.

The breeding-places of the spoonbill are usually upon trees, the banks of rivers, or in little islands and tufts of aquatic herbage. In the latter cases, the nest is rather large, and is made of reeds piled loosely together, and set on a foundation of water-weeds heaped sufficiently high to keep the eggs from the wet. There is no lining to the nest. The eggs are generally four in number, and their color is grayish white, spotted with rather pale rusty brown.

The color of the adult bird is pure white, with the slightest imaginable tinge of soft pink. At the junction of the neck with the breast, there is a band of buffy yellow. The naked skin on the throat is yellow, the eyes are red, the legs and feet black, and the bill yellow at the expanded portion, and black for the remainder of its length. The total length of the male bird is about thirty-two inches, but the female is not quite so large, and her crest is smaller than that of the other sex. There are six or seven known species of these curious birds.

HOW NEW YORK STRIKES AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

BY JANET E. RUUTZ-REES.

IT is useless to compare New York with any other city I have seen. It is unique. Long ago, before I ever imagined that I should make my home here, I marveled at the enthusiasm of Americans of all classes. "Ah!" they would say, "but you should see New York!" I understand it better now; *then* I looked upon it as a weak but perhaps pardonable kind of national vanity, and never dreamt of retorting: "Ah, you should see London!"

Yes, New York is unique. It reminds me of a fascinating face, in which one vainly seeks some definite likeness, some predominating resemblance—finding now a suggestion of one relation, now of another, a look of the mother in the mobile mouth, of the father in the brilliant eye, or it may be, in some passing expression, the bygone drama of a life long dead. And so it is in this cosmopolitan city—so heterogeneous, yet so strongly individual; so practical, yet so improvident; so lavish, yet so thrifty, is the spirit that we meet.

The first thing that struck my British prejudice, was the fact that everybody was approachable. Here no "divinity doth hedge about" a man or woman. My letters of introduction guaranteed my respectability, and that was enough; kindly words of welcome met me everywhere. I had come at an unfortunate time. Every one was leaving the city. The heat was going to be terrible; but meanwhile I must not dream of leaving.

"Coming among us," said a friendly New Yorker, with a humorous smile—"coming among us at a time when the heat makes us feel murderous at the thought of inspecting a manuscript!—why, it is an insult to speak of work in such weather! No, no! wait. Keep as cool as you can, and in the Autumn we shall all be back."

Well, I kept as cool as I could; it wasn't *very* cool, and I set my mind to work to learn all that was possible whilst I was waiting. I did learn a good deal. I learned to drink ice-water; to sit in a rocking-chair and show my slippers; and to sit out on the "stoop" (I was some time acquiring the last habit; I always felt as if I ought to be behind a wall); and I learned to wonder whether I was not as well off in New York without malaria, as I should have been in the country with it. Everybody talked about malaria; a great many people had had it, or were having it, or expected to have it; but I could gain no very satisfactory evidence as to their having it more or less in the city than out of it.

The babies died very fast in the tenement-houses, poor little souls! but directly it was ascertained that they did die, there was a commission of inquiry, a report every four or five hours, an interest and a stir which it did my parochial British blood good to hear. I never once heard anybody ask whose parish they were in. It *was* somebody's business, and somebody attended to it.

I was very much tempted to go down and inspect a tenement-house, just to decide, in my own mind, whether they beat us in the filth as well as in their energy in removing it; but I had the fear of malaria before my eyes, so I contented myself with reading the reports.

The next thing was rather a strange commentary upon this energy: an unfortunate, miserable, unsexed girl was murdered, and no minister liked to bury her! That did seem a little strange to me. Of course, if she had been a Dissenter or a Baptist in my own glorious country it would have been all right, and highly commendable; but it did not appear that she was; she was only a wretched, cast-down, trodden-upon piece of humanity, whose God was nearer to her than her human brother. But they *did* bury her at last. I was glad they did.

Meantime a great deal of time and trouble and money were given for the city children. I do not believe that in any other city in the world floating hospitals were started to give the poor mites pure sea-air and a good time with their mothers, and hundreds of homeless boys had an outing. I felt quite sorry that they had to wait for hours in the hottest sun of a hot day before they started. I could not see why they need, as they hadn't a board of guardians at their back to contend with. Still, how much, how very much, was done! Organizations took the little ones picnicking until it made my very heart rejoice to remember how, in the coming days of trial and trouble, which are their sure inheritance, some memory of such joys may steal over them; perhaps—who knows?—turn them back to happier ways; poor little ones!

It seemed to me that there were a good many lives lost in steamboats; they had quite a monopoly; the register-general must have had his hands full of steamboat

statistics. But, generally speaking, disasters arose from over-anxiety to please the public; and there never was any peace until the whole thing was understood, published and commented upon. That one fact in New York life is portentous—Publicity; public opinion, and not prejudiced opinion, either. Everything is sifted (except the ash-barrels on the sidewalks), and if anything *can* be done it *is* done, and no time lost. This is a real element of success; it always wins.

New York is growing fast; faster than any city on record. And why? Because it is the abode of a *practical* people, who work for it, live in it, and die for it. They lose no time in preliminaries. Show any business man in the city a good thing or a wise measure, and you'll gain a hearing; if you do not, you are wrong somewhere, and the wisest plan is for you to mend your views.

Another remarkable thing is that everybody in this city *thinks*. It seemed to me the oddest thing, at first. I *thought* that *I* thought, but I soon found out that I hadn't begun to. I had a few ideas that I had imbibed from various sources, but they were pretty nearly valueless. If I spoke upon any subject with which I thought myself fairly conversant, I soon found that if my American cousin took it up, he used his own mental machinery, and discovered fifty points which I had overlooked, because I employed somebody else's.

They use words differently here, but, generally speaking, they know what they mean. One expression I like very much—it hits a truth: they speak of "cultured" people. They don't *train* their boys and girls to be antiquated models of somebody else; they cultivate the qualities they have, and give them scope for native talents. This is an American secret—the secret of their originality both in conversation and literature.

I am not, of course, speaking of the ultra-fashionable—they are the same all the world over; the originality which civilization leaves, fashion stamps out—but I speak of the well-to-do middle classes, who constitute a nation's life.

We shouldn't much like it in London, if we had an elevated railroad whether we would or not; but we have fifty more objectionable things because we are used to them, or because our grandfathers had them. They don't do things here because they are used to them, or because their grandparents did; but because they see some good in them. If once they find out that there is no good in anything, they give it up—except the Broadway stage. Why they keep that up, a terror to inside passengers and a nuisance to every one else, I don't know. *That* is a New York anomaly; there are a few. Another one is, that they put up with the worst paving of any city I ever was in. In a little German town, you expect to trip a halting measure, up one stone and down another, or to find one foot three inches below the level of the street; but in a busy, go-ahead city, with every modern improvement and convenience, it *is* startling to the uninitiated.

There are positively *holes* in the roadway, and the inequalities of the paving-stones on the sidewalks are worthy of study. One feels that in New York there must be a reason for it, because the New York mind is pre-eminently reasonable; and so, although my prejudice is against it, I conclude that there *is* an advantage in unequal walking and a steep step up and down at the end of every block, which I am not able to fathom.

If *we* had an outbreak of typhoid fever, or intermittent malaria, in London—behind the age as *we* are—I verily believe that somebody would find out that there is perhaps some danger in the unlimited water-supply of the city; that conduct-pipes in every bedroom are apt, without great attention to traps and such small matters, to introduce gases into the houses which might advantageously remain somewhere else. Water for drinking purposes, too, is considered by us a prolific source of disease; and it seems possible (but I put the suggestion diffidently) that, although freezing may purify the quality of ice, the purification may not be so satisfactory when it is resolved back into its normal elements, and taken as water.

Malaria, in many urban districts in England, has been distinctly traced to drinking water supplied from impure sources. One instance I recall, in which the inhabitants of a village depended upon a *frozen* stream for water, melting the ice and using it, and a violent outbreak of malarial fever followed. The enterprise which has assured such a plentiful supply of water to New York is beyond all comparison, and to it, in no small measure, the city owes its growth, stretching, as it does, miles beyond its limits of a few years ago.

I do not think that the ordinary show places of New York interest me as much as the many indications of character that meet one in the ordinary resorts of the city. I admire the Park greatly—it is so suggestively laid out that it chimes in with the largeness which is essential to all one's thoughts about this city; but other parks can compare with it. So, too, the squares in various parts of the city are invaluable as air lungs, and many of the houses and public buildings are marvels of wealth and skill; but I do not find so much originality in them as I do in the other matters; as a rule, they are *not* distinctively American. The shops or stores are, and I do not think that I appreciate them.

I cannot call up any sympathy for the overworked shop-girls I heard so much about in the Summer. I think they have a very good time, a better time than the customers, and a vastly better time than they would in Europe. I think that whoever introduced cash girls and boys did a kind and wise thing.

One of my first questions in New York was, *Where* are the boys? I missed the street arab turning wheels in the thoroughfares, and showing the soles of his feet at the carriage windows. I walked about in the business streets, hunted out byways, and sought my tatterdemalion acquaintance of London lanes, but I did not find him. I came across a few barefooted children, but not many; they were neither absolutely in rags nor filthy; they looked like human beings, at any rate. After a while I found my boys in their proper places, being worked up into men. I found them in the shops, in the offices, everywhere except loafing about in the public thoroughfares; and having found them, I made their acquaintance, to my profit and amusement.

One small boy—he reached a little higher than my knee—kept guard over a tray of flowers. I cultivated him, and bought a five-cent bouquet every day or so as I passed. One day I laughed, and said: "No spare cents to-day." "Pay me in stamps," said my boy, and holding up a spray, he added, with a cunning smile: "Take this, it's just the color of your eyes." The little rogue ought to have been Irish, but he wasn't.

Newspaper boys here are quite unlike ours—they don't shout so much, they push more. I have seen them jump on to the car step, give a rapid glance round, spot one man or woman and offer their wares, then depart, losing no time in "warring against the inevitable"; they read the character at a glance.

Dress in New York is of course a great thing; what makes it remarkable is the way in which the practical element in the national character shows itself in that. Every Frenchwoman dresses well, yet the difference between a

New York lady of fashion and a Parisian is seen at once. A Frenchwoman elegantly dressed looks as if she had just come out of a shop; an American woman looks as if she had been born in her clothes. The reason is that the one studies her clothes, and the other herself. Every intelligent New Yorker knows her own value, knows her own good points, and subordinates fashion to herself; so she always has *style;* and every pretty face you see, and you see a vast number, is framed appropriately.

The men do not dress so well, because they do not care about it, as a rule. They wear their clothes just like every one else, and do not stop to consider the outline of their noses, eyebrows, or general development; so, although a hat makes as much difference to a man as it does to a woman, nobody ever remembers the fact. They have not time, unless they are exquisites, and I have said already that my interest ceases with originality. I came to New York to see something that I could not see at home, and I think I have succeeded.

Yet one or two things more. I like a New York crowd; I go into one whenever I can. It isn't a bit like our crowds. I should not particularly like to find myself out in London on an election day, or a demonstration day, either. I went on both occasions here. I was for more than an hour in the thickest part of the crowd when General Grant spoke from the Madison Square Hotel in the evening. The gentleman I was with wanted me very much to talk. I couldn't; I was too much interested in the people. I did not hear any chaff. I do not think that New Yorkers ever do chaff. I did not hear any bad language, except one telling expression, which had a decided brogue to it. I heard absolutely *no* abuse. Here they seem to keep abuse for the newspapers; I imagine they have a monopoly of it. We do not. It is a good deal pleasanter for a lady here when she is in a crowd. I am not quite so sure that the newspaper reading is as desirable; but human nature must have a vent, I suppose.

On election day I went to two or three polling places, just to see what they were like. They were very quiet, and the only visible token of excitement that I saw I saw next day, when the reports were being issued. I thought a good deal about it. I am beginning to use *my* own mental machinery, and I traced it back to the feeling of self-appreciation and self-respect which seems inherent in Americans.

This seems to me to be the difference between the man of the people here, and our man of the people at home. An Englishman of the lower orders (I limit my remark that I may not offend) is assertive *because* he is an Englishman ("he *might* have been a Prussian, etc.") ; an American, of the same class, is assertive because he feels that he has a chance. He *may* do, and be, something. A man is estimated here for what he does, not for what he is. They don't ask so often, Who is he? as, What has he done? It is again the thoroughly practical which wins. Merit of any kind is recognized—if it is merely the merit of making money. In the house where I live, an English servant once expressed her views upon America to me:

"Ma'am," she said, "the longer you live here, the better you'll like it. I didn't at first, but I do now, because here, what *you are,* you *are;* and what you've got, *you've got!*" I think she was right.

"PREPARING FOR BED."

One or two things I gladly miss, which are familiar to me at home. I miss the drunkenness, and the boldness of vice. They tell me that New York is an immoral city. I heard a clergyman in one of the city pulpits decry the drinking saloons, and assert that drunkenness is on the increase; but I confess that I have not seen it. Here are no flaunting gin-palaces, throwing their light far over the gloomy streets; here no unsexed woman reels from the bar, with the last drop of gin, which has cost her children bread, upon her lips. You can walk the public thoroughfares without feeling the bitter sorrow for the starving children and the little feeble lives that are the price of the publican's wealth.

What I have seen in New York has taught me much. There is philanthropy, there is charity, there is humanity, equal to our own—a ready hand stretched out for every sorrow, once made known; but, so far, I have not found the squalor, the intemperance, the heart-rending, unattestable, hopeless sorrows of my native London. Is it because they are not here? or because I do not know where to find them? At least, I have looked; and I have seen sorrow enough to need the love of the greatest-hearted God that humanity can conceive; but I have *not* found a tithe of that which I have left behind.

THE STORY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.—"'OH, MY DARLING! HUSH, IT KILLS ME!' CRIED MORDAUNT, BURYING HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS, WITH SOBS. 'I CANNOT BEAR IT!'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

CONFIDENCE.

(*Translated from Juste Ollivier.*)

BIRD among the mountains winging
To blue heights by men unknown,
In the bare rock's shelter clinging,
Where the storm-winds ceaseless moan—
Dare you face the tempest sweeping
Round this rugged, rocky crest?—
"Wanderer, in our Father's keeping,
Frailest, feeblest, safely rest!"

Flower upon the mountains growing,
'Mid the everlasting snow,
Whence the streamlet, silver flowing,
Seeks the village far below—
Round your home grim Winter, creeping,
Surely hovers ever near?—
"Wanderer, in our Father's keeping,
There is nothing left to fear!"

Shepherd boy, the mountains ranging,
King of all this barren land,
As you climb, the prospect changing
Barer grows on either hand!—
"Sir, heaven have you in its keeping!
Life, they say, is hardly trod,
But, contented, waking, sleeping,
As for me, I trust in God!"

G. B. STUART.

THE STORY OF AN ADVERTISEMENT.

BY HELEN W. PIERSON.

"WHY, Mordaunt, I didn't know you admitted this sort of thing," said a tall young man who had lounged into the editor's sanctum, and was turning over the papers like one at home.

The editor, a still handsome man of forty-five, who was tasting the rare pleasure of a little leisure, lazily took a cigarette from his mouth, watching the blue smoke curl up to the ceiling, and asked:

"What sort of thing?"

"Why, this. 'A young man of twenty-five, tall, with dark eyes and mustache, enjoying ample means and a fine position in society, would be glad to make the acquaintance of a young lady, with a view to matrimony—money no object—a devoted heart and purity held far above wealth. Address "Lawrence," at this office.'"

"Oh, that!" exclaimed the editor, still indifferently; "certainly, my dear fellow; those are the best sort of things to pay."

"But do they pay in the long run—that is, if you could follow them up—read their consequences?"

"That is not our concern," answered the editor.

"Some romantic girl, for instance, might be caught by that."

"Bah! no refined girl could ever notice it," answered the editor, confidently; "as for the kind who do, you may depend upon it, they would find opportunities of going wrong, somehow."

The visitor shook his head.

"It seems to me beneath the *Morning Chronicle*."

"The *Morning Chronicle* must live!" exclaimed Mordaunt, with a laugh, "and so must its editor. Will you come home with me to dinner?"

But the visitor had an engagement, and Mordaunt went alone, dismissing at once any thought of the advertisement. He had, in fact, about as few disturbing thoughts as fall to the lot of most mortals, and a serene good nature which diffused an atmosphere of cheerfulness about him.

His business was prosperous; his only child was a girl in the schoolroom, not yet presented in society—not old enough to torment him in the matter of suitors; his home was luxurious, his taste was excellent, and he was able to gratify it. He had lost his wife many years before, and grief had softened into a tender memory. He had been contented never to replace her, having succeeded in getting an excellent governess and companion for Lily.

He looked forward with some pleasure to the time when Lily could preside at his table, and expected her to make a sensation in society, and a grand match, for her beauty had been remarkable from childhood. He had been very careful of her. Being educated at home, she had no dear schoolgirl friends or their brothers as associates. She was sixteen, and her greatest pleasure as yet had been an evening with her father at the theatre.

She was hedged in on every side, like some choice plant, but the pretty vine was reaching out stray tendrils after outside sunshine and air. The white kitten no more supplied recreation and companionship, and Lily was beginning to feel the monotony of her life in a new way.

She sat somewhat listlessly by the window as her father entered, a slight, girlish figure in white; a dress simple enough in color, but all one foam of lace and embroidery, with pale blue knots of ribbon here and there about it, and in her golden hair, which was like "sheaves of gathered sunbeams."

Her complexion was like a lily—rose-tinted by the setting sun. Her eyes were dark gray, sometimes almost a velvety black, when emotion darkened them. Her hands were like delicate pink shells, and were folded listlessly in her lap. There was a far-off look in her eyes that her father could not read.

Who can read the subtle workings of a girl's heart?

"Well, Lil!" he exclaimed, cheerily, "how goes it today?"

"Oh! like every other day," she answered, with a yawn. "Do you know that I was sixteen last week, and when one has done the same thing for sixteen years, why, it rather palls upon the taste."

"Why, kitten, what do you want?"

"Well, a vocation, I suspect," answered Lily, with a quizzical glance of the luminous eyes.

"Oh, I can't buy that—I don't know the shop," answered Mordaunt, with a laugh; "and I can't say I would get you one if I could. Wait a couple of years, till you go in society, and you never will think of such a need again."

And he looked with pride at the young beauty, so unconscious of her power.

"She will only have to pick and choose," he thought, with inward satisfaction. "A vocation would be very much in her way then."

Miss Gwynn entered at this moment—a tall, pleasant-looking lady, in black silk—and Lily said no more, for she recollected that the governess had recommended the translation of a German play as a cure for *ennui*.

Then her father proposed taking her to see Booth in "Romeo and Juliet," the next night, and thought he had quite done his duty, as he went out to his club.

Lily settled down to her lonely evening with Miss Gwynn. How many such she had spent! for she had been kept quite shut off from younger society.

The repression had stimulated her imagination, so that the wildest freaks had a sort of fascination for her. Now, in looking over the *Morning Chronicle*, the advertisement caught her eye.

"Ho, ho! my staid papa," she thought, "so you do not despise this sort of fun! I'll answer it. How jolly! Let me see—but I must disguise my hand, though I suppose there is no chance of papa's seeing it, and Amy will drop it in the nearest lamppost. We shall be at the play to-morrow night. What fun to make Mr. Lawrence parade himself there with a—let me see—I will say a red carnation in his buttonhole; I shall see him, and he will know nothing about me. What larks!" And under the very eyes of her dragon—who was a kindly dragon, after all—Lily penned the following:

"If 'Lawrence' will go to see 'Romeo and Juliet' to-morrow night, and wear a red carnation in his buttonhole, he may see a young lady in lavender silk, with a wreath of carnations on a white chip hat. MADGE."

"That's a good, wild, harum-scarum sort of name!" exclaimed Lily, looking at her work with bright eyes, and such a flush on her cheeks that Miss Gwynn sighed.

It seemed sad to her to think of life's sorrows and cares for that lovely creature. The lines of Longfellow flitted through her brain:

"I, nearer to the wayside inn,
Where toil shall end and rest begin,
And weary thinking of your road."

But Lily had quite recovered her spirits, and chatted away gayly the whole evening. She looked eagerly in the *Morning Chronicle*, and the sight of her advertisement, correctly inserted, sent all the day's tasks lightly spinning along to a sort of inward music.

The players played their best. The lights were flashing over fair women and brave men, that night; but one pair of eyes wandered from the mimic love-scenes, albeit they breathed the very soul of passion, and sought till they found a tall, handsome figure with a—well, how could she tell? there were dozens with red flowers in their buttonholes.

Lily felt a pang of disappointment, which quite spoiled the play, and she found herself watching painfully various figures, without being able to distinguish the sign. Even her father noticed her absent and distraught manner, and decided that she was too young to appreciate a mere love-play, however well acted.

Many eyes were directed toward her, such a radiant vision of fresh young beauty. Her dress and hat were of the palest amber *crêpe*, and scarlet flowers shone against the dim gold coils of her hair, and at her soft, round, white throat.

At last it was over, and they rose to go. Near the stairs Lily tripped, for her eyes were still wandering. She was caught and saved from a severe fall by a young man near, who had watched her with a sort of rapt expression for the last five minutes. Lily stammered her thanks, raised her blushing face, gave him one glance, saw that he was tall, dark-eyed, handsome, and wore a carnation in his buttonhole.

The next moment she was in the carriage by her father's side, whirling homeward, her heart throbbing with a new sensation never felt before. The vision disturbed her dreams all night, various adventures with dark-eyed deliverers haunted her, carnations bloomed and burned in every picture. She roamed in gardens where they blossomed in spicy ranks and freighted the air with rich odors; she gathered them for fragrant bouquets, she twined them in her hair till the golden masses blazed with them. No wonder her sleep was feverish, and she looked somewhat wan and weary as she came to the breakfast-table.

"My dear," said Miss Gwynn, "you look badly. You must take something."

"Well, I will take the *Morning Chronicle*," Lily answered, with a laugh.

And she sought eagerly in the column of "Personals." Ah! here was something:

"'Lawrence' was sadly disappointed last night at not meeting 'Madge' at the theatre. Wore a cardinal pink at the buttonhole, as requested. Will write longer—to 'Madge' at General Post-office."

So she would have a letter, a real love-letter, at last. The romance of the thing hid from her all the danger of it. She could think of nothing else all day. If she received the letter she must answer it, and that was an important consideration.

"'Melia," she said to her English maid, as she combed out the long, bright hair that evening, "did you ever write a love-letter?"

The girl looked guilty, and colored.

"Which Jim 'Iggins wanted for to speak and 'ave no under'and work afore he went, miss; an' I wouldn't 'ear to it on account o' fearin' to lose my place—which I'm savin' up for a hextension-table, miss—as am thinkin' of keepin' a few boarders, for my mother was a cook, and I take it in the natural way."

All this was poured out without pausing for breath, much to Lily's astonishment, but she hastened to set the girl's mind at rest.

"Oh, I hope you will have a good husband," she said, quietly, "and I will give you an extension-table for a wedding-present."

The girl's face grew radiant.

"Which I always did say as you was the kindest, the——"

"He writes to you, I suppose?" Lily said, somewhat shyly.

"Oh, Lor', yes! he writes," answered 'Melia. "Not much of a scholard, Jim ain't, but a steady 'and at 'is business, and don't touch a drop o' liquor, let alone beer."

"And do you answer the letters?" asked Lily.

"Surely! I writes onct a week," answered 'Melia. "Jim knows I'm superiorally eddicated, an' he respects me accordin'. 'Melia,' he says, sometimes, 'you ain't in your proper speer.' Oh, he has very correct notions of things, has Jim!"

'Melia's reminiscences had carried her away somewhat, and she recalled herself with a burning blush.

"Then you wouldn't mind my seeing one of your letters?" asked Lily. "I've such a curiosity to know what a real love-letter is like. Of course, they can't be like the ones in novels."

"I should think not!" exclaimed 'Melia. "Lor', Jim wouldn't understand that sort of thing. I don't exactly like, miss; but, if you are curious, why, perhaps you might get an hidea from 'em, though they're nothin' for a 'igh-born young lady like you to read."

And with some embarrassment, but a little latent pride, 'Melia produced the last epistle, fresh from her pen, with a bright picture of two very meaty-looking hearts, skewered by an arrow, at the beginning.

"I'll read it, as you're not used to the writing," said 'Melia; "an' I've noticed it spiles the sentimens when you 'ave to spell the words: 'Dearest and belovedest Jim' (you see, you kin make that strong or weak, 'cordin' to circumstances), 'I think of you everyhows and everywheres, and I find there's nothin' 'alf so sweet in life as love's young dream' (got that out of one of yer songs, miss, and thought it sounded nice). 'I went to church in my new merino last Sunday, and Joe Clymer was very attentive; but I thought of you, and sez I, "No, yer don't—I'm mortgaged!" Likely feller, too, is Joe Clymer'

PORTRAIT OF A BURGOMASTER, BY REMBRANDT.

(nothin' like stirrin' up a little jealousy now and then, miss. Oh, I know their tricks and their manners!) 'but I knows a likelier, and while my Jim breathes the hair on this terrestrial globe I don't look at any one else. I don't even see 'em!' (Now, I've got rather a nice ending—I don't know if it's edzactly right; I caught it from somethin' you was reading to Miss Gwynn):

"'Oh, the sea has mighty fish,
And the heaven has stars above,
But my heart—my heart—
My heart has its love!'"

Lily concealed her smiles as well as she could.

"Why, you are quite poetic, 'Melia," she said, at the end, while she felt that she had not gained much assistance from the *billet-doux*.

"Yes, I like it," answered 'Melia, reflectively—"in its place, but I wouldn't want Jim to take to it. Lor'! there's nothin' 'cept drink as ruins a young fellow like takin' to poetry!"

And 'Melia carried her letter away with a self-satisfied smile on her face.

Very soon a different sort of letter was burning in Lily's pocket. It seemed so instinct with life that her fingers tingled after touching it.

She waited for some time all her own and secure from interruption, and, if conscience murmured, Lily answered "that nothing should come of it. The writer would stay unknown. He could never find her out, and it was all pure fun, flavored with a little romance."

It is not our work to transcribe that first letter, nor the others which followed it. What noble sentiments glowed there, what ringing words, what longing for a kindred soul! Lily felt that she had never known such a noble soul, and, by degrees, the writer accustomed the young girl to the idea of meeting him.

In fact, she began to long to see him herself, for she found, after the *cartes de visite* were exchanged, that he was no other than the handsome, dark-eyed individual who had raised her at the door of the theatre.

And when "Lawrence," or more properly Russel Dent, a good-looking blackguard, gifted with a winning tongue, and various talents prostrated to base uses, discovered that the lovely vision in amber crêpe and his rash young correspondent were one and the same, he felt a thrill in that worn and *blasé* article he called heart, such as he had not known for many a day.

If it had not been for a hateful fetter which bound him to a pale, broken-hearted woman, who was struggling for bread for herself and child in a small New England town, he would not have objected to a runaway match, and he cursed the luck which prevented his gaining such a prize.

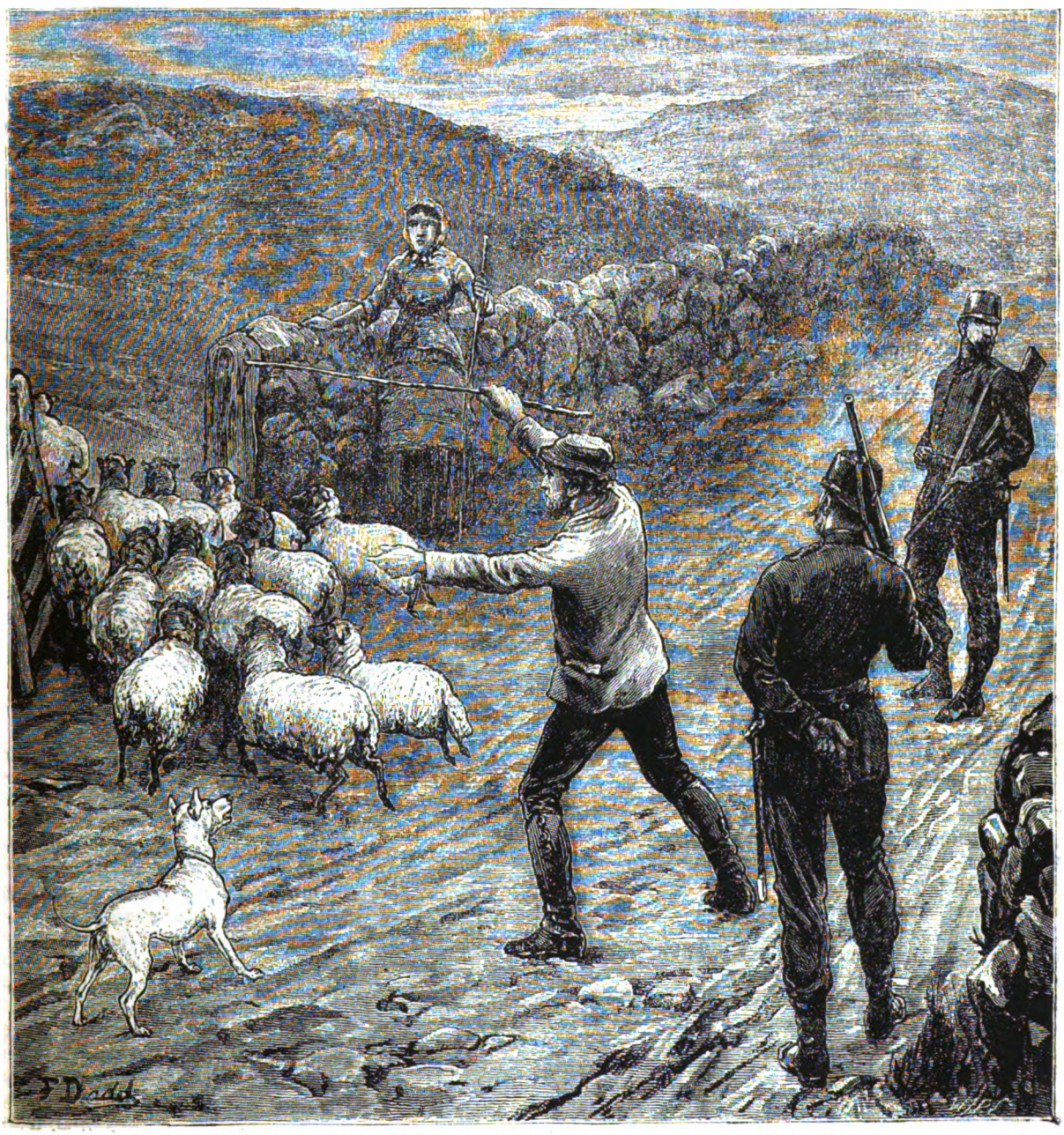
But this did not stand in the way of his love-making, and he pursued his end with a zeal and singleness of aim, which, if used in other directions, would have given him a name. So the hour surely came at last when they met face to face!

An American girl has few restraints save her own innate purity; so Lily could easily devise times and ways of meeting, and after a few interviews she no longer felt any sensation of wrong in the matter. Such a lover she would have introduced to the assembled universe with pride, and she urged "Lawrence," as he still called himself, feeling safer under an "alias," to allow her to tell her father all.

But that wily diplomat knew exactly how to work his wires. Lily was as a puppet in his skillful hands, and was persuaded at last that the best course was to fix her fate with the man she loved beyond a peradventure.

So the evening came that Lily with trembling hands put together her jewelry and a few trifles, and fled from her father's house, leaving a note full of love and confident words about her own future. The morning after, 'Melia burst into the dining-room, round-eyed and breathless.

"Which Miss Lily never slept in her bed last night, sir, and is gone—leastways, ain't nowhere to be found!"



A DASH THROUGH CONNEMARA.—DRIVING SHEEP NEAR LEENANE.—SEE PAGE 279.

Mordaunt started up with a great pang at his heart, and hurried to his darling's room.

One terrified glance around told the story, and a little note on the bureau finished it.

She was gone—the child he had idolized—the hope and brightness of his life! He staggered to a seat, and stared at the paper, reading it over and over, though the words were burnt in on his brain. And there was no clew—not the slightest—a black pall seemed dropped down before him, shutting out his daughter from his sight for ever.

He summoned Miss Gwynn frantically, and accused her of carelessness. He raved madly against every one, and even himself. Miss Gwynn defended herself with the tears running down her face, and he felt at last how unjust he had been, and grew calmer.

"I suppose if a girl wants to go to perdition, not even the cherubim and seraphim could stop her," he groaned. "But oh, *my* daughter!—my Lily!"

After that came days of search, days of restless waiting, days of sickening despair.

All seemed useless. Lily had dropped out of his life as one who is silently swallowed up in an engulfing sea. She was gone utterly—vanished "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and her home knew her no more.

Her unhappy father knew from the silence what had been the fate of his lovely daughter. Happy and prosperous, he would surely have heard from her again. It was her misery and wrecked life she was hiding from him, and day by day the iron entered his soul. So the Summer faded away, the harvests ripened on a thousand fields, the fruits of Autumn were garnered, the snows of Winter fell and whitened the frozen earth, the resurrection of Spring came and stirred the pulses of life at nature's heart.

Sunshine and a great cheer seemed poured out everywhere save in Mordaunt's lonely home. The long Summer days fretted him into fever; he grew unfit for work, and at last decided that he must go away or go mad.

His trunks were packed, when 'Melia brought in a note. There was a half-terrified, half-expectant look in her face as she handed it to him, and when he glanced at it his face blanched. He had grown old in a year. He tore open the clumsy bit of paper, for he knew, in spite of the trembling hand, it was his Lily's writing.

Ah, yes! but feeble and uncertain, as one might write half blinded with tears, or, perhaps, with that stranger mist before the eyes which the angel of death softly drops before the eyes that are closing to every worldly sight. Mordaunt read:

"I would not write, dear papa, if I did not know that I am dying. Living, I would have hidden from your sight for ever: but, oh, I cannot die alone! I am afraid—afraid! And I know you will come to your poor Lily, and let her hold your hand when that terrible time comes."

Then followed a direction hard to read in that unsteady hand and with the sudden tears filling his eyes.

Without a word to 'Melia, he started at once for the squalid locality, filled with tenement-houses, whose existence he scarcely knew. He fancied how the Summer sun had burned through those poor rooms and fevered his wretched child. But she should go home at once, and the comforts of coolness would restore her.

His quickest pace seemed a lagging one as he hastened along. She was alone, and that was well, or he would surely have a murder on his soul.

He found his way up the rickety stairs barred by a stout Irishwoman, with arms akimbo, who looked ready to defend her castle from intrusive strangers. Mordaunt hesitated—he knew not by what name to ask for his sick girl.

"Is there a lady very ill in one of your rooms?—a young——"

"Oh, *lady!*" with a sniff. "That's as people plase. I don't call 'em ladies mesilf. No, no! I am Mrs. O'Flannagan, at your service, good sir, and an honest woman, as don't intind to demane my house wid young rips. But I was desaved by the schamin' vill'in as brought her here."

Mordaunt winced as if touched with a red-hot iron.

"I am her father," he said, sternly. "I am come to take her away; I will pay you all that is due, but keep a civil tongue in your head."

The woman's face changed.

"She's a swate, purty crature, indade, and it's desaved she was by that schamin' Lucifer——"

"Woman, show me her room!" cried Mordaunt, in agony; and Mrs. O'Flannagan was frightened into obedience.

Up the narrow stairs, amid the heat and ill odors, Mordaunt climbed, and at last the woman opened a small door.

The room was bare and dingy and dark enough, but even there the golden hair "seemed to make a sunshine in a shady place." It lay about poor Lily's wan and wasted face like a halo. The large, dark eyes were fixed in one mournful, questioning glance on her father's face, and the next moment she was gathered up in those strong arms, and tears—those bitter tears that start when the heart's deep fountains are torn apart by strong convulsion—rained down his cheeks.

Oh, how blissful to the storm-tossed girl, to feel herself in the haven of those arms!

"I thought you would come," she murmured.

"Oh, Lily, how did it all happen? My darling, who could have lured you away?"

"You want to know how it happened?" she asked, in a feeble voice; and, moving a little, she took a worn little pocketbook—it had, alas! no money in it, only a scrap of half-worn paper. "It began in a frolic, papa—through this."

And Mordaunt, staring in astonishment at the bit of paper, read: "A young man of twenty-five, tall, with dark eyes and mustache, enjoying ample means and a fine position in society, would be glad to make the acquaintance of a young lady with a view to matrimony. A devoted heart and purity held far above wealth. Address 'Lawrence,' at this office."

"My God!" cried the agonized father, as he recalled a certain hour in his sanctum, when a friend had questioned him, "Does it pay in the long run?" "My God! I have murdered my child!"

How had he been paid? In a few dollars, in a lifelong misery, in a crushed and blasted life, in heart-throbs of agony, in tears that seemed like life-drops of blood.

"My darling!" he cried, "I am to blame! Forgive me!"

"Oh, papa!" cried the poor child, feebly, "how could you know what a silly little girl I was? But he seemed noble and good, and I began in fun; then, little by little, I went on, till I trusted him entirely. I thought, when I left that little note for you on the bureau, that I should be in your arms by night, a happy bride. Well, there was a sort of marriage ceremony, but various excuses were offered from time to time for not going to you and confessing all, till at last—oh, papa, fancy the misery! I saw by chance a letter from his wife—his real wife. I felt as if I had been struck dead when I read it. She wrote so pitifully, poor thing, about herself and child. She was almost starv-

ing, for she had been sick and unable to work. He did not care. I saw then what a heartless monster he was. He even laughed at the skill with which some boon companion had simulated a clergyman in dress and manner—'the larkiest thing Jim ever did.' Papa, I left him that night. It was bleak, and a cold rain was falling. I had nowhere to go, but I started out wildly—anywhere, but under the roof with such a wretch. I walked on till I was drenched to the skin, and found myself standing before our house. Think, papa! I knew my dear little room was just the same, though all looked dark."

"Oh, my darling! why did you not come to me? *You* had not sinned."

"Ah, yes, papa," answered Lily, faintly; "I had deceived you. I had deserted the most loving father ever girl had. I could never have faced my old companions again. Dear papa, you must think with me that all is best as it is. I took my death that night."

"Oh, Lily—no, no!" cried the agonized father; "you shall come to your old home. Once out of this den, you will get well. You need not face your old companions. We can go where no one knows anything of this——"

"Dearest papa, I shall never leave this bed—the doctor told me so before I wrote, and it is better so. I have you here; I am glad to go. What, oh, what would my life be to me now? I used to have such bright dreams about it; but all that is past, and I am only seventeen. It is soon finished; is it not, papa? A short, short story, and a sad ending. I never liked the novels with a sad ending, but my life-story——"

"Oh, my darling! hush, it kills me!" cried Mordaunt, burying his face in his hands, with sobs. "I cannot bear it!"

"Don't cry, papa!" exclaimed Lily, in a tremulous voice. "Think it is sweet to me to die, only I am a little afraid—that is natural, you know, even when one longs to go. But you will hold my hand. Oh, a year ago, how hard it would have been! How misery weans us from the world!"

And the poor girl's words came true. Before the sun set that evening the summons came, and, clasping her father's hands, she looked the chill and deathly angel calmly in the face, smiled like a tired child who is dropping to sleep, and floated out into the great ocean that surges about all living.

ÆSTHETICS AND ÆSTHETICIANS.

For a long time the word *taste* was generally used by all English writers on art, and it is not an improper or inappropriate one, since the conformity is great between that mental taste which is affected with, or which forms a judgment of, the elegant arts, and that sensitive taste which gives us a delight in every different flavor that pleases the palate.

Though taste is not an inappropriate, yet it is a very inadequate, metaphor; and perhaps it is impossible to express the meaning of a thing very accurately by any figurative term. Not satisfied with it, the Germans adopted the beautiful Greek word "Æsthetics" in their exposition of the causes of the emotions produced by the contemplation of objects in nature and art. It is now brought into common use amongst us, and well that it is, when such an increased interest is felt for works of art, and when men need clear thoughts, definite expressions and select words to give authority to their principles of judgment.

What made the Greeks—what made a Plato or an Aristotle—so pre-eminent as critics, was the idea they endeavored to carry out of developing all the powers of the mind in the greatest possible harmony and perfection. This made them great æstheticians. This gave them that universality of mind—without which no man can be a true critic—which enabled them to feel and to appreciate whatever was beautiful and grand. A one-sided or partial judgment would have hindered them from detecting beauties or discovering truths. The temple that a Callimachus or an Ictinus designed, they loved to contemplate, because they saw it was a perfect and finished system; because they felt how the whole of it was developed in accordance with the principles and real æsthetic motives of Greek architecture. But such is the blindness and frigid nature of some individuals, as actually to question its claims upon our admiration. They are unmoved before it. They assert that its symmetrical proportions are not to be held up as a model of architecture. Another style of architecture has great attraction for them; and this, bearing no resemblance to it, is therefore rejected as barbarous. They are excited, probably, before a Gothic cathedral—to them that is all perfection; far otherwise the classical, which is opposed to it in every respect. These persons are disqualified to judge accurately of the merits of a work they condemn.

A DASH THROUGH CONNEMARA.

By N. Robinson.

I put up at the Gresham Hotel, in Sackville Street, Dublin. I had tried the Shelbourne, in St. Stephen's Green, but the Gresham is less pretentious and much more comfortable. If you ring a bell, you may expect the summons to be attended to. If you order your breakfast in advance, it is on the table when you reach the breakfast-room. The waiters are more or less characters in their way, thoroughly Irish, and, as a natural sequence, full of latent drollery.

I dined one day at the hotel, and witnessed a *rara avis in terris*. A small, round, pot-bellied man, with an inch of mud, mingled with cow-pen litter, clinging to his boots, came into the dining-room and proceeded direct to a corner, where a chair was "turned," in order to denote its having been bespoken. Divesting himself of his grazier's hat—a high felt—and a worsted muffler which came up to his ears, the little man sat down to his dinner, which consisted of a "ronsing" beefsteak, with potato trimmings. Presently the waiter appeared, bearing a cobwebbed bottle with a care that told me that behind the warp and woof of the spider reposed a precious vintage.

"Mind yer hand, Jim!" shouted the little man, casting an anxious eye upon the bottle.

"Begorra, I will, Misther Garnett."

The waiter, as if he were searching the thumb of a newborn infant for the point of a needle, proceeded to draw the cork, and having extracted it with a triumphant "cluck," placed the bottle beside the grazier—for such he proved to be, and one of the "snuggest" men in Royal Meath.

Mr. Garnett, having finished his steak, now turned his attention to the port, and in less than ten minutes he finished the bottle. Then he folded a yellow silk handkerchief over his face, and went fast asleep.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked.

"He dines here every Smithfield day, sir, an' he dhrinks three bottles o' port," the waiter informed me.

"Impossible!"

"Bedad, ye'll see him do it, if ye like for to remain. He gets his third about tin o'clock, in time for to ketch the 10:30 from the Broadstone."

GATHERING DRY FERN.

It was from the Broadstone terminus that I departed *en route* to Mayo, having taken a ticket to Galway, the City of the Tribes. The depot is rather a pretentious-looking granite building, and a canal—the Midland—runs beside it, and indeed side by side with the railroad for a considerable portion of the journey.

I had a flying peep at Athlone and the "Shannon shore," for we crossed the river on a lofty viaduct, and further on we struck Ballinasloe, whose famous annual cattle fair is known to every Irishman under the sun. It was quiet enough on this day in June, and "sorra a baste" was to be seen, save one giddy *boneen*, or little pig, that wantonly disported in a pool of filth, opposite a mud cabin, close to the railway-station.

Arrived at Galway! The journey was eight hours. I put up at the Railway Hotel, a gaunt, gloomy, ill-furnished barracks, which had been built when Mr. Orrel Lever was connecting Galway and New York by his line of steamships — built, I say, to accommodate a thousand people, but now scarcely circumstanced to contribute to the creature comforts of one-twentieth of that number. Opposite this grand palace is Eyre Square; and I was informed, when too late, that I should have gone to Black's, a small, comfortable hostelry, at the other side of the square.

After a supper of the cleverly bad ham and eggs, some capital tea, and a stiff glass of John Jameson in cold water, I turned out to engage my seat on the "lobster-car" for Clifden, the coach-office being close to the hotel.

Having secured the box-seat, through the aid of a half-crown dexterously planted in the "heel of the fist" of the driver—a gentleman whose "get-up" would have made the fortune of Mr. Dion Boucicault—I retired for the night, to dream of poteen, and praties, and colleens, and Connemara, till the Summer sun came flashing off the broad Atlantic to tell me that, if I wished to see the City of the Tribes, I must be up and stirring.

Before I leave the Railway Hotel, let me mention a story connected with one of its waiters. When the late Lord Carlisle was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he came to Galway to assist at a banquet given in honor of the new packet station. A waiter, who was very anxious to be on good terms with "the lord," stole behind the Viceroy's chair, and in a low whisper breathed into his ear:

"Me lord, av ye hope for to see glory, avoid thim pays (peas), for they're as hard as bullets."

The genial Lord Lieutenant often related this story over a bottle of claret at Dublin Castle, and a gentleman who heard him relate it told it to me.

Galway wears a peculiarly Spanish appearance, the narrow streets and stone houses with balconies giving it quite the aspect of sunny Spain. A long strip of land close to the Atlantic has the name of the "Cladagh." It was here that one of the vessels of the celebrated Spanish Armada was wrecked in the sixteenth century. The survivors settled on the Cladagh, interwed with the fisher-folk, and at this writing the olive complexions, dark eyes, sweeping lashes, rich red lips and blue-black hair denote the Spanish blood—*sangre azul.*

I had barely time to visit the Queen's College, a very handsome building, and the celebrated house of the stern magistrate who condemned his own son to death, and upon which the romantic play of "The Warden of Galway" is founded; take an outside jaunting-car to Salt Hill—the "swell" bathing-place, about three miles away—and return to the lobster-car, which I found in readiness to start, attached to four quadrupeds, which, like the famous horse of Mr. Winkle, displayed marvelous symmetry of bone. The leaders were harnessed by *suggauns* (hay ropes), and, while the vehicle looked fit to do a thousand miles in a thousand hours, the horses seemed more adapted for the purposes of the knacker's yard than attempting the mountain roads that lead into the wilds of Connemara.

"Faix, they're not much to luk at, yer honor," observed the charioteer; "but wanst they begin for to humor the

SPINNING-WHEEL AT GARIBALDI'S.

road, bedad they'll rowl ye along betther nor Misther Val Blake's bloods."

I stood on Galway Bridge to look at the salmon in the river beneath—fine twenty-pounders, lying as thick as they could swim together. I am a disciple of Isaak Walton, and my teeth watered when I beheld a twenty-five-pounder rising languidly at a confiding fly. On inquiry, I discovered that the hire of a rod for the day is thirty shillings, and this only entitles to the fishing, not to the fish. Every fish caught is sold to the angler at so much per pound.

"Divil resave the taste av a sammin we ever get here, yer honner," observed a Galwayian, who also hung on the bridge.

"How is that?—they seem plentiful enough," I asked.

"Troth, they're as thick as haves; but it's t'England they all go—bad luck to her!"

Well, I mounted to the box seat on the lobster-car, and perched myself beside the driver, while a group of excited and curious bystanders surrounded the vehicle, some gesticulating, some begging, some offering woolen knitted stockings for sale, and all more or less tendering advice to the driver in regard to the "bastes," or sending messages to neighbors along the road. The lobster-car is an overgrown outside jaunting-car, capable of containing eight or ten persons on each side; the luggage is in the well, a deep, square receptacle, against the walls of which the passengers sit back to back.

These cars were invented by the late Charles Bianconi, who originally commenced life as a peddler of stucco images, and died with a couple of hundred thousand pounds, having married his daughter to the witty Maurice John O'Connell, M. P., nephew of the "Liberathor." Bianconi, during his weary trudgings through Ireland, keenly felt the want of popular conveyances, and knowing exactly where to plant them, began with one car, and continued organizing routes until Bianconi's car was to be found all over the Green Isle, from Cape Clear to the Giant's Causeway. To-day the car is being rapidly superseded by the iron horse, and '82 may see a railway from Galway to Clifden, or right into the heart of Connemara.

After some false starts, such as the immortal Mr. Pickwick made in the country dance at Dingley Dell, off we went, a cheer following us from the crowd, and we were soon bowling along a very tolerable road, dotted here and there with domains, and unpretending but decidedly comfortable-looking dwellings.

"D'ye see thim two whitewashed pillars forenint us, wid balls on the top?" demanded the driver. "Well, thim's the enthrance to Martin's av Ballinahinch—ould Dick, that lived like a rale prince. Ye'll see the house by-and-by; it's ten mile the other side av Oughterand."

"This surely cannot be the entrance to his domain?" I observed.

"Yes, it is, sur. Shure, the dhrive to the big house was forty mile—divil a fut less."

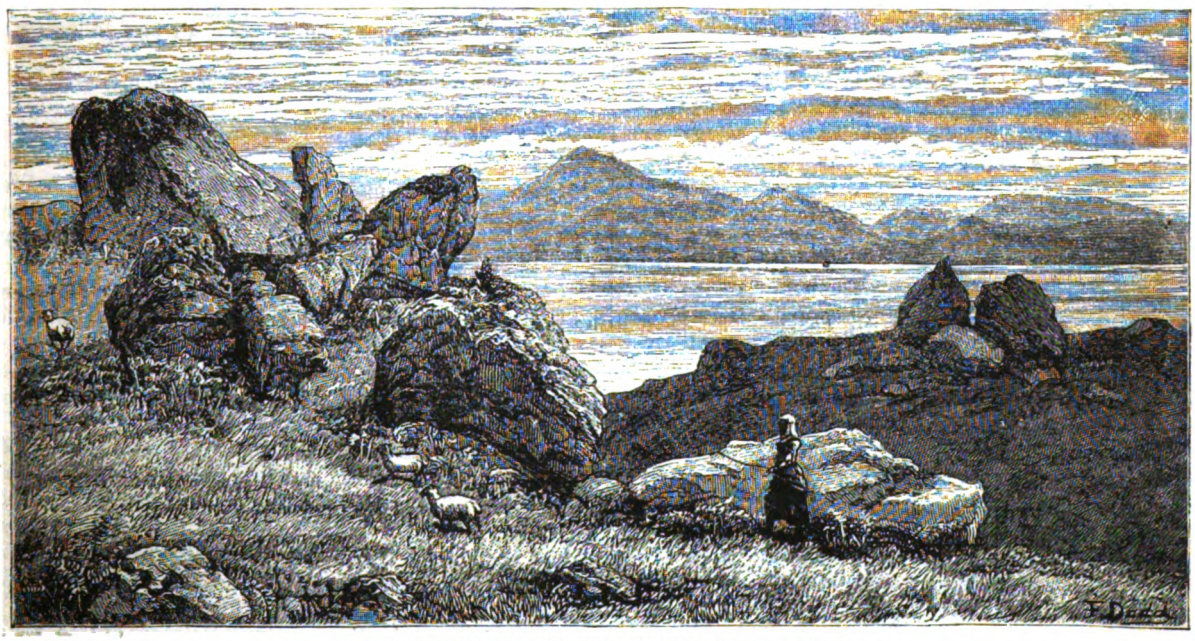
Subsequently I learned that the man was substantially correct, and that an avenue of forty miles led from the "first gate lodge"—in other words, for forty miles the visitor to Ballinahinch traveled over the fair lands of his host.

The story of the Martin family is one of wild improvidence and ruin. Their vast estates went acre by acre, until the last of the race, Miss Martin, who married a Captain Bell, was compelled to seek a home in the United States. The grandfather was the Henry Bergh of his day, and was known by the sobriquet of "Humanity Dick." After the Union, he sat in the English Parliament, and, on making a motion to introduce a Bill against cruelty to animals, the English members sought to cough him down.

"If any gentleman will cough distinctly enough so that I can identify him," exclaimed Martin, with the utmost coolness, "I have a brace of pills at his disposal, which I trust will cure his cough most effectually!"

As the Lord of Ballinahinch was a noted duelist and a crack shot, the coughs suddenly subsided, without the aid of that "brace of pills."

Oughterand, where we changed horses, is a straggling village consisting of a single street, running by the side of a sprawling stream, the waters of which—a rich peaty brown—have cut away its western bank till the rock hangs over it, for a mile or so, like a gigantic shelf. The village is the entrance into Connemara, and as we emerged into the open, the driver "takin' the consait" out of his new team,



CROAGH PATRICK, FROM THE MAYO SHORE OF CLEW BAY.

nothing was visible but a great plain of peat, here and there bright with clots of purple heather, or tufts of grass of a luminous green.

Two colleens, bare-legged, bare-shouldered, their costume apparently consisting of a single petticoat of a rich red, with its attendant bodice, ran after the car for miles, now taking a short cut across the bogs, to intercept the vehicle on the winding roads, now clinging to the step, while they silently extended a couple of pairs of bluish-gray worsted stockings in mute appeal. The girls were about fifteen and sixteen, with raven black hair, and roguish gray eyes, with lashes that swept their sun-kissed cheeks. The endurance of these girls caused me astonishment.

"Begorra! they'd bate the car into Clifden for a shillin' this minnit," observed the driver, with a grin, to whom I had remarked on the wondrous staying power of the children of the bogs.

A few miles further, and a bluish mist in cloudland told of mountains.

"Would yer honor like for to taste a dhrop av rale potheen?" demanded the driver.

"Where could I get the genuine stuff?"

"Beyant here, at Garrybaldi's—no less."

"Garibaldi's?"

"Yis, yer honor. The shebeen is kept be a man that was out fightin' wid Garrybaldi; and he has his picther stuck up over the doore. Here it is."

A small thatched cabin stood by the roadway. A sign swung over the entrance, upon which was rudely depicted a cadaverous-looking man with a long beard, and attired in the reddest of red shirts.

I alighted—in fact, all the passengers alighted; we were ten or twelve—and entered the hostelry, where, after a short colloquy between the driver and the proprietor (a jovial-looking fellow enough) as to our being *safe*, the "blessid lickker" was brought forth with much show of care and secrecy, and a "naggin" served all around. I rather liked the peaty flavor myself, but the large majority of my fellow-travelers spat the mountain dew out, declaring that it was nothing but bad Scotch whisky.

"Talk of poteen, sir," observed a cheery, middle-aged gentleman, whom the driver informed me was proceeding on a visit to Kylemore Castle, the seat of Mr. Mitchel Henry, Member for Galway, "there is a friend of mine in the wine trade in Dublin, a Mr. Chamberlaine, who has a mild Scotch"—here he smacked his lips and rolled his eyes—"that is better than any poteen that ever was distilled from here to the Twelve Pins."

This gentleman, at a further stage of the road, when we were compelled to walk to enable the "bastes" to clear a "lump av a bog," told me rather a funny experience with reference to "mountain dew."

"I come down here every year, sir, on a visit to my friend, Mr. Mitchel Henry, for the salmon-fishing. I am going to Kylemore Castle now. I was anxious to get a couple of gallons of poteen for an English friend, and spoke to Henry about it. 'Don't ask *me*,' laughed Henry. 'I'm a magistrate, you know, and dare not speak of illicit distillation. Try ——" naming one of his employés. The man very willingly complied with my request, and the next day a sort of Shaun the Post made his appearance at the castle.

"'You're the gintleman that axed in regard to the crathur?' twisting his caubeen around with his thumbs.

"'Yes. I want two gallons. What's the price?'

"'Eighteen shillin's a gallon.'

"'Why, what do you mean by asking such a price?'

"Here the fellow gave me a look full of comicality, as he exclaimed:

"'Shure, yer honor forgets that the duty's riz!'"

Our road lay by Glendalough, a sweet, sad lake, a sort of cousin to the Glendalough in the County Wicklow, which Tom Moore has immortalized as the scene of the loves of Kathleen and St. Kevin:

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.
'Here, at last,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.'
But, ah! the good saint little knew
What that wily sex can do."

Here we lost three passengers, whose impedimenta announced disciples of old Isaak Walton.

"Bedad, there's a barristher from the Four Coorts, that came down wid me last Tuesda' was a week," observed the driver, "an' the dickens a rise he cud git, though Barry Keerigan sez he's the best fisher in the counthry; so thim gintlemin 'll have their journey for their thrubble, an' sorra a more."

Glendalough also recalled to my mind the verses of a comic song I once heard poor Barney Williams sing:

"As Saint Kavin wanst was walkin' through a place called Glendalough,
He chanced to meet wid King O'Toole, an' axed him for a shough.
Says the King, 'Yer but a stranger, an' yer face I never seen,
But av yez got a taste av weed, I'll lind ye my dudheen.'"

It was approaching sunset when we neared Ballinahinch, the once stately home of the celebrated Martins. In the middle of a small lake stands a tiny island, and upon the island a ruined keep, covered with ivy.

"That's the prison, yer honor," observed the driver, as he pointed to the tower; "it was in that place that the Martins put their presoners, and kep' them there as long as they had a mind for to do it. The house is beyant in the holla'. Ye can see the chimbleys. Thim's the stables, this ind av the lake. There's stablin' for forty hunters, an' a marble stall for nich baste. Och, its a poor case for to see the estates av the ould, anshint, grand families all tuk from thim. Billinahinch is now owned be the Law Life Assurance Society of London, bad luck to thim; it's hapes o' law, sorra much life, an' the divil's own assurance we've got since they come into it; the curse o' Crummle light on thim."

A certain spot in the road was pointed out to me as "Miss Martin's Lep," a place where she took a drop of about twenty feet, riding a famous hunter called "Golliogue," for she was one of the best horsewomen that ever followed the celebrated Galway Blazers, the pack of whom Lever sings:

'The King of Oude
Is mighty proud,
An' so were wanst the Caysars;
But ould Giles Eyre
Wud make thim stare
Av he had thim wid the Blazers."

I could barely discern the immense block of stabling; and as for the house, the top of the roof alone was visible. Fain would I have visited both, for the misfortunes of the Martins had become known to me in early childhood by "one of them," Lady Pechel, whose granddaughter is now a society belle in Washington; but the lobster-car stopped not, and with it were cast my present fortunes. It was in the gloaming when we rattled into Clifden, where broiled trout, rashers and eggs, and mountain mutton chops were in waiting for us at Mullarky's Hotel.

Clifden is a most picturesque little town, and the hotbed of "Souperism." Here the Irish Church Missionary

Society have pitched their tents, and proselytizing is carried on in a manner at once shameful and unchristianlike. Taking advantage of the miserable condition of the peasantry, and being compelled to show something for the enormous sums subscribed at Exeter Hall for its maintenance, the Society stops at nothing to induce some wretched Catholic children to attend its schools, and, in the words of the witty Dr. Nedly's ballad—the doctor is physician to the present Viceroy, Lord Cowper—the poor creatures are:

"Sellin' their sowls
For penny rowls,
And flitches av hairy bacon."

The feeling on the part of the inhabitants against the unscrupulous employés of this Society is so great, that mud, rotten eggs and cabbages usually follow in their wake, while a riot of a very serious character took place at a schoolhouse near by in 1879.

After an honest forty winks, which I would willingly have made fifty, I turned out at 5 A.M. to have a look at the town, and at six resumed my perch on the lobster-car that plies between Clifden and Westport, through the heart of the Killeries, and some of the most splendid scenery in the wild West of Ireland.

What a morning that was! Fresh, fragrant, the atmosphere clear, and the sky a full, keen blue. Before us stood that range of irregular-looking mountains, which, from their singular formation, are known as the Twelve Pins; while on the left, towering into the heavens, stood the crags of the giant mountains that keep silent watch and ward over the Kylemore Lake. The purple heather bloomed in the bog, through which our road now lay, while ever and anon we would pass a mud cabin, thatched with sods of turf—with its cesspool in front, the pigs wallowing in wild wantonness—the smoke coming out through a small window in a boarded partition opposite the low entrance. The country, as we approached Kylemore Lake, became more cultivated—that is, patches of corn and potatoes and meadow begin to border the roadside, while cabins were replaced by cottages, luxurious in whitewash and golden with straw thatch.

"It's all owin' to Misther Hinnery," observed the driver; "he's a soft landlord and a nice man, an' a nice-mannered man. His hand is always open to the poor, an' no wan goes away from the castle beyant widout a good bellyful. That's the castle!" pointing with his whip.

A black lake, the rugged mountains rising sheer to the blue sky line, and clothed with foliage of that luminous green which is the inheritance of the fern. Nestling beneath the giant mountain, a castle, all turrets and bastions and ramparts, built of granite, the mica glistening in the sun. Kylemore Castle is the residence of Mr. Mitchel Henry, the popular representative of the county in the British Parliament. Some twelve years ago Mr. Henry, who is a "shooting man," advertised in the London *Times* for black cock shooting. A reply came from "out of the West," and Mr. Henry, accompanied by his wife, rented the shooting-box at Kylemore for the season. He liked the sport, his wife liked the place, and it was duly purchased. The Henry family began to increase; the lodge was too small. Why not enlarge it? Why not pull it down? Why not build a family mansion? Why not build a castle? Mr. Henry's income is equal to that of the Prince of Wales. His house at Knightsbridge, London, is one of the finest facing Hyde Park. His elder brother became a Catholic priest, and poverty being one of the vows of the Order in which he became enrolled, his vast wealth came to Mitchel. A council of war in castle-building was held. Mr. Roberts, the then County Surveyor for Galway, now one of the members of the Board of Public Works, Dublin, submitted plans for a Tudor castle; the work was forthwith commenced, and to-day Kylemore Castle, whose walls cost £80,000, or $400,000, is one of the most exquisite pieces of modern architecture in Great Britain. The Henry family reside here eight months out of the twelve. They love the place, its sublime solitude, its matchless scenery. They keep up princely style, their indoor men-servants all wearing powder and silk stockings, in connection with gorgeous liveries. It struck me strangely to behold a be-plushed, be-powdered, be-aiguletted flunky in the wilds of Connemara; but so it was—such a blossom in such a wilderness!

Mrs. Henry died in Egypt in 1875. The poor of all denominations still mourn her loss; her pony-carriage never appeared at a cabin door that a basket containing some luxury of life did not appear with it.

Mr. Henry owns 20,000 acres, and his salmon fishing extends to the sea; the "Pool," directly beneath the castle terrace, is alive with salmon. The furniture and "fixin's" of Kylemore are superb. The drawing-rooms are hung with tapestry, the carpets are of special design and from Versailles. The conservatories, which cover some three acres, contain the most perfect collection of tropical plants in Great Britain.

Mr. Henry, before he came into his immense wealth, was a physician in London, enjoying a practice worth $16,000 a year. He has established perfect acclimatization as regards fruits, flowers and vegetables, and you can enjoy strawberries, green peas, and imbibe the perfume of moss-rose buds in January. His hospitality is unbounded, and as a legislator he commands the respect and attention of the House of Commons.

"That's himself," observed the driver, as we stopped at the main entrance to have a look at the castle.

Mr. Henry is about fifty years of age, of medium height, with the shoulders of an athlete. His eyes are dark and piercing, while a bright smile plays over his face, full of a rollicking fun, which is a surer passport to the affections of his tenants than even a reduction of rent to Griffith's Valuation. He lifted his hat to the occupants of the car, and informed us that if we desired it, the castle and conservatory were open to us. To a man we availed ourselves of his permission—and that glass of dry sherry! Let me smack my lips!

The drive along Kylemore Lake, three miles, is absolutely enchanting. The lake is about a mile wide, and the mountains rise sheer out of it. On our left were giant walls, fern-clad and heather-tinted; the sheep, as they skipped from boulder to boulder, appearing like tiny white specks against the green background.

The residence of the late Sir William Wilde, the eminent oculist, and husband of the gifted "Speranza," whose poems in the *Nation* caused the heart of "Young Ireland" to leap in '48, lies a little out of the main road, on the borders of a lake known by the title of Muck. About three miles from Mr. Henry's, and at the outlet of Kylemore Lake, stands a snug, square, old-fashioned house, formerly an inn, but which was purchased by Mr. Andrew Armstrong, as genial a Scotchman as ever plunged a knife into a haggis, or turned off a mutchkin of Glenlivat. He died very suddenly in '75, and his memory is cherished by the "whole barony."

The scenery now is absolutely splendid, as we spin onward to Leenane, a village situated on the shores of the Killeries, a romantic inlet of the Atlantic—a basin in the heart of Titan mountains, upon the grim summits of which the white clouds fold themselves like vails of *tulle illusion*.

The village extends for a quarter of a mile along the

shore, and is cut into the overhanging rock. The hotel is the only building with a slated roof, and here I *did* secure a *golliogue*, alias a mouthful of genuine poteen.

CONNEMARA WOMEN CARRYING HOME MEAL-SACKS.

At Leenane we changed horses, and spun out of the village at a rattling pace, passing the mail-car from Westport, and a little further on the car from Cong, the road leading to the latter striking us at right angles, and disappearing through a defile in the mountains. I cast one last, long, lingering glance at the Killeries Bay. The white, filmy clouds still caressed the mountain-tops, but through them came pouring the dead gold of the vailed sun, which grew brighter as it descended, until it flashed

NEAR WESTPORT.

on the deep-blue waves of the inlet in gorgeous iridescence. The lichens and mosses and ferns, dotted here and there with clots of purple heather, were tipped with yellow, or, when in shadow, assumed deeper and more intense tints. The sails of fishing-boats showed white against the distant headlands, which stood like Titan warders at the entrance of the broad and booming Atlantic. Tiny cabins nestled up in the crags, wreaths of smoke revealing their whereabouts, and the village of Leenane appeared like an irregular streak along the tawny sands.

A great brawling stream lay on our left for miles, the mountains towering over us on the right, until we struck the open bog-land, where gray-eyed colleens, in the scantiest of petticoats and the unkemptest of hair, were filling their kreels with the black turf which was to warm their dainty toes—ay, their limbs were molded in the daintiest fashion—during the coming Winter.

"D'ye see that big mountain out beyant on the lift?" asked the driver, pointing with his lashless whip in the direction of which he spoke. "That's the highest mountain in all Ireland, glory be to God! That's Croagh Pathrick, no less; and out beyant it ag'in is Clew Bay, wid an island for every day in the year stuck in the middle av it. Yis, yer honor, it's the truth I'm tellin' ye. Sorra a lie in it!"

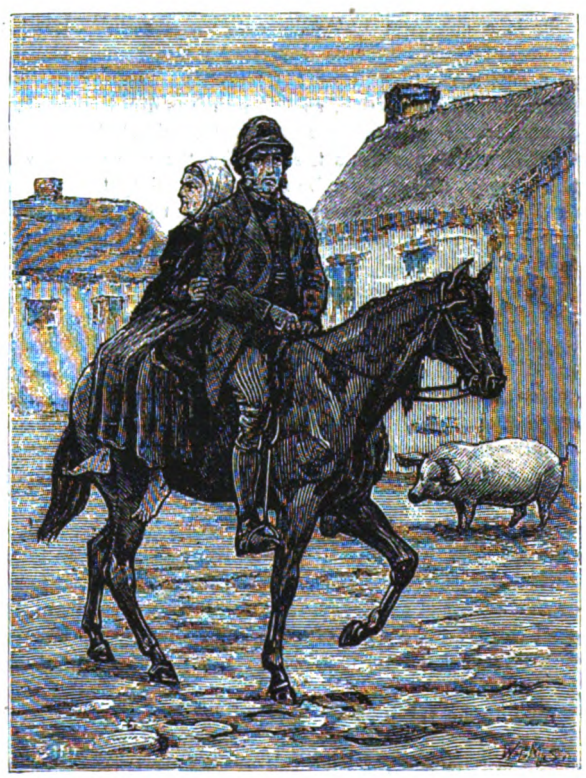
Yes. Croagh Patrick loomed up, a very giant among giants; and, as we jingled along, my Jehu "divarted" me with stories of the famous pilgrimages made annually to the top of it by the same class of true believers who are at this writing doing the same thing at Knock and Lourdes.

Westport was duly reached. I put up at the Royal, a roomy hotel—in fact, too roomy by half, for I had a bedroom that would have accommodated a company of the Mayo Rifles. The coffee-room is also an apartment of Brobdingnagian dimensions—please to remember that I am speaking of Westport, not of Saratoga—where I sat at an island of a table to the stereotyped broiled trout, followed by ham and eggs. The waiter was barefooted, and moved about in so noiseless a manner as occasionally to give me the idea of having started up right out of the ground. I asked him if I could have anything but ham and eggs, as I was becoming rather tired—*toujours perdrix!* and his reply was a direct negative, followed by, in an undertone, "divvle sind ye betther!"

The town of Westport was once upon a time a place of some importance. Now, it wears a decayed look depressing to contemplate. Its fine quays are deserted, its pretentious warehouses rotting. The barracks and poorhouse are the only public buildings boasting a thriving appearance. A "Boycotted" landlord passed, as I stood examining a miserable statue raised to some defunct local worthy, guarded by two of the Royal Irish Constabulary, both armed with rifles. By-the-way, those men wear a fine soldierly appearance, their Lincoln Green uniform incasing athletic and elegantly molded forms. Some of those men struck me as being the very perfection of manly symmetry.

The grand entrance to Sligo House, the domain of the Marquis of Sligo, abuts upon the town. This noble family is extremely poor; and during the famine of '48, having no money to contribute to the Famine Fund, they caused all the deer to be slain, and to be given for food.

A day in Westport—melancholy Westport—caused me to decide upon leaving it, and the following morning found me on the driver's seat of the lobster-car, *en route* to Cong, despite the blandishments of mine host of the Royal, who endeavored to induce me to take a sail in Clew Bay, and to attempt the ascent of Croagh Patrick. I re-traversed the road to Leenane, where I took another pull at the poteen, and hiring an outside-car all to myself, posted to Maam, where I dined at one of the most picturesquely situated little inns—the identical hostelry to which the Lord Lieutenant, the Earl of Carlisle, had been denied admittance by the late Earl of Leitrim, the nobleman who was murdered some three years ago. This eccentric nobleman owed Lord Carlisle a grudge, and when the latter,



IN THE TOWN OF WESTPORT.

who was making a trip through Connemara, alighted for the purpose of dining, the landlord informed the Viceroy that he had written orders from his *landlord* (Lord Leitrim) not to admit him.

While waiting for the inevitable broiled trout, with ham and eggs, I took a header in a pool as clear as crystal. I do not remember to have seen clearer water anywhere, save, perhaps, in the little Ammer, which rolls through the village of Oberammergau, so celebrated for the performance of its Passion Play.

My road now lay along Lough Corrib, till I arrived at the village of Cong, which boasts of one of the finest ruined abbeys in all Ireland, and also of one of the handsomest private residences—namely, Ashfield, the seat of Baron Ardilaun, late Sir Arthur Guinness, and ex-proprietor of the celebrated brewery in Thomas Street, Dublin, whose XX porter is known all over the globe. Lord Ardilaun and the patriotic Father Lavelle are close friends, and, from all accounts, his lordship's name is never likely to be placed on the black list of the Land Leaguers. I visited the abbey, and spent "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" within its hallowed and cloistered walls. The carvings on the arched doorways and mullions are in a wonderful state of preservation, for I believe that Cong Abbey dates from 800.

At Cong I boarded the *Lady Eglinton* steamer for a trip down Lough Corrib. The lake is wide, and fringed with the domains of the Galway and Mayo gentry. The scenery is nothing to boast of, but the trip is nevertheless a very agreeable one.

Close to the City of Galway the boat passes Menlo Castle, the seat of Sir Valentine Blake, a family who, in "th' ould anshint times," used to banquet upon platters of gold. I arrived in Galway just in time to dine at Black's Hotel and catch the mail train to Dublin.

THE STORY OF BLUEBEARD.

It is a common but very erroneous opinion that the legend of Bluebeard was devised by the Roman Catholics as a satire upon Henry VIII.; nor is there any authority for making him a Turk, as Colman has done in his melodrama, with charming music by Michael Kelly. Dr. Cooke Taylor says upon the inquiry, "The manners which the story portrays describe a state of society long anterior to the age of the Tudors; they belong to a time when the murder of wives needed not to shelter itself under the form of law.

"There are few countries in Western Europe which do not claim the equivocal honor of having produced a Bluebeard; and we may regard the tale as a kind of concentrated essence of several legends and traditions relating to outrages perpetrated by feudal lords during the feeble stage of monarchy, when it might be said of almost every country in Western Europe: 'At this time there was no king in Israel; every man did that which seemed right in his own eyes.'"

Dr. Taylor, having examined three of the legends, observes, "We think that traces of these three legends may be found in Perrault's story of Bluebeard, and that instead of having based his fiction on a single tradition, he endeavored to make it a kind of *résumé* of the many legends of tyrannical husbands with which the popular literature of France abounds."

One of the versions relates that Bluebeard was no other than Gilles, Marquis de Laval, a brave marshal of France in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII. His revenues were princely; wherever he went, he had in his suite a seraglio, a company of actors, a band of musicians, a society of sorcerers, a great number of cooks, packs of dogs, and above two hundred led horses. Mezeray states that he maintained sorcerers to discover hidden treasures, and corrupted young persons of both sexes that he might attach them to him, and afterward killed them for the sake of their blood, which was necessary for his charms and incantations. He was at length (for some state crime against the Duke of Brittany) sentenced to be burnt alive in a field at Nantes; but the Duke, who witnessed the execution, so far mitigated the sentence that he was first strangled, then burnt, and his ashes interred. He confessed, before his death, that all his excesses were derived from his wretched education, though descended from one of the most illustrious families in the kingdom.

Holinshed notices another Bluebeard, in the reign of Henry VI., anno. 1450. When the Duke of Suffolk was committed to the Tower, the people were so much displeased, that for defense the commons assembled in great companies, and chose a captain whom they called *Bluebeard*.

ST. ELOI, THE PATRON OF GOLDSMITHS IN FRANCE.

During the Austrasian period in France flourished that good King Dagobert of the uneasy chair, and to show how arts and statesmanship went together in his days, we may remark that St. Eloi, *Sanctus Eligius*, the patron saint of goldsmiths in France, was at one and the same time his goldsmith and his Prime Minister. Lest any one should suppose that he was only an idle goldsmith—only free of the company as Lord Palmerston was of the Fishmongers'—and that all his attention was devoted to politics, we may inform our readers that it is expressly stated that St. Eloi, after his elevation to the Premiership, which indeed he owed to his skill as a goldsmith, worked still at his forge as a simple artisan. "He made for the King," says the Chronicle, "a great number of crosses enriched with precious stones, and he worked incessantly, seated with his servant Thillon, a Saxon by birth, at his side, who followed the lessons of his master." From the saint and his disciples sprung the Guild of Goldsmiths in France and Paris. That was the famous body the rules of which were so strict and their work so good that the "touch of Paris" for gold and silver surpassed the touch of all foreign cities, and was only equal to the English "sterling."

Here we have before us the seal of the mystery of Paris, with the legend, "S. Confraria S. Eligii Aurifabroum," where S. stands for "Sigillum." In the centre, under a Gothic canopy, stands St. Eloi himself, mitre on head and crozier in left hand, while his right holds the hammer with which his masterpieces were beaten out and molded, putting us in mind of the good old English rhyme:

> "By hammer and hand,
> All arts do stand."

Readers of Chaucer will remember that the dainty Prioress used no oath except "By St. Eloy."

That St. Eloi was reverenced late down in history, we know from the fact that in the wars in the Sixteenth century a man appeared before the Court of the Guild of Goldsmiths at Paris, bearing in his hand a bone which he asserted was a relic of St. Eloi, their patron saint—*l'ossement de St. Eloi*—which he had saved in the wars at Hesdin and had brought to the Guild. It had been mounted in silver, he said, but the soldiers had taken that and left him the bone. Whereupon a solemn minute is made in the register of the guild of the fact, and a little later on we read that "the relic of Master St. Eloi, mounted in a very

handsome piece of rock crystal, had been hung at the foot of his statue in their common hall." We wonder what has become of that *fort beau* piece of crystal, and of the silver statue of the saint.

Among the privileges of the Guild of Goldsmiths at Paris was the right of carrying the shrine of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, on their shoulders when she went out for a walk or a procession. They also bore the canopy over the head of the King of France at his accession.

ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.

I HAD been six years a surgeon in the navy, and for the last two of those six years I had been cruising on that dreadful Gold Coast. Perhaps I was not the best-tempered man in the service, but I thought I was badly treated. The Admiralty and I had a slight disagreement, and the end was that I threw up my commission in disgust. My health was much broken, and while I was recruiting my strength in a little Devon village, I did the one thing which I have never regretted—fell in love with a good girl, and married her. I had a certain amount of money, which I invested in a country practice; and for some time all went well with us.

But we were not to escape our share of trouble. My health, which had suffered more seriously than I imagined during my period of service, broke down; my practice went to the dogs; we got deeply into debt; and, to make a long story short, three years after our marriage, one miserable Sunday in November found my wife and myself, with our two little children, occupying a single poor room in Grenville Street, off Guildford Street. We had then been in London about six months, and I had been unable—chiefly on account of my precarious health—to get anything to do.

About a month, however, before the day I speak of, my only friend in London had held out a hope of obtaining for me the post of private physician to a wealthy relation. But my friend had been compelled suddenly to go abroad, and though he was daily expected back, yet three weeks had now passed, and I had gone to his house in Kensington day after day without getting any tidings of him. Meanwhile our little stock of money was quite exhausted; everything that could be spared was sold or pawned; and on this Sunday evening, with a month's rent due next day, my wife and I sat before a miserable apology for a fire, with absolute want staring us in the face. We had not quite a shilling left, and when I looked at my sleeping children and thought of the future, I fairly broke down in utter despair. It was then I found what a treasure I had in the noble woman by my side. Affecting a cheerfulness which she could not feel, she imparted to me a portion of her own courage, and at length induced me—anxious to please her and glad to do anything rather than sit powerless—to go once more to my friend's house.

It was ten o'clock, on a cold, drizzling night, when I set out on my walk. I somehow felt a kind of fictitious hopefulness, and walked briskly, resolutely shutting out the thought of failure. I stood some time at my friend's door before I dared to ring the bell that would change my hopes or my fears into certainty; and when at last the servant who answered my ring told me that her master had not yet returned, I fairly staggered into a chair in the hall, overcome with disappointment. The woman, seeing my condition, brought me a little brandy, which revived me somewhat; but it was some time before I felt able to move, and it struck midnight as I left the door for my long and cheerless walk. The rain fell in a steady drizzle, but, though I was lightly clad, I never heeded it. My thoughts were fixed on my poor wife sitting alone and watching for me, and on the wretched news I was bringing her. I walked on, heedless of the bitter cold and of the constant rain, feeling the numbness of misery in my heart.

How it happened I do not know, but somehow I lost my way, and after wandering aimlessly for some time, I found that I was in a street I did not know—the Gray's Inn Road, as I afterward learned. I could see no one to direct me, and was walking on rather anxiously, when I stumbled over the form of a man, who was lying half in and half out of the covered entrance of a wretched court. For a few yards I walked, too much absorbed in my own troubles to think of anything else; but then, thank God! I thought of the unfortunate man lying in the rain, and as a doctor, felt, more strongly perhaps than I otherwise should, that it was my duty to go back and assist him if possible.

There was a gas-lamp in the entrance to the court, and by it I was enabled to see that the prostrate figure was that of a singularly tall and powerfully built man; and on a closer inspection I was surprised to find that his dress was that of a gentleman. At once I thought he had been robbed, and perhaps murdered; but, taking his hand to feel his pulse, I saw that he had a remarkably handsome diamond ring on his finger; and the beating of his pulse, though very faint, showed me that he was not dead.

Then I thought, with something of contempt, that I had a case of mere drunkenness to deal with; but yet, on careful examination, I could detect no fume of spirits, and the faint action of his heart at length convinced me that the man was in a state of complete exhaustion, probably from want of food.

With considerable labor, in my weak condition, I managed—half lifting, half dragging him—to convey him into the covered passage, and determined to stay with him until some passer-by would assist me. I had not waited long when a half-tipsy woman, walking past, looked into the passage, and came over to see what was the matter. She looked keenly at me and at my unconscious patient, and I noticed her eye gleam as she caught sight of a massive gold chain on his vest.

I asked her to go at once and fetch assistance, but she immediately replied that I need not trouble myself any further.

"I know him well; he's Rooney, that owns the public house close by. I'll get him home all right."

At first her assurance almost imposed upon me, but when I looked at the pale, aristocratic face that I supported on my knee, I felt convinced that she had invented the story, with a view to plundering the helpless man. I told her sternly that if she did not go for a policeman I would do so myself. She went off hurriedly—as I thought, for that purpose—but came back no more; and now I was once more alone with my strange patient, and as the minutes went by I knew not what to do.

Help, however, was near. I noticed a poor girl—she did not look more than sixteen—walking slowly on the other side of the street; I called to her, and after a moment's hesitation she came over. I briefly explained to her the circumstances, and asked her, if she possibly could, to get me a drop of cordial, or the man would die.

"I have only got fourpence," she said, in a kindly Irish voice, "and I was going to pay for my bed with that at the kitchen in Fulwood's Rents. But, sure, I'll get something from the chemist instead, and I'll trust to God for a night's lodging—I've slept out before now." And away she went, surely not the worst of Good Samaritans.

A DASH THROUGH CONNEMARA.—GLENDALOUGH.—SEE PAGE 279.

Very soon she returned with the medicine, and I sent her again to fetch a policeman. I forced a little between the man's teeth, and presently he came to and opened his eyes. I asked him how he came there; he said, "Tired and starving." And then I asked him where he came from, and he suddenly brightened up, and looking keenly at me for a moment, said, "Edinburgh"; but from the way he said it I felt convinced he was deceiving me, and shortly after asked the same question again, and he, with the same look, said, "Glasgow."

In his weak state, however, I forbore questioning him further, and a policeman presently coming up, we got him into a cab, and took him to the hospital, where I waited until he was put to bed. Before I left I asked the house-surgeon to give a shilling to the poor girl—Mary Kennedy was her name. He readily did so, and she went off to sleep in "Old Walter's" lodging-house in Fulwood's Rents.

When at last I got home, I found my wife waiting anxiously for me. However, when I told my story she forgave the delay, and in talking over the strange circumstances of the night we forgot for the time our own troubles. My wife insisted that something good would come out of the matter, and at eight o'clock next morning she roused me, and made me set off for the hospital. As I was on my way there my eye was caught by an advertisement on a boarding:

"ONE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—A Gentleman of unsound mind has escaped from the M—— Private Asylum. The above reward will be paid to any person finding him and restoring him to his friends."

Then followed a description which exactly tallied with the appearance of my patient. Everything was now clear to me, and I fairly ran to the hospital.

Here, however, my hopes were damped, for I found that policeman Z had gone there before me and told a story very different from the true one, which I have narrated, and had actually gone the length of warning the authorities against me. The solicitor whose address was given in the advertisement had been sent for, and the worthy constable had evidently determined to brazen it out and secure the hundred pounds. I saw the house-surgeon, and told him the whole story. He thought for a few moments, and then said, "We must get that girl at once."

I went myself immediately to the wretched den where she had stopped, and brought her back with me. A very short examination before the solicitor settled Policeman Z's case; and an hour afterward I was able to go back to my wife with more money in my pocket than I had had for many a long day.

But that was not the best of it. I visited my patient—who was no other than the wealthy baronet, Sir Charles Frampton—every day. He seemed to take a strong liking for me, and when he was well enough to be moved, his friends proposed that I should take him under my care. He was perfectly harmless, and, after residing abroad with us for a couple of years, he so far recovered that he was enabled to dispense with my services, and to manage his own affairs. He showed his gratitude, however, in most princely fashion; settled an annuity on poor Mary Kennedy (she had previously been liberally rewarded by his friends), and bought me the practice which I still hold. From that day everything has prospered with me, and I am now rich enough to leave the work to my eldest son, and amuse myself in writing some of the curious incidents of my life, not the least strange of which is the providential occurrence in the Gray's Inn Road.

SOME old sage advised people to agree, for the law is costly. This is good counsel backed with good reason; the charges of a suit many times exceeding the value of the thing contended for. The Italians say to this effect: "A lean agreement is better than a fat sentence."

A CONNEMARA COLLEEN.

JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.—"RUTHLESS TO THE LAST, HE TORE AWAY THE COVERINGS FROM THE SLIGHT FIGURE STILL CLINCHED IN THAT DESPERATE EMBRACE."

JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED.

By Jane G. Austin.

In the blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, about three miles from its southern shore, lies an island, one of the many which dot the blue waters of this inlet, but differing from the rest in the possession of a pile of ruins, the traces of high cultivation, and—a story.

But the story begins a long way from the bright waters of the Chesapeake, in a sumptuous mansion in the best part of London, where, at the head of a dinner-table, surrounded only with gentlemen, sat one whom the world called Fortunatus, dispensing his lordly hospitality with a cordial grace and courtesy justly ranked as among the best gifts with which nature had so liberally endowed Ralph Horton, the millionaire banker and speculator—the moneyed wonder of his day.

The dinner had been a feast, and now that the cloth was drawn, the wines circulating so freely were of the vintages reserved for princes and those whose combined wealth and appreciation raise them to the rank of princes, in the estimation of vintners, at least. Every one was drinking, and freely, too, except one, and he was the host; who, perfectly cool and self-possessed himself, watched the growing excitement of his guests with a gleam of cynicism in his dark, bright eyes, and a smile whose satisfaction was slightly tinged with contempt upon the handsome mouth,

fortunately concealed by the hand upon which he carelessly leaned.

At his left hand sat a swarthy giant, whose mighty frame, enormous strength and dark determination of expression would have better befitted the chief of a band of banditti, the captain of a corsair, or the leader of a band of mad adventurers, than a peaceful gentleman of the most fashionable circle of London society, and of no more truculent occupation than occasional stock speculations, in which he had the reputation of a wonderful success—and this was the more fortunate, as Mr. Clifton Gray had already dissipated not only the handsome fortune inherited from his father, but the still more considerable one brought him three years before by his beautiful wife, and would now be, were it not for these same speculations, little better than a pauper. What—to except this similarity of occupation—should ever have drawn these two men, Ralph Horton and Clifton Gray, together, was a marvel, and a constant topic with all who knew them; for never did the rough, intolerant manners of Gray appear more offensive than when contrasted with the polished urbanity of Horton, and never did the slight reticence and the subterfuge of Horton seem so much like deceit and false pretenses as when interpreted by Gray's unsparing tongue and coarse laugh.

Such a laugh has just followed his jesting comment upon his host's assertion of having been absorbed in business during the afternoon, when Gray vowed that he had seen him driving near St. John's wood with a lady so closely vailed and shawled as to defy recognition.

For the first time that evening the banker looks annoyed at his friend's jests, and answers, coldly:

"And if I saw you, or any other gentleman, driving with a lady, and perceived that neither of you wished to be recognized, do you think I should make it a topic of general conversation?"

"What the mischief do I care what you would do, or wouldn't do?" retorted Gray, brutally. "I'm not afraid of any man's meddling further in my affairs than I allow him to. But what I do say is, that I hate to see a fellow ashamed of what he's doing, and try to pass for a saint with the world, when, at heart, he's as great a sinner as the rest of us."

"As great, maybe, but scarcely as large a sinner as yourself, Gray, if you're talking of any of us," interposed young Blithefield, good-naturedly; and as the burly ruffian turned upon him, like a stupid, furious bull upon the latest comer into the arena, the banker, with the sneer upon his lips deepened to bitterest contempt, turned to the servant who stood beside him with a letter upon his salver, took it, and, asking permission with a gesture, opened and read it, folded it smoothly, and replaced it in his pocket, then filled and drank a glass of wine, and sat for a moment waiting for its revivifying effect. Then he whispered to the servant:

"Have my cab brought round to the side door directly." And then, with a reckless laugh, he turned once more to his guests, and, filling his glass, cried: "Here is to the lovely Fifine and her twinkling feet! May they dance her to boundless fortune, as they already have to boundless admiration!"

"Fifine! Fifine!" shouted the guests, and Gray cried:

"She dances to-night; let us adjourn to the theatre, and finish the night at Crocky's. By-the-way, Horton, it isn't Fifine, is it, old boy—your fair incognita, you know?"

"Do you think I'd tell you if it were? You're too dangerous a rival," replied the banker; and, with one of his coolest laughs, Gray sprang from the table, crying:

"I'll try my luck with the little witch this very evening. What a joke to cut you out, Horton! and by your own suggestion, as it were; for, if you hadn't proposed her health, I never should have thought of her."

Half an hour later the whole gay party entered the banker's box at the Haymarket, and were then deserted by their host, who pleaded an engagement, but promised to return, or to rejoin them at Crockford's, later in the evening.

"To Lady Bamfield's!" was the brief command, as Horton, with a sigh of relief, sprang into his cab at the door of the theatre, and allowed his face to fall into the haggard and desperate look so long fought back; and, as the carriage whirled along, he once more took the brief letter from his pocket, and read it again and again:

"All is lost. The grand *coup* has failed, and to-morrow we must either swamp what is left in meeting the note to the Bank of England, or let it go to protest. Either way we are ruined; and I am leaving for Amsterdam to-night with what I can lay hands on. Join me there, and we will divide the spoil."

There was no signature, but Horton had no trouble in recognizing the hand of Thomas Edgewood, his ostensible cashier, actually his tool and accomplice in the desperate hazards which lately had degenerated into still more desperate frauds—successful for a while, and now, of a sudden, changed to desperate dangers for both of them.

"Fool!" muttered the banker, as he tore the letter into a thousand fragments. "Share the spoil! He thinks I have been ass enough to trust him with all my secrets, all my resources. Let him divide the spoil, as he says, and fancy that he is cheating me, as no doubt he will. My fortune and my home are secured in a distant land, and if she will fly thither——"

The carriage stopped before a large and brilliantly lighted house; and five minutes later Mr. Horton made his bow to his hostess, turned from one to another of his fair friends, took a turn in the waltz with several of them, and at last approached a fair, delicate woman, whose color had faded and deepened at his entrance into the rooms so vividly as to flatter the lordling who stood talking to her with the fancy that his compliments were having an unexpected effect.

"Mrs. Gray, may I hope for a galop?" asked the banker, gayly; and the blonde silently assenting, they glided away, danced for a few minutes, and paused at the entrance of a dimly lighted conservatory.

"Come in here; I have something to say to you, Clara," whispered the ruined man; and the woman, who had learned to interpret and obey the tones of that voice before those of her own conscience, her own soul, obeyed them now, and, stepping over the threshold of that door, stepped also across the boundary between the follies that man may pardon and the crime that none but God can wipe away; between safety and dishonor, weakness and guilt, fair repute and open shame—for when Clara Gray again entered that gay ballroom, she had promised to desert home and husband and character, and all who made her world, to fly across the sea with the man she had allowed herself to love so long and so closely, that now, when the love was confessed, it rose like a flood in her heart, and swept away all barriers, all shame, all doubt, and reared its serpent head from out the flowers her tempter heaped upon it, asserting itself her conqueror and tyrant for ever.

"And now, my own brave darling!" were Ralph Horton's last words, "the plan is perfectly simple and easy, if you retain your self-possession. Go home, order the carriage to wait, go up to your dressing-room, and, without summoning your maid, change your dress to the simplest and least expensive one you possess; replace your opera-

wraps, that the servants may not notice anything; then drive to your cousin Emily's, where we have so often met; dismiss your carriage, saying that Mrs. Moorland will bring you home; go in and ask for Emily, who will not be at home, since I just saw her at the theatre; and then come out and enter the hackney chariot which will be waiting a few doors away, with me inside it. Mrs. Moorland's servants will not notice that it is not your own, and no alarm will be raised before noon to-morrow, by which time we will be nearer the French than the English coast, and all our troubles for ever left behind. Be brave, dear love, and all will go well."

"Oh, Ralph!" murmured the unhappy woman, struggling feebly against the folds of the serpent, "can you—will you love me enough to compensate for all I am sacrificing? My conscience, my name, my soul itself, Ralph?"

But as she who hesitates is lost, so she who argues upon a point like this only asks to be convinced, and a few moments later, when Ralph Horton left his victim in the midst of the gay group about their hostess, he was as sure that she would follow his directions to the very letter, as he was that he had given them; and the event justified his certainty, for that night Clara Gray fled from her home for ever. And when the next evening saw the gay world assembled in its various pleasure-marts, her name was lightly tossed from hand to hand, accompanied with cynical sneer, staid condemnation or brutal and ribald jest, as the sex and temper of the speaker dictated, while up and down, hither and thither, like a wild beast let loose, or a demon in human shape, raged the husband, who, having never treated his wife with other than neglect and insult while she was his, felt that no vengeance would be too terrible, no condemnation too hopeless, for him to visit upon her and her accomplice, could he but once overtake them. But the banker's measures had been too skillfully taken to be easily discovered or thwarted, and Mr. and Mrs. John Thompson sailed from Dover and arrived in Calais unsuspected and unobserved, and, by a few timely changes of name and residence, soon placed themselves almost beyond the possibility of discovery.

Nearly a year later, a small French brigantine sailed wearily into Chesapeake Bay, and, after some little cruising back and forward, dropped anchor close beside the lovely islet we have mentioned, and, a boat being lowered, set ashore a lady and gentleman, with some few attendants.

"There, my own," said he, softly, as the two landed in the bright little cove and stepped upon the flower-strewn turf. "Here is the home of which we so long have dreamed; here is the secret and enchanted isle of Avillon. Shall we give it that name? and will you be contented here for all your life and mine?"

"With you, Ralph, anywhere," replied the still lovely but wasted woman, on whose youth and beauty this last year had wrought so terribly; and as he turned aside to direct the men who were already unloading a tent and other conveniences for a stay of some hours, Clara murmured to herself, while her pale lips trembled convulsively:

"Contented to live here? Yes, and to die here, if it is only soon."

A few days, and the skilled French artisans, of whom the brigantine had brought a large force, had erected a little dwelling, tiny, but comfortable, to serve through the Summer weather just beginning, and were already laying the foundations of the substantial and stately mansion destined to replace it.

The communications of the little colony with the mainland were rare and brief, for nearly everything required, either for the maintenance of the people or the construction of the buildings, was to be found in the cargo of the *Hope* or among the products of the island, and all that was known among the scattered and ignorant population of that part of the coast was the mere fact that a French gentleman and his wife, named Roussillon, were building a house upon one of the islands off the coast, and that not one of their servants or mechanics could speak a word of English, with the exception of Antoine, a grave, white-haired domestic, who invariably came ashore to transact any little business that might be necessary.

So Avillon was settled, and the secret bower built where Ralph Horton hoped to hide his guilt and shelter the poor weak victim of his passion and her own remorse from the knowledge and vengeance of man, and, it may be he fancied, from God as well.

The house completed, and some others for farm-laborers, fishermen, and a half-dozen of similar families of settlers, the brigantine set sail again, carrying back all the artisans, who, collected from various parts of France and the Low Countries, would, upon being released, disperse to the four corners of those countries, and never one of them be able to tell where he had been, or for whom he had been employed, so utter was their ignorance and so clever the precautions of the fugitives.

Winter came and passed, and another Summer shed its beauty upon that lovely portion of earth's surface. The plantation, under the influence of abundant means, excellent care and its own wonderful advantages of nature, had grown to a marvel of beauty and prosperity.

The small but elegant mansion, with its impress of French taste and English solidity, its abundant furniture of the most luxurious description, and its setting of almost tropical verdure and bloom, looked the fitting dwelling-place of the owners of this Fortunate Isle, and the meekest and most contented of spirits might have experienced a pang of envy in glancing at the fair exterior of this hidden home. The exterior, alas!

It was in the golden setting of the Summer sun that a little boat shot out from a cove upon the neighboring coast, and rapidly neared the shores of Avillon, as the island was now universally called.

It contained but one passenger—a grave, gray-haired man, of kind and thoughtful face—and was managed by Antoine, whose withered face looked graver and sadder than its wont.

Arrived at the pretty little quay, the latter helped his passenger to disembark, and then said:

"Hasten to the house, if you will be so kind, Monsieur le Docteur, for my master is fearfully impatient, and I promised that not an instant should be lost. Hasten!"

The doctor replied only by a slight nod, and, seizing the little chest of medicines the other handed to him, he rapidly disappeared up the bowery paths leading to the white-walled house showing in glimpses through the trees.

A servant was awaiting him at the door, and, without a word, led him directly up-stairs to a chamber furnished with all the luxury that taste, experience and unstinted expenditure could combine with a certain elegant simplicity befitting that lovely and sylvan home.

An hour later the physician slowly descended the stairs, closely followed by a man, in whose haggard and worn face, wasted figure and silver-threaded hair might still be traced the *débonnaire* beauty which, two years before, had given Ralph Horton the reputation of being one of the handsomest men in London.

The two passed out of the house, and stood bareheaded upon the close greensward in front, while above shone and the splendor of the starry Summer night, and beyond, the

THE DANCE OF THE ROUND OF RICE IN JAPAN.—SEE PAGE 298.

low lapping of the sea upon the shore made accompaniment to the grieving song of the nightingale in the rose-garden.

"No hope—no hope at all, doctor?" repeated Horton, in the tone of one who pleads to an inexorable judge.

"I wish I could see any, Mr. Roussillon," replied the physician, sadly. "But every remedy has been exhausted. It is this utter prostration of mind acting upon the physical system that baffles me. If Mrs. Roussillon would make the slightest effort, feel the slightest interest in her own case, there might be something to work upon; but as it is——"

"She is dying of a broken heart," groaned the miserable man, hiding his face in his hands, and careless of who heard or marveled at his words.

The old doctor made no reply; one keen glance from under his shaggy eyebrows said; perhaps, that he already knew the secret thus revealed, but it was not one with which he felt himself called to deal, and after a moment's pause, he held out his hand in leave-taking, simply saying: "I will be at the cove at seven o'clock to-morrow morning, if you will send. I scarcely think it will be more than twenty-four hours longer. Good-night, sir, and God comfort you. If you would like to have me bring a clergyman——"

"No, no!" cried Horton, with a shudder—"no clergyman!"

"As you please, sir, of course," replied the doctor, a little displeased; and then he went his way; and Ralph hastened back to the chamber, where all that he loved lay slipping from his grasp; and neither of them saw the stealthy figure lurking in the grove between the house and the shore, or heard the savage curse that followed Ralph Horton as he re-entered the house and presently appeared at the window of the fair white chamber, whose inmate could not find breath in the stirless Summer air.

AN "ANDREA FERARA."—SEE PAGE 295.

It was the dead hour of the night—the hour before the dawn—when all nature seems to sleep most heavily, and even the exhausted watcher had fallen into a fitful slumber, his head resting upon the edge of the bed where the dying woman lay in the half-stupor that had been creeping over her for several days, and which, as the physician had warned Ralph, would only give way to the momentary intelligence that so often lights the passage of the spirit from the body.

It was the hour chosen by so many evil-doers for the crimes they meditate against the race of man, more helpless at this hour than at any other of the twenty-four, when a light, curling smoke began to rise from half a dozen different points about the sleeping house, but principally from beneath the staircase and between the stairs and the door leading to the quiet chamber where slept so heavily the exhausted watcher and the dying woman.

So slight and so seldom used were the defenses of either door or window, that the incendiary had easily penetrated to the interior of the house, and had quietly collected and arranged a barricade of light and inflammable matter through all the extent of passages and staircases before setting fire to the pile of shavings and light wood brought from the building in the rear of the house, containing the kitchen and the servants' sleeping-quarters; for, as the spy had already ascertained, no one remained in the dwelling-house at night except one woman, to be summoned in case "Mr. Roussillon" might need assistance in the night-watch he had held for, now, many weeks.

Gayly the flames crept up the muslin and linen draperies, the light furniture and the loose piles of music and engravings placed in their way, and suffocating clouds of smoke began to rise through all the chambers, when Ralph Horton, starting suddenly from his slumber, stared wildly about him; for he had wakened with a voice in his ears—a hated, half-forgotten voice, which cried again and again, in tones of mocking triumph:

"Ho! Horton—Ralph Horton! You're sent for, man. The devil has come after you at last, in a fiery chariot!"

Rushing to the window, the bewildered man looked down in the direction of the voice, and there, his great form clearly defined in the lurid light bursting from all the lower windows of the doomed house, his face dark with a satanic expression well bearing out his words, stood Clifton Gray—the man whom he had hated and despised, and to whom he had offered that one last outrage which, in all civilized communities, excuses almost any revenge the betrayed husband may choose to take.

"My God! Gray!" gasped the guilty man; and the other, with the fiend's own laugh, replied:

"Yes—it is I; and you have your choice to stay in that room, and be roasted alive with the worthless jade who lies dying there, or to jump out of that window and be shot like a dog, as you are. No; after all, I'm a good fiend, and I will give you one of my pistols, and let you have a chance. I'll kill you all the same, but I always like to see vermin show fight. Come, leave the woman and jump down."

But long before he ceased speaking, Horton had turned from the window to the bed, where, sitting bolt upright, her eyes staring wildly, her white lips working, sat Clara, one transparent hand outstretched toward the window, the other clinched in her disordered hair.

"He! It is he!" babbled the white lips: "he has come to begin my torment! For ever and for ever, through all eternity, he is to be my torturer—my fiend! It begins—it begins!"

She sank back upon the pillow, trembling convulsively, and moaning as in mortal terror. Distracted with conflicting emotions, Horton rushed to her side; then, throwing open the door of the chamber, began, like a madman, to fling the barricade that encountered him over the stair-rail, and out of the hall-window, until, burned, stifled, exhausted, the way lay clear, except for the flames already creeping over the stair itself, and making the way only less deadly than the stay above.

But what brave man, if he must die, will not rather die in making an effort for safety than in abject submission? And although Horton, gazing down upon the path below him, felt that it was more than doubtful whether he reached its end alive, he never wavered in his resolve to make the attempt; and hastily wrapping Clara's wasted figure in the blankets of her bed, he raised it in his arms, drew one long breath of the less heated air filling the chamber, and rushed boldly out and down into the fiery abyss, whose smoke and flame and scorching heat seemed to beat him back as might the waves of a stormy sea.

Down, down, and on, while the flesh crawled and crisped upon his bones, his senses failed, the mind ceased to control the tortured body, and it was only the instinct of the animal, not the reason of the man, that directed his tottering footsteps, and led him, with the last atom of physical force remaining, across the threshold of his ruined home, to fall senseless at the feet of his victorious enemy.

"Fool! why not have left it to burn!" muttered this one, as, ruthless to the last, he tore away the coverings from the slight figure still clinched in that desperate embrace, and stood looking scornfully and triumphantly down upon the wasted face, upon whose pallid beauty had passed no scathe of fire, lingered no impress of the mortal terror that had extinguished the flickering spark of life. Even in those few moments of release, Clara Gray's face had assumed a look of peace and content that it had never known since the night, two years before, when, in that gay ballroom, she had consented to seal her own doom, and aid in another's condemnation.

Long and closely that gloomy avenger stood looking down upon the cold clay of her whom he had taken from her mother's arms an innocent, simple-minded, loving girl; and as he looked, a strange remorse and terror shot into his brain for the first time, no doubt, as to his own guiltlessness in this great guilt; a sudden change from the fierce determination which had brought him to that spot; and as the clamorous servants, roused at last, came rushing to the spot, the destroyer fled, as long ago fled Cain, and finding the boat he had hidden on the beach on his arrival, pushed hastily off and hastened from the spot even more eagerly than he had sought it.

The skill of the good old physician, the untiring offices of Antoine, and his own vigorous constitution, saved Ralph Horton's life, almost in his own despite, and a few months from the date of the fire he wandered away from that neighborhood, accompanied by his old servant, and leaving no clew to his journeyings. The servants of Avillon had all been dismissed, the colonists settled upon the mainland, the ruins of the burned house left to their own decay, and luxuriant nature had already half effaced the traces of man's occupancy, when, late in a lowering Autumnal day, Doctor ——— was informed that some one had called for him. Going to the door, he found a bent and gray-haired man, in whose worn and tired face he presently recognized Antoine, who, replying briefly to his questioning, said:

"My master's last orders were that I should bring him here and lay him beside the lady whom we know. I have obeyed so far as this. Will you help me with the rest?"

"Surely. Where is your master's body now?" replied the physician, calmly.

"It is at the island. We came by sea," said Antoine.

And without another question the shrewd and kindly old man, who had known so much of human woe and suffering and guilt, that he could read their signs and spare their shame, even while assisting them, made ready to accompany the sad old servant upon his last voyage to Avillon.

They made his grave close beside that of her whose glory and whose shame his love had been in life, and upon the simple wooden cross that Antoine had brought to erect between the two, an arm sheltering each, the thoughtful old physician wrote for him to carve no words but these:

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

GREAT things are not accomplished by idle dreams, but by years of patient study.

THE REALMS OF THE DEEP.

SEA SONG.

ASTERN, the long white wake of foam
Points backward to our island home;
Ahead, the waste of waters wide
Is still before us all untried;
The merry ship a creature seems,
Alive and full of joyous dreams—
Dreams such as true love keep,
Dreams glad as childhood's sleep.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the realms of the mighty deep.

Away! the West has purple seas,
Wherein are mirrored slender trees,
Which wave where man is ever free,
And no proud despot's rule may be;
Where Summer still eternal beams,
And islands blessed are full of dreams—
Dreams such as flowers know,
Dreams bright as sunset's glow.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the land of the West we go.

Away! the coral islands white
Are brilliant in the morning light;
Smooth valleys rich with golden green,
Long curves of yellow sand between,
And misty snows of falling streams,
With towering mountains full of dreams—
Dreams sweet as mother's kiss,
Dreams filled with purest bliss.
Then away with the breeze o'er the foaming seas,
To the land which can promise this.

ANDREA FERARA.

"Slicing swords, broad, thinne, and of an excellent temper."

WHAT was the age and country of Andrea Ferara? This is a question which has excited and disappointed the antiquaries of Scotland and England for more than half a century. The inquiry interested Sir Walter Scott through a great part of his literary life, was vainly followed by Sir Samuel Meyrick, and occupied the Deputy-Keeper of the Records in Edinburgh during a critical examination of the Chamberlain's and Treasurer's accounts, and all the documents of the Register House likely to have included the entry of payments to the celebrated swordmaker.

These researches were undertaken in consequence of the popular belief that Andrea had visited Scotland—a supposition, however, only founded upon the number of his blades extant in that kingdom, from which it was gratuitously assumed that they had been especially manufactured for Scottish use and within the realm. Originally, however, Ferara's blades were no less common in all the Western and Southern countries of Europe, while the broad-sword was a popular arm, and only in later periods became more numerous in Scotland, because this weapon was retained among the Highlanders and borderers for more than a hundred years after it had disappeared in other nations before the rapier and the small-sword; but in the armories of Spain, Italy and Germany, especially in the two former regions, the number of Ferara's blades still bear witness to their ancient prevalence.

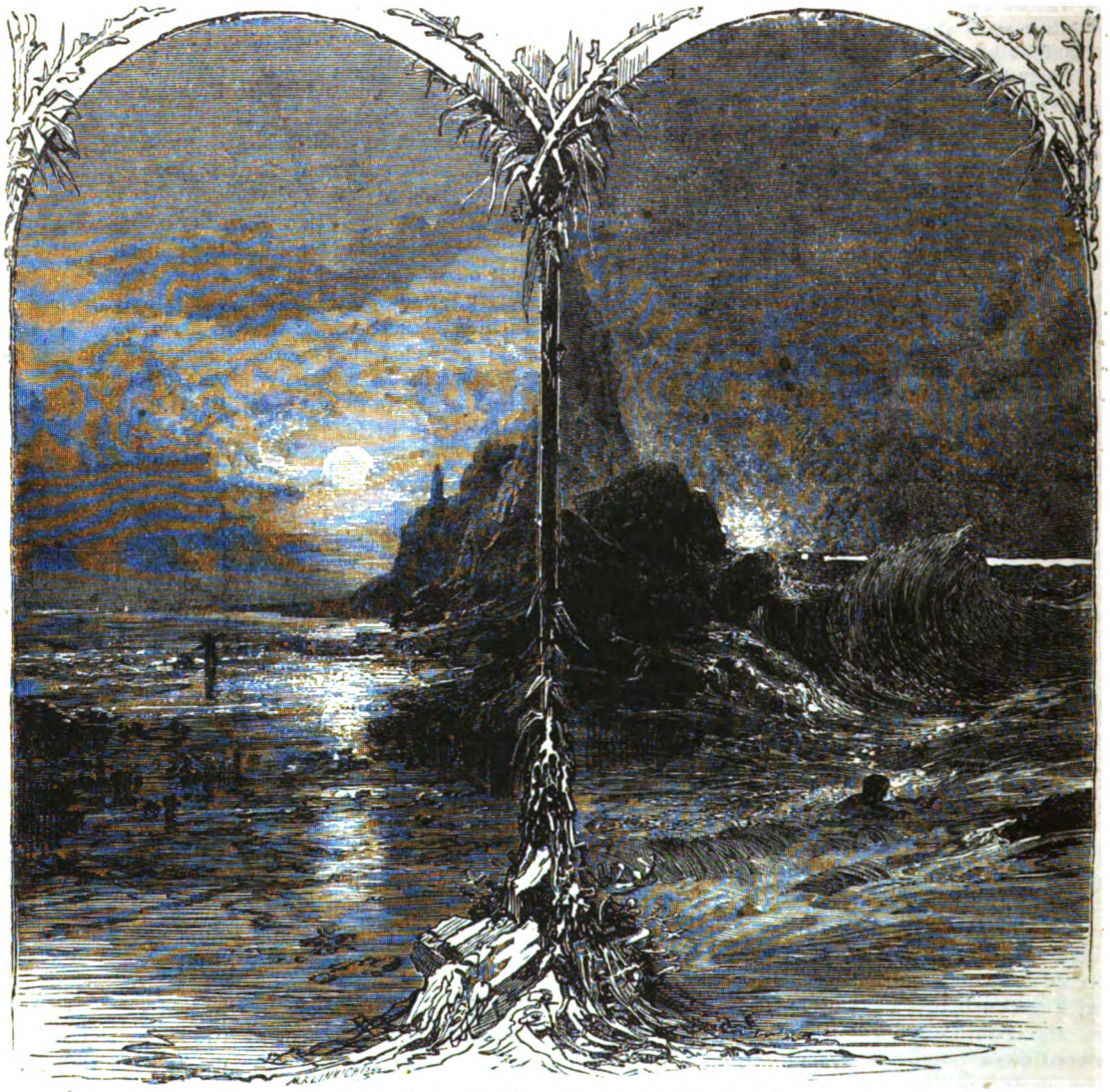
The belief being established that the great master had visited Scotland, it was suggested by Sir Walter Scott that he was one of the various foreign artificers invited by James V. to improve the arts and manufactures of his country. This supposition was very generally received, but no evidence was discovered for its confirmation. Meanwhile, the country of the fabricator remained no less doubtful than his period, for though his surname is one of those derived from nativity or domiciliation, there are towns of Ferara in Spain, as well as the ducal metropolis in Italy; and thus it was uncertain in which of these cities the family of the swordmaker had its origin. From some unknown bias, however, in Scotland, the popular belief was wholly directed to Spain, though apparently this preference had no better foundation than the popular intercourse of the Highlands with that country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the general celebrity associated with the blades of Bilboa, Toledo and Valencia, which in later times had superseded the more ancient renown of the once pre-eminent "Milan steel"; but whatever the cause for the nativity imputed to Ferara, a tradition current in the West Highlands explains not only his Celtiberian origin, but the event through which he visited Scotland.

According to this history, Ferara was a Spanish artist, and in the height of his celebrity had an apprentice, who was an excellent workman, and possessed a high spirit of emulation to perfect his skill in the service of so great a master; his ambition, however, was disappointed by a habitude of Andrea, that when the blades were in a certain stage of forging, he excluded the workmen, and locked the door of the atelier while he performed some unknown operation, after which he again admitted the assistants to finish the blades which were in progress. The apprentice was persuaded that this seclusion concealed some occult process which essentially affected the perfection of the arms. Anxious to possess this important secret, upon the first absence of his master he bored a hole in the door of the atelier, and at the next occasion when he and his fellows were excluded, returned alone to the smithy, and applying his eye to the prepared orifice, discovered his master in the act of drawing a heated blade from the forge. The lad watched with suspended breath. Ferara laid the red steel on the anvil, and taking from a bench a small tin like a flour-dredge, rapidly covered the glowing metal with a coat of white powder, which he then hammered into the iron until it was cold, when he again returned it to the fire, and having given the proper degree of heat, repeated the same operation of powdering and hammering on the other side of the blade. This process was performed in succession upon all the weapons then in progress, until, the whole being completed, Ferara laid down his hammer and turned toward the door. The varlet perceived that the mystery was at an end, and dreading to be surprised, abandoned his eyelet-hole, and fled to his companions, with whom he was immediately recalled to continue their vocations. The apprentice exulted in his discovery, but he could not boast with the ancient sage—"My secret is my own"; and it escaped among his companions. These youths, being less ambitious to emulate the skill of their master than to vaunt the possession of his mystery, their disclosures were soon repeated to Ferara; and one day, when the inquisitive apprentice was alone in the smithy, Andrea entered in a tempest of wrath, and loaded him with reproaches for having betrayed the secret of his art. The young man replied with intemperance; and, in the heat of their altercation, Ferara struck him on the head with a hammer which he had in his hand, and laid him senseless at his feet. The blow was fatal, and to avoid pursuit for the homicide, Andrea fled the country, and escaped into France, from whence, in an itinerant exercise of his profession—not uncommon in the Middle Ages, and still continued in the *Wanderschaft* of Germany—he passed the sea into Scotland.

Whether there is any truth in this tradition, or whether it is a passage in the life of some other eminent armorer confounded with that of Ferara, will now, perhaps, never

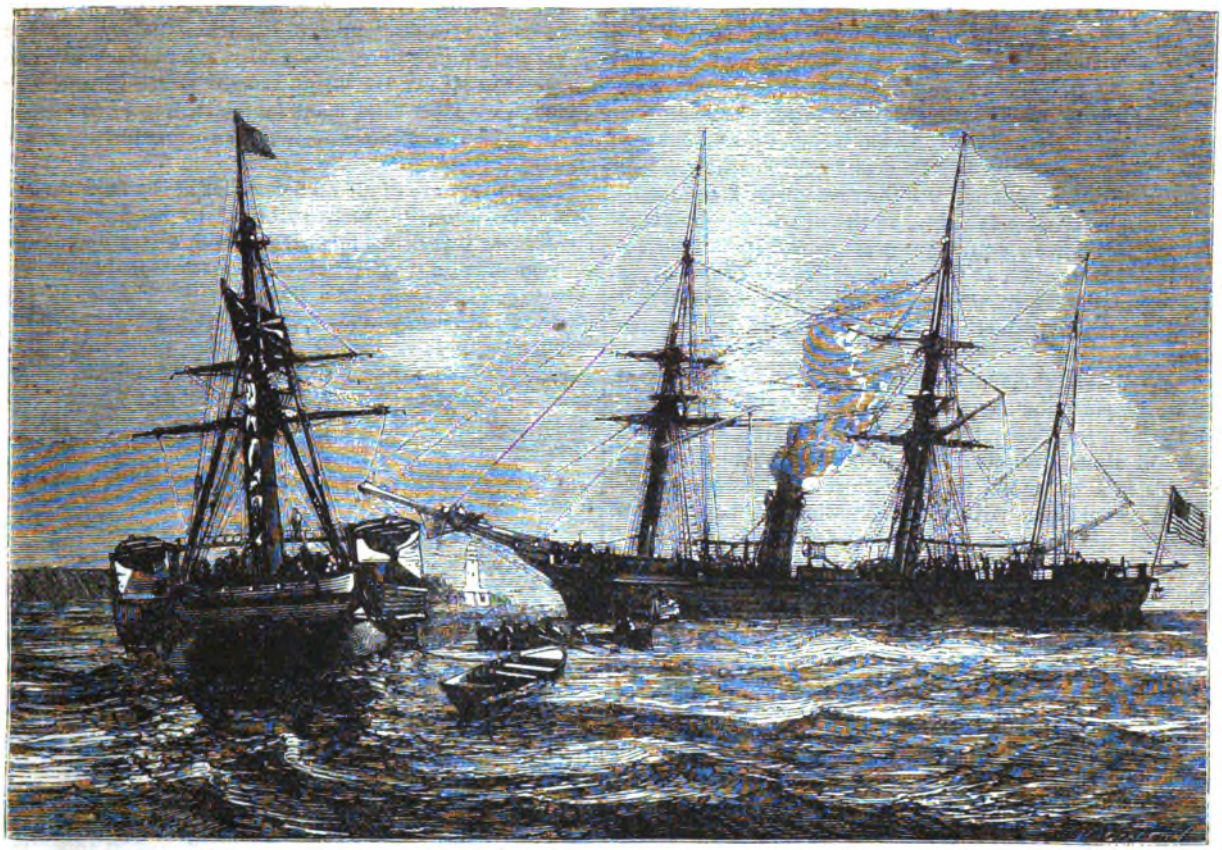
be known; but in the secret operation attributed to this artist there is a singular coincidence with two practical facts—the one in the ordinary manufacture of iron, the other in the operation of the ancient sword-blades of Damascus. In the former, carbon and silica are mixed with the ore in the furnace. "The carbon combines with the oxygen of the iron, and escapes in the form of carbonic acid gas, while the silica unites with the lime," which is also present in the furnace, "and forms a kind of fluid glass or scoria, which protects the iron from the action of the atmosphere."

In the manufacture of the Damascus scimitars, one of the operations for producing the finest blades was to sprinkle the steel while red-hot with diamond and ruby dust, and to hammer the powder into the metal. This process has been ridiculed by an eminent experimenter for the "ignorant" extravagance "which used" diamond-dust for carbon, and ruby for alumina or silica; but Sir Isaac Newton discovered that diamond is the purest carbon, and ruby is known to combine a mixture of alumina with a large proportion of the finest silica. It is therefore probable that the operation of the Damascus smiths was founded in a sensibility of these principles, and that, far from the result of "ignorance," it was derived from that profound knowledge of chemistry in which the Saracens had been the masters of the Western world. Whether, however, the operation was efficacious or vain, is not a question here, where we have only to consider the coincidence between the Damascus and the reputed Spanish process. That they were identical in matter as in formula, may, however, be doubted, from the improbability that a medium so costly as jewel-dust could have been commanded by a trans-Pyrenean smith. The identity of operation, however, is unequivocal, and this community in facts is enhanced by a community of origin in the arts of the operators; for all the chemistry of Spain was derived from the Moors, and these were only the Western line of the Saracens, who were equally the parent stock of the medieval Syrians; and though the Spanish artist should not have used diamond and ruby dust, he might—as suggested by the British critic—have substituted the simpler elements of the same principles, carbon in the forge, and silica and alumina in "the white powder" amalgamated on the anvil.



THE REALMS OF THE DEEP.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 295.

In these considerations we have received the operation attributed to Ferara without any relation to his nationality; partly because the circumstantial evidence of the tradition indicates a verity in fact—partly, that whatever the nativity of the operator, he might at some period of his life have wrought in the forges of Spain, or, as before said, that the



THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.—THE BRITISH MAIL-STEAMER "TRENT" OVERHAULED BY THE "SAN JACINTO."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

legend may have originated with another master, and become associated with Ferara by one of those various transmigrations which sometimes confound the personages of oral record; but whether the story applied to Andrea or to another, we have now to show that in the height of his profession he was established at the town of Belluno, in Friuli, an ancient duchy of Illyria, which, in 1420, was added to Venice; and though in the succeeding year the eastern portion was seized by Austria, the City of Belluno and the remaining territory continued under the dominion of the Doges until 1797.

The evidence of Ferara's domiciliation in this province is contained in a chapter upon the most renowned swordmakers of Italy in the sixteenth century—part of a once highly esteemed military treatise, published at Venice in 1585; and as the account illustrates the celebrity of the artist by showing the pre-eminence of the masters with whom he was associated, we shall give it in full:

"Though the knowledge of the places and the masters described by me will be principally interesting to soldiers, it will also be acceptable to every other condition of persons who are accustomed to exercise such arms as swords, broad-swords, rapiers, cutlasses, horsemen's maces, poniards, and damascined arms of all the kinds which are in use. Of those masters of whom it may be desired to know the names, omitting many in the illustrious Germany, France, and in Spain the famous Valencia, where are found numerous arms of every sort, I shall confine myself to the most excellent, with their places and countries, in Italy; to which, with every reason, we will give the pre-eminence and boast in this art. And first we will speak of Milan, where in the castle are wrought most perfect works in blades of swords and poniards, and divers other various sorts of blades, which are of good and finest temper. Of Brescia I will not relate much, only touching the names of two brothers—both masters above all others the most excellent, and who are Simone and Serafino, sons and heirs of the so much celebrated Master Serafino, who made blades of miraculous temper, and of whom it was said that he made a sword for a great Prince of such excellence, that he gave him in payment better than five hundred ducats, besides other infinite marvels which are told of him. In another place called Gron, on the territory of Bergumasco, are found some valiant masters called Abram, who have a very good name in their art, which also is wrought most perfectly in Saravalle, and in the town of Belluno, places in Friuli, in which are found excellent masters of every sort; that is, in Serravalle, Master Pegin da Feltran, a very famous and rare man, who, in his forges, makes miraculous works; and in the town of Belluno are the ingenious Masters Giovan Donato and *Andrea of the Feraras*, both brothers, of the foundry of Master Giovan Battista, called 'the Barcelonian.' Of the territory of Vicentino, at Monte della Madonna, on the bank of the Rezon, is a most valiant man called Master Lorenzo da Formignano, called by sobriquet 'the Dolt,' who has the best fame, and makes marvelous arms for beauty and for excellence."

The date of this notice gives an approximate indication for the period of Ferara's birth, for since he is associated with the swordmakers of the greatest celebrity in the year 1585, such eminence could scarcely have been attained under the age of thirty years; from whence it may be assumed that he was born about the year 1555. The question of his country, however, may still be liable to the cavil that, as his master, Giovani Battista, was named "the Barcelonian," and, therefore, evidently a Spaniard, it may be conjectured that the brothers, Giovan Donato and Andrea Ferara, were brought by him to Italy. This supposition, however, is expressly contradicted by the author of the treatise, in the declaration that he forbore to mention the artists of Germany, France and Spain, and restricted his celebration to those of Italy alone. The notice of "the Barcelonian" is no exception of this rule, since he is only introduced incidentally as the master of Ferara, without any reference to his own operation, and it is not even necessarily conclusive that he was established in Italy; for, according to the prevailing usage of the medieval craftsmen to improve their skill in foreign schools, his pupils,

Andrea and Giovani, might have resorted to Spain, to perfect their apprenticeship under a celebrated master.

But that Ferara was a native of Italy, is confirmed by the evidence that, before and during his time, there were others of the same surname, swordmakers in that country. This is sufficiently indicated by the mode of his denomination—"de *i* Ferar*i*," of *the* "Ferara*s*," which expresses that a family of this appellation was then established, and familiarly known, if not celebrated, in the peninsula; and that they were of native extraction is confirmed by the before-mentioned restriction of their recorder to the artists of his own country. From whence it may be concluded that the origin of the Ferari was in the ducal city of the same name.

These assumptions are confirmed by the existence of blades bearing the name of Cosmo and of Piero Ferara, the last of a form coeval with those of Andrea, the first of a period about two generations anterior. The time and country of both these makers are indicated by circumstantial associations; of Piero, the nationality is presumptive in the name, which, for a Spaniard, had been "Pedro," while his era is evinced by the form of his blades corresponding in model with those of Andrea. In the instance of Cosmo, the nationality is no less expressed by an appellation almost exclusively Italian, and the period by the form of weapons, identified with the first half of the sixteenth century. This datum is confirmed by a splendid two-handed sword, which the writer has seen, bearing the distinctive features of that time, marked with the name Cosmo Ferara, accompanied by the tradition that it belonged originally to the celebrated Italian general, Prospero Colonna, who died in 1523.

From all these combinations there results a chain of circumstantial evidence, closely approaching to demonstration, that Andrea Ferara was born about the year 1555; that he was of a family of armorers which had existed in Italy at least two generations before that time, and of whom the first, like Giovani de Bologna, Leonardo da Vinci, Paolo Veronese, and a crowd of medieval artists, derived his nomination from the place of his nativity—the ducal City of Ferara.

Of Giovan Donato we know nothing beyond the notice of Cigogna; but since he is called the brother of Andrea, it is uncertain whether he was the son of the same mother and of another father, or whether the name of Donato was only a second baptismal appellation. This supposition is rendered probable from the general medieval usage of Italy, in the popular nomination of artists by their Christian names alone, as Guido, Raphael, Claude, Salvator, Michel-Angelo, etc.; an inference which is confirmed by the apparent similar example in the designation of the brother armorers, Simone and Serafino, "figlioli del fameso Serafino," in which it is evident that not only the name of Simone, but that of the Serafini, father and son, was a baptismal and not a surname; for, if otherwise, the elder Serafino should have been distinguished by his prænomen. From all these considerations, therefore, it is probably conclusive that the entire name of Giovani was "Giovan Donato Ferara," and that he was full brother to Andrea.

THE DANCE OF THE ROUND OF RICE IN JAPAN.

MASCARADES, accompanied by national dances, figure in the front rank of the popular pleasures of Japan. And no country does more to entertain the people. Their system of religion makes this a great part of its scheme; and the Kami doctrine proclaims that a cheerful heart is of itself in a state of purity.

The Japanese masks, odd, strange and quaint as they seem to us, all have a meaning and a traditional character. Some are noble, the calm features of the nobles and ladies of the dairi; then the fierce visages of the heroes of the civil wars. After these come fantastic, jointed masks, with movable jaws, like those worn by the actors of the Mikado's theatre.

The dances are of all kinds. That of the Round of Rice comprises thirty figures, executed by men alone. The dancers on this occasion wear nothing but a breech-cloth of rice-straw, a round hat of the same material pulled down over the eyes, and a short mantle or cape, the wide sleeves made to resemble the wings of a nocturnal moth.

This dance is very popular, and the performers gather critical crowds around them, who discuss the ability of each one in executing the often intricate figures of the dance.

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

ONE evening in October, 1861, while seated in the La Dominica Café, Havana, my attention was drawn to two strangers, who had just entered, and were ordering refreshments, and whose mannerisms denoted they were officers in our navy.

Both were dressed in citizens' attire, conducted themselves like gentlemen, and did nothing to attract the significant glances that were presently bestowed upon them by almost all the guests.

My companion, an officer in the English Mail service, who had intently stared for some moments at the newcomers, said to me, in a low voice:

"Do you know who those fellows are?"

"I should take them to be officers of the *San Jacinto*. Why does everyone gape at them in that ill-bred manner?"

"Don't you understand?" whispered my friend. "They are after Mason and Slidell."

Having that afternoon arrived from the Spanish main, where I had been for some months, and knowing nothing of the circumstances to which he referred, I requested he would enlighten me; whereupon, still speaking in an undertone, and, as he did so, keeping one eye upon the naval officers, who smoked and refreshed themselves, as though unconscious of the interest they were exciting, he said:

"You see, your countrymen are mad. Mason and Slidell, two of the most important men in the Confederacy, have run the blockade at Charleston, and arrived here in the *Theodora*. The Federal Government has sent the *San Jacinto* down here, all of a hurry, to watch them. We leave Havana on the 7th of November, and," speaking behind his hand, "Slidell and Mason are to be two of our passengers. There is a rumor that Wilkes intends to kidnap the Confederate officials, and to carry them to Key West; but, my dear fellow, he won't attempt any such foolishness. Your Government has its hands full enough, and will not dare to commit such an outrage as the one proposed. Still, there is no telling what they may not attempt, and I shall not consider Slidell and Mason out of danger until they are aboard the old *Trent*, and under the shadow of our flag."

"Suppose Wilkes were to overhaul you at sea, and to take those gentlemen out of your ship?"

This remark aroused the patriotism of my companion, who became intensely indignant, and forgetting his cautious manner, uttered a profane ejaculation, adding:

"He dare not! Are you aware that we carry a representative of her Majesty? By Jove! if that fellow, Wilkes, were to attempt such a thing, we'd kick him out of our ship."

"Do not get mad about it," I urged; "I merely hazarded a supposition. As to daring, I know something of Captain Wilkes, and do not for a moment believe he would hesitate to do what I have said. If it comes to risking anything, he is the man for the occasion."

"See here," indignantly replied my companion, rising from his chair and addressing me in a low growl, "if that is your opinion, good-evening. I don't want to associate with any such person as you are."

As he was an old acquaintance, and I was about to embark on board his ship, I treated his observation good-humoredly, and, detaining him, replied:

"My dear boy, do not get mad. I simply said what I thought. Resume your seat; people will imagine you have taken too many cobblers."

He was a whole-souled, good fellow, and one who had a great regard for appearances, so he followed my advice, and, calling for a fresh cigar, remarked:

"You talk without thinking. Why, if Wilkes were idiot enough to attempt what you have mentioned, we would resist, and there would be bloodshed; besides which, our Government only requires such a lawless act on the part of your people to give them a cause for acknowledging the South. Why, it would bring on a war—we would send our fleet to bombard New York, and, by Jove, you fellows would catch it hot, you know! Have you met the Slidells? I tell you, the young lady is an angel. All our fellows are worshiping her, and there is no danger of what you say. There go those officers. By Jove, they are cool fellows! I believe they overheard my remarks."

Late that night, when I parted from him, he grasped my hand, and repeated his belief that Captain Wilkes would not dare to defy the British nation.

On the 7th of November I went on board the Royal Mail steamer *Trent*, and after seeing my effects stowed in my stateroom, proceeded on deck, where I saw Messrs. Mason and Slidell chatting with their secretaries, Messrs. McFarland and Eustis, and surrounded by a number of Southerners and foreigners of Southern proclivities. In a few moments they were joined by two ladies, who I was informed were Mrs. Slidell and her daughter. The latter certainly looked lovely, and her evident delight at being safely on board a British steamer, and under the protection of the flag of Saint George, contrasted strongly with the anxious faces of her father and his fellow-fugitive.

After taking a good look at the party, I walked abaft, and watched the animated scene around me, and did not again turn toward the group of Confederates until the bell rang, and their friends were bidding them a noisy adieu; one of the visitors remarking:

"Good-by—we leave you in safe hands."

Then came much waving of handkerchiefs and many kind words of farewell, and, slipping from our buoy, we started for St. Thomas that evening, feeling somewhat lonely. I went forward and hunted up my acquaintance, whom I found in his cabin, entertaining a dozen passengers, all of whom were smoking furiously.

"Hello, old Yank!" he cried, beaming upon me like a good-natured stage-demon, through a cloud of vapor. "In you come, my boy! I was just talking about you. Try a soda-and-b, and a cigar. Somebody take in a reef, and make room for my Yankee friend. We're all rebs here."

"Yes, yes—you bet we are!" and, "Right you are, Johnnie!" replied his guests. "Come in; there's room for one more."

When I had taken my seat, or, rather, perch—for I, with a bulky blockade-runner, occupied the top of the wash-stand—my friend proceeded to repeat what he derisively termed my prophecy, which was received with hilarious shouts and cries of:

"They dare not!"

"Let Wilkes try it!"

"You must be insane!"

I laughed at the foregoing, and other less polite and complimentary remarks; then, by way of fun, replied:

"You do not know Wilkes. He would delight in doing just what I suggested. I do not consider that the fugitives are out of danger."

My friend roared incredulously, and in various ways his guests expressed their disbelief in what I had said.

"Vy, man alive!" shouted one of them, a jolly Hebrew gentleman, hailing from Barbadoes, "if Vilkes vas to try on such a thing, ve vould acknowledge the South, and end the var in fife minutes!"

"Barbadoes would?" I inquired.

"No, my friend; our Queen vould. Here, let me send for some vine. Ve vill drink the health of Slidell an' Mason!"

The voice of the master-at-arms outside the door, and the announcement of "out lights," prevented the worthy Bim from carrying out his intention. I groped my way to my stateroom, and was soon fast asleep; but was awakened early the next morning by a fellow-passenger who occupied the berth above mine.

He proved to be one of the party whom I had met in my friend's cabin, and a red-hot Southerner. After apologizing for awakening me, he remarked:

"I own I am somewhat alarmed by what you said last night. I feel great sympathy with Mason and Slidell, and would very much regret to see them captured. Have you any information concerning the probability of such a thing being attempted?"

I told him what the reader has already learned; on hearing which he rose, dressed himself, and quitted the apartment.

The *Trent* was a tolerably fast ship, and her commander, Captain James Moir, a first-class navigator, and one of the handsomest men I have met. That morning I noticed he was attentive to the fugitives, though he did not fawn upon them or prostrate himself before them, as did many of their fellow-passengers. He was very self-possessed, quiet and reticent, and if he had any idea of what was in store for the Charleston party, did not betray it. We were steaming for the old Bahama Channel, and both commander Moir and his officers had enough to do without troubling themselves about their distinguished guests.

The day was fine, and the lookout-men could see objects that were a long distance ahead. We had a strong breeze from the southwest, and everything was going nicely.

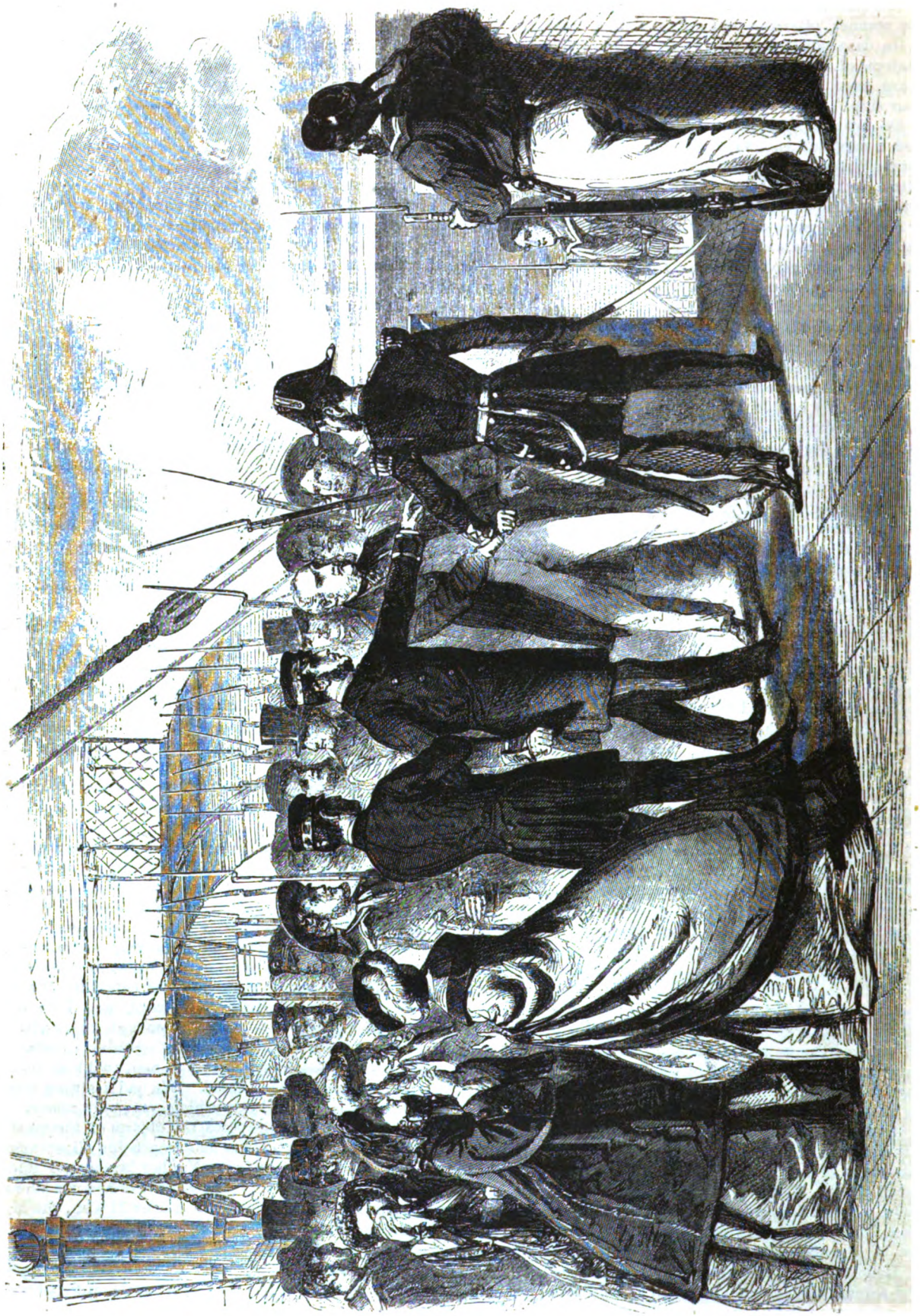
The Confederate ladies were the objects of the greatest attention, passengers, officers and crew being alike anxious to minister to their comfort. Neither Mason nor Slidell said much, and during the greater part of the morning remained in their staterooms. Soon after 11 A.M., the lookout-man reported:

"Smoke on our port bow!"

This announcement brought Captain Moir from his stateroom, and an officer was sent aloft, who presently shouted:

"She is a Yankee man-o'-war—is steaming dead for us!"

This statement created the most intense excitement, on



MASON AND SLIDELL REMOVED FROM THE "TRENT" BY LIEUT. D. M. FAIRFAX.

HON. J. M. MASON, CONFEDERATE MINISTER EXTRAORDINARY TO ENGLAND.

noticing which, Captain Williams, R. N., the mail agent, smiled at the loudly expressed fears of the passengers, and said:

"Do not be alarmed; the commander of that ship will not dare to interfere with us. His demonstration is bluster—Yankee bluster."

Having thus delivered himself, he retired to his stateroom and donned his best uniform. He was a pompous, wordy, and somewhat self-assertive old gentleman, with a quavering voice, and that exaggerated deportment so well described by Charles Dickens as Turveydropism.

While the representative of H.B.M. was arming himself for the fray, the vessels were rapidly nearing each other, both steaming ahead at full speed. Captain Moir was calm, though doubtless annoyed at the sight of the *San Jacinto*, with the build of which he was well acquainted. He gave his orders very quietly, and watched the man-of-war through his glass, removing his gaze every now and again, and instructing his officers in a low, unconcerned tone.

On we steamed, and soon we heard the crew of the *San Jacinto* summoned to quarters. The *Trent* was then in mid-channel, and the quartermaster of the watch had just struck two bells (one o'clock).

Presently a puff of smoke rose from the topgallant forecastle of the *San Jacinto*, and a round shot came flying across our bows; whereupon Captain Moir gave an order to hoist the British flag, which was instantly executed.

The report of the gun and proximity of the shot caused most of the passengers to stampede aft, so those who remained forward had an excellent view of what followed.

The *San Jacinto* had hove to, or was anchored, in the narrowest part of the channel, and Captain Moir was compelled either to steam under the guns of the war-ship, or run his vessel on shore.

He bit his lips and glanced at "the enemy," then kept the *Trent* on her course.

In a few moments we were within hailing distance of the *San Jacinto*, and could distinctly hear persons speaking on her decks, which were swarming with men. She had lowered two of her boats, and evidently intended to board us.

Captain Moir's Scottish features were firmly set, and he navigated his ship as coolly as though the other craft were merely a rock to be avoided.

The next few seconds appeared like hours. Then we saw a wreath of smoke ascend from one of the ports of the *San Jacinto*, a shell went whizzing past, and when about a hundred fathoms ahead of us exploded with a dull report, and puff of gray vapor.

At the same time a number of men descended into the boats alongside the man-of-war, and we saw they were armed to the teeth.

This evidently angered Captain Moir, who hailed the *San Jacinto*, saying:

"What do you mean by stopping my ship? Why have you used shotted guns? This is contrary to all precedent."

A reply came, in a loud, clear voice:

"Lay to! We are going to send a boat aboard of you."

Moir uttered an exclamation of rage, and the passengers, officers and crew gave vent to their indignation; everybody appearing anxious to offer resistance.

If the commander of the *Trent* had possessed less judgment, the result would have been a brief struggle, and possibly loss of life on both sides. As it was, he very naturally lost his temper, and retired to his stateroom, possibly to consult his instructions. The passengers and crew, having no leader, imprecated, blustered and threatened; still, nearer came the cutters, and soon one was made fast on our starboard, and the other to our port gangway.

No one threw them a rope, nor did any officer advance to receive them. All were excited, indignant and furious at what they termed "an act of piracy."

I remembered having, in the East, many times witnessed just such a scene as the one then being enacted before my eyes, only in the former cases the "pirates" were officers of her Majesty's navy, and the outraged persons

HON. JOHN SLIDELL, CONFEDERATE MINISTER-PLENIPOTENTIARY TO FRANCE.

were Chinese. I could not avoid thinking "how exceedingly unpleasant it is for a doctor to be compelled to swallow his own remedies."

An officer, whom I afterward ascertained to be Lieut. D. M. Fairfax, ascended the starboard side, and, as his head appeared above the railing, the chief mate of the *Trent* faced him, and said:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

Lieutenant Fairfax, not at all ruffled by his reception, glanced searchingly at his interrogator, and inquired:

"Are you the master of this ship, sir?"

"No—I am her chief officer."

"I desire to see your captain," said the intruder, as pleasantly as though he had come to ask all on board to a ball.

While he was speaking, Captain Moir quitted his stateroom, and advanced toward the gangway. He was intensely indignant, and addressed Lieutenant Fairfax in a loud, commanding voice, saying:

"How dare you board my ship! What right have you to commit such an outrage? That flag" (pointing to the ensign at the peak) "will make you pay for your impertinence!"

Lieutenant Fairfax, who bore himself with the greatest calmness and dignity, bowed politely, and said, in the same pleasant, easy tone as the one in which he had addressed the chief officer:

"I am instructed to effect the arrest of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their secretaries, Messrs. Eustis and McFarland. I am informed they are on board your ship, and would like to see your passenger-list."

Captain Moir listened with ill-concealed impatience, then said, in a contemptuous tone:

"For a damned, impertinent, outrageous puppy, give me a Yankee! Young man, you can go back to your ship, and tell your skipper that you couldn't accomplish your errand, because we wouldn't let ye. D'ye understand? I deny your right of search!"

Then he glanced at the unmoved intruder as though he would like to annihilate him.

It was a most trying moment for both of them, and had Lieutenant Fairfax given way to an exhibition of the anger he must have felt, serious results would have ensued. Passengers, officers and crew were excited almost beyond restraint, and, as though desirous of adding fuel to the flame, Miss Slidell stepped on to the skylight of the companion-hatch, and cried:

"Quite right, Captain Moir—quite right!"

Her exclamation was loudly cheered by passengers and crew, and there was a movement as though the former were about to offer resistance. This the commander promptly checked with a motion of his hand. Then Lieutenant Fairfax, who appeared quietly amused by the young lady's remark, said, in a cool, polite manner:

"Sir, I am obliged to you for your advice, but must decline to return to my ship as you propose. I shall be sorry to use force to carry out my orders, but shall be compelled to do so if any resistance is shown to me."

Thus speaking, he returned to the gangway, and was about to look over the rail, in order to summon the men from the boat, when the head of a blue-jacket rose into view, and a body of sailors, armed with cutlasses and pistols, and a number of marines with muskets and bayonets, ascended the side nimbly, dropped upon the deck, and awaited his orders. It seemed as though they had overheard the conversation, and thought it time to put in an appearance.

The officer ordered some of his force to take charge of the lower deck, and directed the remainder of the men to form a line across the deck, just abaft the mainmast; thus separating the passengers and crew.

While this was being done, we heard a puffing noise in the companion, and presently beheld Captain Williams, R.N., gorgeous in the brilliant raiment of his rank, and armed with a sword that suggested thoughts of better days.

He glanced at the sailors and marines until his face was aglow and his eyes fairly protruded from their sockets; then, addressing some of the passengers, said, *sotto voce:*

"I'll soon stop this. Yankee sailors and marines on board a Royal Mail steamship! Outrage!—a—most—infernal—out—rage!"

He stalked up to Lieutenant Fairfax, expanded his chest, dilated his nostrils, and thus addressed him:

"I am the representative of her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, sir!" (puff, puff). "Sir, I protest against this unwarrantable act—under her Majesty's flag, and" (puff, puff) "on the deck of a British ship!"

The lieutenant, who did not even glance at the speaker, said to Captain Moir:

"Sir, you observe I have force enough to carry out my orders."

The captain, instead of replying, turned his back upon him. As he did this, the passengers cried:

"Shame! Piracy!"

"You would not dare thus board an English man-of-war!"

"Cowards!"

"You will have to pay for this!"

The situation was becoming very unpleasant for the lieutenant, who, however, bore the ordeal with the greatest calmness, and repeatedly demanded the list of passengers.

While he was making this request, Mr. Slidell quitted his stateroom and joined a group of passengers abaft, and in a few moments Mr. Mason put in an appearance. Both of them were outwardly cool; they, evidently, not for an instant believing that the lieutenant would forcibly remove them from the ship.

"This is shameful!" said a tall man, glancing over the heads of the crowd. "I propose we resist this outrage."

As nobody seconded the motion, the originator subsided. Meanwhile, great excitement prevailed in all parts of the ship, and the men forward talked in a very warlike manner.

After a brief pause, one of the fugitives advanced and said to the lieutenant:

"I am Mr. Slidell; what do you require of me?"

"And of me?" added Mr. Mason, moving to his friend's side.

Lieutenant Fairfax looked intently at the speakers, as though to make sure they were the persons of whom he was in search; then informed both of them that their presence was required on board the *San Jacinto.* He was very polite, and evidently not anxious to increase the irritation of the passengers.

Both Mason and Slidell positively refused to accompany him, and talked confidently of the protection of the British flag.

Captain Williams, R.N., stood by, eager to put in a word, and to be recognized by the "infernal Yankee," as he afterward described Lieutenant Fairfax, but the latter utterly ignored his presence, and did not give the old gentleman an opportunity to speak a word; finding which, the captain glowered at the audacious visitor, and retreated to his stateroom, where he expended his choler in furiously writing a protest.

Lieutenant Fairfax soon found it would be useless to waste his time in gentle persuasion, so he assumed a more

decisive tone, and informed the fugitives that if they declined to accompany him peaceably, he would have to use force; adding:

"Gentlemen, in twenty minutes you will be on board the *San Jacinto!*"

Having said this, he summoned the party from the second boat, which was lying alongside the port gangway.

As the men came aboard, the passengers cried "Shame!" and the crew looked as though they would like to take a hand in the matter; however, the U. S. officers, sailors and marines behaved like men doing a stern duty, and went to their allotted posts as though on board their own ship.

Captain Moir remained quietly indignant, and showed his good sense by permitting the visitors to do as they pleased.

While Lieutenant Fairfax was stationing his men, Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who were becoming thoroughly alarmed, entered their staterooms; noticing which, the lieutenant followed them.

Upon arriving at the door of Mr. Slidell's room, he was confronted by the fugitive's daughter, who regarded him indignantly, and said something about having met him a few evenings before in Havana, and dared him to pass without injuring her, or words to that effect.

She was intensely excited, terribly in earnest, and in a semi-hysterical state, and looked as though she would like to kill the lieutenant, who, biting his lower lip, and restraining an inclination to smile, gently touched her on the shoulder, when she uttered a melodramatic shriek and sank upon the floor, a mass of beautiful femininity.

Mrs. Slidell begged the lieutenant to retire, and the indignant passengers renewed their protests, to which he responded:

"Ladies, my orders are imperative. I must obey them."

In the confusion that followed, I, for a few moments, lost sight of the principal actors; but presently saw Mr. Slidell, who was very much excited, and whose hands trembled nervously.

Lieutenant Fairfax urged him to go on board the *San Jacinto*, and in a few moments, when Mr. Mason came from his stateroom, he repeated his request.

Mr. Mason, who was almost as cool as his pursuer, surlily answered:

"I decline to go with you."

On hearing this, Lieutenant Fairfax directed an officer to arrest Mason, which was immediately done, when the prisoner said, in a loud voice:

"I only yield to brute force."

"Yes, yes!" (puff, puff) exclaimed the irrepressible Captain Williams, R.N., who at that moment reappeared upon the scene. "Quite right (puff, puff), Mr. Mason! Under force! I am witness to (puff, puff) that!"

Mr. Mason, having entered his protest, quietly walked to the gangway and descended into the boat.

"Now, Mr. Slidell," blandly observed the lieutenant. "We do not desire to detain this vessel."

"I will never go on board that ship!" furiously replied the gentleman addressed, who had to a certain extent conquered his fright. "I won't go, sir!"

Lieutenant Fairfax glanced at two of his officers, then took Mr. Slidell by the collar, the others each grasping an arm of the prisoner, who was thus ungracefully conducted to the gangway, and assisted into the boat detailed to receive him.

Then followed a scene of the wildest excitement, some of the ladies, like poor Miss Slidell, indulging in hysterics, and the passengers, officers and crew uttering groans of rage.

One aged colored woman, on seeing her mistress sink upon the floor, endeavored to imitate her movement; but, falling against and forcing open the door of a stateroom, the occupant of which was discovered loading a revolver, picked herself up and postponed her exhibition.

To me the scene was intensely amusing, it having rapidly changed from a melodrama to a serio-comedy. While Lieutenant Fairfax was giving directions to his subordinates, another lieutenant arrested Mr. Eustis, who proved to be the most plucky individual of the party. He did not bluster, but hit out manfully, striking the officer who arrested him a severe blow. This aroused the marines, who seized him without much regard for appearances, and "bundled" him into the boat. Mr. McFarland, wiser than his fellow-secretary, bowed to circumstances, and did not offer any resistance.

While the prisoners were secured and their baggage looked up, the following amusing scene occurred: Captain Williams, R.N., who by that time looked dangerously superheated, and whose purple nose strongly resembled an over-ripe plum, approached a young officer, and, expanding himself like a toad, glanced contemptuously at him, and said:

"Take this."

The gentleman addressed eyed the glowing official, and declined to do as he requested. Captain Williams extended the document, which was neatly folded in official style, and repeated his command, this time in a tremulous tone, indicative of the emotion that was agitating his bosom.

Again the stubborn young American declined to obey. The furious old gentleman pursed his quivering lips, and brought his inflamed eyes to bear upon the obdurate youngster, spite of which the latter would not accept the document, nor did he so much as blink under the indignant glance directed upon him.

When Captain Williams grew tired of extending his shaking hand, he thrust the document into his pocket, muttered something not very complimentary to the officer, and turned upon his heel.

After the prisoners' effects were collected, the *San Jacinto's* boats quitted the ship, leaving all on board feeling very much like boys who had been set upon and searched by the principal of the school. Captain Moir did not waste his time in making speeches, but gave orders to steam ahead full speed.

I glanced over the taffrail, and watched the faces of the fugitives and their captors. Messrs Mason and Slidell looked what is termed "glum," their secretaries resigned, and the officers satisfied with the result of their mission, while the sailors and marines grinned like one man.

No sooner were we under way again, than an informal indignation-meeting was convened, and Captain Williams, R.N., gave vent to his eloquence.

So did a dozen others, including the Bim gentleman. They all expressed the greatest regret at not having been able to resist the outrageous act of piracy, and some of them privately hinted that, had they been in command of the *Trent*, Messrs. Mason and Slidell would still be on board, and Wilkes gnawing his fingers with rage.

Then they settled down into the usual dead-level of life on board a passenger ship, and did their best to comfort and console the ladies, who were certainly to be pitied.

That evening I sauntered forward, and seating myself in a retired nook, lighted my cigar, and listened to the remarks of the sailors, who were eagerly discussing the events of the day.

One young fellow, who had evidently been listening to

COMMODORE CHARLES WILKES, U. S. N., COMMANDING THE "SAN JACINTO."

the oracular utterances of Captain Williams, said to a group near him:

"If they don't return them prisoners on board this here ship, in the very latitude and longitude where the outrage took place, and pay us all for the detention and insult put on our flag, the naval agent says we've got a *causeus-bellee*, and that in twenty-four hours arter the Yanks refuses our ultermatum, the South will be recognized and the North at our mercy."

"Jem," demanded one of the listeners, "wot's a causeus-bellee?"

"Blowed if I know; it's a French name for something," replied the first speaker. "I expect it means a national stomach-ache."

"Why didn't the old man [Captain Moir] go on, and let 'em blaze away at us?" observed a grimy-looking fireman, who just then emerged from below. "I believe if he had kept right on, full speed, the Yankee skipper would never have fired into us."

This remark was received with many approving nods, and cries of:

"Yes, he orter have gone ahead, full speed, and to have defied that Yank! It was all a bit of bounce on their part. Wilkes wouldn't have dared to fire into a ship full of passengers!"

Then up spoke a grizzled sailor, whose teeth and visage showed the effects of rum, time and salt junk.

After expressing his opinion that the last speakers were condemned imbeciles, he said, in a vehement though somewhat indistinct voice:

"You knows a lot, don't you? The company ought to dismiss Cap'n Moir and put one of you in command! I say the skipper did just what was right, and that if he had kept on he would have only made things wusser. Wot was to hinder the *San Jacinto* from knocking away our funnel and sending shots through our paddle-wheels? Bless yer 'art! them fellers was bound to have Mason and Slidewell, dead or alive, and they wouldn't have hesitated at anything. They have gunners on board who could knock chunks out of this ship, without killing anybody, either. The old man acted just right. It's mighty easy to *talk*, now the *danger* is over."

When we reached St. Thomas, people went crazy over the news, and loudly predicted that the result would be a declaration of war.

Upon arriving at Southampton, instead of finding a fleet preparing to sail for New York, we learned that the wisdom of the Governments had overruled the irritation of the two great nations, and that the "*Trent*" affair had been settled without resorting to powder and shot.

LORD REDESDALE, somewhat shabbily dressed, as is his wont, recently went to see the Foreign Minister on business. Knocking at the door, he was received by the footman, who, without knowing who Redesdale was, informed him curtly that Lord Granville was not at home. "But, look here," continued the flunkey, "just run and get me a pint of 'arf-and-'arf, will you?" producing a jug. "Certainly," replied Lord Redesdale; and, taking the jug, away he toddled after the beer. Bringing it back, he handed it to the footman, who first of all took a regular quencher, and then Lord Redesdale, politely declining the offer of a drink, quietly remarked: "Oh, by the way, when your master comes in, tell him that the Earl of Redesdale called to see him!" You may imagine how the footman felt at that sublime moment, and how Lord Granville conveyed his displeasure to him, when, after hearing the anecdote told amid roars of laughter in every club he went into, he arrived home and had an opportunity of hearing the flunkey's explanation.

REFINED policy ever has been the parent of confusion, and ever will be as long as the world stands. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud is surely detected at the last, is no mean force in the government of mankind.

CAPTAIN MOIR, OF THE "TRENT."

IN THE SCHLOSS AMBRAS.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"What an odor there is about these German *wirthshaüser!*" exclaimed Mr. Conway, with an angry sniff. "It's the *sauer-kraut*, I know, that arises in one's nostrils like the perfume of a soap-chandler's establishment on boiling day. Christine, what are you staring at?"

Ah, what? At all the Alpine glories of silver-threaded waterfalls, and mountains capped with snow, or holding up white and glittering shields; on rugged rocks, fringed with pines; at a green, smiling valley, with hundreds of chalets, and water leaping, falling, glancing, foaming everywhere.

In short, this favored young lady was looking at the Valley of Lauterbrünnen.

She turned a somewhat bewildered glance on her father, who was walking up and down the room in a very bad humor.

"As I was saying, I met young Desmond off for a tramp."

The girl's blue eyes, which had been dreamily fixed on him, suddenly lighted up like lakes over which the sunshine has instantly flashed; the sensitive mouth trembled a little.

"A—well, a rather fine fellow," Mr. Conway continued, inspecting his daughter narrowly; "still, considering his prospects, devilish presuming. Travels for a firm, and asks for *my daughter!* Humph! I was polite, of course; said you were engaged to Von Klopp, and there was an end of it. Rather a different prospect, I fancy. I always knew you were born to good fortune. By Jove! after all the money I've spent—I mean all I owe—for your education, it would be a deuced go for you to marry a poor man. Queer, how the impecunious hound had the face to ask it so coolly! Deuced conceited, I should say."

A soft flush had slowly mounted over Christine's face, up, up to the shining waves of hair that crowned it. There was a nervous tremor in the hands which were clasped on her lap—slender, shapely hands, on one of which sparkled a splendid solitaire, catching iridescent rays of light—her engagement ring. How the girl hated that spark of light, which never went out, but always reminded her of her chain.

"By Jove, I wonder I didn't knock the fellow down," Mr. Conway said, growing angry over the memory; "for he seemed to think there *was* something more to be said; and he dared to ask if I thought you were happy, and to hint—the beggar!—that you had smiled on him."

A quick flush passed over the girl's face. She nerved herself with an effort, turning the ring on her finger absently.

"I have something to say, too, papa," she said. "I cannot marry Mr. Von Klopp—I cannot. I have tried to obey—I cannot."

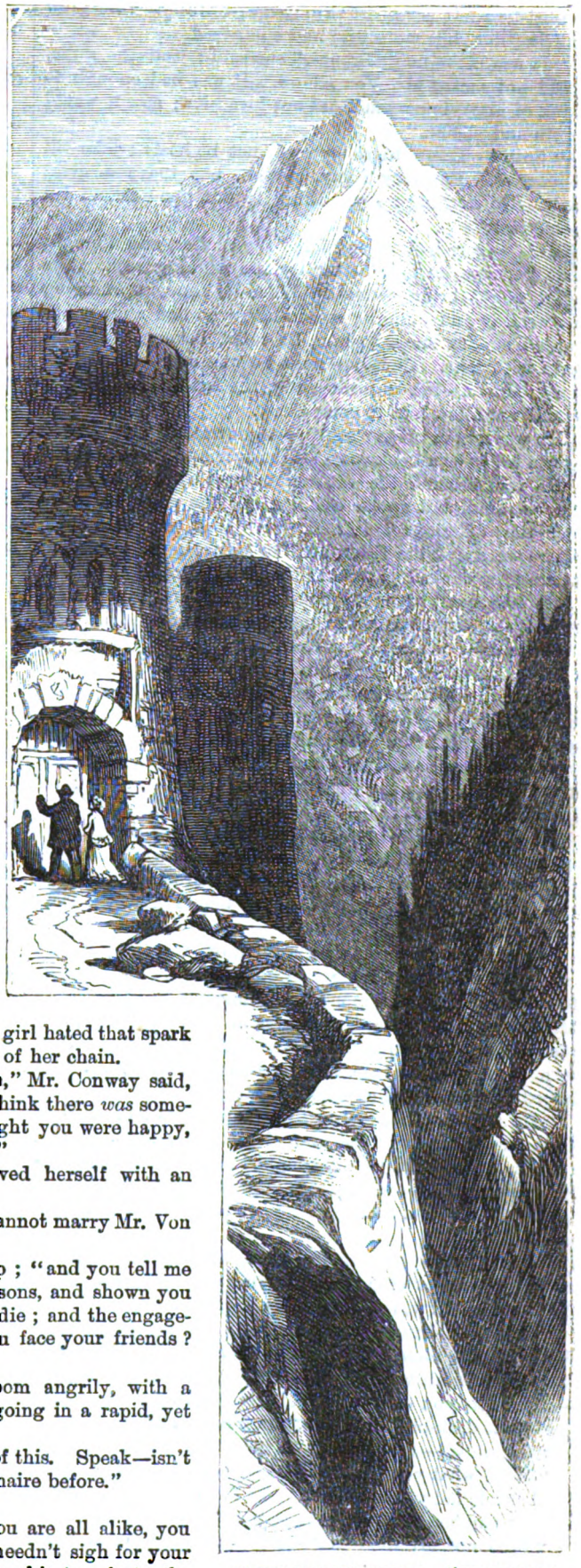
"The deuce you can't!" cried Mr. Conway, starting up; "and you tell me at this late day, when I have laid before you all the reasons, and shown you that you won't have a rap to bless yourself with when I die; and the engagement has been made public, too; think—how could you face your friends? and what is the reason? What's up?"

He was a plethoric man, and he paced the little room angrily, with a purple face and hurried breathing, delivering the foregoing in a rapid, yet jerky style. Then, looking at his daughter, he said:

"'Tis that young beggar Desmond's at the bottom of this. Speak—isn't it? You were well enough satisfied to marry this millionaire before."

"I thought only of pleasing you," Christine faltered.

"And now you think of pleasing some one else! You are all alike, you women—veering about like a weather-cock. But you needn't sigh for your new swain. I gave him his *congé*, and he has started on his travels to the Mountains of the Moon for what I care; at all events, *you* will not see him again."



IN THE SCHLOSS AMBRAS.—"HE KNOCKED IMPATIENTLY. THE ECHOES OF THE OLD CASTLE SEEMED TO STIR THEMSELVES IN AN AFFRIGHTED WAY."

Christine felt her heart throbbing painfully. She grew a little paler, but more firm and composed.

"It can make no difference," she said; "all the same, I will not marry Mr. Von Klopp. It was bad enough to think of marrying when I did not love him; now it would be sin and shame."

"Bosh! There, there—we will not be hasty; take till to-morrow. I'm very hasty, myself, but that's a great fault. Do nothing; say nothing to our good friend till to-morrow."

Mr. Conway had reconsidered the matter, and thought that perhaps he had better try the winning tack. The night might bring counsel. When he thought of losing his wealthy and obliging son-in-law, who had already advanced sundry sums to him, he could have gnashed his teeth with rage. Christine must be won over—clearly she must be won—for, unfortunately, the law was so infirm it would not allow him to compel her.

He was a man utterly selfish—a gourmand, who gloated over a tidbit as a bookworm might over a choice volume.

He remembered the different places abroad by some choice viand, and spoke of them as "the place where we had the delicious macaroni," or "that mountain hole where we drank the Falernian," or "that confounded den where they choked us with the leathery *pfannekuchen*."

He had spent his money like a prince, and would soon come to an end; so he was making himself one friend of the mammon of unrighteousness, who, he thought, would receive him when needful into his habitation.

In other words, he had noted with delight the admiration of Carl von Klopp, a wealthy brewer from St. Louis, for the beautiful Christine; he had helped along the affair in various ways, and had chuckled many a time over his management, since the diamond ring had been placed on Christine's finger.

He thought he had led his somewhat battered hulk into a sure haven, where he might bask in the sunshine of prosperity the rest of his days. He did not dream of breakers ahead, and snags and sand-bars yet before him, till Desmond came.

Desmond, a handsome young fellow, traveling in the interest of a manufacturing company, had only his manner, his culture and genial mood to recommend him; yet even Mr. Conway, prejudiced as he was in favor of money, saw that the dashing young fellow placed the slow, obtuse German at a disadvantage. He watched sharply, but still hoped that all would end well, till this day.

"He's gone, at all events," he thought, as he looked at Christine's face. "I was a fool to let her know he had spoken. If she had thought he had left in such a nonchalant way, without even a good-by, that would have been a good stroke. But I'll gain my ends somehow, so help me——"

He was brought up suddenly at the last word, for he could not expect God to help him in his purpose. But, God or devil, it was all one to Mr. Conway.

"Come, Christine; I was really on my way to give you Von Klopp's message. He says this is just the time to see the waterfall with the rainbow on it. So put on your —things, as you call 'em. Well, let the things be becoming—that dark-blue suit last from Madame Rigaud."

"Oh, papa!—for a mountain walk?"

"Well, what you like. Your clothes cost enough. I'll be deuced glad when some one else foots the bills; though I don't pay 'em now, for that matter."

"It is not my wish to dress extravagantly, papa," said Christine, gravely. "I would rather wear a brown linen dress the whole Summer than flaunt in finery unpaid for. I suffer in it."

"By Jove! How did you come by your honesty?" asked Mr. Conway, with a mocking laugh.

"Inherited it from my mother, perhaps," answered the girl.

"Well, I tell you what," Mr. Conway said, still with a half sneer; "on your wedding-day I'll make you a present of your roll of unpaid bills. Think of the felicity it will be for you to pay 'em off." And with these words he left the room.

When Christine came down, half an hour afterward, her face betrayed none of the emotion which had swept over it. She was calm, but it was the calm of settled purpose, and somehow it gave her a peace of mind which seemed almost happiness after weeks of feverish unrest.

She wore brown linen, too, but it was rich with embroidery; and a dainty chip hat, with feather and trimming to match her dress, made a most becoming costume. So thought Herr von Klopp, a stout, blonde-haired man, who gazed at her through his blue spectacles with a pleasant feeling of ownership. He had lived in the United States ten years, and spoke English pretty well—sometimes, however, using a ludicrous word. He was a self-made man, and had been too busy to polish himself very much.

The day was a glorious one in the early part of September; cool, yet full of sunshine, which lighted all the waterfalls, and their name is legion, in the Valley of Lauterbrünnen. All the old women were out with their laces and odds and ends, to make money out of the unwary traveler. Groups of tourists were arriving from Grindelwald, having crossed the Wengern Alp on high-shouldered horses; other groups were starting for that place, the guides comparing notes of the generosity of their respective parties.

Christine could not help catching the exhilarating influence of the pure air. She had spoken to her father, and that brought a relief that was almost happiness, and all the beauties of Alpine scenery seemed to be gathered together in this spot.

To be sure, the valley was only visited by the sunshine for a few hours in the day—long after it had shone upon the mountain-tops—but the vegetation was so lush and green, the setting of rock and pine and snow-covered peaks so grand and majestic, the glittering threads of water in every direction so full of joyful life, that Christine felt that she could be happy enough in such a spot her whole life long. How delightful existence might be in one of those pretty Swiss chalets, with all the beautiful wood-carving about it, and some one—not Herr von Klopp—to share her life.

"One might exist here for a few days," said Mr. Conway, looking around, "if they only knew how to cook. Noodle-soup and boiled beef ruin my appreciation for any scenery. I feed the waiter yesterday to bring me roast beef rare, and, would you believe it, he had the face to present me with soup-meat, and was ready to swear it was 'ros-bif—Inglish.'"

"But they have first-rate beer—nice," said Mr. Von Klopp, who was at home on that subject, and seemed to think that "nice" was a superlatively expressive adjective. "I come from the mountains myself, Miss Christine, and I love them. I have all I want in your New World but mountains."

"Then you must be nearer happiness than most of us," Christine said, smiling. "I want several things."

"I hope I shall one day have the pleasure of procuring for you those several things," Von Klopp said, with a stately courtesy.

"I'm sure I've spent my life in trying to supply your

wants, Christine," Mr. Conway said, with a complaining air.

"Oh, papa, don't be serious about it," Christine answered. "Here we are in sight—a vail of finest lawn blown here and there in the wind. It is like that, but Byron ranted terribly in comparing it to the mane of Death's pale horse—did he not, Mr. Von Klopp ?"

"I do not read Berong," that gentleman answered—in fact, he never read poetry—"but I doubt not you are right; she is not like a horse—this waterfall—your Berong was wrong."

"Perhaps he had a night*mare*," said Mr. Conway, laughing heartily at his own joke. "Horse, indeed! if he'd called it a one-horse waterfall, he'd have hit it; but it ain't even that, it's a half-pony waterfall—you could put it in a washtub."

"But it is beautiful, papa," remonstrated Christine; "things need not be great to be that. See how filmy and fine it is, and how it drifts here and there like a silver cloud."

"Yes, Miss Christine, you speak something right," Von Klopp answered, with enthusiasm, for he had all that love of nature which distinguishes his countrymen, and leads them to prefer drinking their beer among the dusty shrubs of the shabbiest pretense of a garden rather than in a well-appointed saloon. "I am glad you have such sentiments —which I cannot express so well—she is, as you say, like silver mist. I have seen the Niag'ra and other grand waterfalls, but this is what you call ni-i-ce," and he prolonged the last word to make it more expressive. "Ah, I shall have one made at my place in St. Louis. You shall enjoy it much."

"I dare say you can buy quite as good a one as this," Conway said, cheerily; "in fact, money can buy most things in America."

"I shall let Miss Christine arrange all that," Von Klopp answered, looking supremely happy at the prospect.

"But you can't have the mountains and the Swiss chalets and the snow-peaks with such vivid green below, and the girls in their quaint costumes, and the old women knitting lace. I don't know that I would care for the waterfall without all these."

"Eh! I wish I could buy a mountain or two," sighed the stout brewer, wistfully.

"But if you can't bring the mountains to you, you can go to the mountains," said Conway. "There is Colorado and the 'Garden of the Gods.' Have a Summer place out there."

Then followed a discussion of the merits of the place, in which Christine took no part.

At last Conway looked at his watch.

"Come, it's near twelve o'clock, and I have a few birds on toast waiting for me. I had no end of bother telling them how to make toast. It's their custom to toast things by putting them in the oven to dry up, the barbarians! '*Geröstetes brod*,' they call it. I feel slim after that breakfast of coffee and *semmel*. Won't you join me, Von Klopp? Can't you pick a wing, Christine ?"

Von Klopp had found appetite enough in the bracing air, but Christine declined.

They were met at the door of the inn by a sturdy fellow in mountaineer's dress of dark gray, trimmed with green. He took off his felt hat, which was jauntily decorated by a *spiel-hahn* feather and a bunch of edelweiss.

"Is it Herr Conway ?" he asked.

Conway did not speak German, so he called his daughter.

"Here, Christine, see what the fellow wants. For us to engage him as a guide, perhaps. Tell him I am not one of the lunatics who climb mountains and pay for the privilege. They'd have to pay me, by Jove! Wouldn't he stare if I asked him how much he'd give me to go!"

Christine turned toward the man, and saw even in his somewhat stolid face that it was something more important than offering himself as a guide. Whatever it was, she would not stand at the inn-door among the staring groups to hear it.

"Come," she said, and the man followed her into their quaint little parlor, furnished in green, with white knitted tidies everywhere, even on the very chair-seats, and slipping off uncomfortably whenever one sat down.

Her father had come in also with a somewhat impatient curiosity, thinking of his birds.

"Well, what is it ?" Christine asked.

"Some person has fallen on the mountain. An accident. The gentleman is dead!"

"Where—where ?" said Christine, growing white.

"What does he say ?" cried Mr. Conway, noticing her face. "Why the deuce don't you translate it, Christine ?"

"On the Wengern Alp. The horse slipped," said the man. "The body is at the inn on the top."

"And why—why do you come to us ?" faltered the girl, clinging desperately to a forlorn hope.

"Because—because they do not know who the man is, and he had no card or name in his pocket—nothing but this."

And he held a note to the young girl, who sat there trembling from head to foot.

Mr. Conway snatched the note and looked hurriedly at it. Since his daughter seemed unable to speak, he must inform himself somehow. He read this:

"My Dearest:—I cannot trust myself to see you again, for your father forbids all hope. Yet I cannot bear you should think I left you abruptly without a word. Good-by. I write this with the paper on the horse's saddle, and shall send it to you by the first opportunity. I can never change, but you must act for your own happiness. Noel Desmond."

"So the fellow sends this, does he, and that's what the rumpus is about ?" and Mr. Conway flung the note to his daughter. "Deuced impudent, I call it!"

"Oh, papa!" Christine struggled to say, "he is dead! —he is dead! They found this note on the body."

If that was the case, Conway could be magnanimous.

"You don't say so! Poor fellow! Is it possible ? I remember how gallant he looked as he started toward the Wengern Alp this morning. A fall, was it ?"

"Yes, a fall," Christine repeated, mechanically, looking at the note. "They want you, papa."

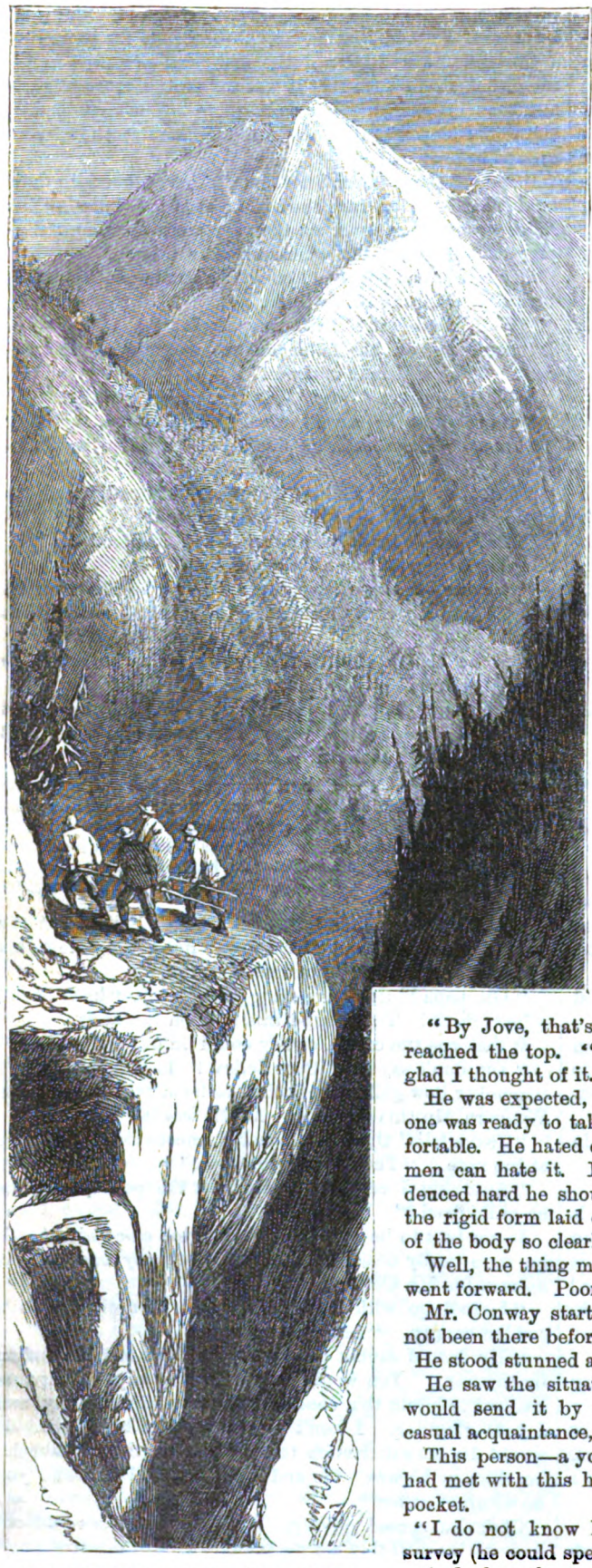
"Anything I can do, my dear, for the poor young—is he quite dead ?"

It was best to be sure before being too complaisant. If he were really dead, surely never had any one died so *apropos* for Mr. Conway.

"I shall go with you, papa," said Christine, with a sudden energy. "Let us go at once."

"My dear, I cannot permit it. You look terribly shaken by the news. You would only be in the way. I suppose I've got to climb this confounded mountain, anyway, and I hate climbing. I won't trust myself on horseback. It would be no satisfaction to see him now, dear. Remember him as he was. Go and lie down, and I'll send you up a cup of coffee."

Christine agreed quietly. She felt that she could not undergo the ordeal of seeing the face she loved marred and disfigured by the fall—of looking upon it with strangers about her; and then her strength suddenly gave way, which settled the question.



IN THE SCHLOSS AMBRAS.—"MR. CONWAY STARTED OFF UP THE MOUNTAIN, IN COMPANY WITH THREE MEN TO BEAR THE CHAIR."

She grew white and faint, and her father was glad to hurry away without further hindrance, leaving her in the hands of the kindly *hausfrau*, who was as tender as a mother.

Mr. Conway would not start off without a snack to support him, and after partaking of the birds, he found that he could be taken up the mountain in a chair without making any exertion, if he chose to pay enough. He was not one to let economy ever stand in the way of his own comfort, so he started off, in company with three men to bear the chair, and three to relieve them when exhausted.

Such a corpulent customer they had seldom groaned under; and it was odd to see the luxurious comfort with which Mr. Conway leaned back in the chair, while his bearers panted and gasped, and the perspiration rolled down their faces.

Having ascertained that he did not understand German, they gave way to their aggravated feelings by all the invective of which that language is capable.

"Ugh, ugh! the bloated tallow-sack!"

"After this, a ton of hay will be pastime!"

"Look at his mulberry-colored complexion; he will die of apoplexy soon—that's one consolation!"

"If he lives till he pays me, he may die at once!"

And so on, with sundry oaths to spice the conversation.

Mr. Conway had never felt more comfortable in his life. The easy, gentle motion, the pure air, the beautiful scenery, seen without effort, all exhilarated him. He had not a shade of regret for the poor young fellow whose life had been so suddenly dashed out of him—whose sun had gone down at noon. Nothing more fortunate could have happened, he meditated; nothing more providential for his plans, for dear Christine had been evidently bent on putting her foot in it, and another day might have lost Von Klopp beyond recall. But now she would be stunned by the blow for a while; she would believe (the jade!) that she could never love again, and all that sort of thing; and then she would think, since all hope and happiness were over for her, she might as well make her father happy by marrying Von Klopp.

"By Jove, that's the princely way of traveling," said Conway, as they reached the top. "I've a notion to do the other mountains that way. I'm glad I thought of it. Now, where is this poor fellow, I wonder."

He was expected, and some one was waiting to show him the room—some one was ready to take down what he should say. He began to feel uncomfortable. He hated coming in contact with death—as only such self-pleasing men can hate it. He never went to funerals, and he said now that it was deuced hard he should be mixed up in the matter. The darkened room, the rigid form laid on a table, with a sheet thrown over it, and the outline of the body so clearly defined beneath, made his blood run cold.

Well, the thing must be done; he nerved himself as for a great effort, and went forward. Poor Desmond!

Mr. Conway started back with a genuine horror in his face, which had not been there before. The dead body was not that of Noel Desmond.

He stood stunned a moment by the shock, and—yes—the disappointment.

He saw the situation in a moment. Desmond's note had said that he would send it by the first opportunity. He had met, perhaps, with a casual acquaintance, and confided the note to him.

This person—a young man, too, with fair hair and very regular features, had met with this horrible fate, and the note, of course, was found in his pocket.

"I do not know him," he said to the persons present, after his brief survey (he could speak that much German). "I do not know him."

And when they poured forth voluble questions, he only shook his head and reiterated, "I do not know him!"

Then, to relieve himself of all responsibility, he wrote on a card the

address of an English clergyman whom he knew to be staying in Grindelwald.

"It's a minister's duty to attend to funerals, and all that sort of thing," said Conway, as he prepared, in a very irritable frame of mind, to go down the mountain again.

His placid mood was gone entirely, and he began to think that Providence had not been working so opportunely after all.

But suddenly a subtle, keen temptation assailed him—he need not explain the mistake to Christine. It came as suddenly as if a voice had whispered it to him, as if the arch-enemy himself had stood at his ear.

Mr. Conway was not a man of nice honor, but he rather shrank, at first, from this counsel of the devil.

But, as he remembered the prize—the rich son-in law—as all the comforts of that luxurious home rose in a luring picture before him, and his debts, his empty pocket-book, and a life of poverty, stared at him from the other side, he yielded.

"And I will be doing the kindest thing forChristine," he argued. "She will soon get over her fancy if the man is dead to her. The silliest girl does not go on loving a phantom. But if she knows he is alive, she will nurse up this romantic passion till it ruins us all. I'll do it. By Jove! think of coming down to a second-rate boarding-house, with its greasy chops and fried beefsteak, while Von Klopp's palace awaits us!"

So he composed his part and his face, and he found no difficulty in the way.

The downward path is ever the smoothest, and Conway soothed his conscience, or the poor, outraged thing he called conscience, by thinking that he had not really lied at all.

It was dark when he reached the inn, and Christine, sitting watching at her window, did not see him till he stood in the room.

There was a weak candle fluttering in the wind, and he saw her face, white and miserable, the asking eyes, the trembling mouth; but still he did not speak.

"Well, papa," faltered the young girl at last, "you saw him?"

"Yes, dearest," answered her father, with apparent tenderness, "I saw him. He was quite dead when he was found."

She leaned her head on her hands upon the window-sill, and said no more. It never occurred to her to think of any one but Noel Desmond, and a vision of his handsome face as she had last seen it seemed to mock her misery. She could not think of that face cold and still; she could not make him dead!

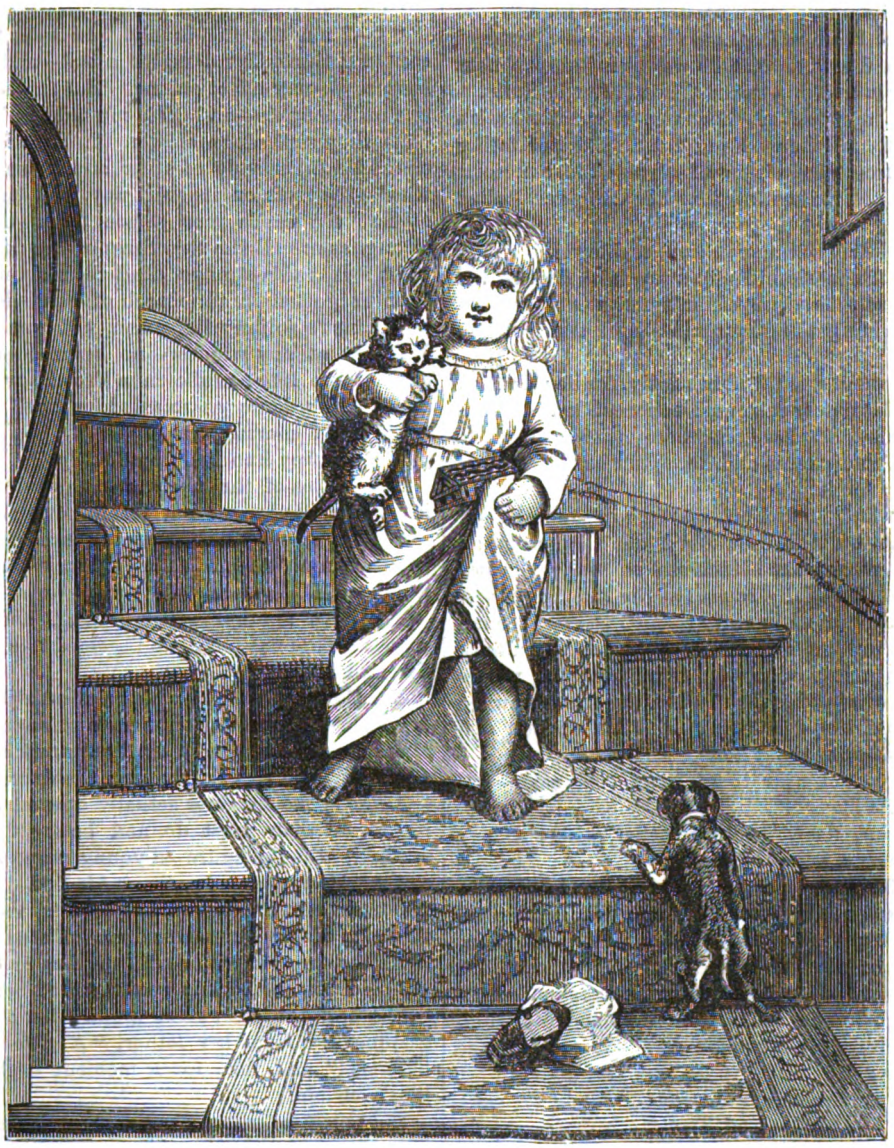
"I did what I could," Mr. Conway went on. "I left him in charge of the English clergyman at Grindelwald. There will be a service, and all that's necessary. I shall write myself to the firm with which he was connected, as I happen to know their names. That is all that can be done."

"I suppose that is all, papa," Christine said, despairingly, and in a choked voice.

"Well, there is one thing more. Don't you think it would be best not to show too much feeling about it? It might set people talking, you know. I know it is hard, dear; but you will make an effort, now, for my sake?"

"I will try, papa," said Christine, drearily, and then her father left her, and made himself thoroughly comfortable over a good dinner.

Mr. Conway did not, of course, write any such bogus information to the firm as he had mentioned. They left Lauterbrünnen as soon as possible, and he was glad to travel away from that part of the country entirely. Still more



MATERNAL CARES.

delighted was he some months after to read Noel Desmond's name among the list of passengers for the United States. He was quite safe now, for Christine never read the papers.

For Christine the scenery had lost its charm. She wondered at her own indifference about the route; she considered herself curiously sometimes, as she might have done a stranger, and asked where all the enthusiasm, the zest and sparkle of life, had flown.

She had scarcely been conscious of her love for Desmond till the short dream was over, and now it seemed as if her heart was buried with him, as if she only had bitter memories to make "the whole earth blasted for his sake."

Von Klopp had been called home on business, but not before Conway had settled that he was to return the next Spring, and they were to be married soon after in Paris.

As the Spring approached, however, the girl's health seemed utterly to fail her. Even the indifferent father roused himself from his long revel among the delicacies of a Parisian *cuisine* to notice that his daughter looked wretchedly.

Her mother had died of consumption, and, egad, it would be like his luck if she should slip away from him at the important moment. The physician's fiat went forth—a Summer again among the mountains—and the wedding must be put off.

Mr. Conway swore a good deal inwardly, for he refrained now before his daughter, in consideration of her delicate health. It was devilish hard, he thought, to go back to *kalbsbraten* again, and cheese and honey for breakfast; but there was no help for it.

Christine, who had looked out of the windows of their pretty apartment on the Boulevard des Capuchins all Winter, with an utter want of interest in the gay crowd below, found herself slightly roused at the thought of seeing the Tyrol. The love of nature seemed the one feeling not entirely dead in her heart. She could not be quite so miserable, she fancied, with the great heart of nature beating near her own—with the ravines, the snow-crowned mountain summits, the everlasting hills before her, and the simple peasant-folk about her.

"I would like to get near them, papa," she said—"to enter into their life!"

"Not too near, my dear," said her father, with a shrug; "consider how they smell of garlic!"

Nevertheless, Christine was surprised at her interest in the matter, and when she reached Innsbruck and looked out on the grand mountain-wall that almost shut it in, she felt a thrill of pleasure in a faint degree, like the bound of the Swiss exile's heart when he once more hails his home. And below in the court, a fellow in hunting-costume and picturesque Tyrolese hat was trolling the song about Hofer:

> "Mit ihm das land Tyrol—
> Das heilige land, Tyrol,"

in a way that made her heart throb with a sort of national sympathy.

Mr. Conway did not reconcile himself easily to the change of programme. The Winter in Paris had not improved his health nor his temper. He had arrived at an age when a man cannot take liberties with his digestion unpunished. He had taken unwarrantable liberties all Winter, consequently his face had assumed a purplish tinge, his breathing was shorter, and he was more disinclined to exertion, rousing himself now and then to a spasmodic effort as he recalled the doctor's orders about exercise.

In one of these moods the two started to visit Schloss Ambras. It was a bright June day, and the whole valley, with the mountain-wall, put on its most cheerful aspect. Girls in gay peasant dress were chatting under the arcades. A young artist was taking down, amid a crowd of over-lookers, a sketch of "The Golden Roof." Some tourists, with Murray in hand, were going into the Hof Kirche to look at the grand bronze figures and Colin's wonderful bas-reliefs.

There was a cheery influence in the air which lent wings to Christine's feet, but her father lagged most evidently.

"I'm afraid this walk will be too much for you, Christine," he said, panting like a tug-boat, as he came up to her.

"Oh, no, papa! But we will go back if *you* like."

"I—I am not the invalid," he said, testily. "I must confess I think Tyrol rather a sell—and these mountains have a gloomy effect on me. But this Schloss Ambras is one of the sights—eh? We must do it."

So they walked on slowly, Christine looking back now to the beautiful view of river and town that lay beneath them—the river on its swift way, and the old bridges, till at last the castle rose before them, huge, massive and strong, as are all the structures of the age in which it was built. It had a strange, dead look about it, as if it had been forgotten in the march of centuries—not a sentinel about, not a solitary horseman, not even a little foot-page. No face at any window—no open door. It seemed to stand there like a castle in a dream, or like one of those enchanted palaces where a sudden spell has lulled everything into a charmed sleep.

Mr. Conway knocked impatiently.

The echoes of the old castle seemed to stir themselves in an affrighted way; but nothing else moved.

"It's a ghostly old barracks," said Mr. Conway, in an irritated tone, "and it's my impression that every one's dead inside."

He gave another rattling peal, and the slumbrous echoes woke once more, and seemed to shriek through the deserted halls.

Mr. Conway listened with grim satisfaction.

"There! That was enough to wake the dead," he said; "and I should not be in the least surprised to see a ghost of the Middle Ages slowly open the door."

As he spoke the door actually opened slowly, as such a ponderous door must do, and before them stood a tall, straight, athletic figure—a young man, with startled eyes and a sort of nervous smile on his lips.

Christine had not hoped to look in those eyes again on this side of the New Jerusalem. Those lips she believed had done for ever with earthly smiles or earthly speech.

Noel Desmond, or his wraith, stood before her.

She felt the air swoon around her; she heard a half-gasping cry from her father, "A ghost, indeed! Good heavens!" and then for a moment darkness shut her in like a curtain.

But it lifted again presently, and she saw that face bent over her.

It was not a ghost who took her hand so tenderly in his, and whispered:

"I sent at once for the doctor, and your father is made as comfortable as possible."

Christine's heart reproached her.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, starting up; she had quite forgotten her father in her joy.

"He has had some sort of attack," said Noel. "I am sorry I startled you both in such a manner. The guide opened the door to let me out, but you did not see him, and I must have looked like an apparition."

Christine stared at him still in an appalled way. How was it?

Was this an enchanted castle, peopled only by phantoms of the past?

She struggled to her feet and looked about her; some one was lying on a couch near, and two or three figures seemed bending over him.

"Oh, papa!" she cried.

She sprang to his side, and then stood as one paralyzed.

For Mr. Conway lay there motionless, save for a low, labored breath now and then. His face was almost livid in its hue; his bloodshot eyes were fixed and strange. He had had a stroke!

The doctor came after a time, and used restoratives. A bed was laid in a carriage, and the sick man taken back to his room in the hotel. When he opened his conscious eyes once more on Noel's Desmond's face, he muttered:

"Kismet! it is fate! I killed you, you know, and now you have made an end of me—tit for tat!"

Then he lapsed into insensibility again. But the doctors learnedly explained the attack on other grounds. It must have come soon, according to the state of the system, revealed by their diagnosis.

Noel staid with him and nursed him like a son, though Mr. Conway did not cease to regard him in the light of an avenging spirit.

"It's all right," he muttered one day; "if you hadn't turned up Christine would have died, and I should have had two ghosts on my hands."

This was enunciated in a thick and indistinct manner which alarmed Noel and brought Christine to the bedside at once.

"I've—something to say," he struggled with the words painfully.

"Well, dear papa, I am here," cried Christine, with tears.

"Tell—tell that——"

Christine waited breathlessly.

"That—old hag of—a nurse—not—not——"

"He is wandering!" cried Christine, in despair.

"Not—to—drop—snuff—in my—gruel!"

These were the last words.

Christine fell fainting in Noel's arms

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIND.

THE regalia of Scotland has experienced many strange adventures. For a long time the jewels were supposed to have been either lost or stolen, but Sir Walter Scott, while indulging in his propensity for antiquarian research, came across some old documents which led him to believe that the regalia was somewhere hidden within the precincts of Edinburgh Castle. A royal license was procured from George IV., a commission appointed, and a general search instituted. Scott, observing that the wall where the present crown room is was of some thickness, came to the conclusion that there must be a secret chamber within the masonry. Tools were brought, and, after some labor in removing the stones, a vaulted room was disclosed. An entrance being effected and the rubbish removed, they found in one corner of the apartment a large chest, bound round with iron, and secured by three heavy padlocks. This being speedily broken open, there before their eyes lay the old insignia of Scottish royalty, looking as fresh and beautiful as they did in the days of "James Fitz James."

In the meantime the news spread that the search for the regalia was being made, and all Edinburgh poured forth her hundreds and thousands. They filled the Esplanade, and occupied every available portion of ground from which the slightest view of the castle could be obtained. The result of the search was awaited with national anxiety. At last, when the assembled crowd had about given up all hope, a cannon fired from the castle, and a flag hastily run up on the highest tower, proclaimed to the thousands that the regalia was again restored to Scotland.

BEFORE THE DAYBREAK.

BEFORE the daybreak shines a star
That in the day's great glory fades:
Too fiercely bright is the full light
That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids.

Before the daybreak sings a bird
That stills her song ere morning light:
Too loud for her is the day's stir,
The woodland's thousand-tongued delight.

Ah! great the honor is, to shine
A light wherein no traveler errs;
And rich the prize, to rank divine
Among the world's loud choristers.

But I would be that paler star,
And I would be that lonelier bird;
To shine with hope, while hope's afar,
And sing of love, when love's unheard.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

BY OLIVER JOHNSON.

IN 1728, there lived in the County of Longford, Ireland, and in the town of Pallas, a clergyman of the Protestant Church, who eked out his scanty stipend by cultivating a portion of land. Between these two resources, he contrived to raise about two hundred dollars a year. Pallas was then, and is now, a place remote from all important centres. The obscure hamlet lies drearily on a plain often submerged in water, and access to which is difficult.

Yet here was born, on the 10th of November, 1728, Oliver Goldsmith, whose name is always included among the literary lights of the eighteenth century.

Although of Irish birth—and the family had been for several generations residents of Ireland—his ancestry was Saxon and Protestant. In the troubled times that preceded Oliver's birth, the Goldsmiths had borne their share of the persecutions accorded to "heretics"; but the knowledge of this left no trace of bitterness in the heart of the most distinguished of their race.

The first six years of Goldsmith's life were spent in this desolate place. The home was poor, and the surroundings not calculated to inspire a child with very lofty ambitions. A wise man has said: "Give me the first seven years of a child's life, and I care not who has the rest." In Oliver Goldsmith's case, the wild bogs and fens had his first six years, and gave him those vagabond tastes which clung to him throughout life.

When he was seven years of age, his father was presented to a living in Westmeath. This brought great changes for the better. The cottage was left, and a commodious house taken on a frequented road near the village of Lissoy. The income from the living was one thousand dollars a year, which was equal to about twice that sum in these days, and which must have seemed munificent to the family, which had struggled along on one-fifth of the sum for years.

It was here that, through the kind offices of a maid-servant, young Oliver was taught his alphabet, and prepared to that extent to avail himself of the instructions of a retired quartermaster, who was preceptor of a school

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

where the veriest rudiments were taught. But if the old soldier's erudition was slight, his fund of stories was large, and tales of "banshees" and hobgoblins were an undue proportion to the more serious work of school. For two years Oliver was under this instruction, and then went from one grammar-school to another, until he was at last fitted for the university at Dublin.

But these years were by no means careless and happy ones to the luckless schoolboy. His personal appearance was most ungainly. His face, always ugly, showed the scars of small-pox. His limbs were awkwardly adjusted to his slight frame. Conscious of these disadvantages, which we may be sure were set in a clear light before him by his frank companions, and aware of the low opinion in which his instructors held his scholarship, his trials were by no means light. For this same boy, who had so little to recommend him in those days, was painfully eager to secure the good opinion of people around him. And, like many another shy and sensitive person, he affected an air of ease, which became almost offensive from the contradictory elements in it.

At seventeen, in 1745, he went up to Trinity College, Dublin, to begin his course of higher studies. His father, the Rev. Charles, had so impoverished his family by paying a dowry of two thousand dollars on his daughter's marriage, that he was unable to meet the fees for his son's university course; so, much against that young gentleman's wishes, he was entered as a sizar. This position required menial service in lieu of tuition and board, and it must have called for all Goldsmith's good-nature to accept it, and lay himself open to the many indignities that would follow. He was finally persuaded to accept it by his Uncle Contarine, who had himself gone through college in that capacity. Had Goldsmith's examination been well borne, he might have triumphed in some degree over his disadvantages; but he stood lowest on the list of applicants, and was barely admitted.

Throughout his career in Dublin he seems to have done very little at his books. His father's death threw upon him a necessity for raising money for himself, and there are rumors of visits to pawnbrokers, the selling of street ballads, and other such expedients, which show that his attention was diverted from the pursuit of learning. His wild spirits led him to play the buffoon in the lecture-room, to pump water on a constable, and to invite a party of both sexes to a ball in his attic. For this latter breach of college law he was severely caned by his tutor—a brutal type of man—in the presence of his guests. This so wounded the vanity of poor Goldsmith that he sold his books and ran away from college. His brother persuaded him to return, however, and the affair was so far forgiven as to permit him to remain and take his Bachelor's degree. That he received this shows that he learned something during his course, and yet when he was graduated there was nothing useful that he was fitted to do. He could play the flute tolerably, sing a song to please his friends, and play cards. In fact, to amuse himself seemed to be his only aim in life.

In this condition he returned to Ballymahon, where his mother had resided since her widowhood. There he occasionally assisted his brother in his school, or ran errands for his mother, or idled around the brooks with his fishing-line, or played his flute. Anything to pass the time seemed to be his rule. But the evenings were all devoted to George Conway's inn, where the song and jest, the pipe and glass, and the more exciting game of cards, detained him till the small night hours.

At last his relatives wearied of so much idleness, and tried to find some vocation for this hopeless member of the family, who would never find anything to do himself. For some reason, the Church was first decided on—perhaps in the hope of its doing good to one who could certainly do no good to it. But when Goldsmith went to apply to the Bishop of Elphin for ordination, it is said that he arrayed himself in scarlet trousers, and was summarily ejected from the episcopal palace. Then the good Uncle Contarine, who seems to have been the untiring friend of the luckless wight, secured him a place as tutor in a gentleman's family, where he staid long enough to amass one hundred and fifty dollars, and to buy a horse. A quarrel in regard to some question of play is said to have been the occasion of the dissolution of this relation. Probably the restless spirit of the young man made him quite ready to leave his quiet occupation as tutor, and led him to seek further adventures.

Be this as it may, he started on his good horse, with his money in his pocket, for Cork, whence he said he was going to sail for America. In six weeks he returned to his mother's house on a wretched hack, his money all

GOLDSMITH'S SCHOOL AT ELPHIN, IRELAND.

GOLDSMITH'S EMBARRASSMENT AT WHITE CONDUIT HOUSE GARDEN.

gone, the fortune yet unmade. He told a ridiculous story of having paid for his passage and sent his chest on board some vessel bound for the New World, and that while he was having a merry supper with some friends the vessel sailed without him. Whatever the reason was, the fact remained that he was again at home, again in need of assistance. Perhaps a correct history of his adventures might be gleaned from his account of Mr. Barry Lyndon's exploits on his ride to Dublin under similar circumstances.

Uncle Contarine came to the rescue, gave the young man two hundred and fifty dollars, and sent him to Dublin in search of a legal education. In a very short time the money was lost by gambling, and Goldsmith again presented himself to his family. The good uncle forgave the past, and furnished the funds which should secure instruction in medicine. This was in 1752, and then Goldsmith said good-by to Ireland for the last time, and started for Edinburgh. There he remained for a year and a half, and his family fondly hoped he was at last fitting himself for a congenial profession. At the end of that time he suggested to his uncle that he was in a condition to be vastly improved by travel, and mentioned the names of one or two learned professors whose erudition would enlighten him. The indulgent uncle consented, and the student started off with one hundred dollars in his pocket. Whether he studied at all is doubtful, for he learned very little; but his taste for gambling was certainly indulged, much to the detriment of his fortunes. At last he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing from a friend enough to take him out of Leyden. Just as he was starting he saw a rare and most expensive flower, of which his Uncle Contarine was very fond, and with his usual inconsequence, bought the flower, sent it off to Ireland, and started on his grand tour with but a guinea in his pocket.

Of this long journey there are really no records left, which is a great pity. His letters to his uncle, containing usually a delicate appeal for money, give very little information in regard to what he was doing. There is little doubt that he sang or begged his way chiefly, for his uncle did not furnish means to meet all his expenses, and no one else helped him. But he saw much of nature, though he had no eye to observe her secrets carefully; and he probably had a good time in his careless, light-hearted way. He brought home a medical degree, though it is only a matter of conjecture as to where and how he got it. He certainly saw something of foreign universities, as is shown by his writings.

At the end of four years his remittances from Ireland stopped, his letters remained unanswered, and he at last realized that he must begin to earn his own bread. In 1756 he found himself in London, with such facilities as he had. He was without friends, introductions, or money. His appearance was very much against him. Notwithstanding all his opportunities, he had really nothing of value to offer in exchange for the necessaries of life, and it was inevitable that there should be many days of hardship before any permanent occupation was found. But a dinner more or less was a trifling inconvenience to Goldsmith, and a debt only disturbed his equanimity because it troubled his creditors. His *insouciance* was absolute, and defied all the "outrageous fortune" which befell him. But his misfortunes never hardened his heart, nor turned his sensitiveness into bitterness; and it is probable that his hardships have troubled his biographers much more than they did himself.

At last employment was found in a chemist's shop, where the compounding of medicines suggested that he might practice a little on his own account. In following this thought he went to Southwark, where, abandoning his first intention, he became a corrector of the press under Mr. George Richardson. While here, he composed his first play—a tragedy, of course—and, almost equally of course, it was a failure. Then he went to Peckham, where, in 1757, he became an usher in Dr. Milner's school. There he was doubtless quite happy for a time. The family seemed to like this merry, careless usher. Indeed, it was through his acquaintance with young Milner, who was his fellow-student at Edinburgh, that he obtained the situation.

He wearied of it before long, and associated himself with Griffiths as a writer of reviews and similar hack work for periodicals. This was not an improvement on the usher's life, for he was subjected to the most exasperating literary surveillance from both Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths. This, however, was the discipline he required to develop the exquisite literary traits which afterward delighted the English public. His work at this time gave but little promise of that which he afterward accomplished, but it was not a failure in any sense. Still, after five months, a quarrel ensued. Goldsmith charged Mr. Griffiths with impertinence, while Mr. Griffiths brought the counter accusation of idleness. Goldsmith left Mr. Griffiths's house, and took lodgings in Fleet Street. He wrote reviews for a short time longer, and then drifted back to Peckham as usher in Dr. Milner's school.

During his residence with Dr. Milner, a bright prospect dawned before the usher. He had the hope of a medical appointment to India, on the Coromandel coast. After taking his friends into consultation, and having his hopes raised to the utmost, the project fell through, probably from deficiency in professional knowledge. This is made more probable from his failure to pass the requisite examination as surgeon's mate, for which he made application when the Coromandel plan exploded.

He was now, in 1758, thirty years of age. The next year he made his first independent literary venture, an "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe." Although the work was issued anonymously, the authorship was easily guessed, and Goldsmith had no real desire to keep it secret. The "Enquiry" is a criticism of critics, and animadverts severely upon the injury to literature which grows out of their offices. He could have had no personal motive in writing as he did, for this was the first time he had laid himself open to the lances that had wrought destruction, in his opinion, to others.

Although Goldsmith had tried every other means of taking care of himself that offered, and literature was his *dernier ressort*, when he found that the promise of success was greater here than elsewhere, he began to consider the question of devoting himself to it. Dreams of personal distinction had hovered round his brain from time to time, and now there seemed to be a chance, at least, of realizing them.

Just at this crisis, Mr. Wilkie, a bookseller in St. Paul's Churchyard, started a new weekly magazine, *The Bee*, and invited Goldsmith to become sole contributor. This was a favorable opening, and the offer was accepted. On the 6th of October, 1759, Mr. Goldsmith made his introductory bow with charming grace.

"There is not, perhaps," he said in the opening of the first number, "a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real modesty, who assumes an air of impudence—who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humor. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself upon his first attempt to address the public in form. All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of

the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humor turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd, they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more to be indulged with a favorable hearing, is left to condemn the indelicacy of his own address, or their want of discernment. For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the public specious promises, or give none; whether to be merry or sad on this solemn occasion. If I should decline all merit, it was too probable the hasty reader might have taken me at my word. If, on the other hand, like laborers in the magazine trade, I had, with modest impudence, humbly presumed to promise an epitome of all the good things that ever were said or written, this might have disgusted those readers I most desire to please. Had I been merry, I might have been censured as vastly low; and had I been sorrowful, I might have been left to mourn in solitude and silence; in short, whichever way I turned, nothing presented but prospects of terror, despair, chandlers' shops, and waste paper."

Unfortunately, *The Bee* did not prosper, and after a few numbers the sole contributor made his farewell bow in much the same tone of humor with which he entered the arena.

But though *The Bee* failed as a magazine, the genius displayed in Goldsmith's contributions brought to his garret men of distinction. Percy, afterward Bishop of Dromore, Smollett, and even the great Samuel Johnson, came to make personal acquaintance with one whom they believed belonged to their corps. Had Boswell been in London then, we should know at what time and how the strong friendship began between Johnson and Goldsmith, but it was not until afterward that he joined his hero. Thenceforth there is much light thrown on Goldsmith's character by the truthfulness and accuracy of Boswell. Although he never liked Goldsmith, and was doubtless somewhat jealous of Johnson's friendship for him, his love of fairness led him to correct injurious misstatements.

From this time engagements multiplied with Goldsmith, and the remuneration was adequate to the necessities of a man of any prudence. But of that "sneaking virtue" he was utterly destitute; and the debts and duns, which had always been a prominent feature in his life, continued unabated. On one occasion he invited some young ladies to go to a garden with him. Without giving a thought to his impecuniosity, he ordered such refreshments as he wished, and was only brought to a realization of his dilemma by a fruitless search in his pockets for money to pay the bill. But in spite of faults such as this, friends multiplied, and a feeling of tender liking condoned every offense.

His literary work grew apace. "The Citizen of the World," a most delicate satire on the customs of society, was received favorably. It purported to be the criticisms of a Chinese upon European habits. "The Man in Black" is one of the most marked features of this series of papers, and is often supposed to be somewhat autobiographical. There is a vein of whimsical satire here that is most delightful.

In 1760-2, we find our author much in request for the work he was doing so well. Careless as to tidiness, though fond of gay colors and display, it is said that on one evening, when Mr. Percy called for Dr. Johnson to go with him to Goldsmith's lodgings, he found him dressed with the greatest care. This was so remarkable an occurrence that Percy expressed his surprise.

"Why, sir," said Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

The lesson was potent; and tailors' bills were added to the others that followed the now more prosperous author, for an increasing income only encouraged the miserable habit of incurring debts. His growing popularity, and the consequent multiplication of social engagements, led to expenses to which his previous life had been unaccustomed, and for which our happy-go-lucky author knew not how to make legitimate provision.

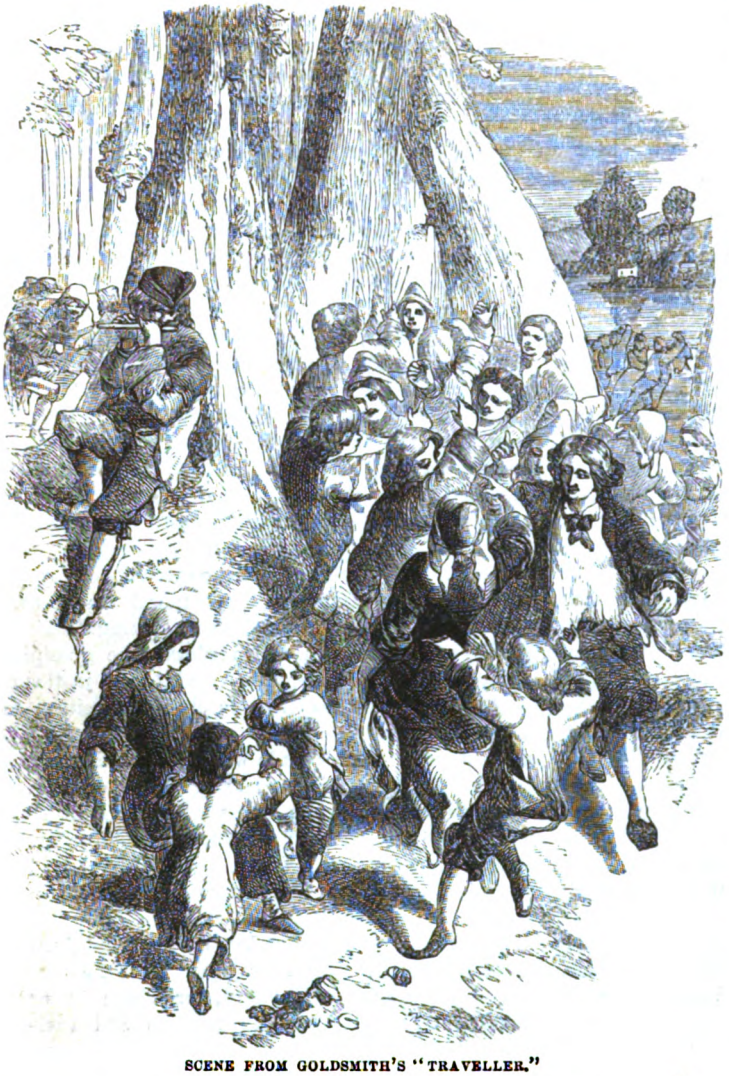
Under the urgency of Mr. Newbery, Goldsmith worked very hard. Pamphlets, tracts, compilations and reviews came rapidly from his overtasked pen, and the logical consequence was a failure of health. And so, in 1762, he left London for a visit to Tunbridge and Bath. Here he was attracted by the fame of Richard Nash, the beau of three generations, who had just died, and the result was a most entertaining life of this master of ceremonies. The "Life" was published anonymously, but every page revealed its authorship. "The mock-heroic gravity," says William Black, "the half familiar, contemptuous good-nature with which he composes this funeral march to a marionette, are extremely whimsical and amusing." There was enough scandal thrown in to please the gossiping spirit of the day. The biographer tried to do justice to his subject, in spite of his ill-concealed disposition to laugh at his pretensions.

As an instance of Nash's rude wit, Goldsmith narrates the following: "His physician, having called on him to see whether he had followed a prescription sent him the previous day, was greeted in this fashion: 'Followed your prescription? No. Egad, if I had, I should have broken my neck, for I flung it out of the two pair of stairs window.'"

On Goldsmith's return to London he took lodgings in Mrs. Fleming's house, near Islington. Here he continued in the service of Mr. Newbery, for whom he wrote industriously. But while writing reviews and revising new editions for his patron, he was also engaged on work of his own. "The Traveller," begun long ago, underwent further revision, and the characters of the inimitable "Vicar of Wakefield" were emerging from the nebulous condition of their first conception into the clearly defined men and women whom we so well know.

The society into which Goldsmith found himself ushered was stimulating to his best powers. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth were among his new friends. He was invited to join "The Club," that famous association which numbered so many brilliant intellects among its members. This latter honor he doubtless owed to Johnson, who was quick to recognize the quality of his genius. Boswell, in his careful record, quotes Johnson as saying, "Dr. Goldsmith is one of the first men we have as an author, and he is a very worthy man, too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." Boswell had called him a "blunderer, a feather-brained person," and ridiculed his appearance. But Goldsmith did not retaliate. Once, when asked, "Who is this Scotch cur who follows at Johnson's heels?" he replied, "He is not a cur; you are too severe—he is only a burr. Tom Davis flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking."

About this time we lose sight of Goldsmith. His debts were pressing, and he was sometimes obliged to hide himself from his creditors. He had become interested in work for himself, and neglected that for his booksellers, from which his income was derived, and on which he had received advances. His reappearance, as chronicled by



SCENE FROM GOLDSMITH'S "TRAVELLER."

Boswell, was when arrested for debt by his landlady. Johnson related the story to Boswell, who preserved it for the public. Painters have done justice to the scene, too, so that it is telling an old story to repeat it here. Nevertheless, no sketch of our author would be complete without it, so we will quote from Boswell, whose accuracy may be trusted:

"'I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith,' says Johnson, 'that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return; and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill.'"

This was in the latter part of 1764, but the novel, "The Vicar of Wakefield," did not issue from the press till March, 1766. Before this "The Traveller" appeared, and brought reputation and a little money to the author. The time of its appearance was propitious. Young was dying, Gray dead, and no poet of special power was moving the English heart. The tender pathos of "The Traveller," its vague longing, its musical measure, its carefully considered melody, gave it place at once among the English poems. The second, third and fourth editions speedily appeared. It is characteristic of Goldsmith that, when the Earl of Northumberland sent for him to compliment him on his poem and to inquire whether, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he could be of service to him, he gently set aside any personal claims, and only mentioned that he had a brother in Ireland, a clergyman, who stood in need of help.

The success of "The Traveller" led Griffiths and Newbery to make an offer of one hundred dollars for a volume of essays selected from those already printed, and a bright, entertaining book was soon offered to the public. This was followed by the ballad "Edwin and Angelina."

The increasing honors that came to Goldsmith now led him to take chambers in Garden Court, to engage a man-servant, and to wear very fine clothes. His first suit, consisting of purple silk small-clothes, scarlet *roquelaure*, a wig, sword and gold-headed cane, gave him such delight that in six months he indulged in three similar suits.

At this time he followed a suggestion of Reynolds, and attempted to bring his medical knowledge into use, but the druggist to whom one of his prescriptions was sent refused to make up anything so preposterous, and the patient taking sides with him, our doctor put away his professional ambitions and returned to literature.

GOLDSMITH AND HIS CHERRY-COLORED COAT.

"The Good-natured Man" appeared in 1768. Although exquisitely ludicrous in many of its scenes, and notwithstanding the Prologue, written by Dr. Johnson, it was coldly received. Garrick knew the popular taste so well, he would not produce it at Drury Lane; and when it was offered at Covent Garden, then just opening, one of the best scenes was hissed so positively that it was thenceforth omitted. The author received about $2,500 from the sale of the copyright and from benefit nights, which was much more money than his books had brought him.

At this time, the elder Newbery, Goldsmith's early patron, died. This loss did not tempt him to accept the invitation of an agent of the Government to write, in the interests of a party, personal libels, for which he would have received good compensation.

The money received from "The Good-natured Man" was quickly spent on a set of chambers in Brick Court, Middle Temple. These were decorated, and then began a series of parties of a most extraordinary character. For the entertainment of his guests, Goldsmith would play the buffoon, or anything else; but it did not please him that the familiarity he thus encouraged took the shape it did, and that he was considered as a jester on other occasions.

Debts increased, and the inconvenience of them grew greater. Success, too, excited jealous attacks of spitefulness from the literary Bohemians of the day, and Goldsmith could not, like Johnson, treat these with indifferent contempt. His sensitiveness, and perhaps his vanity, too, made such attacks very painful; and he could not at once rise above them. The strong support of Johnson, who was then the great literary umpire, was a strong rock of defense. "Whether, indeed," Johnson asserted to a distinguished assembly—"whether, indeed, we take him as poet, as comic writer, or as an historian, *he stands in the first class.*"

In 1769, Goldsmith entered into an engagement with Griffiths to write a "History of Animated Nature." There were to be eight volumes, and eight hundred guineas were to be paid for the copyright. It was a curious project to engage a man whose knowledge in this line was almost *nil* to prepare an eight-volume work upon it. The ignorance betrayed was most ludicrous, as, for example, his announcement that the "insidious tiger was a denizen of the back-woods of Canada." Nevertheless, the book was, as Johnson said it would be, "as entertaining as a Persian tale." A "Roman History," which, like his other histories, was a compilation, appeared while the "Animated Nature" was in process of completion. And from this time this kind of work superseded in great measure his original productions.

GOLDSMITH TRYING THE POWER OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

On the 20th of May, 1770, Goldsmith being then in his forty-second year, the "Deserted Village" appeared. This poem had been expected for some time, and received a welcome of praise which even the reviews were unwilling to impair. Now that the poem has borne the test of over a century of criticism, it stands, and must ever stand, as one of the most delightful contributions to English literature. It was gracefully dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who returned the compliment by painting a picture, on the engraving of which he put this inscription: "This attempt to express a character in the 'Deserted Village,' is dedicated to Dr. Goldsmith by his sincere friend and admirer, Sir Joshua Reynolds."

The success of the "Deserted Village" enabled Dr. Goldsmith to visit the Continent, in company with Mrs. Horneck and her two daughters. But, although there was much to enjoy, a spirit of dissatisfaction

pervaded the party, and Goldsmith, at least, was glad to return to England.

There he resumed his finery and his frolics. Again he compiled histories and biographies, with such eagerness as his necessities enforced. He continued his witticisms, which were so often mistaken for wounded vanity and envious spite, and was loved, despised, courted and misunderstood as before.

Again he decided to write a comedy, the success of the "Good-natured Man" encouraging him to try that vein once more. "She Stoops to Conquer" was the outcome of this resolve. Colman, manager at Covent Garden, hesitated long about taking it, but Goldsmith's friends insisted. During the rehearsals Colman avowed his distrust of the play, and it was under very discouraging circumstances that on the 15th of March, 1773, the night arrived when the public was to judge of its merits. Goldsmith's agitation was so great he could not go to the theatre, but wandered around St. James Park until a friend found him, and persuaded him that his presence in the theatre was necessary.

The piece was a success from the beginning, and the proceeds justified the venture.

Although the money that came in was as much as could have been expected, it did but little to relieve Dr. Goldsmith from his embarrassments. The light heart of youth was gone, and burdens began to weigh heavily. His health became affected. Depression of spirits and irritability attacked him, and he quarreled with the booksellers, and even had one or two serious tiffs with Dr. Johnson. He wrote part of a poem, "Retaliation," in which he sketches with his masterly pen the characters of some of his associates. This was his last work.

A nervous fever, aggravated by mental disturbances, laid him low, and on the night of the 25th of March, 1774, in his forty-sixth year, he died. He was buried in the churchyard of the Temple, but all traces of the grave are lost. Some of his friends placed a cenotaph to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and Johnson wrote the inscription.

The announcement of his death was received with many demonstrations of sorrow. Burke burst into tears, and Reynolds threw aside his pencil for the day. But the loudest grief came from an assemblage of those upon whom Goldsmith had spent a large portion of his time and money in unwise charity or worse. If he could have restrained his inclinations and his taste for gambling, his life might have been prolonged, and his years would have been full of comfort and honor. But his failures are past, his achievements remain to us, and it would be a hard heart that had no place of honor for gentle Oliver Goldsmith.

A TARTAR BAZAAR IN CENTRAL ASIA.

By David Ker.

It is high noon on the steppes of Turkistan, and as hot as befits the hour and latitude. The little flat-roofed mud-hovels of the village of Korzalinsk, and the low, gray, earthen wall of the Russian fort around which they have grown up, gape with countless cracks under the blistering glare, as if opening their thirsty lips for a drink. The commandant's thermometer (the only one within a seven days' journey) stands at 103° in the shade; and I find it recorded in my diary that it is a fortnight since I last saw a cloud, and three weeks since I felt a drop of rain.

The fresh morning breeze has long since died away, and the still air is heavy as lead. The few scorpions who happen to be abroad on business, stroll along in a leisurely way, as if they had their hands in their pockets; and the very camels, too lazy to bite me, content themselves with a derisive snort as I pass by.

But despite all this, the panorama is not without a certain amount of life and bustle. Camels and horses are passing and repassing through the broad, dusty, sun-parched square of the bazaar. Bales of merchandise are being opened, keen bargains driven, wares of all kinds sharply scrutinized and chaffered over, while a motley crowd of semi-savages, of every race from Siberia to Afghanistan, are screaming and gesticulating as none but the "stately Oriental" *can* scream and gesticulate—although it must be owned that the Frenchman often runs him hard.

All Eastern bazaars have a strong family likeness, from the stifling little beehives of Arabian cities to the vast, shadowy colonnades of the "Great Bazaar" at Constantinople; and this little Tartar offshoot bears the generic stamp plainly enough. But to convey a clear idea of it to any Western reader is no easy matter. Most people picture to themselves a kind of cross between the Palais Royal and the Burlington Arcade, swarming with gorgeously attired Bluebeards, and abounding in every variety of costly merchandise. The reality is widely different. Imagine two gigantic honeycombs of baked mud, one within the other, with an Asiatic tradesman sitting cross-legged in every cell, and a score of camels grouped in the centre—cover everything with a thick coating of dust, and diffuse throughout a smell as of a thousand stables—and the product shall be the thing required.

Into this delectable place I saunter leisurely, piloting my way between a very fractious camel which is just coming out, and a lanky, half-nude Kirghiz, mounted on a black cow,* who is just going in. The inner ring is in full bustle, and I, mindful of the pithy Oriental proverb, that "Hurry belongs to the evil one," make the tour of it at an average rate of one step per minute. But my approach is not unmarked. The point at which I enter is garrisoned chiefly by Russians, and the mere sight of a possible customer half a mile off is sufficient to stir *them* into instant activity. I have scarcely time to look around me, when I am overwhelmed by a tremendous clamor.

"Buy a spoon, *barin* (master)? Fine wooden spoons; good to eat soup on the steppe."

"Cakes, *barin?* Nice wheaten cakes. One bite last you a whole day?"

"That's very likely," answer I, looking significantly at the filthy paste, whereat a loud laugh circles through the group; for in this primitive region a very little wit goes a long way.

"Hold your noise, you fools!" says a portly graybeard, whom, by his solemn and venerable appearance, I rightly judge to be the greatest rogue of the lot. "The *barin* doesn't want any of your rubbish; he's looking out for a good, strong bag to put his provisions in—like this!"

And he brandishes triumphantly a nondescript-looking object, very much like a burst pair of bellows.

"How much for the bag?" ask I.

"Ten roubles ($7½) to *you, barin*—to any one else, I'd say twelve."

"You old heathen! Ten roubles for a thing that's not worth two! Are you mad, or haven't you slept off your last night's drunk yet?"

And I turn as if to go away.

"*Barin! barin!* don't be in such a hurry! One might think I wanted to cheat you! Let us say eight roubles, then, and that'll be a dead loss, so help me heaven!"

* In Central Asia cattle are used for riding almost as frequently as in Africa.

"Ah, you rascal! don't I know that whatever I give you, you'll make at least fifty per cent. profit?"

"What's to be done, father? You wouldn't grudge a poor trader a rouble or two, surely? You are rich, and can spend what you please; but we poor fellows must take what we can get."

"And you *do* take it!" answer I, with an emphasis that makes the audience chuckle again. "Come, four roubles—that's my last word."

The Russian groans deeply, and, with the air of a good man submitting bravely to some monstrous injustice, hands me over for four roubles an article not worth three. I sling the bag over my shoulder and pass on, while the bearded faces behind me twinkle into a quiet grin.

But my purchases are not ended yet. I know by sad experience that any man traveling in these unknown regions will be expected to bring back a souvenir for every acquaintance he has got; and it is just as well to get it over at once. I look about for something "cheap and durable," and pitch at length upon a heap of Kirghiz spoons and bowls of curiously painted wood, thrown pell-mell into a huge chest in front of one of the larger cells. At first I look in vain for any trace of a shopman; but after a time, in the very inmost nook of the recess, I dimly descry a magnificent old Bokhariote, in a green robe, sitting cross-legged upon a little square carpet—awake, but motionless as a statue—surveying me and my proceedings with a grand and tranquil contempt, which says more than any words that it is all one to *him* whether I buy anything or not.

I dive into the chest, and turn out its contents one by one. To all appearance I might walk off with the entire lot without making the slightest impression upon their impassible owner. At length, having fixed upon three spoons a little less dirty than the rest, and a bowl which, by some miracle, has only one crack in it, I present myself at the mouth of the cell.

"How much for the bowl?"

The automaton slowly extends the fingers of both hands, without speaking.

"Ten kopecks (about six cents), eh? And the spoons?"

Out come two fingers.

"Two kopecks apiece? Very good."

I put down sixteen kopecks and move off, with an uncomfortable feeling of having just offered sacrifice to some unknown Eastern idol. When I look back, on reaching the other side of the square, my statuesque friend has not yet stirred to take up his money.

But at this point my attention is drawn to a noise of shouting and laughter from a crowd gathered near the entrance. A hulking Cossack has been boasting loudly of his skill in wrestling, and (rather unwisely, as it turns out) challenging all comers to try a fall with him. A short, broad-shouldered Bashkir has accepted the defiance, and I come up just in time to see the over-confident challenger sprawling on his back amid a whirl of dust. The native bystanders applaud lustily, and I reward the conqueror with a few kopecks, which he instantly lays out in a thick, tough cake, like a rolled-up copybook, sufficient to knock any civilized digestion out of time altogether.

The sound of a child's voice at my elbow makes me turn round, and I see in front of the nearest booth a little round-faced, black-eyed urchin of five, sitting doubled up over a huge, greasy book, filled with crabbed Tartar characters, which a brown, dried-up old graybeard in a villainously dirty tunic is laboriously teaching him to pronounce. Fancy books and reading-lessons on the steppes of the Syr-Daria! The schoolmaster *is* abroad with a vengeance!

But my appetite now begins to hint that it is past one o'clock, and so, having by this time seen all that I care about, I set my face toward the savory *shtchee* (cabbage soup) that awaits me at the other end of the village.

THE PALACE OF THE INQUISITION.

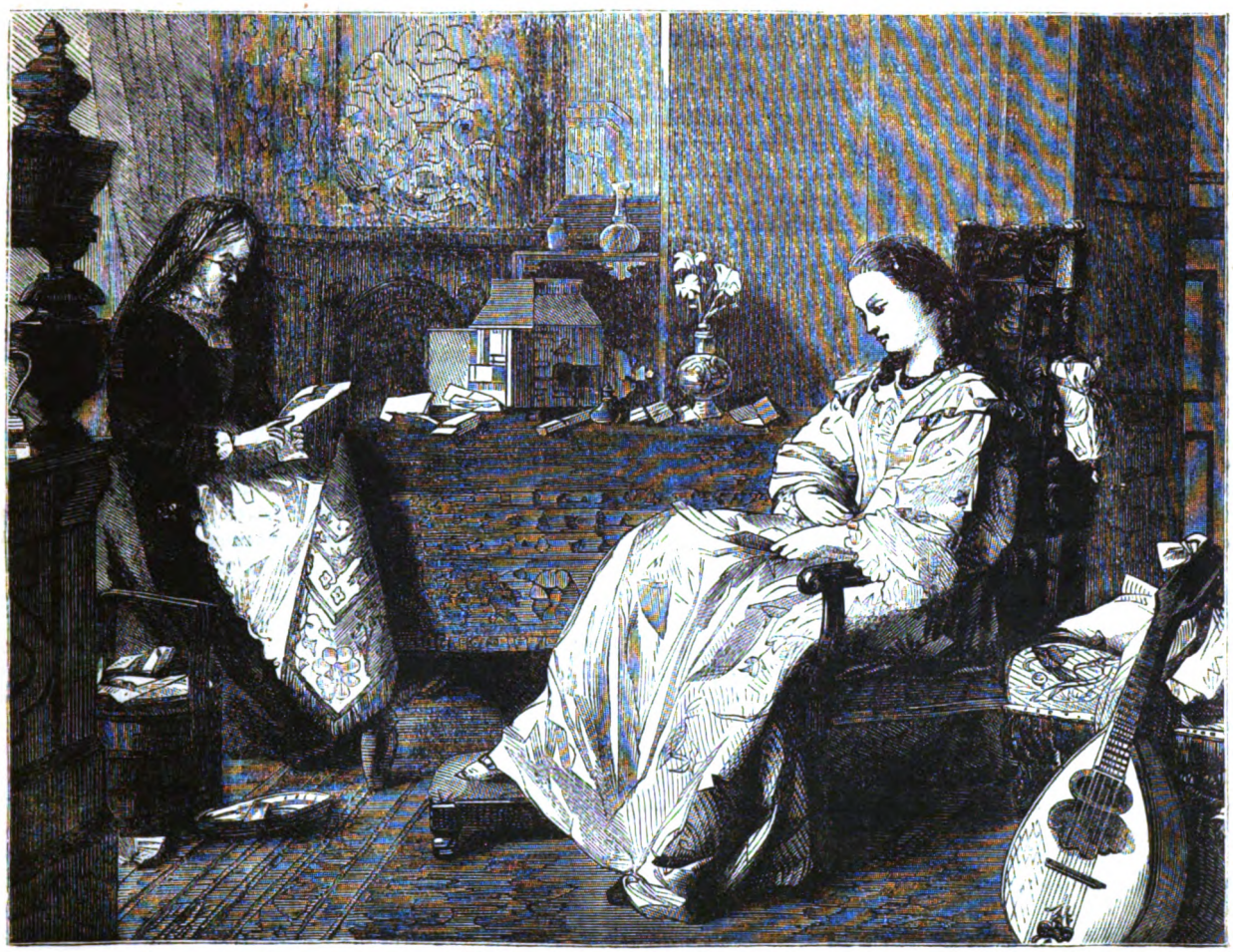
THE ancient "Palace of the Inquisition," at Rome, is for sale! says the London *Standard*. The bills are out, and the brokers are in. This "desirable property" is advertised by a prosaic auctioneer as for disposal "without any reserve." The halls of the tribunal, with the changes, dungeons, torture cells, ghosts, and associations of every sort, are in the market, and will be positively knocked down to the highest bidder, the late proprietor having reduced his establishment, and being, therefore, in no further need of the premises.

To those fond of uncomfortable reminiscences, No. 4 Via Monte Vecchio will doubtless prove an attractive residence, and it may be safely affirmed that such a chance is never likely to occur again. It is true that it has its drawbacks. In the first place, it is not older than 1614, and must, therefore, have been erected long after the palmy days of the Grand Inquisitor. It should also be taken into account, in estimating its value, that the Roman Inquisition was always of a comparatively mild description. In Spain, Torquemada and his successor, Diego Daza, are believed to have burned and tortured their thousands; though even this statement is doubtful, since it rests on the unsupported testimony of that not very truthful historian, Señor Llorente. But the Roman pontiffs never approved of the Iberian doings. In Rome itself, the "Halls of Torture," now described by the Italian auctioneers with an eloquence that makes the flesh of a good Protestant creep, were really little worse than the courts of law of the period. They were not pleasant places in which to pass a quarter of an hour, but the Roman Inquisitors were never known to sentence any one to death for heresy; and while Madrid, Lisbon and Lima were making hard the ways of Jews, Moors and erring Christians, the cardinals in the Via Monte Vecchio were trying impostors who aimed at being priests, quibbling over cases of church law like that involved in the Montara dispute, or engaged in the kindly task of helping the circulation of unsalable books by putting them on the *index expurgatorius*. Latterly, indeed, this branch of the publishing trade has been performed in the privacy of the Vatican, the Italian Government having entirely prevented the exercise of the other functions of the holy office.

Hence, this "Palace of the Inquisition" is not really more picturesque than Stationers' Hall, or the Court of Arches, and in its more tragic relations might be eclipsed by Newgate and the Old Bailey. It is even questionable whether there is one salable tradition connected with it.

PROBABLY the largest rock in the known world is the south dome of the Yosemite. Standing at the fork of the upper valley, it rears itself, a solid rocky loaf, 6,000 feet above the ground. A more powerful hand than that of Titan has cut away the eastern half, leaving a sheer precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this dome until last year. Former visitors gazed in wonder at the spikes driven into the rock by hardy spirits who had repeatedly endeavored to scale it. The shreds of rope dangling in the wind told the story of their failure. Last year, however, after thousands of dollars had been expended, several persons found their way to the top.

SCENE IN BRICK COURT AFTER GOLDSMITH'S DEATH.—SEE PAGE 311.



READING OLD LETTERS.

THE AMBER WITCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE WITH AN L," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ROSE-MARIE'S HISTORY.

MY American! Before bidding you adieu for ever, it is fitting that I should let you know the true past of one who may, even now, be the victim of a misconstruction on your part, and of deliberate malice on the part of her brother. I know myself worthy of being to you what I never can be, and in proving it, pray you always to keep a place for me in your memory, for I would usurp no place that might belong to a happier woman in your heart.

My mother was an Italian, and I was born in Italy—in Florence the Beautiful. My mother died in giving me birth, and my father, intrusting me to the care of my mother's sister, returned to France with Philippe, whom he designed to educate in the École Militaire.

My aunt, Mirabella Costi, was what you Americans call an "old maid," and devoted, soul and body, to her patroness, the Princess Rospigliosi, near whose palace we lived, and in whose garden—you recollect it, do you not?—I was often allowed to play, provided I would promise not to fall into the fountain. To the presence of the august lady of the palace I was often admitted, graciously allowed to kiss her hand, and to repeat, with my baby accents, some of the most terrible passages from the "Inferno" of Dante, the princess being pleased to be amused by the contrast between the sublimity of the subject and the childishness of the raconteuse, who indulged in the most dramatic gesticulations, and had been carefully drilled in elocution. She often condescended to admire me, as a small animal of a different species, quite perfect in its way, and a pleasing movable ornament for her magnificent *salons*.

I was fourteen when her only child, and the heir of the house, returned, having completed his foreign education by extensive travel. He dawned upon me like a young god. Never had I seen anything so splendid as this young cavalier—handsome, with the uncommon beauty of his house, graceful, polished, highly accomplished.

In Italy, one loves as the flowers open—the sun shines, and the petals expand at once, changing in a moment from the bud to the perfect flower. *My* sun shone, and my heart opened at once to receive the blissful rays. I did not know that I loved. I knew only three people who ranked as *persons* with me—for I had lived in almost conventual seclusion—my aunt, to whom I clung from the habit of affection; the princess, who was my sovereign lady; and now the young prince, to whom I offered my loyal homage, but to whom I felt myself drawn by the sympathy of youth. I know the princess never thought it possible that *her son* could regard me as anything but a petted domestic animal, very bright and well-trained, capable of a thousand amusing antics, but as easily to be put

aside when any important interests should supervene. Guido, however, saw with the eyes of nineteen, and those eyes were in the head of a youth.

We were sitting by the fountain one afternoon, when he told me, suddenly, that he thought me very beautiful. I looked into the fountain and smiled, for it was very pleasant to see the face that looked out, like a naiad, from the clear basin. He then told me that he loved me. I was confused, for I then understood the feeling that had been tormenting me so long, making me cry when I should have been at ease, sad when I should have been gay, and as full of contradictions as an April day.

He asked me if I loved him. I told him that I thought so, but I could not be sure until I had asked my aunt. When I made this reply, he laughed, and took me in his arms and kissed me. This frightened me, and I ran away and concealed myself from him in one of the many alleys of the garden. He pursued me, and I heard him calling my name, and searching for me through the garden, with whose labyrinthine recesses he was not as well acquainted as myself.

An idea suggested itself to me; and, escaping into the palace, I possessed myself of a long white wrap belonging to the princess, and returning enveloped in it, climbed upon the pedestal on which stood the nymph of the fountain, and, clinging to her, covered from head to foot with my white drapery, was indistinguishable in the dusk that had now crept over the sky.

Guido came up, breathless, just as the princess swept down the terrace from the palace, her long robes trailing behind her. She dressed in deep black at this time, and must have looked like Lady Macbeth.

"I have been wishing to see you, Guido," she said, in her impressive tones, which now seemed doubly impressive. I thought he looked troubled, and wondered if he were afraid of his stately mother; but, with his usual courtesy, he bared his head and stood before her, waiting her further commands.

She laid her hand on his shoulder—she was as tall as he—with more tenderness of action than I had ever before observed in her.

"You are almost a man, now, Guido."

"So I call myself, mother."

"And you are the heir of the house. If anything should happen to you, our ancient name would become extinct."

"My cousin, my mother?"

"Do not name him. I hate him."

"Let us hope that nothing may happen to me."

"You should marry, Guido. With children one can, indeed, meet 'his enemies in the gate.' I understand that passage to apply particularly to the nobility. You frown, Guido."

"Find me a woman like my mother, and I will marry her," he said, kissing his mother's hand; "until then, I must beg to be allowed to wait."

The princess bent her brows and looked at him thoughtfully.

"You have not any one in your mind, Guido?"

He started.

"My mother!"

"You might have seen some one in France, in Germany, or——"

"My flames have expired very soon upon the kindling," he said, laughing. "Very few women will bear the test of a long acquaintance."

"I am afraid you are going to be too particular, Guido. You might trust to your mother."

"I would, if *you* were to be the one to marry the person whom you select, dearest mother; but I must choose for myself."

"Marry any one you please, provided she be noble, beautiful and of a suitable age. I am getting old, and old people must yield to the young."

"*You old*, my mother! All say I look like your brother."

They walked toward the palace as he spoke, and I stood, leaning against the cold shoulder of my marble nymph, scarcely conscious that the water was pouring from her vase over my draperies and slippered feet.

Guido to be married! My pleasant companion and friend to be taken from me, and I to be left to my original loneliness in the great chambers of the palace, in the long, dark alleys of the garden! I began to cry. I mingled my tears with the cold stream of the fountain. I wept despairingly, with my cheek pressed against the cold marble shoulder of my nymph. I heard an exclamation, and looking down, saw Guido's dark eyes gazing upon me, widened by surprise. I sprang from my pedestal, and was taken, all shivering and forlorn as I was, into Guido's arms, my head upon his shoulder, while his hands wrung the water from my hair, and he laughed, wondered, soothed and teased by turns.

"So you turned into a marble nymph to escape me? The fables of mythology are nothing to this. And your dress is wet, your hair is wet, and your face—why, you are crying!"

"You are going away."

"Going away? silly child! When I have but now told you that I cannot leave you."

"But if you are married?"

"If I am married and go away, you will go also."

"I don't—understand."

"If you are my wife, my darling, won't you always go with me?"

"But I cannot be your wife."

"Why?"

"I am neither noble nor beautiful."

"Had you been born a queen, you could not better look your title. As for your beauty, consult your glass, or, rather, my face, when I am adoring you with all my eyes."

"Then you will not go away, Guido?"

"Not if you will keep me as your husband."

I plighted my troth that night, as we sat by the fountain, the moon painting our portraits in the water, as Guido said.

The next morning we were married, secretly, and with little ceremony, in the family chapel in the Church of the Annunciata, and I returned to my aunt, and Guido to the palace, unsuspected. I had not the least idea what I had done; all my thought was to keep Guido. Having done that, I was content, and thought little of my title of princess, and my beautiful ring, which was to me but the charm which was to keep Guido.

About a week after my marriage, I was walking in the garden, when I saw Ninetta, Guido's nurse, beckon to me from a distance. I went to her, and found her standing by a door that I had never before remarked, and which opened from the wall of the court into the garden.

"I have something to show you," she said; and, taking me by the hand, led me up a dark, closed staircase to a door which she bade me open, and which led into a suite of five rooms, magnificently furnished, and consisting of a *salon*, a dressing-room, two bedrooms and a small octagon, three sides of which were of glass, which was furnished with plants, and had a fountain in the centre. I uttered an exclamation of delight, and, as I did so, Guido stepped

from behind the sweeping curtains of a window, and throwing his arm around me, asked me how I liked our home.

"Our home!" I exclaimed, looking from him to Ninetta.

"I know everything," said Ninetta; "and, since you are married, it is right that you should live with your husband."

"But, the princess—but, my aunt!"

"Do you love your aunt better than me?" asked Guido, reproachfully.

"As for the excellenza, she need know nothing of it," said Ninetta. "These rooms have been closed for years. I question if the excellenza even knows there are such."

"But I must leave my aunt!"

"The principessa must *disappear*," said Ninetta, looking at Guido.

Guido leaned over me, taking my hands between both of his own.

"You must leave your aunt, Rose-Marie—not to see her, perhaps, for years. You must live only in these rooms, secluded from all companionship but that of your husband, of our good Ninetta, and of Giacomo, who will be your major-domo. When my mother is in Rome, you can have the freedom of the house. The garden you can frequent as much as you please; and, under Ninetta's guardianship, and in a proper disguise, I see no harm in your visiting the city occasionally. Can my little wife do all this for *my* sake?"

I began to weep. The prospect seemed forlorn enough for a girl of fourteen.

"This will only be until I am of age," said Guido. "Then I shall dare to proclaim our marriage; but, should I do so now——"

"What then?" I interrupted, eagerly.

"They would take you from me, and I should never see you more."

"I will stay, Guido."

My life of seclusion commenced from that day, and I was not unhappy. I was romantic enough to enjoy the mystery of sudden disappearance, and the secrecy that surrounded my every action. My repeated and stolen visits to the outer world, under the semblance of Ninetta's niece, and, when my boy was born, my duties as a mother, fully occupied me, and reconciled me to my husband's repeated and necessary absences. Often in the moonlight nights have I stolen down to the fountain to bathe my boy, while Ninetta kept strict watch. Often have I stolen into the city, in the dress of a contadina, carrying my child upon my arm, while Giacomo followed at a distance. When my boy was about eighteen months old, my husband proposed to take me to the baths of Lucca, the season being too late to risk the chance of meeting any of his acquaintances, and my health requiring a change of air. I was to leave the child with Ninetta, to lessen the difficulties of our journey under an assumed name, and Ninetta was to keep a journal, and send it to me as often as she could, and also to forward any letters which might come to Guido at Florence.

We had been a week at Lucca, when a letter came which necessitated Guido's immediate presence in Rome. "I shall only need to be there three days," he said to me, "and shall return to you as soon as possible after that time." I clung to him with many tears, and he parted from me with equal reluctance, soothing me with the promise to write immediately upon his arrival.

A week passed, and I had received no letter. At last Ninetta ceased to write—Ninetta, who had been most unfailing in her diary of all my baby's sayings and doings, his pretty ways, the new and cunning tricks he was learning every day, the thousand nothings that have so much importance in a mother's eyes. Ninetta did not write—then something must have happened. My baby was ill; I must go to him. But how could I go without Guido, who, for the first time, had failed to keep a promise? My visible anxiety and wretchedness at length attracted the attention of a young Frenchman, to whom Guido had taken a great fancy. With the delicate tact of his nation, he drew its cause from me, and himself offered to escort me to Florence. I accepted his offer with ardent gratitude.

It was night when we reached Florence, and I hastened to the house of Ninetta's niece, where I eagerly asked news of Ninetta. Flaminia had not seen her for a long time—"eight, nine—no, ten days"—counting them upon her fingers.

She had been, probably, entirely occupied with the child, I thought; and refusing all offers of refreshment, I hastened toward the garden of the palazzo. Admitting myself by my own private key, I walked down the dark orange-tree alley, to the well-known door, so conveniently hidden by its screen of luxuriant vines.

The door was opened from the outside by a massive latch, of which the handle was of ebony, curiously carved, being a swan's head and neck. It was not easily to be missed, even in the dark, and with only the sense of feeling to guide one. The door, also, was curiously carved, knotted, and so heavy that it would have been difficult to open, had not its own weight swung it outward when unlatched; and yet, passing my hand over it in every direction, I could find no latch, and all its grape garlands and queer little heads of fauns and satyrs presented only an evenly rough surface, like the roughness of stone, to my touch. Rendered desperate at last, I slipped into the porch of the palace, and taking from its iron hook one of the lamps which lighted the entrance, returned to the garden. Doubly impatient from my enforced delay, I pushed back the swinging vines, and stretching my hand toward the latch—*there was no latch there!* There was no door—only the rough stone walls, blank and gray as death.

Was I dreaming? Was I not in reality in the garden at Florence? I pushed the shade from the lamp, and let the flame touch my hand. The sharp sense of pain convinced me that this was no vision. Had I mistaken the position of the door? Carefully I investigated all that wall of the court against which the garden lay. The other doors were there—I counted them—but not the door from which the heads of fauns and satyrs peered through encircling vine-leaves.

Reckless with a vague terror, that every moment grew more real and overwhelming—with a feeling as if the earth were sinking under my feet, and reason itself were forsaking me—I rushed into the palace, flew up the stairs, and down one corridor after another until I reached the one in which was "my house," my child. I had been half conscious that here and there, in my mad course, a scared face had crossed my flying vision, a terrified shriek had pierced my bewildered brain, that lights had glanced, and footsteps echoed mine upon the stones of the corridors; but I was now at the door. "My baby!" I cried, in a wild scream, and then, when they came up, I was beating the blank wall with my agonized hands. I was trying to tear down the great stones which had been raised as a barrier between my child and me; I was mingling appeals to heaven and wild laughter in one fearful sound. *There was no door there*, only the wide, gray walls—and Ninetta and my boy!

I heard a voice say, "Mother of heaven! 'tis she, and she is mad!" and I saw my aunt's face, set like a gargoyle against the wall, white with terror, and the princess, her eyes darting and glittering like a snake's, as she echoed, "Mad!"

* * * * * *

A painful glare cut my eyes like a knife, and I opened them upon the familiar walls of the bedroom where I had spent my childish years, and upon the sun shining brightly in at the window through the vine, which hung, weighted with scarlet blossoms, down to the railing of the balcony.

"'Tis an hour yet to matins," I said, and would have sprung from my bed, but found myself too weak to do more than sit upright. Then I remembered that I was no longer careless, laughing Rose Germont, but the Princess Rospigliosi, a wife and a mother.

But why was I here? What had happened? Slowly memory took up the train of thought, and brought all back to me—my joy, my woe. Which was the dream? or was it all a dream?

The door opened, and my aunt came in—not plump, rosy and brisk, as I remembered her, but thin, pallid, and dressed in deepest black. She uttered an exclamation—it seemed one of pleasure—then her face grew grave again, pitying also. She came up to me, kissed me, and asked me how I was.

"If—oh, aunt, my baby! Where is my baby?"

"It is dead, my poor child."

"*Dead!* When?—where? Oh, Ninetta! Send Ninetta to me! Why did she let him die?"

"I know nothing of Ninetta, my child. Your baby was born while you were unconscious. It was dead, poor little thing!"

I remembered now—and I should never see it? Well, God's will be done. But my heart yearned toward my living child—my boy.

"Where is my boy, aunt?—my darling boy, so like his father! Where is Guido, aunt? Has he come back? Oh, my head! Tell me something, quick, or I shall go mad!"

"My poor child, may the saints give you peace! I know nothing of your child—I know nothing of your lover."

"He was my *husband!* How dare you speak so of him? How dare you speak so to me—to the *Princess Rospigliosi?*"

My aunt drew back from me, and looked alarmed. Did she really think me mad? I got down from the bed, and went to her, quietly, beseechingly.

"Take me to the palace, aunt—only take me to the palace."

"You shall go to the palace, my child, and the Blessed Virgin grant you relief!"

I dressed myself with trembling hands, assisted by my aunt—excitement had lent me unnatural strength—put on the large straw hat that Rose Germont used to wear, and, clinging to my aunt's arm, bent my feeble steps toward the palace. I went up the staircase, I retraced my mad course down the corridors, until I came to the walls behind which were the rooms I had called "my home." The door through which Ninetta had gone, day after day, the door through which I had led my boy's unequal steps, from behind which I had played bo-peep with him a thousand times, was not there!

The princess came sweeping down the corridor as I stood there, shrugged her shoulders when she saw me, and looked down upon me with a pitying, half-contemptuous expression. I sprang toward her, and grasped her velvet robe with both my hands.

"My child! Give me back my child!"

"Take her off, Mirabella!" she said, not shrinking from me, but speaking as if I had been some pertinacious animal.

"No, I will not be taken off! I will not let you go until you tell me what you have done with my boy."

"Was it not a *girl*, Mirabella?" ignoring me.

"Do not excite her, excellenza," said my aunt, in a low tone.

"I am not mad. You cannot make me think myself mad. Call your attendants. Let them see how calm my voice is, how temperate my words are, as I ask you only to restore a child to its mother. The most natural thing in the world—a child belongs to its mother."

"Poor thing!" said the princess, with that diabolically contemptuous smile of hers.

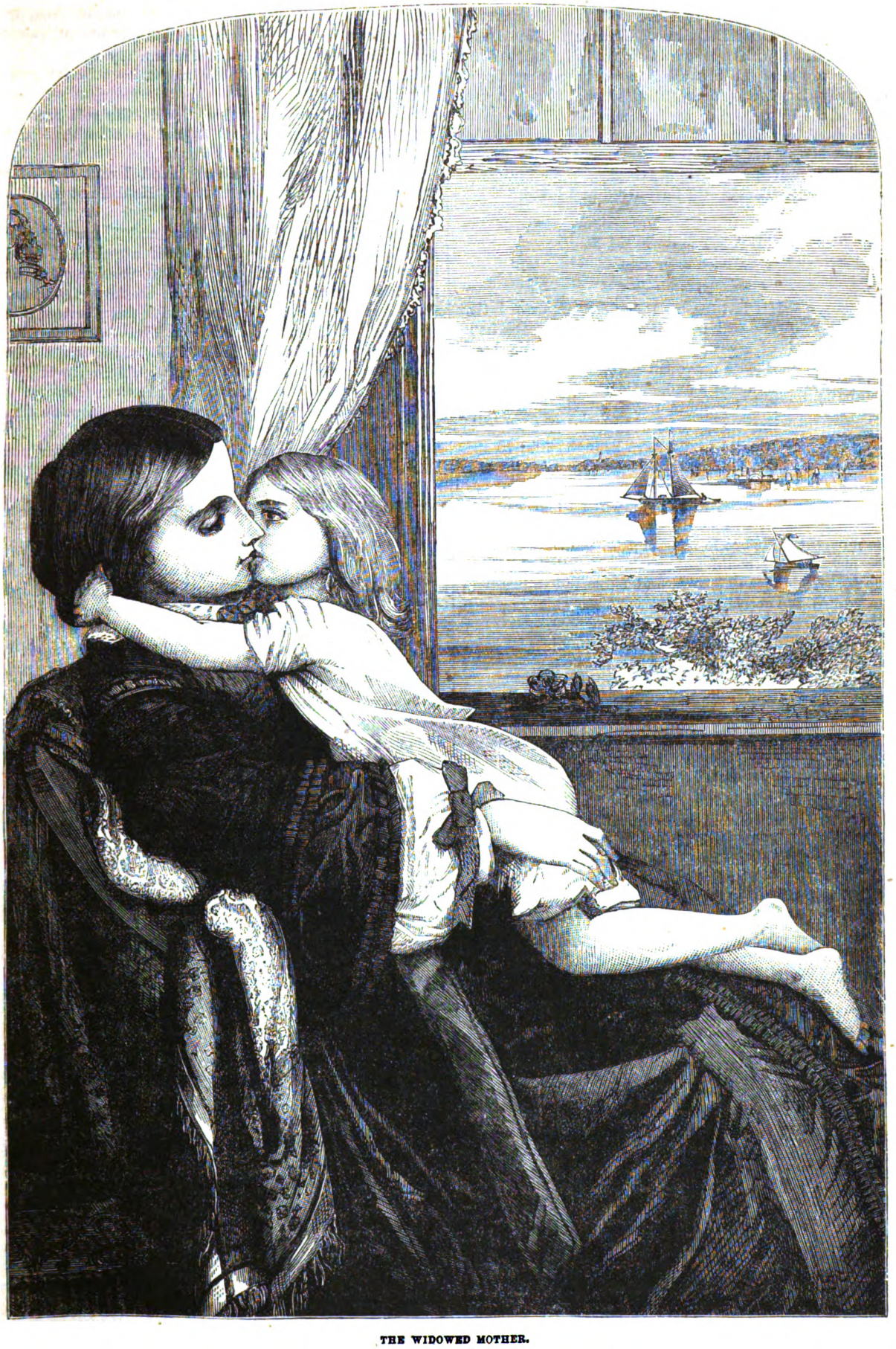
That smile of hers seemed first to curdle, and then to turn my blood to flame. I flew at her. I think I tried to clutch that white, arching throat of hers. Had I done so, I would never have yielded my grasp until the breath had been forced from it, never to return, for then I *was mad.*

When again my reason returned to me, they told me that I had been under the influence of the brain fever that had attacked me upon my return to Florence from Lucca, and that six weeks had passed since my second relapse. I no longer asked any questions of my aunt, but as soon as I could leave the house I went to the palace. The princess was gone, and I questioned the servants. Guido had not been back. They knew nothing of him, had heard nothing about him. They seemed to pity me, and, I thought, were honest in their replies. I was allowed to wander over the palace at my will. Day after day I went into the garden, to seek the entrance to "my home"; day after day I wandered through the corridors, on the same hopeless quest. I think they all thought me mad, but I was never interfered with.

The young Frenchman who had been my escort from Lucca was yet in the city, and came to see me often. To see him gave me as much pleasure as anything could, now. At last I told him my story, and begged him to go in search of my husband—while I would stay in Florence, to be there should he chance to return. Monsieur d'Arbrai—have I said his name was D'Arbrai?—complied with my request. I think he searched faithfully, for his was a very kind heart.

A year passed—I still waited, still watched, still "hoped against hope." Another year, and then every one said I was dying. My aunt wrote to my father to come and take me home to France, saying that my health was very bad, but making no disclosures. The letter was returned in an inclosure that informed her of his death. She knew nothing of Philippe, where he might be, or if he were alive or dead. Then Monsieur d'Arbrai came forward and said he loved me. He would take me as I was, broken in health and in spirit—disgraced, forlorn. I felt that I should never see Guido again, that I was a disgrace and burden to my aunt, that I was dying; and, feeling this, I longed for some kind heart on which to lean in the last dreadful hour. Was it a sin that I consented? was I weak to shrink from dying unloved and alone?—for my aunt was failing every day. As it was, I gave my hand to Monsieur d'Arbrai, and went to die in a strange land.

But in the soft climate of Southern France I regained my health and strength. Monsieur d'Arbrai was the very soul of kindness. I had a darling daughter, not as dear as my lost boy, but still my dear child. I was not happy, but I was at peace. When Monsieur d'Arbrai died, Philippe proposed to me to leave Josephine in the care of his



THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

father's sister, and travel with him for the benefit of my health. I acceded, and we came to Italy, after having made the tour of Great Britain and Germany. How he became acquainted with my secret I cannot tell; but, holding that over my head, he has tried to work upon my fear of ruining my daughter's future, that he might make a speculation of me by marrying me to some one rich enough to pay his gambling debts. I am now resolved to shield my child and myself under another name, and so, for the last time, sign myself Rose-Marie d'Arbrai.

I can say with Thekla, "I have lived and loved."

CHAPTER XXIX.

A DOOR IS OPENED.

From Rose-Marie's Journal.

HE is here, and has sent me word that she will be ready in an hour. The hand of my watch is almost upon the hour. Such a nervous trembling seizes me that I cannot stand. My boy cannot be there, for she would not condemn herself. If not there, where is he? Not *alive*, or Ninetta would have brought him to me. Oh, God, pity me!

* * * * *

The hour struck, and I rose to go, when I found myself unable to move. I was as if paralyzed. Guido came in at the moment. He ran to me and said, "Madonna, what is the matter?" I could not speak. I motioned toward the door. He lent me his arm, and I tottered rather than walked down the corridor to where she was standing with the masons. She started when she saw me, and grew deadly pale. She has some conscience, then! As I reached her she straightened up her long neck, and her eyes flashed.

"I did not know you required a witness," she said, her lips trembling and very white.

"He comes with me as a friend—and support. One requires such at the door of the tomb."

"Begin your work," she said to the masons.

They began to tear down the wall. The mortar crumbled like whitened bones, the stones fell as the first clods strike upon a coffin. I held Guido very tightly, and leaned against his shoulder, almost fainting when the long-hidden door was at last exposed.

"Open the door," said she.

It creaked upon its long-silent hinges; it groaned and wailed as it swung slowly back. She entered with apparent composure, drew aside the curtain, touched the spring that held the window, and pushed open the heavy shutters. It was the *salon* we were in, and a great bar of sunlight falling across the floor, blazed upon one of my child's playthings, lying directly at my feet. I threw myself upon it with a cry. I kissed it, for it seemed yet to bear the print of his little fingers; I huddled it in my long-empty arms, and held it to my aching heart and rained hot tears upon it.

An exclamation from the princess made me look up from where I was crouched upon the floor, and there, standing in the dusk of the further end of the *salon*, in an unfamiliar dress, with the light from a small lamp in his hand shed upon his colorless features, was my husband! the father of my boy! I did not stir. Had the dead risen? Would those pale lips unclose, and hurl their dreadful accusation upon us trembling mortals, shrinking from this awful presence?

I saw the princess pass me with hasty steps, and approach the apparition. I saw it wave her aside, and come forward until the daylight shone upon its pale features and smoking lamp. I saw it was no spirit, though attenuated almost beyond belief, but living flesh and blood—and did not faint, only crouched there, silent, my baby's toy still held unconsciously against my breast.

"Rose-Marie!"

The well-remembered voice of old—the soft tones, the little chord of tenderness that had so often thrilled my heart, sounding through the words.

I rose to my feet. With one hand I still clasped the toy, the other I held toward him. He did not touch me.

"I am a priest," he said.

My eyes glanced down his dress, and I saw not only a priest, but a cardinal! It was as if a gulf had opened between us. He stood on one side, once my husband, now a holy priest, consecrated from the love of woman; I stood on the other side, his wife, with the phantom of another man holding me back from him—with the face of my daughter, and yet no child of his, rising between us. I stretched my hands across this gulf imploringly; I struggled against the grasp of that phantom memory.

"A priest!" I said. "But you were my husband, first."

"Rose-Marie, does nothing but the dress I wear come between us?"

I fell on my knees.

"Only the memory of a good man, who cared for me when all the world forsook me."

"My darling!"

This was a cry. I rose to my feet. I went toward him. He withdrew from me, and held out his hand warningly.

"It is forbidden. I am not my own master."

I turned to the princess.

"See what you have done! This is my husband, before God and man, and yet he dares not take me in his arms."

"You are not worthy," replied she, hoarsely.

"Be silent, mother. She *is* worthy."

"Oh, Guido! I do not ask what cruel falsehood was used to part us, but I *do* ask you for my boy—*my* son, as well as yours. What did that woman do with him?"

"He stands beside you."

I turned—Guido! I saw it all now. How blind I had been, when his father's young self had stood before me all this while! I was in his arms. He towered above me—he, who had not reached my knee when we parted. He held me, clasped in the strong arms, so tiny when they last held me. My joy, my ecstasy, bordered on agony.

My husband came forward, and, holding his hands above us, blessed us solemnly:

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace! You have your son, Rose-Marie; death only can restore your husband to you. I have heard that you have found one whom you can love as you once loved him. Let no memories come between you and an honest heart. Be—happy. I am dead to you. Think of me as of one at rest with his God. Let me again bless you, my—daughter."

I kneeled. He blessed me solemnly in the solemn language of our Church. As he closed, his hand fell for an instant on my head, and when I looked up, he was gone. The princess was gone also. Only Guido was left—my boy, never to be taken from me again!

I am divided between great joy and great grief. I never tire of looking at or being with my recovered treasure; but that which is lost to me costs me many bitter tears. He knows me innocent—thank God for that!

Guido sits on a cushion at my feet. He holds one of my hands, and the other caresses his dear, bright head. I

never weary of hearing him speak, of listening to the most trifling of his recollections. He has received the education of a gentleman, and has a liberal income, without ever being aware of the source from whence he drew his supplies. The princess he has always known as his godmother. His father has only been to him his good friend Cardinal Rospigliosi. He remembers Ninetta, for he was eight years old when she died. Good Ninetta! She was faithful to my boy, if not to me.

* * * * * *

I have wronged Ninetta. Having discovered that her niece was yet living, I have been to her, and she remembered me, and has given me a sealed letter that was sent to her by an unknown hand, with instructions to deliver it to me should I ever return to Florence.

The Letter.

MOST NOBLE LADY:—It is Ninetta who writes to you—Ninetta, who will not, *cannot*, die until she has told you, wherever you may be, that she was always faithful, always true to you.

Oh, dear lady! what must have been your agony, to come back and find your little, your darling baby, was not there! You had been gone but a week, dear lady, when, notwithstanding all my care, his little excellency escaped through the door of the *salon*, while I was gone to the kitchen to get his dinner, and was found by the excellenza playing in one of the corridors. When I came back with the little cakes that he loved, I found her in the *salon*, holding the child by the hand, and looking as tall and fearful as the angel in the Last Judgment. I dropped my cakes, and looked so dreadfully frightened that the little prince was frightened also, and, beginning to cry, tried to come to me, but the excellenza held him back.

"Who is this child?"

My courage came back, for I knew that everything must be disclosed, and I answered, boldly:

"Your grandson, most noble lady."

She started.

"And his mother?"

"The Princess di Rospigliosi."

"You are a liar! There is no other princess than myself!"

"She *was* the Signorina Germont."

She drew the child toward her as I spoke. He stopped crying, and looked at her fearlessly, though her brows were drawn together and her mouth contorted. I thought his blood showed itself in that look, so brave, with the tears yet shining in his great dark eyes!

The excellenza looked at him steadily for a while, and then she seized him in her arms, sprang to her feet, and ran out into the corridor. I followed her. She threw open a window looking into the court, and held the child out of it, over the great paving-stones. My blood turned to ice at the sight.

"Promise me," said she—"promise to do what I tell you, or I——"

"I promise!" I cried.

"Swear it." And she made me take a dreadful oath. Then she set the child on the floor before me. He had never shed a tear all this time, but he now held fast to my skirt, and looked up at his grandmother while she told me what I was to do.

I was to take the child to Venice, and there I was to stay until she should send for me. I was to take another name than my own. I was to call our darling baby Guido, only. I was never to speak of Florence, or of having been there. I was to have no communication with you, his excellency or my own family. If I held to these conditions, I was to be allowed the care of my darling prince; if not, he was to be taken from me.

I consented, dear lady, and I kept my oath, until now they tell me I am to die. Surely death breaks all bonds but those of love and kindness; and now that I am to leave the world so soon, my heart yearns to you, my dearest lady. I long to kiss your dear hand, to see your sweet face again, and to show you our beautiful boy, grown to be so much like his father—above all, to tell you that Ninetta has been faithful to the last.

Farewell, dear lady. May the dear Mother of our Lord bless and keep all sorrowing mothers on earth, is the last prayer of your loving ——— NINETTA.

I showed this letter to Guido, to whom I also narrated my history. How delightful it was to have him soothe me with such loving words and caresses, telling me that no sorrow his arm could ward off should ever approach me more. How I clung to him! He is my all now. At times I am afraid that I shall weary him; and, alas! for the time when some other love shall come between him and his mother's heart. And I have put that other love from my heart. It seems to me a thing of centuries past. I think now only of Guido and his father. Oh! for one little word from him, "to feed the mighty hunger of my heart!" Even if I am never to see him again, I will live a widow for his sake.

I have a letter from him, written by his own dear hand. He still thinks of me, then? My weak hand can hold back some portion of his thoughts from his Church.

His Letter.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER:—As flesh is weak, I think it best not to see you again; but, desiring to prove to you that, although all earthly love is forbidden to me, I still respect and care for the innocent, suffering woman whom I once called my wife—and also to disabuse you of the belief that my will was in any way accessory to the act that separated us, I write what I fear will be too long a letter.

You remember that I was called to Rome by business. I have since discovered that the business was put into my hands to separate me from you; but, not being aware of it at the time, I transacted it, returned to Lucca, and found you were not there. You were to have been removed, I suppose, but your happening to leave with Monsieur d'Arbrai furnished the basis for a new plot. I found at Lucca a letter from Ninetta (a forgery), written wildly and incoherently, informing me of your flight with Monsieur d'Arbrai, and her unwillingness to be separated from the child, whom you would take with you.

There is no need to describe to you my anguish and despair. But still I was incredulous. I rushed to Florence, reaching there in the evening. I entered the garden, and reached "our home" through the hidden door. I have since discovered that the door was walled against your return, but the wall removed directly after, that I might suspect nothing. The apartments were empty. Ninetta was not there. Giacomo also had disappeared. I went to my mother's apartments. She appeared surprised by my sudden appearance, but received me with composure.

The next morning I went to the house of Ninetta's niece. She knew nothing, had heard nothing of her aunt. It was true, then! I abandoned myself to the most dreadful despair. My mother observed my sufferings, and loudly attributed them to failing health. She recommended foreign travel. I feigned to follow her advice, but secluded myself with an eminently holy man, and after a course of study, took upon myself the vows of the priest-

hood. I returned to my mother the shadow of my former self. She now recommended a bride. I informed her that I had taken the Church for my spouse. In the height of her disappointment and resentment she revealed the truth. It struck me to the earth. When I recovered, and had upbraided her, I announced to her my intention to secure to my son the name and honors of his father. She produced papers showing my marriage to have been annulled by the Pope, thus rendering our boy illegitimate.

As a priest, I could do nothing. I begged my mother to let me see my boy, but she refused to tell me where he was. And not until Ninetta's death did I discover where he was hidden. Then he was committed to the care of a relative, at whose house I often met him, proved myself a good friend at every opportunity that occurred, in some degree superintended his education, but was denied the miserable consolation of telling him that I was his father, though the child soon discovered himself to be one set apart from his fellows by the accident of his birth.

I have always hoped that some day you would return to that Florence where you had been so happy, and I have haunted my ancestral palace, even after it was made a residence for strangers. But I never knew of your being there until after your return from Venice, where my mother wrote me that she had met you, and you were on the eve of marriage to a rich and handsome American. Then I took off the locket I had always worn, and trampled it under my feet, even as I felt you had trampled my memory.

Rose-Marie, it was the last struggle of selfish, human love. I came out of it to remember that I was to you but a memory. You had suffered enough—why should I grudge to you a late happiness? Then I saw you in the garden for the first time in all those long, long years, and how I reveled in your matured loveliness—the flower of the sweet bud I had worn in my bosom. When you fainted at my feet, I took you in my arms and gave you my last kiss. Many a fast and weary vigil must atone for that sin, but I cannot regret it. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak;" and my human heart sinks as I write farewell. God does not burden us more than we can bear; and, after our probation here, heaven dawns upon us, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; but we are as the angels. Awaiting that blessed re-union, I die to you upon earth, GUIDO.

How much one can endure and live! I did not know, until I had read this eternal farewell, that some hope had yet lingered in my heart.

"You have me, mother," said Guido, who had read the letter over my shoulder. "Poor, darling mother! Every one stabs this tender little heart. Can you endure yet more, mother dear?"

"Have I not drank the cup to the dregs? Is anything left to be endured?"

"Here is a letter from the princess. I do not think she would write had she anything pleasant to say."

"Open the letter, Guido, and read it. Nothing can move me very much now."

Her Letter.

MADAME ——: You thought that the victory was yours, did you not, when you took your recovered son in your arms, and looked over your shoulder at me so triumphantly? But the Church will not restore your husband, nor will any prayers or tears win back to you your daughter.

You did not know that the child to which you gave birth in your unconsciousness was a *living* child! I told Mirabella to deceive you, and she did it well. That child is now a woman, beautiful, intelligent, affectionate—one who would be the very pride of a mother's heart. But you shall never know what it is to have a daughter; and, in possessing her, I do not envy you your son. *My* son was the cause of pain and disappointment to me, as, undoubtedly, your son will be to you; but your daughter is the blessing of my life. I take her from you, and from Italy. Years hence, I may tell her of the weak and criminal woman, whose memory is her disgrace, who left her husband for a stranger, and who abandoned her helpless child to the loving care of her grandmother.

VITTORIA, Princess Rospigliosi.

"Beatrice was my sister?" said Guido.

"Did they call her Beatrice? It was a lovely face. I remember it now."

"How many memories have been laid up for you, my mother!"

"I am only thirty-six, Guido, but I remember enough of sorrow for a woman of ninety. She says that I shall never know what it is to have a daughter. But I *have* a daughter.'

"The child of that other man."

"Guido, if *you* shrink from me, I shall die!"

"Mother, I will never forget that I am your son."

"But you looked so when you said that."

"He was not *my* father."

"Remember always that *your* father has forgiven me, Guido, and that I thought myself dying."

Why will women be so weak through all their strength? Why could I not endure to die alone, as my Guido did to live alone? Then I should not have seen my boy shrink from his mother, even for an instant. Is there another trial still in store for me? And must I part from this adored child because duty calls me to that other helpless child, who is, in his eyes, a shame to me?

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIRST DAY OF THE CARNIVAL.

THE sun had risen upon Rome, and the solemn and stately Corso, that had lain so gray and silent under the pale rays of the moon, now looked like a divided rainbow; for the long lines of grim, grand palaces on either side had blossomed, at balcony and window, with hues as bright and glowing as if the heavens had rained flowers in the night. Banners floated, gorgeous-hued silks waved, lustrous velvets, with gleaming golden fringes, draped the balconies; festoons of rosy silk drooped above the heads of giant caryatides. Here the gray wall glowed with iris-colored velvet looped with flaming orange; there white and vermilion wound around the pillars, with knots of blue and silver streaming to the air, and brilliant tapestries hung their rich arabesques of gold and crimson from some lofty window, above which fluttered draperies of pale azure, rayed with silver. But, though all this wealth of color and material was spread so lavishly, not an eye was visible to gaze upon it—not a fair and blooming, or dark, bearded face looked from the blossoming balconies, or peered through the bright draperies of the windows. Not a person was visible in the long perspective of brilliant color: the only living thing was the breeze, which fluttered and flaunted the gay silks and floating banners.

At last the iron tongue of a bell clove the silence, and rang out a merry peal.

At the signal, as if by magic, the grand old street was filled with a mad throng of maskers, pouring from every

A WINTER GREETING.—"THE HEARTS ARE WARM, IF COLD THE WEATHER."

side-street and alley, rushing from the doors, leaping from the balconies, gliding from every niche and nook and corner—coming faster and faster, leaping, dancing, whirling, hopping and running, rolling a tide of laughter down the street, as if the gods were again worshiped in Imperial Rome, and this had been the feast of Momus.

The windows and balconies now filled with the flower-like faces and magnificent forms of the fair Roman patricians, their rich dresses and flashing jewels adding to the splendor of the scene. White hands, glittering with ancestral gems, showered down flowers and confetti on the motley crew beneath, and occasionally some more dubious missile hit some occupant of the long line of carriages moving slowly through the crowd of masks, and, bursting, whitened with powdery lime the dark locks and velvet-covered shoulders of the victim.

As the crowd moved on, each instant some monstrous figure was succeeded by another more monstrous and more strange. It seemed the reign of goblins and contradictions; for, if one saw a modest nun slow passing, with decent sable gown and ample vail, a sudden caper, three feet in the air, would give to view the short skirts and pink-stockinged legs of a ballet-girl; and a sober monk, doffing at once his gray frock and muffling cowl, showed the Enemy of Mankind, horns, hoofs and tail complete.

Anon, some noble dame of the old régime would come mincing down the street, with powdered hair a foot above her head, paint, patches, white bare shoulder, damask gown and velvet train; and, glance but on the other side, she was a laughing contadina, with skirt barely reaching to her knees, and a gay kerchief laid over her black, close-braided locks. A huge Falstaffian figure, bearing all before him with his enormous paunch, would suddenly explode, and from the powdery ruins would skip a little scarlet imp, armed with a gilded prong. Great bears walked around on their hind-legs; monkeys skipped and chattered; faces like incarnate nightmares looked down from bodies ten feet high; men, with their heads between their shoulders, like the Anthropophagi; dragons and serpents, fauns and satyrs; huge birds walking on human feet; preposterous noses, which brayed forth like trumpets; enormous eyes, which flashed fire; mouths gaping like caverns, and lolling scarlet tongues, yards long, between their monstrous teeth, presented themselves on every side.

But not all these figures were monstrous or uncouth. Occasionally a simple domino, black, white or red, would glide quietly through the grotesque throng; or some beautiful form would appear, rendered doubly attractive by the contrast of the hideous, mocking crowd. One of these had suddenly appeared upon a balcony of the Rospoli Palace—a beautiful girl, apparently about sixteen, dressed in a simple white satin skirt and blue bodice, her profusion of blonde hair crowned by a wreath of crimson roses, and shading her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes. In her hand she held a small basket filled with confetti. From the balcony she sprang, light as a zephyr, to the ground, and in an instant was surrounded by a crowd of frightful masks, loudly admiring her in the hyperbolical Italian adjectives, imploring a curl of her hair, mocking, murmuring, cooing, and imitating the sound of kissing, and trying to steal her confetti, which she held close to her satin bodice, covering the contents with both her hands.

One mask, with an enormous nose, bent it aside, and poked a pair of blubber lips into her face; another went on his knees at her feet, and, while kneeling, craned his neck three feet above her head, and pretended to nibble the roses of her wreath; a third stretched out two gigantic hands, and appeared about to clasp her waist. The girl, who had laughed at first, seemed now to be frightened, and glanced around her apprehensively. A gray domino passing near, she bounded from the circle of her tormentors and clung to his arm. The masks pressed after her, but the domino received them with a powerful swing of the right arm, that seemed to be significant, for they backed away laughingly, and crying out, "An Englishman, an Englishman!" and left him and his pretty companion to themselves.

The girl clung tightly to her protector's arm, and breathed quickly.

"Have you lost your companions?" asked the domino, kindly, in Italian, spoken with a foreign accent.

The girl turned her head quickly.

"Yes. If you could only find them for me."

"How were they dressed?"

"In domino. But they were going to change their dresses—at least, madame intended to."

"Madame!" echoed the gray domino.

"Madame d'Arbrai. Do you know her?"

"I have—seen her."

"Do you know, she has lately found her son, whom she lost when a child? Such a handsome young man! They call him the Signor Guido."

The domino started.

"Guido! Why, they said she had eloped——"

"She went with him at that time, to seek the proofs of his identity. Had she eloped with anyone, it would have doubtless been with the Signor Americano, whom she loves."

"An American! His name?"

"It is Lorenzo, in Italian—Lorenzo—paf! The other name escapes me."

"That is enough. And she is free?"

"Free as air. I think I see my friends. Adieu, and many thanks, kind domino."

She made him a little courtesy and tripped away, the bright waves of her hair glancing in the sun.

Ah! with a turn of her hand, a mask, a dainty bit of satin and lace, was made to conceal all of her face but the scarlet lips, and round, velvety chin, and a scarlet domino taken from her basket covered her dress. In front of her was a knight-templar sauntering along, wrapped in the folds of his long white mantle, with the red cross on the shoulder. She passed him, passed and looked around, as if in doubt and anxiety. The templar approached her, and asked if he could be of any assistance. His voice trembled as he spoke, and his eyes were fixed eagerly on her beautiful hair. She gave a start and a little scream.

"It is you, Guido!" and then she seized his arm and clung to it. "I am so glad! I am so glad!"

"If you are glad, then judge what I must be." He bent over her caressingly, protectingly. "I find you alone!" he went on. "I had thought that General Lyon, or—or the chevalier——"

"Don't speak of him!" she said.

"Even his protection would have been better than none in this crowd."

"I plunged into the crowd to escape his persecutions." She began to sob under her mask; the tears poured from under the fringe of lace. "Guido! if you only knew!"

"My darling, what is it?"

They were jostled and pressed by the thronging masks, and these words were whispered in her ear, to which his lips were bent. She turned her head suddenly, and whispered back in his ear.

"*Maledizione!*"—the hissing Italian malediction was audible to those around, so moved was the speaker, as was shown by the grinding of his teeth under his mask, even

through the noise and confusion. "My God! Rafe," (two dominoes, walking behind them, started) "you must let me constitute myself your protector. My mother loves you already as her own child. I have no one else to consult. There is a chapel close at hand—in five minutes, I am your husband——"

"But do you know whom you are about to marry?" shouted a strong voice in English close behind him, and the templar found himself confronted by a gigantic domino.

"It's the general! He hates you!" whispered the scarlet domino. "If there is no other way, knock him down, and we'll slip away."

"Thanks. I do not require any information from you on this subject," said the templar, measuring his adversary with his eye, as if half inclined to follow his companion's insidious advice.

"It is *I* who require information, by — by a statement of one simple fact. Are you intending to marry Miss Beatrix Amberside?"

"Say *no*," whispered the scarlet domino; but the templar seemed to scorn her suggestion, for he answered, boldly:

"Have I any other consent to ask than her own?"

"If she says *yes*, it's all right, by — the new-fashioned way of arranging such matters. Here, Bee!" He turned suddenly, and then whisked around again, a scarlet-draped figure held in his mighty grasp, which he placed on one side of him, while at the same time he seized the scarlet domino by the arm, placing her on the other side. "By Jove! it's like the caskets in the 'Merchant of Venice!'" he said. "Choose, my Lord Bassanio. Shall it be lead, or silver? This plated, Palais Royal affair on my left seems to be uneasy."

In fact, the scarlet domino had tried to extricate her sleeve from his grasp; but, by a dexterous movement, he unmasked her, and then stood petrified by his discovery.

"Why! it's Madame What's-her-name?—the Amber Witch! by — by an unforeseen conjunction of circumstances."

"I choose the silver casket," said the templar, holding out his hand, as soon as the Amber Witch had vanished in the throng.

"The silver casket held—wasn't it a donkey's head?" said Rafe, laughing, and half shrinking back, as the general placed her hand in that of the templar.

"The ass's head is on Germont's shoulders," said the general. "He had planned to spite both you and Bee; I'll be bound, but I didn't think you would be taken in *twice* by that woman, Laurence."

"Laurence! Why, general, it's—it's Signor Guido."

The general bounded back a few feet.

"By——"

Here an egg filled with lime hit him on the chest, and exploding, filled his open mouth with its choking contents.

In the balcony of a palace, under loops and festoons of carnation and silver, madame was sitting, wearing a black domino, the hood of which was thrown back from her lovely, pallid face, from which her hair was brushed plainly, the long curls rolling at length over her sombre drapery, glittering in the bright Italian sunshine. Thus sitting, and looking absently at the varying shapes before her, she seemed some sad madonna, revolving in her mind some prescience of the fate of her divine offspring. Many a fantastic mask had paused to gaze into the sorrowful eyes; many a grotesque figure, brimming over with carnival jollity, had subdued his capers and stilled his uproariousness when passing by the balcony where that fair face and form seemed to say, with Queen Constance—"Here I and sorrow sit."

Had madame not been so occupied with her own thoughts, she would have remarked a violet domino, who had stationed himself near the balcony, in such a position as to obtain an uninterrupted view of her, and had watched her steadily for an hour, never removing his eyes, which sparkled like jewels through the holes in his mask. But madame, neither observing him nor any one else, sat with her head bent upon one hand, and her eyes fixed in a dreamy gaze that seemed to see something invisible to other eyes. A hand touched her shoulder; she did not start, but looked around with an expectant air, and saw a pretty basket, filled with many-colored confetti, held toward her by a pair of small white hands.

"Buy my confetti, lovely signora, most noble lady? Bright as your lips are, sweet as your voice is. Fill, fill your white hands to throw to your lover," chanted a melodious voice in her ear, in the softest and most liquid Italian.

Madame raised her eyes. When her eyes fell on a long lock of the hair which streamed over the girl's shoulders, she cried, "Rafe!"

But the mask put her finger on her lip.

"One cannot always tell the lamb by the fleece," she said. "I met a knight templar with a scarlet domino upon his arm, and he bade me tell you that the true emblem of St. John is hidden by a red silken mantle, and that Dante is not the only lover blessed by a pure and lovely Beatrice. Being an interpreter of dark sayings, I give you these"— ouring the confetti into madame's lap—"for the love of the sweet tongue of the speaker, and only ask in return that you offer my gifts to the saint when you see his emblem."

Madame's eyes sparkled, and a bright flush rose to her cheeks. The message and messenger were in the true spirit of carnival adventure, and the news they conveyed gave her the first sensation of pleasure she had known for some days. If obliged to leave her son, she should leave him with happiness secured, and linked with that of Rafe, for whom she felt so warm an affection. She leaned from the balcony, eagerly watching for their approach, her glance passing carelessly over the violet domino, whose immovable gaze never left her face; and when a diabolical-looking domino, dressed in black, slashed and seamed with scarlet, came out upon the balcony and stood beside her, unnoticed, the violet domino drew nearer, until he was just below the balcony, and could hear and see everything that might be said or done.

The scarlet-seamed domino drew nearer, and madame, hearing the rustling of silk, turned quickly around.

"Princess," said a soft voice, "the fates have at last proven kind to you."

"I am mistaken for some one else," said madame, looking at the impenetrable scarlet visor, with black lines sewn around the eyeholes, giving a most fiendish expression to the glancing eyes of the wearer.

"You are *not*," said the soft voice, with emphasis. "It is not given to *every one* to find a husband and a son in one hour, to lose that same inconvenient husband in the same hour; soon after, at once to find and lose a daughter; again, to gain a daughter from an unexpected quarter. I rhyme unintentionally."

"You speak in riddles," said madame, shrinking a little from the fiery eyes which were searching her face.

"I speak only for your ears, and you understand me as well as I could wish. Do you know that the American is free?"

"Who are you?" said madame, shrinking still further from him, and grasping the railing of the balcony with one hand.

"I am the one who has been the means of securing the pretty Rafe for your son; I am the one who was the means of saving the American from the wiles of the Amber Witch; and I am the one who then went to him and said, 'You are free. What will you do now with regard to a woman who loves you with her whole soul, and to whom you gave proofs of your love in the garden at Florence, and on the waters of Venice?"

Madame arose.

"How dared you?—how dare any one take such a liberty with my name? Who are you, who exhibit such unexampled effrontery?"

"Only your brother, Rose-Marie," said the domino, removing his mask. "My sister, it is allowed that the worst of sinners may repent, and amendment is always required upon repentance. In a fit of rage and disappointment, I had injured you in the eyes of the American. I now sought to repair the wrong I had done, by securing your happiness; and, having opened the field for you, I presented myself as your champion, and required your whilom knight to redeem his pledge."

Madame stared at him with dilating eyes.

"And what did he say?"

"He said —— Oh, here are the happy pair!—your son and daughter. What bliss!—what rapture! The heavens cannot 'rain odors,' as Cesario wished, but you can shower them with confetti, forgetful mother! You ask what the American said? *That he must beg to be excused*, for he thought your past rendered you unfit to be a good man's wife."

"The insult and your interference were both uncalled for," said madame. "I have no dearer memory than the love of him who was my husband—no dearer hope than the happiness of him who is my son, and to both of them it was and is my intention to devote myself."

"Begin by scattering your blessings on the heads of the happy pair," said the chevalier, ironically.

The templar and the scarlet domino were now approaching the balcony. Madame forced a pallid smile, and made them a friendly sign. Then, as they reached her, she gathered up the confetti that filled her lap, to cast upon them, but they fell from her agitated fingers upon the violet domino, who was still beneath the balcony. There was a report, an explosion, and little jets of flame seemed to play upon the violet domino, who fell forward without a groan, his head striking the hand with which madame had grasped the balcony as she leaned forward. The templar, kneeling, raised him and tore off his mask. A low cry of agony escaped madame. The dying man's eyes raised themselves slowly to her face, and a smile of ineffable happiness parted his convulsed lips. Death had no terrors for him. It released him from a life of vain regret and longing, and in dying he had saved the life of his own son.

The chevalier and his accomplice were sought for, but in vain; and with them vanished for ever from the social stage the celebrated Amber Witch.

THE END.

As in the succession of the seasons, each by the invariable laws of nature affects the productions of what is next in course; so in life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. Virtuous youth gradually brings forth accomplished manhood; and such manhood passes, without uneasiness, into respectable old age.

THE CHIFFONNIERS OF PARIS AT HOME.

There are in Paris upward of 30,000 rag-pickers, who form a community apart, congregating together in "cités," that are hidden away in remote suburbs, rarely explored either by the dwellers in, or visitors to, the capital of pleasure. Through these cités, which are unfamiliar ground to most persons, I propose conducting my readers; but before doing so it will be well, perhaps, to commence with a few statistics.

Thirty thousand men and women trudge nightly through the city streets, seeking in the rubbish and refuse, in the sweepings of the boudoir and the kitchen, the saloon and the scullery, the hospital and the restaurant, daily bread for themselves and their families. This heterogeneous mass, which the fraternity of the hod and crook collect, finds its way eventually to the sorting-rooms (of which there are 200 in Paris), where the street-sweepings are sifted and sorted previous to reappearing in the world under new forms. About 1,000 men and 10,000 women earn their living in these *ateliers*, so we have a total of over 40,000 persons employed, one way or another, in the chiffonnier trade.

The rag-pickers are divided into three categories: there are some—the *bourgeoisie*, so to say—who work on their own account, get the highest market price for their wares, and contrive, one day with another, to earn from forty to fifty sous per diem. These are looked up to by their colleagues as independent gentlemen and ladies, at the mercy of no hard taskmaster. A second class, lower down on the social ladder, are those who dispose of their findings at so much per pound, the good with the bad; these find it a hard matter to make the proverbial ends meet. And there is yet another category of chiffonniers, such as are paid a franc or less per day by the wholesale chiffon merchant, who is generally a thriving person, whilst his employés are the barefooted outcasts of society.

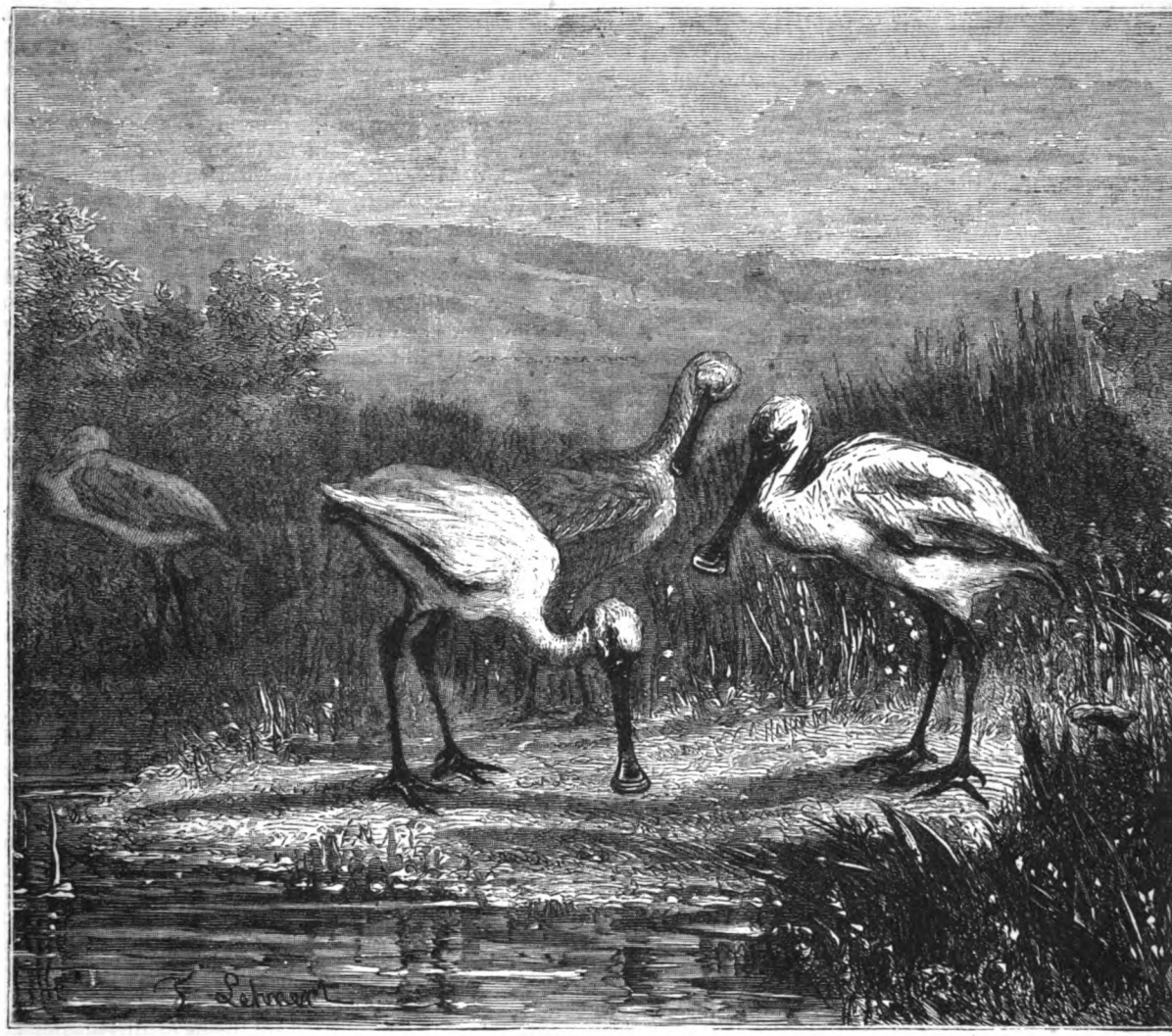
The cités inhabited by the rag-pickers and their families are principally to be found in the suburbs of Clichy, Levallois, Malakoff and the adjacent neighborhoods. A weary tramp it is from these far-off quarters to the centre of Paris; at nightfall they start with the hod, the lantern and the crook, walking over miles of unprofitable ground by all weathers, to earn a pittance scarcely sufficient to keep body and soul together. Their cités are stretches of waste land upon which are erected wooden huts, affording a very imperfect protection from the inclemency of the weather. A gust of wind carries away the roofs of the wretched sheds, a pelting rain enters by every crack; the air is thick with foul smells, the atmosphere breathed is contaminated with the exhalations of half-rotten vegetables, offal, filthy rags, and bones.

The first cité that I explored was tenanted by the aristocracy of the rag-picking brotherhood, who work on their own account. Even here, however, a strong dose of moral courage was necessary, for albeit that the Cité Cloys is the Faubourg St. Germain of the quarter, it is stamped with poverty, degradation and insalubrity. It was close upon noon when I passed this cité in review; the night-laborers had returned, their hods had been emptied into the centre of the room, which served as bedroom, living room and warehouse. The majority of the men, worn out by their long tramp through the streets, had thrown themselves on the mattress, sacking or heap of paper which stood in lieu of bed. Dingy-faced, matted-haired women were cooking the midday meal of the family; young girls and boys with hard-looking, unyouthful faces, were seated around the rubbish spread on the floor, sorting it. This was accomplished with the rapidity of experienced fingers.

The paper was thrown here, the rags there; broken glass and crockeryware on one side, broken victuals on another; defunct cats and birds in this corner, remnants of wearing apparel in the opposite one; until, in an incredibly short space of time, the mountain had become so many mole-hills, the odor arising from the same being such as to make it a problem for me how it was possible for men, women and children to live and sleep in the midst of such unspeakably foul smells without being overtaken by disease. And these were the relatively fortunate ones amongst this squalid population!

At a stone's throw in the same street one comes across an archway, over which is written "Cité Maupit." The ground on which this cité is constructed belongs, it is stated, to two or three deputies, who let it out to M. Maupit for 1,400 francs a year. The investment, I was told, is not a bad one for the latter. The wooden sheds he has built, each consisting of one room, he lets out to his ragged lodgers at two francs and a half per week, the rent being punctually claimed in advance, under penalty of immediate ejection. To give an idea of the fragility of these sheds, where the chiffonniers and their families live, penned up like cattle, the following incident, which happened a few Winters ago, will suffice:

On an unusually gusty afternoon, ten or twelve of these "houses" were fairly carried off by the wind, and thrown a heap of *débris* to a hundred mètres distance from the spot where they had stood. The teachings of experience were not lost on M. Maupit; on the roof of every shed there are now placed huge stones, to counteract the effect of the elements. The huts are revoltingly filthy, the dwellers therein not less so, and distress of the direst form is the normal condition of the poor people, who, according to the rules of the cité, are bound to sell their findings at a fixed price to their landlord. He lives among them, and contrives to enrich himself by his enterprise. His house, consisting of two rooms, might lay claim to a sort of distant relationship with a museum: it contains a collection of art in its last stage of decrepitude, decay and dismemberment. On the walls there is a fragment of an oil painting representing a moonlit landscape, which, to judge by what remains, had in its better days some artistic merit. There is a portrait of a knight of olden times, with many rents in the canvas; on the mantelshelf there is a bust of a King of France, with a damaged head, and a nose wanting; beside it is a Venus with no head at all. Amongst this rubbish is a quantity of caricatures dated 1830, whilst a corner beyond reveals a company of stuffed birds, over which is ranged a display of ancient chinaware more or less broken. The carpet on the floor resembled a patchwork quilt, but as nothing matched anything in the room, the carpet was not out of keeping with its surroundings. In front of the merchant's door are huge heaps of wares, waiting to be dispatched to their



THE WHITE SPOONBILL.

different destinations. At one end of the inclosure is a wineshop, kept by the landlord's nephew.

When I entered the cité, two tattered, begrimed men were seated at the roughly made wooden table placed outside the cabaret. A woman of whom I asked some information invited me to seat myself beside these two gentlemen and to question them, and thus I could learn all I wanted to know. But my companions remained taciturn. One, indeed, could not do otherwise, since he was dumb; the other, an old soldier who had served in the African campaign, bewailed a little his hard daily lot, but seemed too muddled in the head to prove a useful informant. All I learnt, in short, in reply to my questions, was, that he slept on the paper he gathered in the streets, and that he changed it every four nights to get rid of the vermin. No doubt these two lodgers of M. Maupit were posted at his nephew's wine-shop table to attract the notice of any visitors who might chance to pass through the cité. The wine to which they were treated was surely charged twice the price the wretched stuff was worth, and the few coppers I left on the table for the men, I feel pretty certain, were confiscated by the cabaretier.

After a cursory glance into several other miserable alleys, pompously styled cités, I proceeded to that known by the name of the Cité Fourcault, which is situated in the Avenue de la Révolte, a low-class, disreputable neighborhood, through which a nervous man would scarcely care to pass after nightfall. The proprietress of this cité is (or rather was, for she has died since my visit to her unsavory estate) a well-known character, who obtained a certain notoriety under the pseudonym of the "Femme Culotte," a name given her because she habitually donned masculine attire. It was she who built the cité called after her; it was she who ruled like a potentate in her tattered, squalid kingdom; it was she who maintained order amongst her turbulent subjects, interfering personally in the daily frays, souvenirs of which she bore about with her in the shape of numerous scars on her grizzled head and wrinkled face. When she died, a short time since, a paragraph was consecrated to her memory in the majority of the French newspapers. It is reported that she had amassed a large fortune, a statement I can well believe.

Her estate was a productive one, and she used her unlimited power to trade upon the miserable population who filled her cité. She had about 400 tenants, each paying a weekly rent of two francs, which gives a total of over 40,000 francs a year. Perhaps, to purchase the ground and erect the hovels, she may have expended 25,000 or 30,000 francs; this would certainly be the maximum. It is easy, then, to understand that she died wealthy. Of course she was exposed to the risk of her lodgers becoming bankrupt, in which case the rent was not forthcoming; but as she generally exacted it in advance, and turned out those who failed to pay, without the smallest compunction, her pocket never ran great danger.

I will now sketch in a few words the aspect of the cité which is christened after the "Femme Culotte." It is difficult to describe the painful impression produced on one's mind on witnessing this corner of Paris, where misery, degradation and vice, engendered by the most deplorable promiscuity of sexes, has set its stamp upon every surrounding, and every person.

The Cité Fourcault is a long alley, on one side of which wooden huts are built, each having two rooms, let out to different families. On the ground floor there is a sort of cellar—it can scarcely be called a room—to which air and light are admitted by an aperture which may at one time have been a window, but has in the majority of cases lost its unique pane of glass. An ordinary-sized man cannot enter the door without stooping. The floor is clay, and for all furniture there is but a revoltingly dirty mattress thrown in one corner, a crazy chair or two, and a scarcely less invalid table. Dirt, foul smells and vermin are the predominant characteristics of these pestilential cellars, which teem with living creatures who seem lost to all sense of decency or shame. How can it be otherwise, when grown men and women, youths and young girls, little children and infants, are huddled together in one room, parents sleeping side by side with big girls and boys, whose apprenticeship to vice begins almost with their birth? Scenes which the pen refuses to transcribe meet the gaze at every step in these hotbeds of immorality and disease. Persons stricken down with contagious maladies lie in these cellars swarming with human creatures, who appear as indifferent to the dangers of contagion as they are to the most elementary rules of cleanliness or decency. Through the doorway of one room on the ground-floor, I saw a woman lying with her newly-born infant beside her, whilst her husband, dead drunk, was stretched on the heap of refuse he had just emptied from his hod. A girl of twelve, with a face of forty, was preparing some food for the sick mother and wailing infant, while half a dozen smaller children wallowed, half naked, in the dirt on the floor. The male population, I was told by the "Femme Culotte," were good husbands and fathers, as a rule. There was little wife-beating, rarely ill-treatment of children, and she pointed out to me here and there amongst her lodgers certain individuals who had lived upward of twenty years in the cité, working like slaves to provide for their families, paying their rent regularly, and rarely frequenting the wine-shop. But the cité was not, of course, without its *mauvais sujets*, who were ready to rob, drink, fight, and caused the masculine-looking landlady much trouble at times.

After inspecting this haunt of misery and vice, I thought there could remain nothing more in the chiffonniers' cités to be seen. I was mistaken. Not far off, I was told, was the Petit Mazas, a cité so hidden from sight that, after its locality had been indicated to me, I went round about the cité during half an hour before lighting on it.

The agglommeration of unspeakably filthy hovels which go by the name of the "Petit Mazas," are concealed from public view by a decrepit, crazy wall, through an aperture in which one passes to obtain access to the cité. It is difficult to imagine that within a few miles of the luxurious Boulevards such a place can exist, and it is incredible that the town authorities have not long ago swept it away. One would imagine the Petit Mazas was never visited either by a *sergent de ville* or a health officer. The hideously dirty cellars in which the rag-pickers live are a disgrace to a city which boasts of being the capital of civilization. The sights and smells make one feel sick, morally and physically. From stagnant pools of dirty water the most nauseous emanations arise. The huts, made of mud, are reeking with foul humidity. The commonest necessities of life are not provided for in these squalid hovels.

When I passed through the Petit Mazas, the July sun was beating down upon the alley. The smells arising from the heaps of refuse, and the pools of slimy water, were insupportable—to me, at all events—for the ragged creatures who seemed scarcely to have either sex or age, that live here, were apparently impervious to offensive sights or smells. They were eating and drinking outside the doors of their hovels, a barrel turned on end or a rickety chair serving in lieu of a table. Some were sleeping stretched across the narrow strip of ground which separates the huts from the dung-heaps, their heads almost touching the foul-smelling accumulation of filth.

As far as I could judge from a cursory glance, the huts seemed almost devoid of furniture. In a few I caught a glimpse of a mattress, but the majority appeared to be provided with no sort of bedding. Yet on the walls of some of the huts I perceived a print almost effaced by dirt, or a cage with a canary in it, or a bunch of artificial flowers, found probably in the streets, and hung to a nail in the wall, to enliven the dismal poverty of these wretched habitations. There was one old man, now infirm and bent with age, who told me he had been born in the Petit Mazas. He had contrived to reach the age of eighty in this pestilential den of vice and destitution. There were young girls, who had been born and bred here, who had been reared in these hovels, and who, whilst yet almost children themselves, become the mothers of other children —miserable, sickly little beings, whom it made one's heart ache to contemplate.

I cannot pretend to decide whose task it should be to ameliorate the lot of the wretched population which fills the rag-pickers' cités. But that blame must be attached to some one is evident. In the present age of progress and civilization, no community of French citizens should be allowed to drag out their existence in pestiferous mud-huts unfit for human habitation.

LETTY'S GLOBE,

OR SOME IRREGULARITIES IN A FIRST LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

WHEN Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
And her young, artless words began to flow,
One day we gave the child a color'd sphere
Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know
By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
Was welcome at all frontiers; how she leap'd,
And laughed, and prattled in her pride of bliss!
But when we turn'd her sweet unlearned eye
On our own Isle, she rais'd a joyous cry,
"Oh, yes! I see it, Letty's home is there!"
And while she hid all England with a kiss,
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

DIES IRÆ.

THE street was full of people—a crowd who bore upon their faces the keen, alert look of Frenchmen, but Frenchmen of the lower classes.

It was a day of note in the Catholic Church, and the throng was pouring along the avenues toward that vast cathedral of Montreal.

In the balcony of a house upon one of the main streets, leaning carelessly over the railing, his listless eyes upon the surging mass below him, sat a man whose dark face and jetty hair gave sign of Southern birth; whose air of negligent hauteur was one of the outward tokens of a life of wealth and ease. His thirty-five years had not silvered hair or beard, and Norman Dallas looked now, as ever, as though he defied time and care to rob him of his striking beauty.

The smoke of his cigarette curled slowly from between his delicate fingers, the diamond on his left hand flashing in the sunlight.

It seemed almost as if that scintillating ray from his ring had traced a track of fiery light straight down to one face in the crowd below him, for his eyes suddenly fell upon a face of marvelous fairness, a figure of subtle grace, a woman who walked slowly along, a little behind the great mass of human beings; walked alone, with her mantle drawn about her, her head erect in a haughty poise, that the man who looked remembered well.

Despite all his nonchalance, a flush mounted over his swarthy cheeks and brow; a light, hard to define, came flashing to his eyes. The hand, thrust carelessly in the breast of his dressing-gown, clinched the nails deep into the tender palm. An oath, whether of surprise or anger, came from between his lips.

As he looked, fascinated, as any man might well be by that presence, the woman suddenly flashed an upward glance, and saw Dallas. A scarcely perceptible start went over her frame, but no change was visible upon her countenance to the man who watched her. Then she went on quietly, as if she had not seen, for the first time in years, the man whose destiny she had marked with ineffaceable record.

"Curse her! oh, curse her!" came in a low whisper from Dallas's whitened lips, as his eyes followed and could not leave the retreating figure. What terrible charm had that woman still for him? Now, when the fulfillment of the long-cherished vow of vengeance seemed likely to be near at hand—now that he had found her, after years of fruitless search, was the old glamour still to bewilder and inthrall him?

He gazed after her until the last flutter of drapery had disappeared round the corner of the street. Then, with a start, he awoke, and all the deadly anger cherished through months of patient waiting and watching blazed up anew with a more intense flame than ever before.

"Yes, I will go to this priestly fooling," he said, starting up from his chair, all his carelessness gone, a deep red upon his cheeks and a sparkle in his eyes. "The day has at last dawned. Honor shall be avenged. What a poor, foolish, trusting fool I was!"

He stepped through the window into his room, and hastily rang the bell.

"Bring out my carriage," he said to the servant, "and get ready to drive me. I shall ride to the cathedral this morning."

"If you please, sir, you ordered me to put up the horses half an hour ago," stammered the man, scarcely knowing his master in that gentleman with fiercely lurid eyes.

"Do as I order you," was the short reply of the usually kind master, who felt his nerves tingling with some curious desire to furiously break down anything that should oppose him.

All the listlessness of life was gone. His blood was on fire, his hands trembled as he dressed with careful elaborateness.

"Drive to the cathedral, and drive fast," he said, as he took his seat in the open barouche, his lips crimsoned by the deep draught of wine he had taken before he left his room. "The devil will aid me to find her," he said to himself, as he pushed through the crowd and gained at last a place within the body of the church.

The services, whatever they were to be, had not yet begun, and the vast crowd was swaying and murmuring, eagerly struggling for the best places for sight and hearing.

"She will not be with this herd," he thought; "her fastidious taste would not allow her to soil her drapery by contact with these people. I know her well."

He looked carefully along the few places which wealth had managed to have reserved for itself. Though she had sauntered along on foot, she was now sitting comfortably,

SPRING IS COMING!

waving her fan with a slow motion, its fragrant sandalwood yielding her a perfume that stifled the odors of the crowd.

If Irene Britton's heart beat less evenly than usual, no flutter of lace betrayed that pulse. Perhaps her dark-gray eyes roamed more restlessly than common over the crowd which she overlooked. In all her life of intrigue and wickedness, she had never met a glance so full of a sure power as that poured down upon her from the man she had seen upon the balcony scarcely half an hour since.

Care-free as she seemed, there was a rush of thought behind that smooth brow that no one could have guessed—certainly not Dallas, who could have believed her possessed of a demon's power of self-control in any evil course.

Suddenly a hand softly touched her shoulder—a touch as light as the fleeting wing of a bird, but she knew it. A faint wave of color surged up to the pure blonde face; the scarlet lips turned a shade paler. The man was as composed as she now; all that blind fury was overpassed, and Irene Britton looked up at a face cold and hard and handsome, with no pity in one of its curves.

"Miss Britton," he said, ignoring the name she might once have laid claim to.

He did not say another word, but stood looking down at her, waiting for her speech.

With strange emotions, Dallas saw, now that he was near her, the marks of dissipation on her face; fine and well concealed were the marks, but they were there.

In an instant after he pronounced her name, she raised her eyes full to his, thinking, perhaps, they might have all their old potent witchery. And they were bewildering eyes — deep and soft and dreamy; filled with that indescribable light which has such power over man.

With an inward breathing of thankfulness, Dallas saw that, at last, she held no more such power over him; every memory of a short and deceitful happiness was swallowed in the absorbing desire to punish this woman who could dare to meet his eye after such a past as hers.

"At last I see you again," she murmured, in a low, melodious voice, extending an ungloved, jeweled hand to him.

"Have you the effrontery to think I will touch that hand?" he asked. "Who knows what vile lips have been upon it?" with a smile that made her shrink, skillful actress though she was.

"It is not like you to condemn me unheard," she responded, proudly. "I, too, have suffered in this separation, which has lasted so long. For did I not love you?" The last in a tone of indescribable seductiveness; but that voice fell upon ears of stone.

"Your actions have spoken," he said, "and I have made a vow to the eternal God of vengeance. I will not suffer alone. From this time, so long as you live, you shall never be out of my sight."

The woman shuddered as she heard that hard, metallic voice. For the first time in her life, a cold despair benumbed her heart. There seemed no escape from this man of iron. But he was man—he might again feel her siren arts as he had once done. She had been used to victory—let the eagle not desert her now, and she would keep out of danger ever after.

"You do me wrong. What other happiness do I care for than to be again restored to you!" she asked, with tremulous lips and softly-drooping eyes.

At that moment through the vast cathedral there swelled the first notes of that hymn, strong as the ages, fearful as

death, whose voice has sounded down through the long years since the mighty mind first composed it.

The eyes of Norman Dallas emitted flames of fire; his lips trembled with the feeling that possessed him, as the organ breathed forth those strains of the Dies Iræ. His purpose swelled and grew strong. Yes, the day of wrath should come, and he be the instrument of a divine justice. So warped was his mind, that he felt at that moment as if he was appointed of God to deal punishment to this gloriously beautiful woman by his side. Oh, the agony of the hours in which he had waited and sought for this time!

She, glancing up at him as he stood there, while the terrible music shook the building, shuddered with an awful premonition of the doom which was to be meted out by this man she had wronged to the full extent man can be wronged by woman.

A wild and fierce desire took possession of her to escape, any way, so that she could be free from him who claimed her, with no love, no mercy in his aspect.

Involuntarily she made a movement as if to go, hemmed in as she was by that vast crowd. He looked down at her, and his glance held her like a chain.

What change had come over him? That face was more like that of an inflexible monomaniac, than like the countenance of a sane man.

The bold woman had never been really frightened before.

She sank back on her seat again, murmuring, in a pleading and soft voice:

"Oh, Norman! You did not used to look at me so!"

Through all that rolling of sublime music he heard her words, and, stooping, whispered, with hot breath sweeping her cheek:

"That was because I did not know you."

The organ-notes suddenly changed from their sweeping notes of wrath to a high and joyous strain of thanksgiving.

He bent over her and said, rapidly:

"Come—we will go. The tones of joy are not for us. We have heard our hymn. Take it as a prophecy."

She could not, she dared not, resist. With outwardly deferential courtesy, he assisted her through the crowd. Once a furious swaying of people threatened to crush them, and he felt her yielding form in his arms, inhaled again the sweet breath, and was caressed by a stray tress of her hair. That involuntary touch sent a shiver of emotion through his frame. Some passing thought of the old-time fabled vampires, beautiful as houris, crossed his mind. Never again could he thrill at her touch, as he had done. The dreams, the intense joys, were for ever done in his life. One glorious face had changed his wine into bitterness. Now, this sight of her had transformed a human desire for revenge into a satanic, irresistible longing. He could not hope to make her suffer as he had done, for she had not loved, but he would try his invention.

"Where are you taking me?" she asked, as he put her into his carriage, and ordered the driver to his hotel.

"Where? Home, of course," was the reply, with a laugh whose tone curdled the blood in her veins.

She sank back on the seat he placed her upon, while he sat opposite, his gaze fixed on her face, for he appeared to be unable to remove his eyes, but gloated with a sort of bloodshot, lurid glance, that deprived her of every thought that might have aided a plan of escape.

"You will not disgrace me by taking me to your room in this way, will you?" she said, haughtily, as they stood for an instant in the hall of the hotel.

"Oh, no—your reputation is safe. The tender flower shall be well cared for," he replied. "I shall resume my rights."

An acquaintance came through the hall as he spoke, and Dallas said, with ceremonious politeness, after greeting him warmly:

"Let me present you to my wife, Mrs. Norman Dallas. I see I surprise you."

The gentleman bowed low, concealing his astonished

DIES IRÆ.—"SHE GATHERED HER DRAPERY ABOUT HER, AND LEAPED INTO THE STORMY DARKNESS."—SEE PAGE 335.

face over the lady's hand. Then he lifted his admiring eyes, and remarked:

"Indeed, Dallas, you take your friends by storm. I could have sworn you were a confirmed bachelor."

"One would have said so, certainly," was the answer. "And, now, Mrs. Dallas, I know you must be fatigued after our church-going. Mr. Eustace, I trust you will visit us."

With courteous, sardonic face, Dallas accompanied his wife to the sumptuous chambers he occupied.

He placed a chair for her, and stood leaning against the window, looking down at her.

All hope of deceiving a man who could look so at her, fled from her. Were she gifted with enchantment, she could not hope to lure him to her toils.

"So you take me back to my old place as your wife?" she said, at last, growing uneasy beneath his gaze.

"Nominally I do so," he said. "It is fortunate, is it not, that the world recognizes a tie by which I can keep you near me? Where is your paramour—where is Gerald Lacy?"

A crimson color suffused the face of the false woman. Had not shame, then, left her utterly?

"I do not know; he is dead, I think," she answered, at last.

"But not dead until he had deserted you, I hope?" went on the man's pitiless voice.

"He left me."

"Ah! that is well. And then you found another fool to be beguiled by your devilishly beautiful face—did you not?"

"Lord Allanton took me under his protection," was the reply, as if the woman was at a confessional.

"Yes, I know the libertine. My wife became a common courtesan, with, perhaps, some slight choice as to her lovers."

She remained silent; her beautiful head bent to her hand, her eyes drooped. One who did not know her would have said she was some fair, repentant woman, whose sins had been light.

"I shall kill you," Dallas said, in a sharp, deliberate tone—"I shall kill you, but I cannot yet decide how I shall do it."

She lifted her head with a sudden gesture of frightened entreaty. It was strange to see how subdued she was by this man, in such deadly earnest.

"Yes, let your torments begin now; mine have lasted years, and I will not spare you one pang I can inflict. You have blasted too many lives to be allowed to live to go on with your work. In the East they tie such women as you and throw them into the sea. But that will kill you too suddenly. I shall not be sure enough that you die. I must think of something."

Was it a man, or a demon, who talked thus? Stronger hearts even than that of the woman who listened, would have trembled with horror.

Every drop of blood fled backward from her face to her heart, and gave to it such a tumultuous throbbing as almost suffocated her.

With a sudden motion, she threw back her shawl, and rose from her chair, clasping her hands together in an agony of supplication.

Dallas thrilled with horror, as he saw that supple, elastic form—more graceful, if possible, than when, in earlier years, it had thrilled him with a feeling different, but as potent—the intense admiration of a first love.

She came toward him, and he recoiled at her approach, as if fearing her garments might touch him.

She threw herself on her knees at his feet, and raised her hands toward him, her voice, musical even now, breaking forth in a wild pleading for mercy.

It was a picture that might have been named Retribution, and the stern man the incarnation of a horrible fate.

"Have you no memory of the time when you loved me?" she cried; "let a thought of those days give you mercy!"

"I must forget those days, if I would feel mercy," he said. "As you have been kind, so will I be; as unpityingly as you have dealt, so I will deal."

"Can you be thus cruel to a helpless woman?" she murmured, bending her head until it rested on her ungloved hands.

"Be silent!" he cried, more violently than he had spoken before. "Your voice maddens me! It is a melody I hate! I will grant you this much of mercy. I had intended to keep you in this world a year, that I might prolong your misery, but I grant you a respite of six months. At the end of that time, I swear you shall die. Do not think I fear any law. You may possibly know me well enough to know what my resolution is. I am rich—money will hire faithful servants, who will watch every movement you make, if there is a time when I am not watching you myself. You shall not breathe, but there is a spy upon you. In the most secret chamber, there shall you find one of my hirelings. You shall not walk, or eat, or sleep, but you shall be watched. Oh, I will make your life hateful, and you may welcome death; it will be inevitable at the time I set. I see by the cursed gleam of your eyes, that you think there may come a time in six months when you may escape. Try it. By all the strength of hell, I will hold you until I am willing you should die."

He turned shortly from her, and walked into the next room. Before the following day was out Dallas had taken his wife to a country seat he had just bought—a large stone mansion half a mile back from the St. Lawrence, gloomily guarded by poplars and dark-leaved firs, and surrounded by a heavy and high wall, the gates of which he kept locked. The house held half a dozen servants, and two or three quiet-looking women, who did not appear to have any special duty; but it was at last observed that Mrs. Dallas never went out anywhere, save in the dismal garden, and that then there was invariably a woman walking a short distance behind her, and never taking her eyes from her.

Can any one imagine the dread and horror of such a life? Mrs. Dallas grew from a fair and beautiful woman to one who showed her thirty-five years as if they were fifty. Her brilliant skin became sallow, and the incipient wrinkles deepened. This alone was more dreadful to her than words could tell. She saw no one, save regularly at their formal dinner she met her husband, who was scrupulously polite to her, and inquired anxiously concerning the cause of her altered appearance. Was she not well? To which she invariably replied, "I am perfectly well, thank you."

And he responded:

"I fear you do not exercise enough. You should take longer walks."

This was the extent of their conversation every day.

The servants began to have a vague idea that their mistress was insane; and their master rather encouraged the idea. They thought he was very kind and forbearing to her.

Meantime the six months were wearing to a close, and, strangely enough, considering her life, Mrs. Dallas had a growing horror of death. The eyes of her husband grew more and more like those of some relentless evil spirit as the day approached. She could hope for no mercy there.

At last that day dawned; a dreary December morning, with a blinding sleet in the air, a deep darkness of clouds over the heavens.

It had happened that Dallas was called away on business the day before, and the hours deepened into the darkness of night on the day he had set, and still he had not returned.

A faint hope dawned in the bosom of his wife, as she waited, with pallid face pressed to the window-pane. What if he should never come back? If the storm had smothered him in its cold embrace? The brilliance of a faint joy came to the wife's dull eyes at the thought, and she prayed with fervor that her husband might be lying dead in a snowdrift.

It wanted but an hour of midnight, when she fancied she heard a step in the corridor. A premonitory shudder shook her frame as she listened. In the next moment the door was flung open, and Dallas entered, his heavy riding-coat on, his hair and beard frosted with the snow through which he had been traveling.

"You see, I have not failed at our little assignation," he said, taking off his hat, and coming nearer her as she cowered into the window recess. "Do you feel that any of your sins are expiated?"

The miserable woman rose from her seat; her beautiful hair, uncared for now, fell about her shoulders; her sharpened features, her hunted-looking eyes, told something of what she had endured.

She would have spoken, but words failed her. She stood and looked at the pitiless man before her.

At last a whisper, a thousand times more emphatic than a louder tone could have been, broke from between her white lips:

"Curse you! A dying, murdered woman curses you!"

"Do not let us be melodramatic," he said, approaching still nearer, and throwing open the low window, which overlooked a steep and rocky descent, unbroken by fence or cultivation of any kind. The snow was not so deep but that the huge forms of the rocks could be seen.

"I hope you do not think I shall lay myself liable to arrest for murder?" he said, in that quiet, piercing tone he always used to her. "Our day, or, rather, our night, of wrath has come. I shall redeem my oath, and I have only five minutes before it is to-morrow. You must leap from this window. It will be a case of suicide, you see. Your death cannot but be sudden, perhaps easy. Do not waste time."

She had not taken her eyes from his face, and she spoke again in that deadly whisper that made him shiver in spite of himself.

"Remember, I curse you for ever! I have been wicked, but you have had no mercy."

With a suddenness of movement which he had not expected, she turned toward him, and laid her icy hand for an instant upon his; then she gathered her drapery about her, and leaped out into the stormy darkness.

A terrible shriek rang upward from that place; then all was silent there, save for the rushing wind and snow.

But that shriek was answered by the ringing laugh of a maniac, and Norman Dallas turned from that window hopelessly insane; raving and gibbering, with no meaning in his words.

Surely his revenge had been consummated; that woman's work had been well done; and he who had thought to take punishment from God's hands felt the thunderbolt he had hoped to wield.

THE brain is like the hand, and grows with using.

THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

RATHER more than a century ago, in the year 1764, just as death had closed the career of the once all-powerful Madame de Pompadour, who had long since exhausted all her arts in vain endeavors to revive the jaded passions of her royal lover, and when the star of the notorious Dubarry was gaining the ascendant, the Marquis and Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, attended by servants and outriders in the gayest of liveries, were driving one day in a carriage and four from their hotel at Paris to the château of Passy, of which pleasant riverside village the marquis was *seigneur*. All at once their attention was attracted to a little girl about eight years of age, clad in the beggar's accustomed livery—rags and tatters—who, carrying a younger sister on her back, ran beside the carriage, at that moment proceeding up the hill at a slow pace, and appealed for charity after the following strange fashion:

"Kind lady and gentleman, pray take pity on two poor orphans descended from Henry II. of Valois, King of France."

The marchioness, struck by the singularity of this appeal, the next day dispatched a trusty servant to the place where the children lodged, of whom there were three in all, at the adjacent village of Chaillot. The people of the house, and the neighbors generally, confirmed, so far as they were able, the truth of the little beggar-girl's story.

The marchioness having generously taken the children in charge, her next care was the education of the young orphans, and Jeanne and her sister were sent to a boarding-school in the neighborhood of the chateau, where they made rapid progress. In less than two years, however, the youngest girl died of the small-pox, at that time a disease not only very prevalent, but commonly fatal. Jeanne remained at school for several years longer, but at length, at her own request, was removed, and with the view of placing her in a position to provide for herself, Jeanne was articled to a Parisian mantua-maker for a term of three years. Ill-health, however, compelled her to leave before completing the engagement, and she filled one situation after another, subject to constant attacks of illness, until at length a change in the fortunes of the family made it no longer necessary for her to labor for her daily bread.

The young Jacques de Saint-Remi, brother of the sisters, had received his education under the care of M. Leclerc, the husband of his sister Jeanne's governess, and on its completion had been sent to sea.

The members of the Saint-Remi family had now their several titles awarded them. Jacques was henceforth to be styled Baron de Valois; his sister Jeanne was to be known as Mademoiselle de Valois; and Marianne was for the future to be called Mademoiselle de Saint-Remi.

To avoid the attentions of the old reprobate Marquis de Boulainvilliers, Jeanne and her sister Marianne were sent as boarders to the Abbey of Yères, in the neighborhood of Montgeron, some dozen miles or so from Paris, on the road to Lyons. Here she asserts that for a time she contemplated taking the vail, a resolution, however, which, if ever seriously entertained, was very soon abandoned.

At this abbey the sisters remained for about a year, only quitting it, say they, on the death of the abbess. Arrived at Paris, Jeanne took to mantua-making; and it was while our heroine was being initiated into the mysteries of the craft by the most distinguished of Parisian *modistes*, that the "chains of her dishonor," as she styles them, were, unknown to her, being forged in the form of a diamond necklace, such as the world never saw before, and

the like of which it can scarcely hope to look upon again. Here is a description, penned by a master hand, of this regal jewel, this unique gem, long an object of desire with queens and women, which caused a nine months' convulsion of the world of Paris, and the remarkable story connected with which was for a time the talk of every city in Europe, while the mystery enveloping it is thought by many to be scarcely cleared up even now: "A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircle, not too tightly, the neck a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped multiple star-shaped or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind in priceless catenary, rush down two broad threefold rows; seem to knot themselves, round a very queen of diamonds, on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now, lastly, two other inexpresible threefold rows, also with their tassels, will, when the necklace is on and clasped, unite themselves behind into a doubly inexpressible sixfold row; and so stream down, together or asunder, over the hind neck—we may fancy like lambent zodiacal or aurora-borealis fire."

MARIE ANTOINETTE, QUEEN OF FRANCE.

This matchless jewel had its origin in a freak of Louis XV., the "Well-beloved," as he was endearingly called at the early part of his reign, whose infatuation in later years for the notorious Countess Dubarry led him into all kinds of extravagance, and caused him to dissipate with more than his accustomed recklessness the already seriously impaired revenues of the State. On one occasion, whilst visiting with his architect the costly pavilion of Louveciennes, lately erected for Madame Dubarry, he expressed his regret that he could not present her with a palace constructed entirely of gold and precious stones. Unable to realize this extravagant whim, he resolved to bestow upon his mistress the most costly set of diamonds which could be collected throughout Europe. The result was the world-renowned Diamond Necklace.

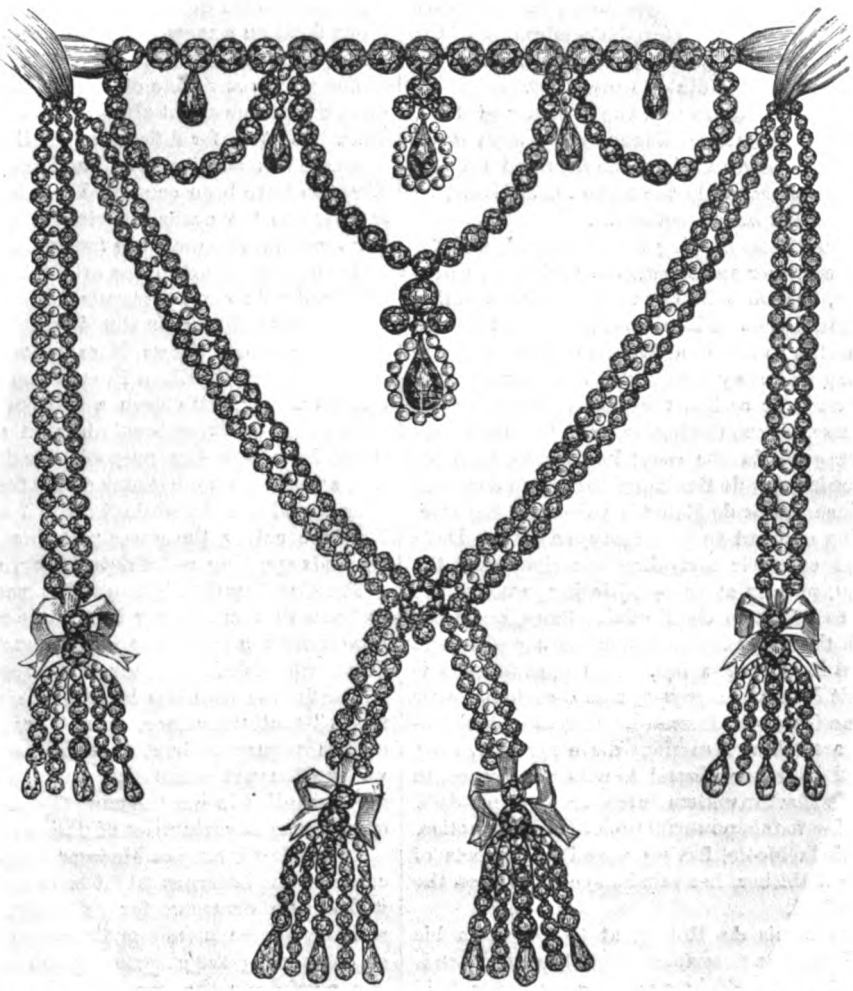
Louis XV. gave the commission to the crown jewelers, Böhmer & Bassenge, who entered heart and soul into the undertaking. The execution of so rare an order was, of course, an affair of time. Not only had the jewelers to raise funds to enable them to secure the largest and finest diamonds that were in the market, but they had to hunt out and employ the most skillful lapidaries to fashion them to their several shapes. Every important city in Europe, and others far more remote, were ransacked to collect these matchless gems. Some of the finest were met with in Germany, others in Spain, others again in Russia, a few in Brazil, and a very fine one indeed was picked up in the City of Hamburg.

For many of their purchases credit was obtained by the crown jewelers for a limited period; for others, when they had exhausted their own capital, they were obliged to have recourse to their friends. But they were full of confidence, for two millions of livres (francs) was the sum fixed to be paid by the King for this jewel beyond price.

The work went bravely on at the Böhmer & Bassenge establishment, "Au Grand Balcon," Rue Vendôme. The jewelers, their friends, their working lapidaries, their trustful creditors, were all in the highest spirits, when suddenly evil tidings cast dismay into the Böhmer & Bassenge camp. One day comes the intelligence that the King is ill; three days afterward the news arrives that he is in danger; another week brings the report that he is dead, and the late favorite for whom the rich ornament was destined banished for ever beyond the precincts of the Court.

Where is a purchaser to be found for it? Böhmer & Bassenge, crown jewelers though they be, must still pay their debts. Kings, according to a certain fiction of State, never die—"Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!" Böhmer & Bassenge, however, learn by sad experience, not only that kings do die, but that creditors, alas! do not.

What is to be done? Only one course suggests itself. A young and lovely Queen has just ascended the throne. Will it not be possible to induce her to become the purchaser of this unrivaled specimen of *bijouterie?* It was to Versailles that Böhmer betook himself, carrying with him the diamond necklace in its case of richest velvet, and ere many hours have elapsed he is displaying its matchless variegated brilliancy — its "flashes of star-rainbow colors," to the admiring gaze of the beauteous Marie Antoinette, then just twenty years of age, of a gay and lively disposition, verging, some say, on to giddiness, yet perfectly innocent; fond of pleasure, and, like other fair young creatures in this world, not indifferent to those personal ornaments which help to enhance the charms which nature has bestowed upon them with so liberal a hand. Still, pleased as she was with the gem, she nevertheless felt that the times were unpropitious; or else she scorned, may be, to wear an ornament, however beautiful, the original destination of which was, to say the least of it, unfortunate. But be this as it may, one thing is quite certain, the purchase of the necklace was declined.



THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.— FROM A FAC-SIMILE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAWING MADE FOR BÖHMER AND BASSENGE, JEWELERS TO THE QUEEN.

Several years went by, during which every effort was made by the Court jewelers to dispose of the diamond necklace. Shortly after the birth of Madame Royale the necklace was again offered to the Queen, but although the reduced price of one million eight hundred thousand livres was named for it, there was a more serious obstacle than ever in the way of its purchase. France was at this period engaged in a war with England on behalf of the American colonists, and her navy was in a most crippled condition. No sooner did the crown jeweler name the subject of the necklace, than Marie Antoinette interrupted him with this queen-like remark: "Monsieur, we have more need of men-of-war now than of diamonds."

On leaving the Abbey of Longchamp the two sisters Valois decided upon making their way to Bar-sur-Aube, and embarked on board one of the Seine barges plying between Paris and Nogent, from which latter place they proceeded up the River Aube to their destination. Arrived at Bar-sur-Aube with merely a few livres in their pockets, and a single change of linen beyond the clothes they had on, as asserted by Jeanne, instead of entering a convent, they put up at a miserable little inn called La Tête Rouge, where they made good their footing by their high titles and the claims they set up to the manors of Essoyes, Fontette and Verpilière, in the neighborhood. The great expectations they announced soon became generally known in a small country town, and the consequence was that the good people round about flocked to see them, out of curiosity; and it was then that a Madame de Suremont, touched by their distress, offered the fugitives the use of her house for a few days, until they could manage to provide some other lodging for themselves.

Instead of stopping merely a week at this hospitable house, according to the terms of their invitation, the Demoiselles de Valois managed to remain in it for twelve months, flirting with all the young fellows who visited there, and exhibiting more levity and freedom than was becoming to their sex. In due course several of these young fellows became smitten with our heroine, and

amongst those who contested for the honor of her smiles were two who stood out in advance of the rest. One was M. Beugnot, son of a well-to-do citizen of Bar-sur-Aube. The other was M. de la Motte, a nephew of Madame de Suremont's, and son of a chevalier of St. Louis, killed at the battle of Minden. This young gentleman, an officer, or, as Madame Campan and the Abbé Georgel say, a private in the *gendarmerie*, and destitute of any fortune whatever, had already managed to involve himself deeply in debt. Previous to the Revolution the *gendarmerie*, very different from the force now known by that name, was the first cavalry regiment in France, and the usual refuge for young men of good family but poor estate.

The marriage having been sanctioned by Madame de Boulainvilliers, an early day was appointed, by the advice of the friends of M. de la Motte, for the celebration of the nuptials, which took place, according to the custom of the province, at midnight on the 6th of June, 1780.

From the day of her marriage, in the Summer of 1780, our heroine assumed the title of Countess de Valois de la Motte, though on ordinary occasions she dropped the former portion of it, retaining only the name De la Motte, by which she afterward became so notorious.

De la Motte himself had nothing but his sword, and the countess had not even her scanty pension to depend upon.

In direst straits, the De la Mottes resolve to seek assistance from the Marchioness de Boulainvilliers, and to Strasbourg the pair hasten as fast as a French diligence of the eighteenth century will carry them, which is, however, not fast enough, for on their arrival they learn from the great charlatan of the age, Count Cagliostro, who just then happens to be showing off in the capital of Alsace, that the Marquis and Marchioness de Boulainvilliers have departed for Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan's palace at Saverne. There was nothing else but to give chase, so off the De la Mottes start, and on their arrival in the vicinity of the episcopal chateau, put up at some little inn, whence the countess writes to Madame de Boulainvilliers, apprising her that she is in the neighborhood, and asking when she may be permitted to call upon her. The next day she is honored by a visit from the marquis, who escorts her over to his wife. Some few days afterward, while the marchioness and madame are taking a carriage drive together, they meet the Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, to whom Madame de Boulainvilliers introduces her *protégée*, and recommends her to this powerful prelate's kindly notice.

The Countess de la Motte, having tasted the sweets of Paris, now repaired thither, her mind's eye fixed upon the coffers of the cardinal.

Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan, at this time in his eight-and-fortieth year, is described as a tall, portly, handsome-looking man, with a slightly ruddy complexion, bald forehead and almost white hair. There was a noble and easy bearing about him, and his manners are said to have been singularly agreeable so long as he kept his temper, of late grown exceedingly choleric, under restraint. He was weak and vain, and credulous to a degree; anything but devout, and a ladies' man. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he responded favorably to the countess's first and second appeals.

This gave her hope; and, the better to profit by the grand almoner's liberality, and to secure his influence in support of her claims, she took an apartment in Paris during the Summer of 1782, within a short distance of his hôtel.

This hôtel, built in the year 1712 by Cardinal Constantine de Rohan, uncle of the grand almoner, on a portion of the gardens of the Hôtel de Soubise, is now the National Printing-office, and internally retains no traces of what it was when Prince Louis de Rohan lived here in state befitting the dignity of a prince of the German Empire and a cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. The entrance gateway and the buildings forming the external boundaries of the court in front of the hôtel are, with the exception of some evident alterations, much the same as they were in the days when the Countess de la Motte was a frequent visitor at the Palais-Cardinal. The court itself is divided by parallel ranges of buildings at right angles with the principle front, and a gateway on the right-hand side leads to what was evidently the stable-court, where a noble bas-relief by Couston, representing the watering of the horses of the sun, with the animals full life-size, may be seen over one of the arched entrances to the stables—those stables where the horse of one of the cardinal's heyducs dropped down dead on a memorable occasion of which we shall by-and-by have to speak.

The principal façade of the De Rohan Hôtel has undergone only some slight alteration since the grand almoner's time, but it is far different with the interior; the grand staircase has been removed, and the magnificent *salons de réception* have been converted into *bureaux* for the officials attached to the national printing establishment. In the principal waiting-room are four paintings by Boucher, said to have formed part of the original decorations of the Palais-Cardinal; one represents Mars attiring for the wars, with Venus holding his shield and Cupid handing him his helmet; another shows Mars reposing, with Venus, who looks wonderfully like a French marchioness of the eighteenth century, with even a scantier allowance of drapery than usual, reclining beside him on a cloud; a third portrays Juno with her peacock, the immortal Jove facing her, and Boreas and Æolus at his feet, blowing as though they would burst; while in the fourth subject we have Neptune ruling the waves with his trident, and a trio of sea-gods spurting water out of long, conch-shaped shells.

The Countess de la Motte was woman of the world enough to know that much may be accomplished by personal solicitation when written applications are of little or no avail. The Cardinal de Rohan, too, had a reputation for gallantry; and as for the countess herself, she tells us in her "Memoirs" that "her face, if not exactly handsome, had a certain piquancy about it, which, combined with her vivacity (Beugnot admits her smile was perfectly enchanting), supplied in her the want of beauty so far as to lay her open to the importunities of designing men."

At the first interview Madame de la Motte had with the cardinal, the latter, as might have been expected, from his well-known character for gallantry, proved incapable of resisting the countess's artful allurements; and she, bent on completing the conquest which she felt she had made, was careful, on the occasion of subsequent visits to the Hôtel de Strasbourg, to pay the utmost attention to her toilet—decking herself out in her finest feathers, putting on her most coquettish airs, and making the magnificent saloons of the Rue Vieille-du-Temple redolent with the odor of her perfumes.

At Versailles, which at this period was crowded with intriguers and adventurers, living for the most part by their wits, the countess now went to reside; and, having next to nothing to live upon, it is not to be wondered at that the De la Mottes were soon deeply in debt. Fortunately for her, there was always the Cardinal de Rohan to fall back upon, and the snares which she laid for him appear to have been set to some purpose, for ere six months had gone by, Madame de la Motte had so far improved her acquaintance with the grand almoner, who even assisted her in the composition of her petitions and memorials, as to become convinced—in accordance

with the rule she had laid down, that alms could be only effectively asked for at the church door, or from a carriage —that a more respectable lodging was indispensable to enable her to profit by the opportunities which this intercourse seemed to open out to her. There were, moreover, other and most pressing reasons for quitting, it was said. The result was a police case, and their ejectment from the premises. A "spacious *appartement*," the rent of which was twelve hundred francs, was therefore hired by them in Paris.

Soon after the countess had become regularly resident in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles, she was a frequent attendant at mass at a convent of Minimes. A certain Father Loth, having his eye upon so interesting an addition to the common fold, made her an offer of a key, by means of which she might let herself into the chapel to the ten o'clock mass, attended, as he explained to her, only by persons of her own condition. The countess accepted the offer, and a kind of acquaintanceship sprang up between Father Loth and her, which resulted in the former becoming a constant visitor at the De la Mottes', and insinuating himself into the confidence of the family; and subsequently, when brighter days dawned upon them, officiating as a sort of steward of their household.

Although the countess went constantly to Versailles, in the hope of obtaining by some lucky chance access to the Queen, she seems to have been baffled in all her efforts. She had scraped acquaintance with Desclos, one of the Queen's pages, at a man-midwife's at Versailles, and was on gossiping terms with the gatekeeper of the Little Trianon, but could make no further advance at Court, until, by a lucky chance, she one day succeeded in penetrating into the apartments of one of the princesses. Here, whilst waiting amongst other visitors for her turn to be introduced, she suddenly fell down like a person fainting from weakness, and otherwise exhibited symptoms of great suffering. Her poverty being known, there was instantly a rumor afoot that sheer hunger was the cause of this debility. The incident produced considerable excitement in the Court circle, and news reaching the ears of the Countess de Provence that a lady of rank had fainted in the *salle d'attente*, from lack of sustenance, she flew to her assistance, and after treating her with all the tenderness that humanity dictated, gave her some twelve or fifteen louis to relieve her necessities.

The countess, much affected by the occurrence, is said to have mentioned it on the following day to Marie Antoinette, who was about to yield to the impression it made upon her sensibility; but Louis XVI., who had received so many of Madame de la Motte's petitions, and had been sufficiently bored thereby, had conceived a strong prejudice against both her and her pretensions, and pronounced her swoon to be a mere ruse to extort money. The result was that the Queen closed her purse-strings, and Madame de la Motte took little or nothing by her move.

Let us now see how it has fared with our friends, the crown jewelers, and their diamond necklace. M. Bassenge, after scouring Europe through, and ascending and descending principal and back staircases innumerable, and dancing wearying attendance in court saloons and antechambers, has returned home without effecting a sale.

Bassenge's mission having been without result, let us turn to M. Böhmer, and see what kind of luck has attended his efforts. On the 22d of October, 1781, the Queen of France gave birth to a dauphin. Böhmer, who felt this to be a favorable opportunity for him to renew his application, flew to the palace with his casket under his arm, and saw the King, at that moment the happiest man in the land. Louis XVI. received the jeweler with much condescension, and taking the casket from him, carried it to the Queen, telling her, with animated looks, that he had got a present for her. But Marie Antoinette had no sooner recognized the gorgeous gem which she had formerly rejected, than she refused to receive it, even at the King's hands; nor could the most earnest solicitations on his part abate in the smallest degree the feeling of antipathy with which, guided by her prophetic instincts, she seems to have regarded the fatal jewel.

"Is it," asked she, "that Böhmer may take girls covered with diamonds to the opera, that you would pay him for his folly in manufacturing this necklace?"

While uttering these words the Queen was greatly excited. Her nurse felt her pulse, and finding it very high, begged the King not to insist further. Louis XVI. withdrew, completely disconcerted.

This persecution of Marie Antoinette, which had begun in 1774, was continued for ten years; and every time the palace guns announced a new *accouchement*, the indefatigable Böhmer, his casket under his arm, was the first to carry his loyal congratulations to the feet of his sovereign. In due time, the crown jeweler became noted for this kind of loyalty, so that whenever he was met with in the streets of Versailles, certain wags used to point him out and ask each other: "*Serait-ce la Reine qui accouche?*"—"Is the Queen lying-in?"

Thus matters stood at the close of 1783, ten years after the order for this ill-fated jewel had been given by the infatuated lover of Madame Dubarry.

The family resources of the De la Mottes proved so far insufficient, that early in the year 1784 household goods and wearing apparel were alike in pawn at the Mont de Piété, which is scarcely to be wondered at, as the Winter was one of unprecedented severity. In a few months more the wretched adventurers will be forced to quit their "spacious *appartement*" in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Gilles, and go forth into the streets and highways, and, in the name of Valois, again implore charity of the passing stranger. What remedy—what desperate remedy could be devised to prevent this?

Reports, which were undoubted fabrications, got into circulation. The purport of these was, that Madame de la Motte had been honored by the notice of Marie Antoinette, that she was received privately at the Petit Trianon, and was rising rapidly in the royal favor. To give an air of probability to this assertion, the countess, who had contrived to scrape acquaintance with the gatekeeper of the Trianon, managed to be seen occasionally stealing out from thence, as though returning from one of these pretended interviews with royalty.

No sooner did it get bruited abroad that the Countess de la Motte had credit at Court, than she was applied to by that busy and motley group of suitors—some of them in search of places and appointments, others in quest of patronage for new inventions, or on the lookout for opportunities to submit new schemes of taxation and finance, and others again seeking redress of real or fancied grievances—who gather together in the vicinage of royalty. The daring woman saw her chance, and entering boldly on a career of imposture, began to traffic on a credit that had no foundation, and to sell an influence which she could not exercise. This new vocation bid fair to prove a much readier source of emolument than her state petitions for relief. People came to her of their own accord, waited in *her* antechamber for an interview, conjured and supplicated *her* to lend them her protection, and in the meantime to permit them to show their gratitude by anticipation, and in a substantial form.

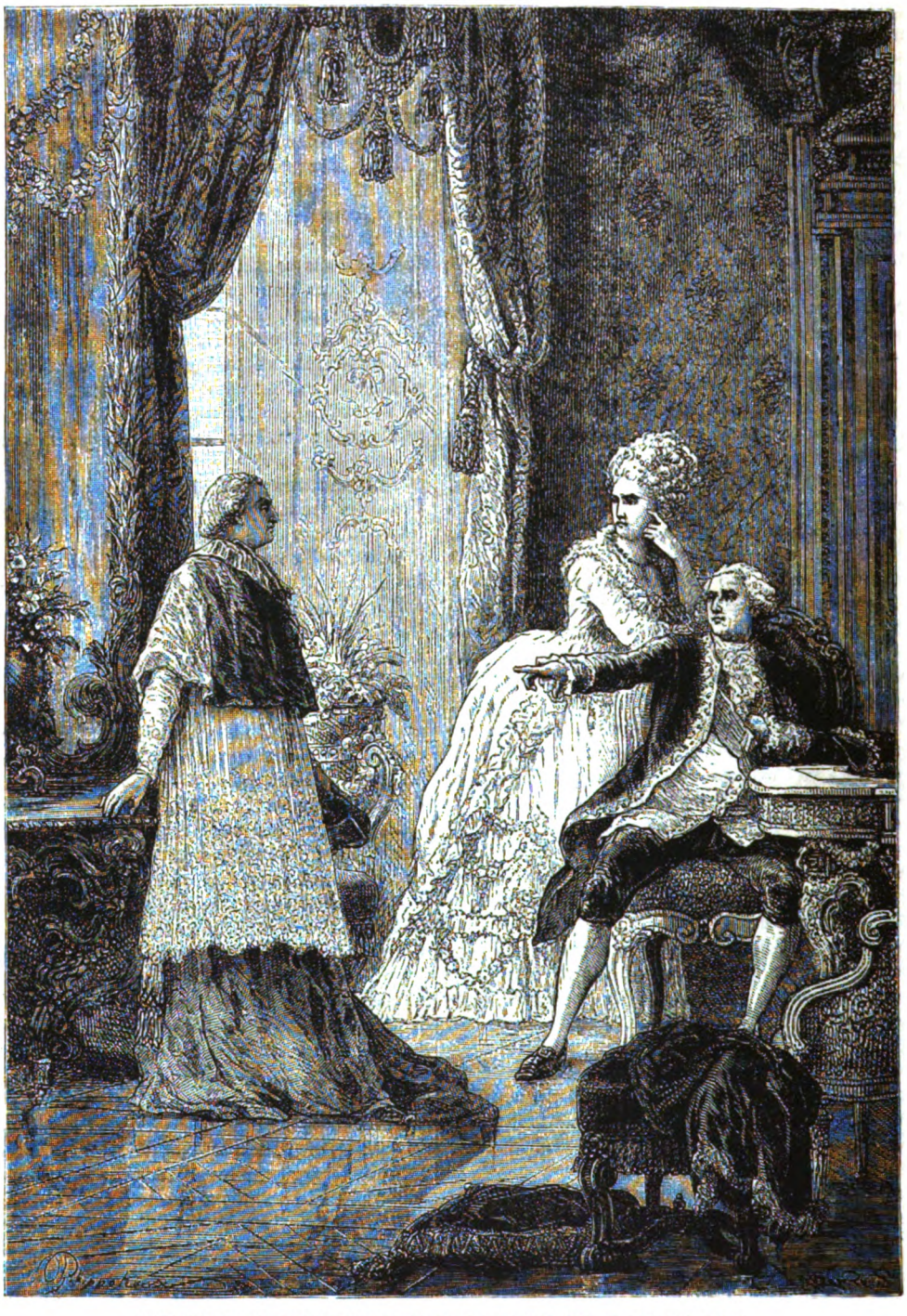
In this new line of business she was assisted by an old

acquaintance and former comrade of her husband's in the *gendarmerie*, one Rétaux de Villette, son of a late director-general of excise at Lyons, and at this time about thirty years of age.

Finding that he was a suppliant for Court favor, Madame de la Motte first of all persuaded him that she could advance his interests, then that she would procure for him some better post than a sub-lieutenancy in the marshalsea, and finally engaged him as her secretary, and, by dint of "her piquant face, her bright and piercing eyes, her white and transparent skin, her fine teeth, her enchanting smile, her pretty hand and little foot, her graceful manner and natural wit," soon enrolled him as one of her lovers.

Marie Antoinette herself, when questioned by Louis XVI. on the subject of this intimate acquaintance, assured the King that she had never seen the woman. In a few simple words she repeats her denial when confronted with the Cardinal de Rohan, immediately preceding his arrest. And in a private letter to her sister, written at a time when the affair of the diamond necklace was making a great noise throughout Europe, Marie Antoinette thus denies all previous knowledge of her pretended confidant:

"I have never seen this woman La Motte. It seems she is an

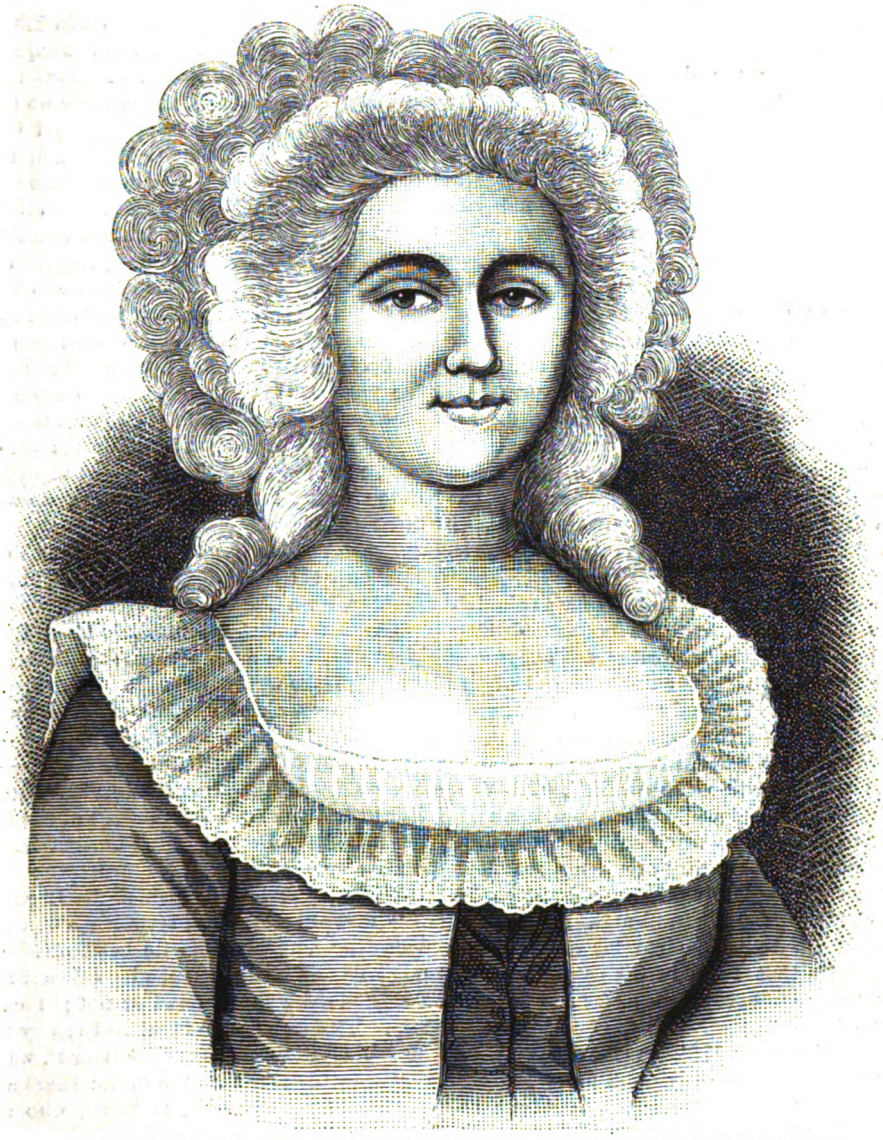


CARDINAL DE ROHAN INTERROGATED BY MARIE ANTOINETTE AND LOUIS XVI.

adventuress of the lowest class, with a good address and a bold air; she has been seen two or three times on the back staircase of the Cour des Princes; this is a scheme agreed on to deceive her dupes, and to spread the belief that she is received in my closet. The Duke de Nivernois on this occasion told me that an adventuress from Paris had made her fortune in the days of Madame de Maintenon by seating herself twice a week on the stairs; one day she found the drawing-room of that lady open; she went in, and seeing no one near, she walked up to the balcony over the Place d'Armes, thus proclaiming to every one that she was in favor with Madame de Maintenon. We are surrounded in this place by persons of that class."

Again, at the very last, only a few hours before her head was severed from her body by the guillotine, she still firmly repudiated all knowledge of any such individual.

Among the tribe of solicitors who put faith in the report of Madame de la Motte's intimacy with Marie Antoinette, and sought to turn it to their own advantage, certainly by far the most sanguine of them all was her "friend" Louis-René-Édouard de Rohan. The very man who had been wont to bestow alms upon a descendant of the House of Valois, was now almost ready to cringe to the former recipient of his bounty for favor and support. He incurred the dislike, and even hatred, of the Queen of France, partly in consequence of having repeated to the Empress Maria Theresa certain scandals current at the French Court respecting the unbecoming levity of her daughter, then dauphiness — whom, by-the-way, by virtue of his office of coadjutor at Strasbourg, he had had to receive on the occasion of her first entry into France—and partly in consequence of a letter written by him in an unguarded moment, wherein he reflected strongly on the duplicity of the Empress with respect to Poland.



THE COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE.— FROM THE PORTRAIT AFTER ROBINET PREFIXED TO THE LIFE OF THE COUNTESS DE LA MOTTE BY HERSELF.

In spite of the Queen's aversion, which, by-the-way, was fully shared by Louis XVI., the cardinal, whose ambition led him to covet the office of prime minister, fondly hoped, sooner or later, to recover his ground. When, therefore, he heard, as very good care was taken he quickly should hear, that a lady who stood in certain tender relations toward himself, and was under certain pecuniary obligations to him, was in favor with the Queen, the credulous dotard suspected neither deception nor exaggeration in the report; which, perhaps, was scarcely surprising, for nature, we are told, had given the *soi-disant* new favorite a frank and honest face in spite of her proficiency in the arts of deceit. The cardinal, only too ready to be blinded and deluded, counseled his protégée how to proceed in order to retain and improve the position which he imagined she had already acquired, intending, without doubt, to avail himself of her interest to recover the good opinion of the Queen, whose deep-rooted prejudice against him was the bane of his life.

Before the close of Spring in the year 1784, the Countess de la Motte has effectually built up her grand fabrication. Gradually, step by step, the vigilant schemer advances, her dupe's fancy and conceit outstepping the measured tread of the inventor, whose falsehoods are not poured forth fast enough to fill the wide throat of this insatiable gull. First she assures him that she has spoken and interceded for him with the Queen, who listened to her with attention but evident suspicion; but that, after having heard of several instances of his benevolence to herself and other persons, the royal prejudice had given way. The cardinal, of course, takes heart at this assurance, and waits resignedly for the happy progress of a negotiation which has opened so promisingly.

In due time the grand almoner is informed that majesty has at last relented, having been, of course, won over by the countess's continuous praises of him, and by

her assurances that he was far less culpable than he was represented to be by his enemies; that he was full of penitence and remorse for any errors he might have committed; that her Majesty's aversion to him was his constant affliction, and that his health was yielding to this sorrow.

"I am authorized by the Queen," the countess one day calmly said to him, "to request you to furnish her with a written explanation of the faults imputed to you."

In compliance with this demand, the cardinal delivered to Madame de la Motte a lengthy exculpatory statement, the main purport of which was to accuse his niece, the Princess de Guéménée, of having intrigued to add to his disgrace at Court, while pretending to act as intercessor on his behalf.

About three weeks after the delivery of his written justification into the hands of Madame de la Motte, the grand almoner received a note, bordered with "*vignettes bleues*"—Marie Antoinette invariably wrote on paper with colored borders—and purporting to be written by Marie Antoinette. This stated that she had read with indignation of the manner in which he had been deceived by his niece, assured him that she had forgotten all that had passed, and desired him never again to make the slightest allusion to a matter so unpleasant—a convenient way of tabooing a subject, the discussion of which might have proved extremely embarrassing to the countess, and have sooner or later exposed the fraud then being practiced upon the cardinal. The note wound up with the following passage, the motive of which the reader will be at no loss to divine: "The account which the countess has given me of your behavior toward her has made a stronger impression on me than all that you have written to me. I hope that you will never forget that it is to her you are indebted for your pardon."

It is needless to inform the reader that, so far as the letters attributed to Marie Antoinette are concerned, they were one and all of them vile fabrications. They were penned, in fact, by the prospective sub-lieutenant of the marshalsea, of whom we have already spoken, Rétaux de Villette, who was attached to the countess in the double capacity of "*cavalier servente*" and secretary.

According to his usual practice, the cardinal, with Versailles and the Little Trianon closed against him, is spending the sultry summertime in retirement at his stately palace of Saverne, situated at the foot of the eastern slope of the Vosges, where he exercises all the authority of a petty sovereign, and keeps up a well-nigh regal state. Gentlemen of high birth do not disdain his service; and such is the prodigality that rules in his establishment, that he has no less than fourteen *maîtres d'hôtel* and twenty-five *valets de chambre!*

In the Summer of the year 1784, couriers bound for Paris would every now and then sally forth from the palace-gates with bags of letters, among which there was invariably one elaborately sealed packet addressed to the Countess de la Motte. Inclosed in this would be a letter for the Queen, begging, entreating, praying for an interview at which the writer might plead his cause and regain complete possession of his royal mistress's favor. Days and weeks go by while he is waiting and watching for a response. Judge, however, of the cardinal's agitation when one day the countess herself arrives unexpectedly at Saverne—having traveled post all the way from Paris—and announces to him that the long and eagerly sought interview is at length accorded to him; that the Queen has consented to a midnight meeting with him in the Park of Versailles. The countess thought, and thought rightly, that a journey of nearly three hundred miles, undertaken on purpose to be the bearer of this welcome intelligence, would give it all the greater weight, and would effectually dispel any unpleasant doubts that might perchance by this time have taken possession of the cardinal's mind.

Counterfeit *billet-doux* having been palmed off on the infatuated cardinal as genuine with such complete success, the countess now ventures on a singularly bold step, nothing less than the personation of majesty itself, and actually succeeds in foisting upon the purblind prelate *une belle courtisane* of the Palais Royal as the beautiful, high-born Marie Antoinette.

This young person, commonly known as Mademoiselle d'Oliva, but whose real name was Leguay Designy, was born in Paris in 1761, and was consequently younger than the Queen by seven years. Although her reputation was anything but spotless, she was by no means the common creature she is ordinarily represented to have been.

Mademoiselle d'Oliva is hoodwinked by the desperate countess, who visits her at her apartments in Paris.

Says the countess to Mademoiselle d'Oliva:

"I possess the Queen's full confidence; we are like hand and glove together. She has just given me another proof of this trust, by commissioning me to find her a person to do something which will be explained at the proper time. I have made choice of you, and, if you like to undertake it, I will make you a present of 15,000 livres (francs); but the present that you will receive from the Queen will be much more considerable. I cannot tell you my name just yet, but you shall soon be informed who I am. If, however, you do not think my word sufficient, and desire to have security for the 15,000 livres, we will go directly to a notary's."

The day following this interview, the count, who is accompanied by Rétaux de Villette, takes Mademoiselle Leguay, alias d'Oliva, to Versailles.

The *belle courtisane* of the Palais Royal, whose resemblance to Marie Antoinette is said to have been singularly striking—she was remarkable for the elegance of her figure, had blue eyes and chestnut-colored hair—is now dressed and tricked out in coquettish *négligée*—a white robe *en chemise*, bordered and lined with rose-color, and a white lace hood—for the famous interview which the Cardinal de Rohan had so earnestly solicited of the Queen, with whom the miserable dupe flattered himself he had been all this while corresponding.

The memorial of the Demoiselle Leguay Designy states:

"Between eleven and twelve o'clock I went out with Monsieur and Madame de la Motte. I had on a white mantle and a white lace hood. I do not remember whether I carried a fan in my hand or not; I cannot say for certain. The small note furnished me by the Countess de la Motte, with instructions to deliver it, was in my pocket.

"They took me into the park; there a rose was put into my hand by Madame de la Motte, who said to me: 'You will give this rose, along with the letter, to the person who shall present himself to you, and say to him these words: "You know what this means." The Queen will be there to see how your meeting passes off; she will speak to you. She is there yonder, and will be close behind you. You shall presently speak to her yourself.'

"These last words made such an impression on me, that I trembled from head to foot. I could not help telling them so; I observed to them that I did not know I was to speak to the Queen. I asked them, in a stammering voice, what was the proper mode or form of speech. . . . M. de la Motte answered me: 'You must always say, Your Majesty.'

"I need scarcely, I think, break off here to declare that,

far from having had the honor of speaking to the Queen, or her having done me the honor to speak to me, I did not even see her at all. . . .

"We were still walking along, when M. de la Motte met a man, to whom he said: 'Ah! is that you?' . . . Afterward, when I dined with the La Mottes, I recognized in Villette, their friend, the same person who was thus addressed by M. de la Motte. . . .

"Madame de la Motte then accompanied me to a hedge of yoke elms, leaving me there whilst she went to fetch the great nobleman to whom I was to speak.

"I remained waiting . . . . The noble unknown came up, bowing as he approached me, whilst Madame de la Motte stood aside a few paces off, and appeared to watch the scene. I knew not who the great nobleman was, and although the Cardinal de Rohan now acknowledges that he was the person, I am still ignorant upon the point.

"It was a dull night, not a speck of moonlight; nor could I distinguish anything but those persons and objects which were familiar to me. It would be quite impossible for me to describe the state I was in. I was so agitated, so excited, so disconcerted, and so tremulous, that I cannot conceive how I was able to accomplish even half of what I had been instructed to do.

"I offered the rose to the great nobleman, and said to him, 'You know what this means,' or something very similar. I cannot affirm whether he took it or let it fall. As for the letter, it remained in my pocket; I had entirely forgotten it.

"As soon as I had spoken, Madame de la Motte came running up to us, saying in a low, hurried voice: 'Quick, quick, come away!'

"I left the stranger, and after proceeding a few steps, found myself with M. de la Motte, whilst his wife and the unknown went off together and were lost to our view. Count de la Motte conducted me back to the hôtel, where we sat talking together until the return of his lady.

"She came home about two in the morning, when I explained to her that I had forgotten to give the note. I was afraid she would have scolded me for this negligence, but instead of doing so she evinced the greatest satisfaction, assuring me she had just left the Queen, and that her Majesty was in the highest degree delighted with my performance.'"

Such appears to have been the famous scene in the park at Versailles at midnight, when the Prince de Rohan, deluded by an artful woman, was fain to believe that he had been honored with an interview with the Queen of France, and might soon expect to be openly received at Court. The countess knew perfectly well that the cheat would run the risk of being detected if the dialogue were suffered to proceed too far; she therefore frightened away her dupes almost as soon as she had brought them together.

A counterfeit Queen, and no other, was present at the interview. His eminence the cardinal was so much elated with his good fortune, in having thus recovered, as he hoped, the favor of the Queen, and felt so well assured that he was now in a fair way of becoming prime minister, the great object of his ambition, that the Countess de la Motte resolved at once to reap the first fruits of his fond hallucination. So great was her decision of character, so thorough her assurance, so precise and prompt her mode of action, that before many days had elapsed she had applied for, by means of a billet bordered with *vignettes bleues*, penned of course by the forger Villette, and obtained the moderate sum of 50,000 livres, in the Queen's name, assuring her dupe that the Queen required the loan for certain charitable purposes. Ere another three months had gone by, by the aid of another forged billet purporting to have been penned by the Queen, madame succeeded in obtaining 100,000 livres more. Both these amounts she received at the hands of the cardinal's equerry, the Baron de Planta. Thus the Prince de Rohan, who in the month of July had been duped by an interview with a counterfeit Queen, had been swindled, ere the year had gone by, out of no less a sum than 150,000 livres, or $30,000.

On the countess's return to Paris—the countess had retired to the country for a few weeks—the correspondence between the cardinal and the phantom Queen was speedily resumed; and it was at this time that madame applied for and obtained in the Queen's name from the cardinal the 100,000 livres of which we have already spoken; for of the 50,000 livres received in August last every sou of course was spent.

All this while plans are being perfected for the successful carrying out of that grand scheme of fraud, which not only caused the greatest commotion throughout France, but may be said to have startled the entire civilized world by its audacity. The first incidents of the new intrigue appear to have been congenial. Some hanger-on of the countess's would seem to have sought out an emissary of the crown jewelers, employed to find a purchaser for the famed diamond necklace, with the prospect of a commission for himself, and whispered in his ear that the Countess de la Motte was privately received by the Queen, with whom she had both credit and influence, but that unusual reasons existed for not speaking publicly of this intimacy. He thought, however, that the countess, if she could only be induced to undertake the negotiation, was a very likely person to prevail upon the Queen to buy the necklace.

This suggestion was duly reported to Böhmer and Bassenge, after which it appears the former waited on Madame de la Motte at her own house, and exhibited the matchless jewel. Everything else followed in due course.

In January, 1785, the countess contrives to insinuate to the crown jewelers, through some of her high-class connections, that the Queen really does desire to have the necklace. She openly states as much to the cardinal, whom, in the very depth of a bitterly cold Winter, she has summoned to Paris by the aid of a courier armed with one of those well-known and highly prized billets, gilt-edged, or bordered with *vignettes bleues*, in which the Queen is made to say: "The wished-for moment has not yet arrived, but I desire to hasten your return on account of a secret negotiation which interests me personally, and which I am unwilling to confide to any one but yourself. The Countess de la Motte will explain the meaning of this enigma."

The price eventually agreed upon for the necklace was 1,600,000 livres ($320,000), to be paid in four installments of equal amount at intervals of six months, the first installment of 400,000 livres to fall due in August. But the crown jewelers, who had been advised to be cautious in dealing with the cardinal, required that the contract should be authorized by the royal signature. To account for this demand, they explained to the cardinal that they had heavy debts and liabilities which prevented them from parting with an asset of so much value without replacing it with adequate vouchers to satisfy their creditors—notably M. Baudard de Saint-James, Treasurer-general of the Navy, to whom they were indebted in no less a sum than 800,000 livres, and who had waited so long and so patiently.

The obtaining the Queen's signature to the contract necessarily gave rise to some delay. The cardinal sent the deed, as he believed, to Marie Antoinette through Madame de la Motte, with the intimation that it was only a form,

ARREST OF LOUIS XVI. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.

would be merely shown to the jewelers, and not delivered up to them.

The countess, however, returns with the deed unsigned. Royalty is in dudgeon at its sacred name having been made use of. The grand almoner was greatly distressed at this new obstacle, which he thought her Majesty was inclined to aggravate. But what was to be done?

Madame de la Motte returns a second time from Versailles, and pretends to have had a second audience with Marie Antoinette. The Queen, she says, was very angry with the cardinal for having introduced her name into the transaction.

But the deluded cardinal, hoping thereby to please the Queen, bought the necklace of the jewelers on his own guarantee, for one million six hundred thousand francs, backed with the fraudulent signature of Marie Antoinette. The contract had been drawn up with great care by the cardinal himself, and was written with his own hand, since the matter was, of course, of too secret a nature to be intrusted to a professional engrosser; and, after having been exhibited to Böhmer & Bassenge for their private satisfaction, it was left in the cardinal's keeping. The unfortunate dupe, of course, believed he held possession of the royal guarantee. The confidence and mental satisfaction of the jewelers when they read the contract, ratified by majesty itself, was equal to that felt by the cardinal.

We may instance as another proof of the countess's prompt mode of action, that by the end of January, 1785, the whole affair was settled—in fact, within six weeks after she had promised "to see if she could not contrive indirectly to render the jewelers some service," the famous diamond necklace, which had been to them a source of grave anxiety for years, was off their hands.

That arch charlatan, Cagliostro, arrived in Paris just at the time the cardinal was making the final arrangements with the crown jewelers for the purchase of the necklace. Whether or no he was summoned thither by the cardinal himself, we are unable to say; but if the Abbé Georgel's statement is to be relied on, it is quite certain that the grand almoner consulted Cagliostro respecting the business of the necklace, prior to concluding the negotiations.

The Countess de la Motte, who it will be remembered had formerly met Cagliostro at Strasbourg, renewed her acquaintance with him in the *salons* of the Palais-Cardinal, where she was now a constant visitor.

So infatuated did Cagliostro become under the influence of his own delusions on the one side, and the spell of this enchantress on the other, that the countess would appear to have controlled the crafty necromancer, even in the performance of his own spells.

The Cardinal de Rohan obtained possession of the necklace early on the morning of the 1st of February, 1785, and had not long to wait ere he was honored with the

Queen's commands to deliver it into her royal custody. The cardinal, of course, expected, from having rendered the Queen a service for which she could not feel otherwise than grateful, that he would have been permitted to deliver the rich jewel to Marie Antoinette in person; and when he received from Madame de la Motte the following note, purporting to be written by the Queen, he imagined his expectations were on the point of being realized:

"This evening (February 1), at nine o'clock, you must be at the countess's house (at Versailles) with the casket, and in the usual costume. Do not leave until you hear from me."

The countess lodged at "La Belle Image," in the Place Dauphine; and thither, on this sharp Winter's night—it was a hard frost, and the ground was almost like glass—the cardinal proceeded, wrapped up in a long greatcoat, and wearing a slouched hat that concealed his features.

He had with him Schreibert, his *valet de chambre*, who had charge of the casket. The cardinal, when they had reached the house, took it from him, and went up-stairs by himself. He found Madame de la Motte alone, and presented to her the rich burden he was carrying.

Some time after, a man, who announced himself as a messenger from the Queen, entered the apartment. The cardinal withdrew cautiously into an alcove which was half open. The man delivered a note. Madame de la Motte sent him for a moment outside the room, then came toward the cardinal and read to him the letter containing the order for delivering up the casket to the bearer. The man was then called in again, the casket was given into his hands, and he took his departure. . . . Who was that man? To the cardinal he seemed to be the same that he had descried in the park of Versailles on the night of the 11th of August, 1784, close to Mademoiselle d'Oliva.

We will undertake to answer the cardinal's interrogatory. The messenger was an accomplice of the countess's: none other than the forger Rétaux de Villette, made up for the occasion "with large black eyebrows, and pale face," and the letter of which he was the bearer was one of his own numerous forgeries. At any rate, the countess's *femme de chambre*, Rosalie Briffaut, deposed to having opened the door to him at the precise hour on that particular night, when he immediately entered the countess's apartment.

Success is attained at last! The great fraud is consummated! The woman who, when a child, we have seen running along the streets with naked feet, the tatters of poverty her only covering, and begging of lords and ladies to "bestow a few sous on a descendant of Henry II. of Valois, King of France," has at length obtained possession of the famed diamond necklace, valued at 1,600,000 livres, ($320,000)!

The jewelers, delighted at having got the troublesome piece of *bijouterie* off their hands, invite the countess to a grand dinner, which came off on the 12th of February.

On the 3rd of February, two days after the necklace had been delivered to the cardinal, he met Böhmer and Bassenge at Versailles.

"Well," he said, "have you made your very humble acknowledgments to her Majesty for having purchased your necklace?"

The jewelers, careless upon this point now the necklace was fairly off their hands, had not done so. The cardinal upbraided them with their neglect—a fact admitted at the trial.

Months glide by without the slightest suspicion arising, although the grand almoner is somewhat puzzled at the Queen never wearing the necklace in public. Every time he meets the jewelers he repeats his inquiry whether they have humbly thanked the Queen, and renews his very earnest recommendation for them to do so. At length, in the last week of June, after the countess has more than once hinted to him that the Queen thinks the necklace dear, the cardinal receives a letter written in her Majesty's name by the forger Villette, complaining of the excessive price of the jewel, and demanding a reduction of 200,000 livres, in which case 700,000 instead of 400,000 livres would be paid on the 1st of August; "otherwise," the letter went on to say, "the article will be returned." The crown jewelers murmur, as well they might, at this unexpected demand; but rather than be again burdened with the necklace, after consulting with Saint-James, they give an unwilling consent to the new arrangement. When all is finally settled, by the advice of the cardinal they address

EXECUTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

to the Queen the following letter, the very words of which are dictated by the grand almoner himself:

"MADAME:—We are extremely happy to think that the last arrangements which have been proposed to us, and to which we have submitted with respectful zeal, will be received as a new instance of our submission and devotedness to your Majesty's commands, and we feel truly rejoiced to think that the most beautiful set of diamonds in the world will be worn by the best and greatest of queens. BÖHMER & BASSENGE.

"July 12, 1785."

This letter was delivered by Böhmer to Marie Antoinette with a diamond epaulette and buckles which the King had ordered of the crown jewelers as presents to the Duke d'Angoulême on the day of his christening. The Queen, who had just returned from mass, went at once into her library, where Madame Campan was present. "She held the note in her hand; she read it to me," says Madame Campan, "observing, that as I had in the morning guessed the enigmas in the *Mercure*, I could no doubt discover the meaning of this, which that madman Böhmer had just handed to her. These were her very words. The note contained a request not to forget him, and expressions of his happiness at seeing her in possession of the most beautiful diamonds that could be found in Europe. As she finished reading the note, she twisted it up and burnt it at a taper which was standing lighted in her library for sealing letters; and merely recommended me, when I should see Böhmer, to request an explanation of it. 'Has he assorted some new ornaments?" added the Queen. 'I should be very vexed if he has done so, for I don't intend to make use of his services any longer.'"

A few days afterward, namely, on the 3d of August, Böhmer, who occasionally visited the father-in-law of Madame Campan, went down to his country house at Crespy—whether or not by invitation from Madame Campan does not appear—when Madame Campan repeated to him all that the Queen had desired her to say. Böhmer, she tells us, seemed petrified, and asked how it was that the Queen had been unable to understand the meaning of the letter he had presented to her.

"I read it myself," replied Madame Campan, "and I could make nothing of it."

Böhmer observed that he was not surprised at that, as there was a certain mystery in the affair respecting which she was ignorant, but of which he would inform her fully if she would accord him a private interview.

"When I had got rid of the persons who required my presence in the drawing-room," says Madame Campan, "I went with Böhmer down one of the garden walks."

Here the promised explanation was given, on hearing which Madame Campan was "so struck with horror," "so absorbed in grief," that a storm of thunder and rain came on while they were talking together without exciting her attention. During this conversation, Böhmer stated that the Queen, having changed her mind respecting his "grand necklace," and having determined to purchase it, had employed the Cardinal de Rohan as her agent in the transaction.

Madame Campan at once told the crown jeweler that he was deceived, for the Queen had never spoken to the cardinal since his return from Vienna, and there was not an individual at Court less favorably looked upon than the grand almoner.

She assured poor Böhmer that he was the victim of a detestable plot; whereupon the jeweler confessed that he began to feel alarmed, as the cardinal had declared to him that the Queen would be certain to wear the necklace on Whit Sunday, and he (Böhmer) was greatly astonished when he saw that she did not have it on.

The half-crazy jeweler next hastened to the Little Trianon, but failed in obtaining an interview with Marie Antoinette. A day or two afterward, the Queen having sent for Madame Campan to rehearse with her the part of *Rosina*, which she was to play in Beaumarchais's comedy, "The Barber of Seville," at her private theatre at the Little Trianon, took an opportunity of asking her why she had sent Böhmer to her (who had been to speak to her, saying that he came at Madame Campan's request), when she did not wish to see him.

The De la Mottes had spirited away the necklace, it is true, but how were they to turn it into hard cash? Every working jeweler in France knew this famed piece of *bijouterie* by repute almost as well as if he had had a hand in its manufacture. The only plan, therefore, was for them, somehow or other, to remove the diamonds from their settings, and to dispose of them piecemeal. The first the De la Mottes contrived to do after a fashion by means of a knife or some such instrument; the last they found a difficult and even dangerous undertaking.

On the 15th of February the countess's first secretary and the forger of the Queen's signature to the contract with the jewelers, Rétaux de Villette, who was of course as deep in the plot as the De la Mottes themselves, was intrusted with about forty of the smaller stones to sell to two Jew diamond merchants named Adam and Vidal for four hundred francs apiece, and De la Motte went to England with a large portion of the remainder.

On the 22d of June, Count de la Motte finds himself in Paris again, with a letter of credit for the sum of 122,896 livres in his pocketbook, on Perregaux the banker.

It must have been at this particular juncture that the cardinal chanced to see some two or three letters actually written by Marie Antoinette, and that, struck by the dissimilarity of the handwriting of these letters and those received from Madame de la Motte, he communicated his doubts upon the subject to the countess. She, with her active brain and ever-ready tongue, had of course a hundred reasons to prove to the credulous cardinal that he was mistaken, and so set his mind at rest. Not so as regarded her own; she felt none of that confidence with which she could so readily inspire her dupe. She feared the mine was on the point of being sprung, and that the explosion would take place before she could make good her retreat. To reassure alike the cardinal and the jewelers, she goes with her casket of jewels—which Regnier tells her are worth 100,000 livres, to her notary, one Mainguet, with whom she pawns them for a loan of 35,000 livres, 30,000 of which she takes to the Prince de Rohan to give to Böhmer and Bassenge. Then she packs off Rétaux de Villette post-haste to Bar-sur-Aube, and so much is she taken up with these urgent matters that she neither dines nor sups nor sleeps at home on that day.

The jeweler simply thought he was dreaming when he was summoned to an interview with the countess, and she, with the calmest of countenances and the firmest of voices, said to him: "I have sent for you to let you know that you have been deceived—the word '*approuvé*' and the signature attached to the paper containing the conditions of sale of the necklace are forgeries—the Queen's handwriting has been counterfeited. As for the rest, the cardinal, you know, is very rich; you had better look to him, and insist upon his rendering himself personally liable."

When Böhmer returns home the two partners compare notes, and decide that the Queen ought to be seen without a moment's delay. To Versailles, therefore, Böhmer hastens, but is refused an audience by Marie Antoinette. A day or two afterward, however, he finds himself

summoned by courier to wait upon the Queen, who has by this time learnt from Madame Campan the result of her conversation at Crespy with the crown jeweler, and is anxious to hear the astounding recital from his own lips. Böhmer, disregarding all that Madame Campan has told him, and in the full belief that the cardinal holds the Queen's written agreement for the purchase of the necklace, proceeds to Versailles in all confidence, determined to be no longer trifled with, even by royalty itself. On his arrival he is ushered into the Queen's private cabinet, when Marie Antoinette at once inquires of him: "By what fatality it is that she is still deemed to hear of his foolish pretensions about selling her an article which she had steadily refused for several years?" Böhmer, reassured by what the cardinal had told Bassenge, no longer felt any doubt as to the Queen being really a party to the purchase of the necklace, and replied, "that he was compelled, being unable to pacify his creditors any longer." "What are your creditors to me?" inquired the Queen. Böhmer then related to her *seriatim* all that, according to his deluded imagination, had passed between them through the intervention of the Cardinal de Rohan. She was equally thunderstruck, incensed, and surprised at everything she heard. In vain did she speak; the jeweler, alike importunate and dangerous, repeated incessantly: "Madame, this is no time for feigning; deign to confess that you have my necklace, and order me some assistance, or else a bankruptcy will soon bring the whole affair to light."

Marie Antoinette, driven almost frantic by this flagrant imposture and by the wanton manner in which her name had been abused and trifled with, immediately sent for the Abbé de Vermond, "her private secretary, her confidant, and her counsellor"; and subsequently for the Baron de Breteuil—the cardinal's two bitterest enemies. Delighted at the prospect they saw of crushing the grand almoner, not merely by effecting his utter ruin at Court, but by disgracing him in the eyes of all Europe, they never for a moment thought of the consequences of permitting the name of the second personage in the kingdom to be mixed up in a swindling transaction and associated with those of a profligate ecclesiastic, a wholesale forger, a Palais Royal courtesan, a sharper, and an abandoned woman and thief.

At noon on the 15th of August, 1785, on the festival of the Assumption, and the fête-day of Marie Antoinette, the Cardinal de Rohan, attired in his sacerdotal robes, was waiting in the Salle de l'Œil-de-Bœuf the arrival of the King and Queen, before whom he was about to celebrate high mass in the chapel of the Château of Versailles.

Suddenly the doors are flung open; but, instead of the *Cent suisse* shouting out the customary announcement, "*Messieurs, le Roi!*" the Cardinal Prince de Rohan is summoned to attend the King in his private cabinet.

On proceeding thither, the grand almoner found the King and Queen together. Louis XVI., without any preliminary observations, thus abruptly addressed him:

"I hear you have purchased some diamonds of Böhmer?"

"Yes, sire," replied the cardinal.

"Pray, what have you done with them?" inquired the King.

"I thought they had been delivered to her Majesty."

"Who commissioned you to make the purchase?"

"A lady called the Countess de la Motte-Valois, who handed me a letter from the Queen, and I thought I was performing my duty to her Majesty when I undertook this negotiation."

"How, sir," exclaimed the Queen, "could you believe that I should select you, to whom I have not spoken these eight years, to negotiate anything for me, and especially through the mediation of such a woman—a woman, too, whom I do not even know?"

"I see plainly that I have been cruelly duped," replied the grand almoner, darting upon the Queen as he said so a look of indignation and disdain. "I will pay for the necklace; my desire to be of service to your Majesty blinded me. I suspected no trick in the affair, and I am sorry for it."

The cardinal then took from his pocket-book a letter purporting to be written by the Queen to Madame de la Motte, and intrusting her with the commission. This letter he handed to the King, who after looking at it held it toward the cardinal, saying: "This is neither written nor signed by the Queen. How could a prince of the house of Rohan, and a grand almoner of France, ever think that the Queen would sign herself *Marie-Antoinette de France?* Everybody knows that queens sign their baptismal names only."

Louis XVI. then produced the copy of a letter sent by the cardinal to Böhmer, and inquired whether he had ever written such a letter. After glancing over it, the grand almoner replied that he had no recollection of having done so; but when the King asked him what he would say if the original letter, signed by himself, were shown to him, the cardinal could not but confess that the letter was genuine.

"If this be the case," observed the King, "explain to me the whole of this enigma. I do not wish to believe you guilty; I had rather you would justify your conduct. Account, therefore, for these manœuvres with Böhmer, these securities, and these notes."

In reply to the King's remarks, the grand almoner, who was extremely confused, kept continually repeating: "I have been deceived, sire. I will pay for the necklace. I ask pardon of your Majesties." Then turning pale, and leaning against the table, he said: "Sire, I am too much agitated to answer your Majesty in a way——"

"Compose yourself," interposed the King, "and retire into the adjoining closet. You will there find pens, ink, and paper; write down what you have to say to me."

The grand almoner retired as directed, and returned in about a quarter of an hour with a written statement of a somewhat incoherent character. After receiving it, Louis XVI. commanded him to withdraw.

De Besenval says that at this moment the King warned the cardinal he was about to be arrested.

"Oh, sire!" exclaimed the prince, "I shall always obey the orders of your Majesty, but deign to spare me the shame of being arrested in my pontifical habit before the eyes of the entire Court."

"It is necessary it should be so," replied the King.

The cardinal wished to insist, but the King abruptly quitted him.

On leaving the royal cabinet, the grand almoner encountered his deadly enemy, the Baron de Breteuil, who had been lying in wait for him, and who at once called out to a sub-lieutenant of his Majesty's body-guard:

"In the King's name, follow me! Arrest the Cardinal de Rohan!"

The officer proceeded to take charge of his prisoner, who, precipitated as it were in a moment from his high pinnacle of fortune, was conducted on foot in his rich pontifical vestments, guarded on all sides, and pressed upon by an amazed crowd of Court idlers and hangers-on, to his hôtel looking upon the north wing of the chateau. He contrived to slip a paper unperceived into the hand of a confidential heyduc, who waited for him at the door of his apartment. The heyduc posts off to Paris, and

arrives at the Palais-Cardinal early in the afternoon. His horse falls dead in the stable, and he himself swoons in the apartment of the Abbé Georgel, after exclaiming, wildly: "All is lost; the prince is arrested!" The slip of paper which drops from his hand is caught up and read with eagerness by the abbé, and in accordance with the instructions contained in it, the scarlet portfolio, which held all the cardinal's secret correspondence, including the letters—gilt-edged or bordered with *vignettes bleues*—penned by the phantom Queen, and on which the Prince de Rohan set such store, is forthwith committed to the flames.

While the foregoing events were transpiring, the Count and Countess de la Motte were receiving and returning visits in tranquil security at Bar-sur-Aube. It was two days after the arrest of the cardinal that the countess set out on her visit to the Duke de Penthièvre at Château-Villain, and Beugnot was awaiting her.

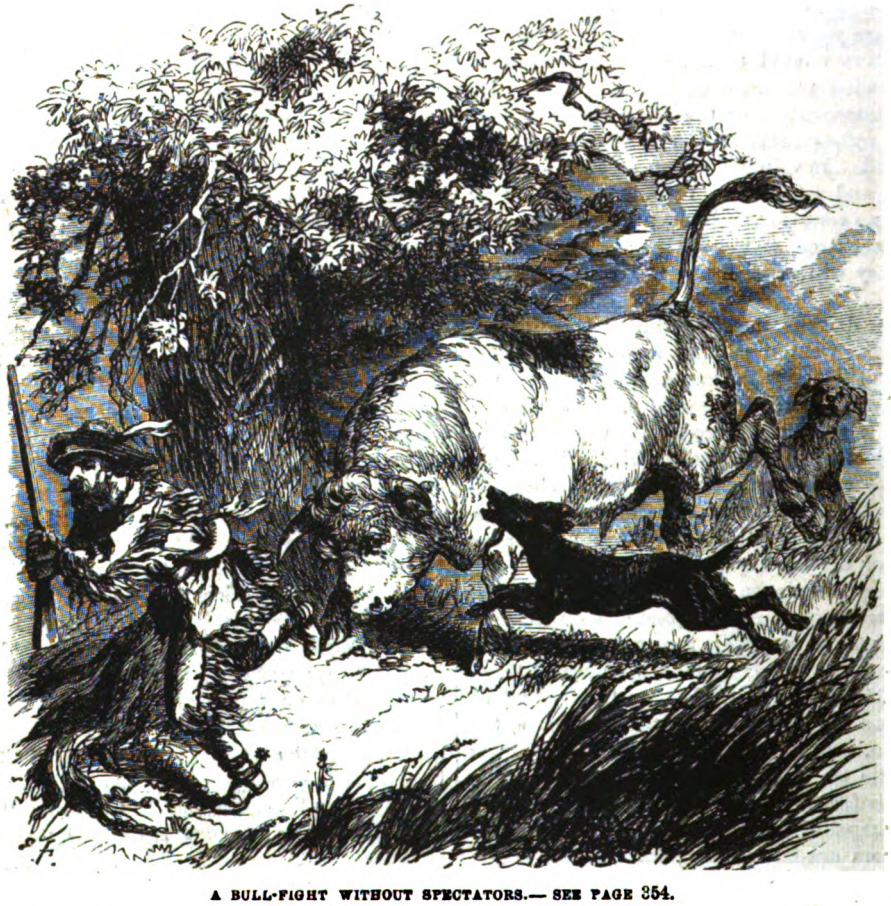
It was at a dinner party, at which the La Mottes were guests, that the Abbé Maury, just arrived from Paris, announced:

"There is a piece of news which none can understand, which has astonished and bewildered all Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan, Grand Almoner of France, was arrested last Tuesday, the Festival of the Assumption, in his pontifical vestments, as he was leaving the King's Cabinet. They talk of a diamond necklace which he was to have bought for the Queen, but which he did not buy at all. Is it not inconceivable that for such a bauble as this, a grand almoner of France should have been arrested in his pontifical vestments—do you understand? in his pontifical vestments—and on leaving the King's cabinet?"

"As soon as this intelligence reached my ear," says Count Beugnot, whose narrative we are quoting, "I glanced at Madame de la Motte, whose napkin had fallen from her hand, and whose pale and rigid face seemed as if it were immovably fixed above her plate. After the first shock was over, she made an effort and rushed out of the room, followed by one of the chief attendants. In the course of a few minutes I left the table and joined her. The horses were already put to her carriage, so we at once set forth."

The countess was sound asleep in her house in Bar-sur-Aube when the officers of justice arrived. An inspector of police drew aside the bed-curtains, and arousing her, showed her the *lettre-de-cachet* for her arrest. From this moment until her departure from Bar-sur-Aube, the countess was closely guarded by *exempts* and cavalry of the marshalsea, while other *exempts* compelled her husband, who had returned home in the meantime, to accompany them while they made a strict search throughout the house.

As we have already mentioned, the Cardinal de Rohan immediately after his arrest was conducted, closely guarded, to his hôtel at Versailles. In the afternoon of the same day he was removed to Paris, to the Palais-Cardinal, where he remained during the night; and the day following the Marquis de Launay, governor of the Bastille, came to receive the grand almoner into his custody, and to transfer him to the iron grip of that mysterious state prison which rarely rendered up its victims until they were snatched away by the hand of Death.



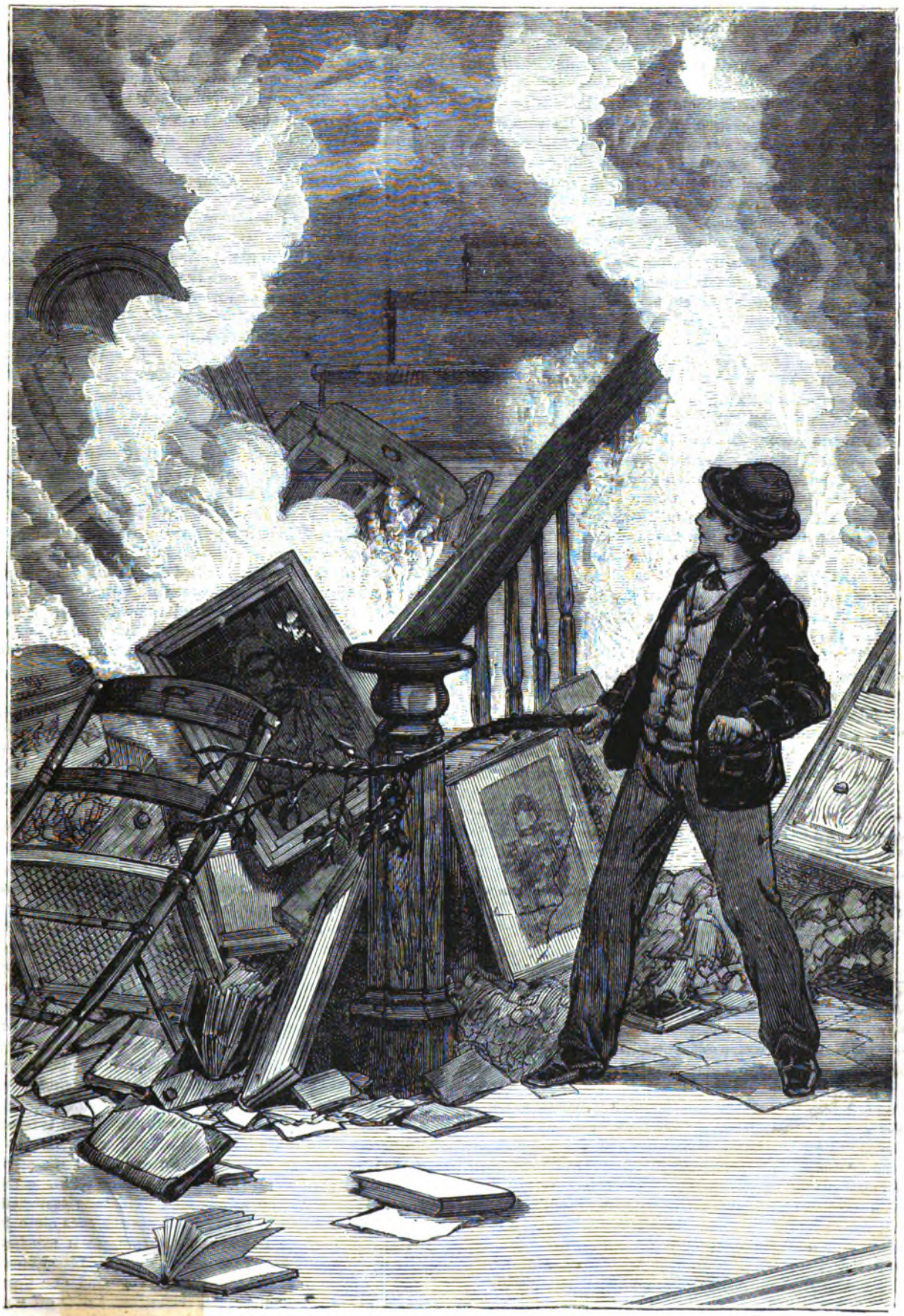
A BULL-FIGHT WITHOUT SPECTATORS.— SEE PAGE 354.

The Countess de la Motte was arrested at four o'clock on the morning of the 18th of August, and was at once hurried off to Paris, distant about one hundred and forty miles from Bar-sur-Aube, and lodged in the Bastille.

It is impossible to conceive the sensation created throughout France, and, indeed, throughout Europe generally, by these arrests, and the extravagant rumors to which they gave rise. And the great fraud of the diamond necklace was altogether regarded in the light of a political event, and no time was lost by the different inimical factions in twisting it to serve their own purposes, without the slightest regard being paid by any one of them to the real character of the act itself.

Fancy what a perfect fund of scandal this affair of the necklace, enveloped as it was at first in such an inpenetrable mystery, provided for these despicable minds! What an arsenal for defamation and calumny it furnished to the avowed enemies of Marie Antoinette! The Orléans faction professed to look upon it as a state crime, pretending to believe that the real culprit was the Queen.

Her burning abhorrence against the cardinal, continually fed by fresh reports, so blinded Marie Antoinette to



COALS OF FIRE.—"DASHING ALONG THE CORRIDOR, AND THROUGH THE DINING-ROOM, HE STOOD IN THE FRONT HALL, AND STARTED BACK IN HORROR."—SEE PAGE 355.

the strict rules and rigid formalities of justice, that in her first moments of passion she is said to have demanded the cardinal's life of the King, and the King, moreover, is believed to have promised her that he should not escape the scaffold.

The trial that ensued of the cardinal and Madame de la Motte is one of the *causes célèbres* of France, and the *résumé* given of it by Mr. Henry Vizetelly will be read with intense interest. The countess brazened it out to the bitter end. Being asked to explain what she had done with the 150,000 livres extorted from the Cardinal de Rohan in August and October, 1784, in the Queen's name, Madame de la Motte calmly smiled, and with a look of offended dignity and wounded innocence, vowed that she had never so much as seen the money.

The sentence of the court was in substance that Madame de la Motte should be imprisoned for life, branded with a hot iron, and all her goods escheated. This sentence was carried out to the letter of the law, the wretched woman howling and biting like a wild animal during its execution. Cardinal de Rohan was exonerated.

One word in conclusion.

She escaped from prison and made her way to London, where she lived in the uttermost penury. In endeavoring to elude the gripe of bailiffs, supposed to be in the pay of the Duke d'Orleans, whose interest it was to bring her back to Paris—the unfortunate woman sprang out of a window and fell upon the pavement beneath.

It was her misfortune not to have been killed on the spot; her thigh was broken in two places, her left arm was fractured, and one of her eyes was knocked out; in addition to which, her body was a mass of bruises. In this state she lived for several weeks.

In spite of the prominent place which the countess and her doings had recently occupied in the public mind of Europe, the English journals of the day notified the fact of her decease in such brief terms as the following:

"August 26th, 1791.—Died at her lodgings, near Astley's Riding-school, Lambeth, the noted Countess de la Motte, of 'Necklace' memory, who lately jumped out of a two-pair-of-stairs window, to avoid the bailiff."

Thus died, at the age of thirty-four, a woman whose whole life was one long career of misery, but which might have ended happily had not the privilege of her birth, by over-exalting her imagination, developed beyond measure those sentiments of pride and ambition which conducted her to her fall.

A BULL-FIGHT WITHOUT SPECTATORS.

There are few Summer mornings in Texas that are not beautiful. With a bright sun, a fine breeze blowing off the Gulf of Mexico to freshen and cool the air, none fail to feel their charms; but to the hunter it is inexpressibly delightful to ride through those grand old woods, almost awful in their silence, for scarcely any sound breaks it, save the drowsy hum of a bee, or the occasional sharp blows of a woodpecker, as he seeks his insect breakfast upon some decaying tree. There is, too, just that dash of danger so captivating to the real Nimrod, and which our stubble-brushing, stay-at-home sportsmen can never feel. How can they ever know those woodland duels, fought without seconds, where a sure foot, quick eye and steady hand alone will avail to make you hold your own? What if you miss a rabbit? It is nothing. What if you fail to bring down a wild bull in his charge? Why, unless your guardian angel is to the fore, "salt will not save you"; none but the vultures will ever know how or where you fell, and a rusty gun, a rusty hunting-knife, and a bleached skeleton will be your only monument. Never does any one feel more helpless than with an empty gun, and in the presence of wounded large game. A bear there is some chance with, because in his attack he gives you an opportunity of bringing the hunting-knife into play; but the weight and rush of a bull are fearfully against you, unless you have the activity of a wildcat. In all close encounters, weight has an immense advantage.

It was on a beautiful Summer morning when I started to kill a beef, mounted on my mustang, armed with a 14-gauge double-shot gun of Deane's, which threw a ball, patched with greased fawnskin, of very nearly an ounce weight, and accompanied by my three dogs, Jack, Midge, and Killdevil, broken to run nothing but cattle and hogs. They were trained to keep at the heels of my horse, so that I might sometimes, as I very often did, ride suddenly on to cattle, and get a shot or two. Of course, this could only be done by riding up-wind, a point a backwoodsman never neglects, as the sense of smell in most animals is superior to that of hearing, and, I am quite sure, with all the deer tribe, keener than even that of sight. The dogs were allowed, whenever we crossed the trail of hogs or cattle, to go and bring them to bay.

On this occasion, I had been riding for about an hour due west from the plantation, without seeing anything of the particular game I was in search of. I had arrived at the edge of an upawn thicket, when all at once the dogs dashed into it, and in a few minutes I heard them open, and a tremendous rush being made in my direction. The stout poles of the thicket crashed, and bent like wheat-stalks; and then, with head down, and tail straight out, level with his back, a mighty bull came thundering on, about twelve yards from where I sat.

Although mine was as steady a horse under fire as ever was ridden, still the rush and fierce barking of the dogs made him fidgety, so that I placed both bullets too far back in the bull—the upper one, as I afterward discovered, grazing the kidneys, and the other entering the paunch. Having carefully loaded my gun, and hid my horse in a thicket, well knowing that the bull would charge my mustang as quickly as he would me, I proceeded on foot to where I heard the dogs holding him at bay.

I found them in a palmetto swamp, some two hundred yards from where I had first shot at the bull, and tried to stalk him, by crawling up under the shelter of the palmettos. But the ground was so soft that I sank in over my ankles at each step; and the palmettos were so thick, and their harsh, strong leaves rustled so much, I could not approach for a certain shot. In such mud, without even a sapling to dodge around in case I failed to drop him, I thought it better to hunt him on to different ground and thick timber. The dogs then having presently made the swamp too hot for him, I had the satisfaction of seeing him move to more favorable ground. I took advantage of a large live-oak to advance upon him, and getting within about thirty yards, fired. Unfortunately, just as I pressed the trigger, he lowered his head sideways to gore one of the dogs, and I missed him. In an instant, like lightning, he made for the flash. I stood out, and with perfect coolness waited till he was about six steps from the muzzle of my gun, then fired again; but, to my horror, he did not drop at my feet, as I fully expected. His hot breath was now in my face, his red eyes close to mine, as I turned to run round the tree, when my foot caught or slipped, I know not which, on one of the above-ground roots, and in falling, the bull passed one horn through my light hunting-shirt, tearing most of it off me. Luckily, the impetus of his charge carried him twenty or thirty yards beyond me, and my gallant dogs coming to

the rescue, gave me a second or two to swing myself up the tree. There was no time to load, nor even to pick up my gun, and I was barely out of his reach when he was underneath, pawing the ground with his feet, bellowing hoarsely, his eyes bloodshot, the foam, tinged with blood, covering face and neck and chest—the incarnation of baffled rage. Whether his horn or head had hit me, I do not know, all passed so rapidly, but I was stiff and sore for several days after.

Having recovered my breath, and from the shock occasioned by my fall, I began to think how to rid myself of my savage jailer. Hunters are, or ought to be, prompt with expedients for almost any possible case, and my determination was at once formed—to go higher up the tree, find a bough that would do for a spear-handle, and bind the haft of my hunting-knife to it with some strips torn from the remnant of my shirt, and then to try and stab him where the head and neck join, as he often came quite underneath me.

I had scarcely regained my station on the large bough —having cut a stout stick which would answer my purpose —when I noticed some unmistakable signs of "grogginess" in my shaggy opponent; his head was lowered, and he was swaying from side to side—a riddle easily read: internal bleeding from my first two shots would, I could see, soon close his career, though he made many a gallant effort to shake off the weakness he felt surely coming upon him. Brave to the last he stood, but at length toppled over.

For a moment I thought he might be "playing 'possum"; but as he took no notice of the dogs who were licking his wounds, I saw the game of life was up for him, and descended from my perch, thankful for my escape from what my Western friends would designate as a "tight place."

Having picked up and loaded my gun, and rewarded my faithful dogs with the offal of the quarry, I rode home, from whence some negroes and mules were dispatched to skin, quarter, and bring in the carcase of as game a brute as ever fell.

COALS OF FIRE.

By Jane G. Austin.

THE town of Happy Valley lay some ten miles off the nearest railway, and was reached, when reached at all, by means of a stage-coach; not an accommodation wagon, or an omnibus, or a big carry-all, or any of the modern apologies for that all-but-forgotten luxury, but a regular stage-coach, swaying backward and forward upon mighty leathern springs, with a back, front and middle seat, the latter furnished with a broad strap by way of back, said strap to be unhooked at either end to permit ingress to the back seat; with a seat above the box whereon three persons might perch in perilous joy, while one could share the coachman's box; and a seat behind, corresponding to that designed for the guard on an English coach, but in this case given to the younger or rougher sort of male passengers.

This equipage, capable of containing nine persons inside and seven or eight outside, was drawn by a spanking team of four fine horses, the property of Hiram Blaisdell, proprietor of coach, horses and goodwill of the route, besides the comfortable little country inn known as the Hopvine House, from the profusion of plants of that description clambering over its porch, and stretching up to the wide eaves of the picturesque old house.

The house was a busy one, in spite of the seclusion of Happy Valley, for the stage-coach made the connection between two lines of railway, and did a tidy business in the transportation of passengers, who generally stopped to dine at the Hopvine, and went away charmed with its rustic beauties and hospitality.

On the 17th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1856, however, Mrs. Blaisdell's nicely prepared dinner waited in vain for consumers; waited until the lamb-broth was boiled to a jelly, the brook trout languid and dried up, the roasted goose a mere anatomical preparation of mummified fibre clinging to a skeleton, and the custard, pudding and pies fallen from the vigorous plumpness and freshness of that precise moment when, no longer warm, these viands yet retain the sprightliness of recent heat.

To be exact, it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and dinner had been ready at one. Mrs. Blaisdell had left off being anxious, and grown sullen; her husband, pipe in mouth, had established himself, *en permanence*, upon the top rail of the barnyard gate, whence he could command a distant view of a hill down which the coach must roll into Happy Valley; and Lee, only son—only child, in fact—of the house of Blaisdell, a good-looking youth, aged eighteen, had mounted a half-broken colt in the pasture, out of sight of the house, and ridden out upon the road to meet the tardy coach.

Five o'clock struck, and Mrs. Blaisdell, opening her bedroom door, screamed down-stairs to the cook:

"Hannah, put away the dinner things, and get supper. Tell Laviny to set the table over."

"How many'll I set it for?" asked Laviny, a good girl, born without tact, and quite unable to divine why her mistress slammed the bedroom door without reply. As she did so the colt's bare feet pattered down the dusty road, and Lee Blaisdell, flinging himself from his back, announced:

"Say, father! the coach upset coming down Brewster's Hill, and Black Bess is lamed so I guess we'll have to shoot her—and a feller's killed!"

"Black Bess lamed! There's a good three hundred dollars gone to the bugs!" groaned the landlord, while his wife, thrusting her head out from among the hopvines around her window, shrieked:

"A man killed, Lee? What man, for pity's sake?"

"Don't know, mother," replied the boy, his voice oddly compounded of horror and importance. "One of the passengers. He was on the top, and fell head first right on a heap of stones. Guess his neck was broke."

"When'll they be along?" asked the landlord, getting himself deliberately off the gate, and putting his lighted pipe into his pocket, where it presently set fire to his clothes, and occasioned a minor panic.

"Right away. They started when I did. There they come! hear the wheels!"

And, in fact, the unfortunate coach, drawn by three horses and driven by a much battered and highly self-defensive coachman, came rattling into the village at this moment, in feeble imitation of its usual flourish and *empressement* of arrival, and was immediately surrounded by an eager throng of inquirers—some of them eager to know precisely how the accident had occurred, some intent upon catching sight of the body of the slain passenger. Rather to the disappointment of these latter horror-lovers, the proposed corpse proved to be a living, although a much-injured, body, partially conscious of itself, and feebly murmuring a request for a surgeon.

This demand was both reasonable and easily supplied, since Dr. Seneca Blood was among the crowd at the door of the coach, and would probably have taken the injured man in charge, whichever way his own wishes had inclined. Now, however, he at once assumed great authority, ordered a bedroom to be immediately prepared, and superintended the wounded man's conveyance thither with a vast amount of bustle and ceremony.

Next followed a professional examination, and then Dr. Blood appeared below-stairs, evidently much delighted both with himself and his patient.

THE HEDGEHOG.—SEE PAGE 363.

"This gentleman is called Mr. Montgomery Livermore, of New York," announced he, "and his injuries, although not fatal, are highly serious, and will necessitate a somewhat prolonged course of treatment. You may consider your best bedroom engaged for a month, at least, Mrs. Blaisdell, and Mr. Livermore is a gentleman able and willing to pay for all that he needs."

"Then he'll take a deal of waiting upon, and we had better send for Aunty Fordick to nurse him," suggested the landlady.

"I would rather say one of the Sisters of the Orphanage," replied the doctor, blandly. "They have intelligence and refinement, as well as great skill in their mode of nursing, and for a first-class invalid like this, I should say——"

"Oh, that's so! Let's have Sister Margaret, and I'll go right down in the buggy-wagon and get her," interposed Lee, excitedly.

His mother pondered for a moment, glanced at her boy's glowing face, then said, somewhat coldly:

"Just as you like, doctor. I've never had anything to do with them Sisters, but the parson likes 'em, and the poor folks are all agog about them, and their nursing and their charities and all. So go along, if you like, Lee, and fetch one of 'em—no matter which."

"I guess it does matter, though," muttered Lee, as he made three bounds out of the house and across the road to the barn. "Who wants the Mother, or that old Sister Mary, or Sister Lucia, with her cross eye, or that little novice creature, Agnes, or the lay sister? Sister Margaret is the one, and I'd be smashed up myself to get her into the house if there was no cheaper way."

So Lee, having harnessed the horse himself rather than await the hostler's appearance, drove at a great pace down the elm-shaded village street to the quiet corner in the

MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.— SEE PAGE 363.

outskirts of the town, where stood the quaint old country house, "built for pleasure and for state" by the Whitmans, once the great family of Happy Valley, and now dead, departed, extinct in its precincts.

The great house, fallen into decay, was advertised for sale in a distant city, and, after two or three years of forlorn appeal, was bought through their business man by a company of Protestant *religieuses* calling themselves Sisters of the Good Samaritan, and numbering six ladies and one sturdy lay sister, who apparently proposed to find her way to heaven by a ladder of pots and pans, brooms and scrubbing-brushes.

These ladies, provided apparently with the means—for want of which so many charitable works never get beyond the hearts of their conceivers—proceeded at once to put their new home, which they styled the Orphanage, in perfect order within and without, to furnish it simply but substantially, and to bring to it some eight or ten children, all destitute orphans, to whose care and maintenance they proposed devoting themselves, replacing them by others so fast as there should be openings found for placing those already in hand—either in trade, service, or in adoption by private families.

In addition to this charge, the Sisters announced, through the rector of the principal church in the town, that they were ready to be called upon at any time of day or night for service at the bedside of the sick, dying or dead, and were glad to nurse or attend such sufferers as long as required, without payment of any kind, or even the necessity for gratitude on the part of those so served.

The Reverend Mr. Blount and his wife thoroughly indorsed and recommended the Sisterhood, and, by patient argument, finally did away with so much of the popular prejudice against novelties, and the popular suspicion of free gifts, that the poorer class of Happy Valleyans at last condescended to accept the gifts and the nursing and the services of the gentlewomen, whose floating black robes and coiffed heads were apologized for by the tirelessness and sweetness, the patience and the wisdom they brought with them.

The oldest of these ladies, commonly called Mother Angelica, was a woman quite in middle life, and a little severe and stern of aspect, although gentle and courteous in speech; and next in authority to her came the Sister Margaret, selected by Lee Blaisdell as the jewel in this chaplet of saints; and her it is whom we now behold seated beside the boy and listening attentively to his account of the late accident.

A woman of perhaps thirty years old, with a face which must have fallen a little short of its present perfection in any other gear than those white linen folds which so perfectly define its classic outlines, and so marvelously suit the pure pallor of its skin, firmly grained as the petals of a magnolia.

The great, dark eyes, too, with their slender black brows and sweeping lashes, are just what an artist would, if he could, depict for a saint and martyr, and the delicately tinted lips are curved to that pensive droop, lovelier than all the smiles of unchastened joy and youth.

The poor folk, among whom she toiled so unremittingly, called Sister Margaret "nice-looking, if she wasn't so pale"; the rector and his wife were always wishing they might have a picture of her painted as the Mater Dolorosa, as the Magdalen, as Saint Agatha, or as a dozen other lovely and sorrowful saints; the young ladies—some of them, that is—wondered why she didn't use a little pink powder, and Lee Blaisdell took to saying his prayers again, having left off that pious practice for some years, and loved to fancy that it was Sister Margaret to whom he intrusted them for transmission, along with her own, to the higher Power.

If the nun was conscious of this semi-adoration—which, indeed, she might have read twice on any Sunday in the village church, where the Blaisdell pew was close to and at right angles with the Orphanage seats—she did not show it, treating the boy with just the same gentle coldness and gracious reserve she showed to every man in town, unless it was the Reverend Mr. Blount, who was chaplain of the Orphanage and spiritual adviser of the Sisterhood.

But Lee found it bliss enough to be allowed to talk to the object of his worship, and to sit beside her on the narrow wagon-seat, and when he finally drew rein at the door of the Hopvine, his right arm fairly ached with the exertion of holding in the fiery young horse, who could not understand why he was to perform his journey so slowly in returning, when it had been so rapid in going out.

The landlady and the doctor stood ready to receive the volunteer nurse, and, both talking together, escorted her up-stairs and to the door of the sick man's room without giving her time to ask a question, or indeed to speak at all.

"You'll find him conscious, but not inclined to talk much. I wouldn't ask him any questions," whispered the doctor, leading the way into the room, and going to adjust the window-blind, while Sister Margaret, smiling ever so little at the caution against talkativeness, went directly to the bedside and looked down into the hard, handsome face, with its cruel black eyes—so very black in the deathly pallor of the face, staring gloomily up into hers.

As the look of those two pairs of eyes crossed each other, however, a change swept over both faces—a great wave of excitement, surprise, triumph, changing the impressive features of the man to the mask of a successful fiend; a deeper pallor, a frozen horror, a spasm of terror, almost despair, contracting the Sister's lovely face for a moment, and then giving place to an expression of divine trust and peace as her lips rapidly and silently moved in an ejaculation of prayer. He was the first to speak.

"Really! Well, this *is* luck!" whispered he; and Dr. Blood, briskly returning to the bedside, demanded:

"What's that? What's he saying, Sister? Did he ask for anything?"

"I think not, sir. It is very close here, is it not?"

And the Sister went to the open window, through whose green jalousie shutters the hopvines were thrusting clinging fingers as they climbed up to peep in, and leaned heavily for a moment against the window-frame, while her cold fingers interlaced themselves convulsively and her white lips trembled in their prayer.

"No, no, I don't want anything but to be quiet," wailed the sick man, peevishly. "You can go now, and leave that woman here, in case I need anybody."

"Yes, sir, yes. She came on purpose," replied the doctor, not more than half pleased at his patient's tone. "She is a Sister, you know, and goes out nursing when she is sent for. I sent for her, thinking you might prefer her to a regular nurse, but——"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. You can go now, doctor—you can go. Good-night."

"Good-night, sir. I will give Sister Margaret some instructions for the night, and then——"

He crossed the room, murmured for five minutes in the ear of the quiet, pallid woman, who listened steadfastly and without reply, and at last withdrew, closing the door slowly and with ostentatious caution.

"Lock that door, and then come here," ordered the sick man, harshly. Sister Margaret approached the bed, and, leaning upon the foot-board, quietly said:

"I am here, but I shall not lock the door; I have

nothing to say to you, I wish to hear nothing from you, that the whole world may not listen to."

"So! You are very independent, madam."

"Perfectly so. Why should I not be?"

"Why? Because you are my wife, and bound to obey me, and to be independent is to be disobedient."

"I am bound to nothing, so far as you are concerned, and you know it."

"We shall see. The moment anybody comes into this room now, man, woman or child, I will claim you for my wife, and bid you throw aside all this mummery of dress, put on your own clothes, call yourself by my name, and when I am able to leave this place go with me, and behave yourself as a respectable woman should."

"I advise you not to do so."

"Of course you do. But I am afraid I shall not ask your advice."

"Very well. You will force me to defend myself in my own way."

"And how is that?"

"I make no threats, and do not feel obliged to give you any information as to my resources. One thing, however, is certain: I shall never lay aside this habit, or call myself by your name, or live with you in any capacity again, and the law will bear me out in my resolve. I have friends, and I have weapons, both offensive and defensive."

The man lay silent for some moments, the blood mounting feverishly to his forehead, his mouth working with a passion of rage and doubt.

At last he abruptly said:

"You declared that you had given me every penny of your fortune."

"And so I had."

"How will you pay lawyers' fees?"

"My mother has money."

"Where is she?"

"I do not know why I should conceal the truth. My mother is the head of our community in this place. It is her fortune—which would have been mine at her death, and yours if you had been wise enough to bide your time patiently—that maintains the Sisterhood."

"Ho! I like that! I marry a girl professing to be heiress of a great property, and she, from some craze or other, runs away, turning her back on all her marital obligations; and not only steals herself, but persuades her doting mother to follow her into the same folly, and invest the money I have a regular legal, and, as you may say, a religious claim upon, in I know not what fanaticism and tomfoolery! But, I can tell you, once for all, Mrs. Livermore, I am not the man to stand that sort of nonsense. You may tell your blessed mother that the Sisterhood is going to be sold out cheap, and she and you are coming back to New York to live as becomes decent and sane women, or I will shut you both up in a lunatic asylum!"

The last words were screamed out in a tone of resistless frenzy, and Sister Margaret perceived that the fever, whose approach she had foreboded, was already upon the patient, and likely to increase with great violence and rapidity. No danger now of what he might say attracting undue attention; and, going to the door, Sister Margaret summoned the landlady, asking her to send again for the doctor, as he had requested.

All that night and the next day, and for many nights and days, did that devoted and heroic woman struggle with the Destroyer for the life of one who had made her own life a bitterness and a curse. No mother beside the bed of her darling child, no bride beside the bed of the young husband of her love, no wife of a sick old man whose death will plunge her into penury and obscurity, could have contested the battle more strenuously, forgotten herself more thoroughly, showed more courage, patience and strength.

"If he recovers, it will be thanks to you," said the old doctor, admiringly.

"Under God!" murmured Sister Margaret.

That night he attempted her life. Quite worn out physically, she had consented to sleep for some hours upon a couch in the sick-room, while one of the women of the house watched.

About three o'clock in the morning, Lee, waking suddenly with a sense of danger to the saint whom he so fondly worshiped, leaped out of bed, hastily dressed himself, and went to the sick man's door.

It stood a little ajar, and, through the opening, the boy could see the nun's pure, pale face, with the dark lashes sweeping down upon the cheek, and one hand upon the cross at her breast, as she lay fast asleep.

Unwilling to disturb her, he lingered for a moment before creeping away, and, as he stood, saw the gaunt and maniac face of the sick man thrust forward, as he came creeping stealthily on from behind the bed.

In his hand glittered a knife, and in his eyes shone the lust of murder, heightened by maniacal fury.

Pushing open the door, Lee sprang forward with an inarticulate cry. The madman cast one wild glance toward him; then, dropping the knife, threw himself upon his victim, seizing her slender throat in both his hands.

The watcher, awakened from her faithless sleep, shrieked aloud; and Sister Margaret, struggling wildly in that deadly grasp, uttered a gurgling and convulsed cry, which thrilled through the heart of her young champion.

With a shout of horror and anger, he threw himself upon the murderer; but he, strong with the strength of madness, yelled back defiance, and might, in the end, have proved too powerful for the boy's callow strength, had not others rushed into the room, and, among them, conquered him, and replaced him in his bed and under proper guardianship.

After this, Sister Margaret was never suffered to watch alone, and during a part of almost every night Lee Blaisdell shared her watch.

It was in one of these nights that the sick man, opening his eyes suddenly, looked from one to the other of the figures sitting silently beside his bed, and calmly asked:

"What is your name, young man?"

"Lee Blaisdell, son of the landlord of this house."

"And who is that lady?"

"Sister Margaret, of the Orphanage."

"You are mistaken, Lee Blaisdell. That lady is Margaret Livermore, my lawful wife, who ran away from me some three years ago, and whom I now claim before you as witness."

"He is raving again, Sister, is he not?"

"She dare not say so. Look at her guilty face."

"It is worse than raving to use that word in connection with her."

And the boy looked proudly and fondly at the face of his saint, and was shocked to see how disturbed, even terrified, it could look.

"Does he frighten you, Sister?" asked he, wistfully.

"Yes, Lee. I am afraid lest the peaceful and happy life I have led in this place is to be ended. It is quite true that he was my husband, and that I left him without his permission; but I had cause—good cause; and, if he drives me to extremity, I shall show it."

"It is a lie, madam!" broke in the sick man, coarsely. "You fancied me in love with your cousin Alice."

"Fancied?"

THE PINEAPPLE TRADE IN THE BAHAMAS.—BUYERS MEASURING THE STANDING FRUIT.—SEE PAGE 364.

"Yes; a mere jealous fancy without proof."

"I have proof—proof that would give me a divorce, if I chose to use it."

"What is it, now? Come, produce it, once for all."

"I have Alice's own sworn statement, written, signed and witnessed."

"I don't believe it."

"Alice herself, deeply penitent, most humbly contrite, leading a new and holy life of devotion and charity in our religious house, does not deny the sin into which she was blindly led."

"She lives here, with you, in this Orphanage?"

"Yes."

"And you would publicly blast her character in a court of law to obtain a divorce?" he asked, with a sneer.

"It would not be necessary. I have the forged check by which you tried to rob my mother of her fortune. I can convict you of felony, and shut you up in a State prison, and the law releases a felon's wife from the disgrace of her bonds."

"You told me that should be destroyed."

"It was not mine, and when I asked my mother for it, she refused it. She wisely foresaw that I might yet need it for a safe protection against your tyranny."

"You and your mother are a couple of liars and traitors. As for you, there is no name bad enough to brand a woman who deserts her husband, who breaks her marriage vows——"

"Hold on there, Mr. Livermore! Sister Margaret has saved

ARRIVAL OF A CARGO OF FRUIT AT THE SHEDS ON THE WHARF, AT NASSAU.

THE CAPTAIN OF A TRADING SLOOP BARGAINING WITH NEGROES FOR A CARGO OF PINEAPPLES, AT NASSAU.

your life a dozen times over, and whatever she says about you is what I believe, and I'm not going to have her so abused!"

It was Lee who spoke, and the other two started and looked toward him, half terrified at his voice; for both, carried away by the passions and the memories that their own words had stirred, had quite forgotten his presence, and the woman, at least, would never have spoken so openly had she remembered it.

Lee's quick eyes read her glance, and he answered it frankly:

"Don't be afraid, Sister. I shall never repeat one single word that I have heard, though it's not you that ought to be ashamed of the truth; but I can see how the proving him a villain would hurt and grieve you, and I shall hold my tongue, unless he tries to injure you in any way. Then I'll speak out."

NEGROES PARING THE FRUIT FOR THE SLICERS AND CANNERS.

"You will consult me first, won't you, Lee?" asked Margaret, and the sick man, gnashing his teeth, cried, viciously:

"Yes; see her coaxing and fooling this boy before my very eyes, the shameless jade! And she to flout at poor little Alice!"

"Since you are so much better, I shall

leave you now to the care of a hired nurse," said Sister Margaret, coldly. "I do not think there is any more danger of a relapse, and I am very much worn in body and mind. God be with you, and grant that we may never meet again. I shall keep the secret of your crimes, unless you force me to betray them in self-defense, and I answer for this lad's silence. But you are not to say one word about me, good or bad, remember."

He made no reply, and she, going out of his sight, sat down by the window, and watched the dim red morning breaking through the eastern clouds, and when the sun was risen went her away, telling the landlady that no especial nursing was needed more, and that Mrs. Fordick might be able to perform such duties as would be required for a few days longer.

But, although Aunty Fordick performed the menial duties of the sick-room, and Mrs. Blaisdell was most happy to give all the companionship the invalid would accept, there was another volunteer watcher whose attentions never failed by day or night; for, while he slept, Leo's dog Leo kept watch in the corridor, with strict orders from his master, whose every word he comprehended, to let no rat stir without giving an alarm.

Almost four weeks passed away. Aunty Fordick had long since been relieved from duty, and Mrs. Blaisdell every morning dreaded lest before night her profitable lodger should pay his bill and take his departure. Lee, without relaxing his vigilance, had begun to think it useless, and Leo spent the night in wondering what all this amounted to in the end, when, about two o'clock one morning, he found a delicate piece of steak lying upon the floor near Mr. Livermore's bedroom door. Watching is hungry work, as every one knows; and Leo, after a little consideration, began to eat the steak, and, having his mouth full, did not growl very loudly when the lodger, who had for some days made many private advances toward his friendship, walked quietly past him and down the stairs. The meat swallowed, Leo sat himself down to consider the matter, and the more he considered the more uneasy he became, especially as certain qualms of the stomach suggested that his supper might possibly disagree with him.

Finally, feeling that two heads are often better than one, and wishing advice upon the matter, he rose upon four very queer and unsteady legs, and staggered into his master's room, where his piteous whines soon attracted attention, and Lee, striking a light, discovered that his dog was very ill indeed.

"Poison!" exclaimed he, aloud, and poor Leo's whining groan echoed the suspicion.

"Who did it?" was the mental question forming itself immediately in the young man's mind; and following out the chain of reasoning, he went to Mr. Livermore's door, and quietly raised the latch. The room was empty, and Lee felt the flesh of his scalp creeping with terror; but not on his own account. Hastily dragging on his clothes, he half carried, half dragged poor Leo down-stairs, found the outer door unfastened, and made his way to the barn, where slept Peter, the old hostler.

Him he roused, gave orders for certain vigorous remedies to be administered to the dog, and seizing a shot-gun hanging above the desk in the little office, he set off upon a run in the direction of the Orphanage.

As he made the last turn in the side-road leading toward it, a column of sparks and smoke shot up into the air, then another, and another; the house was on fire in three places!

Redoubling his speed, and shouting hoarsely for help, the boy dashed forward, discharging his gun at a black figure which glided away from the front of the house as he approached. A shriek of agony echoed the report of the gun, and following it came cry upon cry from the blazing house, as the inmates suddenly waked to a sense of their peril.

The front steps and door were already blazing, and smoke and flame pouring out of the lower windows proved that the incendiary had found means to enter the house and set fires within. Rushing round to the back, Lee discovered that the two back doors were also on fire, and the horrible idea flashed upon his mind that the intention had been to cut off all means of egress, so that the inmates of the house should perish in the flames.

"We'll see! God and Saint Margaret help me!" shouted the boy, and flinging himself upon the least formidable of the fiery barriers, he beat and scattered it with the stock of his gun, with branches dragged from the trees close at hand, with his own hands and feet, until, scorched, blinded, breathless, he had torn and scattered it asunder, kicked in the door, and stood in the dense smoke filling the passage within.

One moment for breath, and then dashing along the corridor and through the dining-room, he stood in the front hall, and started back in horror. Chairs, tables and pictures had been piled upon and beneath the stairs, and all were in a light blaze, while above were heard the voices of women and children, lamenting, crying, praying, and the clear tones of Sister Margaret's voice crying out:

"Be quiet—be calm! God is here, and will care for us in life or death!"

"Bring water up, then, and pour it upon the stairs—quick, quick! or it will be too late!" shouted Lee, already dragging away the lighter combustibles, unheeding the terrible burns of hands and face, and the scorching air seeking an entrance to his lungs.

"Lee!" cried Sister Margaret, in a tone of relief and hope, that shot straight to the boy's heart; and then came the dash of water from above, and his own strength revived, and presently the stairs were safe, and the prisoners came rushing down and out into the living air through the door the brave boy had opened for them.

Then all wrought together, and so effectively that the flames were presently got under; and when the townspeople, with their little engine, arrived, there remained almost nothing to do except to wonder and exclaim at what seemed almost a supernatural escape.

But while others talked and exclaimed and stood about in groups, Lee Blaisdell was looking for something or some one in the barn in the grove behind the house, in every nook and corner.

Presently he found it in the cellar, just beneath a burned and broken bulkhead, which had fallen in with it—a moaning, senseless, bleeding and scorched body of a man, with a charge of shot through the calf of his right leg.

The boy knelt beside him, looking down in doubt and disgust.

"Shall I accuse him? I can prove it on him. What would *she* say? She would let him go, I am sure. Coals of fire on his head—that's what the parson said about doing good to your enemies. Well, I wish some of these real coals had been a little livelier."

So Lee called help, and the almost lifeless form was dragged out from the ruins, and carried on a litter back to the Hopvine Inn, and the doctor called again, who shook his head, this time more mournfully than before.

"He oughtn't to have gone to the fire; it was too much for him. Lee, you hadn't ought to have let him," said he, reproachfully. "And then it was awfully simple to carry a gun, anyway. What did he want of that? I suppose

when he fell in through the bulkhead, it went off and shot him, didn't it? You found the gun alongside of him, didn't you?"

"Somebody did—Peter, our hostler, I believe it was. You can ask him how it all happened when he gets better," said Lee, sententiously, and again the doctor shook his head.

"*When* he gets better!" said he. "He's going to be a very sick man yet. It ain't the shot—that's only a flesh-wound, and don't signify—but he was all shaken to pieces by the first accident; and I'm afraid now of those inward injuries that he'd scarcely got over, and maybe has aggravated. I'm mortally afraid Mr. Montgomery Livermore's last will and testament will be probated very soon."

Which prognostic proved correct, for within another month the wretched man had gone to his account without ever speaking a rational word again. His body lay in the little church the last night before it was returned to earth, and Sister Margaret, Sister Alice, and the sad, stern Mother Angelica kept vigil beside it—the two younger women with tears, and piteous supplication for God's mercy upon him whom both had loved, and to whom both had forgiven the bitterest injuries man can offer to woman; but Mother Angelica shed no tears, asked not for mercy, but solemnly repeated to herself those texts of Scripture speaking of the justice, the retribution, the vengeance of the Almighty Judge. Let us hope the Recording Angel failed to set down her words.

The Orphanage was rebuilt and refurnished with the money returning to Sister Margaret at her former husband's death, and it still thrives and prospers, bringing to Happy Valley something of that good fortune which the German goblin story describes as accruing to a little hamlet near which a colony of fairies had temporarily settled.

And Leo recovered his health, living to a good old age, and enduring the rough caresses of three hearty little youngsters, children of Lee Blaisdell, who inherited the Hopvine House, and remained in youth and middle-age, and to this day, as stanch an admirer and partisan of Sister Margaret as on the night when he offered his life to save hers, and followed her example in heaping fiery coals of forgiveness and mercy upon his enemy's head.

THE HEDGEHOG.

The dog trained to aid his master in hunting the feathered fowl is here at fault. This creature seems fair prey, but the fellow has rolled himself up, and the tightness of the skin sets every spine erect and firm. Even a fox is baffled. However, an old practiced dog will find a way. He will cautiously roll the ball on toward a pool or stream, and when poor hedgehog unrolls at his sudden splash it is all over with him.

The food of the hedgehog consists of insects, snails, frogs, mice and snakes. Dr. Buckland placed a snake in the same box with a hedgehog. The hedgehog gave the snake a severe bite, and then rolled itself up, this process being repeated until the spine of the snake was broken in several places; it then began at the tail, and ate the snake gradually, as one would eat a radish. White has seen it bore down and eat the roots of the plantain, leaving the leaves and stem untouched.

The flesh of the hedgehog is said to be good eating, and the gypsies frequently make it a part of their diet, as do the people in some parts of Europe.

During the Winter it lives in a torpid state, in a hole well lined with grass and moss, and when discovered looks like a round mass of leaves, as it has rolled itself among the fallen foliage, which adheres to its spikes.

The hedgehog has been known to throw itself boldly from a considerable height, trusting to the elasticity of the spring for breaking its fall. It will be seen that when the spines are upright the force of the fall would not tend to drive the end of the quill upon the animal, but merely test the elasticity of the curved portion.

MADEMOISELLE GEORGES.

This perhaps greatest of all French tragediennes (after Rachel) was born toward the close of the last century. Her father was the leader of the orchestra at the theatre of a small village in Normandy, where her mother performed the *soubrette* parts. Subsequently, her father became manager of a theatre at Amiens, and here the little Marguerite Georges Weimer, who afterward became so celebrated under the name of Mademoiselle Georges, appeared on the stage at the age of five. The public would have spoiled her with flowers, sweetmeats, and indulgences, had nature intended gifts so magnificent to be exhausted during immaturity. She became, at fifteen years of age, the pupil of Mlle. Raucourt, then without a rival as an actress. After fourteen months of study, Mlle. Georges made her *début*. The supremacy of the tragic scene was at this time held by Mlle. Duchesnois, whose first appearance had taken place some months previously. Her admirers thronged to her support on the eventful evening when Mlle. Georges first tested her powers as a tragedienne, and partisan feeling ran high between the two camps.

The battle was long and desperate; it was opened with hisses, continued with blows, and ended with small-swords and pistols. When the rival divinities played in the same tragedy, the two armies tore up the benches of the pit, and threw them at each other's heads. The honors of these demonstrations, said Geoffroy, the redoubtable and renowned critic, belonged to the *débutante;* the dust to Duchesnois. In a word, both had talents of the highest order; but while Duchesnois was almost repulsive in her ugliness, her rival possessed a face and form marvelous in their beauty. What wonder, then, that the latter carried the day?

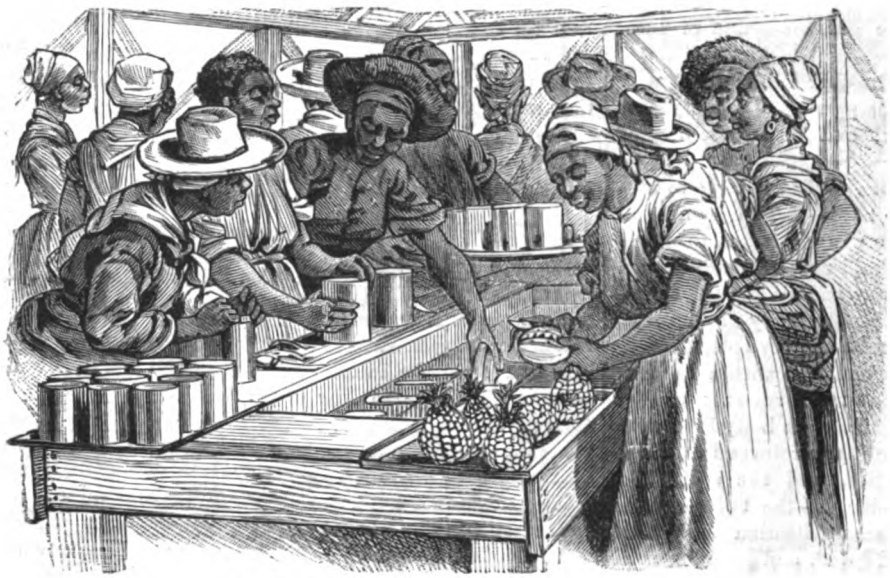
The first protector of Mlle. Georges—we use the word in its primitive and paternal, and not its derided and scandalous sense—was a Polish prince. He furnished her a suite of rooms of Oriental magnificence, stocking the drawers with satins and diamonds. She accepted the key to this marvelous establishment, upon the prince's solemn declaration that no second key existed.

Lucien Bonaparte first fell a victim to her talent and beauty. He was an assiduous and impassioned, but an unsuccessful, suitor. His first consular brother, it is said, was more fortunate.

She carried success with her all over Europe, remaining four years in Russia, and was the idol of the Czar, and the especial favorite of the Empress-mother. After the fall of Napoleon, she returned to France, and abandoned tragedy for the drama.

No actress ever created so many masterpieces. She interpreted the vigorous and palpitating prose of Victor Hugo, Dumas, De Vigny, and all contemporaneous playwrights of ability.

We believe that Mlle. Georges is still living; certain it is that at seventy-five she performed, from time to time, the characters that she played in her teens, in spite of the remonstrances and advice of friends.



SLICING AND CANNING THE FRUIT FOR EXPORT.

THE PINEAPPLE TRADE IN THE BAHAMAS.

By Mrs. Frank Leslie.

During our recent trip to Nassau and the Bahama Islands, the artist and I spent a very enjoyable day amongst the pines—not those odoriferous trees beneath whose turpentine shades consumptive invalids ebb their life-breath away, but in the midst of fragrant pineapples, which we visited on their native heath, criticized in the bud, admired in the stem, and tasted in the—can. Hiring a conveyance in Nassau, we drove five miles to a picturesque plantation, situated on the shores of an exquisite sheet of water, smooth as a mirror and glittering with sun-sparks, called Lake Killarney, which, from its strong family resemblance, is evidently a near relative to those celebrated lakes over the beauties of which the American tourist so fondly loves to linger. We found the plantation quite an original and peculiar sight, the leaves, blossoms and young fruit all brilliantly colored in green, purple, pink and yellow, each pine seated royally upon its throne of sword-like leaves, and ripening in a leisurely and arrogant fashion of its own, promising maturity about midsummer.

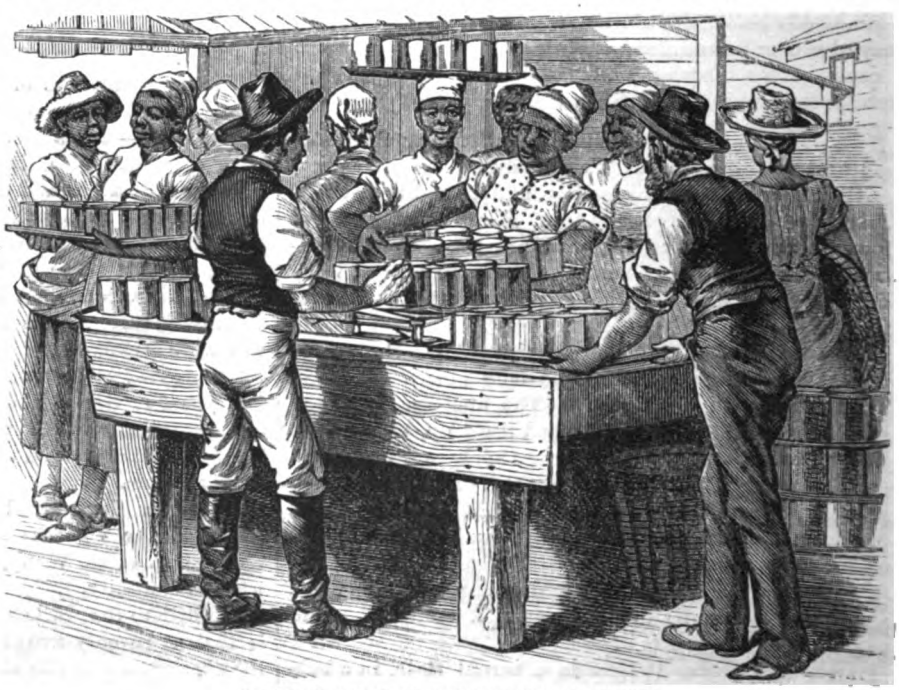
The overseer received us most courteously, and our tour, like one of Cook's, was "personally conducted." With considerable prickings, not of conscience, but of the spiky and vicious thorns bristling upon the sword-like leaves, we plunged through acres of pines, admiring the coniferous plants, now stopping to "tap" a prize specimen of a glorious orange-yellow, suggestive of golden syrup; now halting to criticize a sucking youngster, still green, but promising great things. The dealers pass through plantations much as we did, making notes of area, space, size and condition of the plants. Measurements are taken, calculations are made and entered in a book kept for that purpose; estimates are rapidly conjectured as to ripening, and agreements ratified on the spot.

The overseer of this plantation estimated that he cut from seventy to eighty thousand dozen pines a year, and informed us that during the previous season fifteen cargoes of fresh fruit and forty thousand dozen cans of preserved pineapples were shipped by the owner of the estate.

The fruit trade of these islands is quite large, but carried on in a desultory and uncertain fashion; oranges, lemons, bananas, pineapples and cocoanuts are the principal exports; the softer fruits, as sapadillos, guavas, mammées, alligator pears, soursops, Jamaica apples, grape-fruits, star apples, and several other varieties, being mostly consumed at home.

The most extensive orchards are on the other islands of the group, known here as the Outside Islands, and trading schooners go round from island to island, collecting their cargoes piecemeal and making separate bargains with each fruit-grower.

We boarded a sloop trading in pines, and it was as good as "Pinafore" to hear that captain sing out. Surrounded by gesticulating darkeys, picturesquely attired and in animated groups, each particular darkey having pineapples to dispose of, and each howling at the top of his or her voice: "Dar's de pine for de money!" "Here's lubbly fruit!" "Take dis one, cap!" "Dere's juice for ye, honey!" "Growed 'em myself, cap!" "Dar ain't such pines as dese on d'island!" "Gib dis child a chance, cap!" the captain,



WEIGHING THE CANS, WHEN SEALED AND FILLED.

SEALING THE CANS BEFORE SENDING THEM TO THE BOILER.

roaring louder than the chorus, named his lowest price, and in spite of entreaties, suggestions, denunciations, howls of scorn, expressions of contempt, and other indications of popular resentment, held on to his offer; and ere we quitted the deck of his tight little craft her hold was crammed full of the selected apples.

"I guess I'll lose thirty per cent. on the voyage," observed the captain, "but you see, gents, I bought at low water from those blamed niggers."

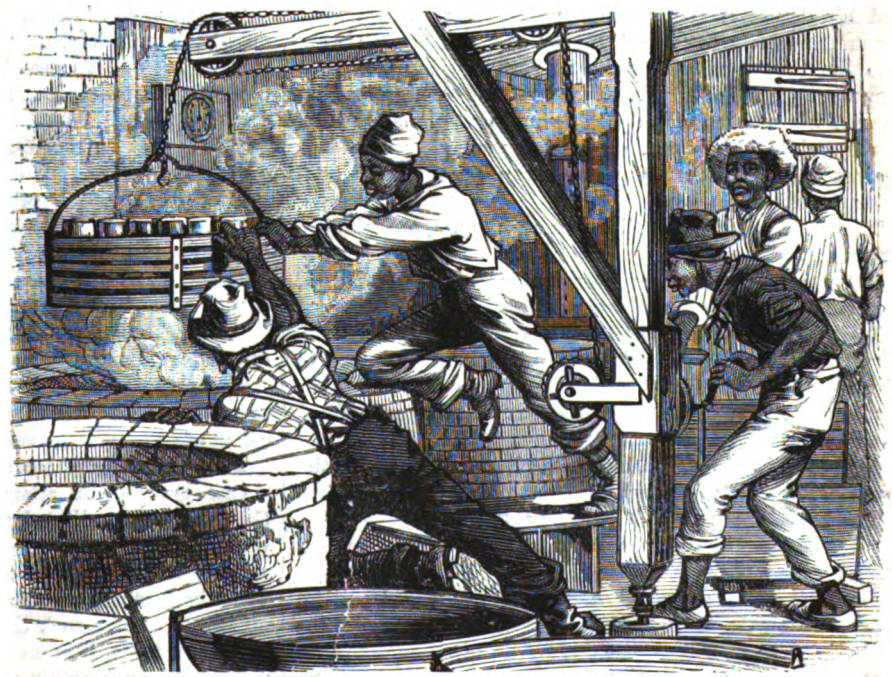
The process of canning pines is somewhat elaborate. The ripe fruit is brought in from the surrounding plantations on donkey-carts, or it is delivered at the wharf from boats coming from the Outside Islands, the natives bearing it on their shoulders in baskets to the shore, where it is somewhat unceremoniously dumped beneath a shed. No pineapple below a certain standard is ever taken. Tables are ranged along the wharf, at which women and girls stand in readiness to receive the fruit, which is handed to each "parer" in a basket, and with it a tin check, good at the office for a certain stated amount.

The "parers" operate on the tough-hided fruit with wondrous dexterity and marvelous rapidity. How they cut and slash and chop so swiftly without lopping off slices of their own flesh, is a marvel to the writer. They stand at the tables, each operator placing her pines in position, and in a few minutes the fruit is as innocent of cuticle as a billiard-ball. The ladies lighten their labors by that which is so dear to every daughter of Eve — gossip. Sometimes a song is introduced, while that peculiar laughter, so feebly imitated by even the best negro delineators, rings and yaw-yaws, till the blue waves re-echo it to the glistening beach.

In an adjoining shed, to which the pared pines are conveyed, is a long counter laden with the cans that are to travel from "Indus to the Pole." Behind this counter, and beside the cases of pared pines, stands a small regiment of "slicers," whose business it is to slice the fruit, and place it, when sliced, in the cans. This movement is one of extreme celerity, and again do we expect to see human fingers sent flying into the cans along with the yellow-white fruit disks.

When the pines pass the "slicers," the cans, still open, are transferred to another department to be filled with syrup, which is ladled into each by a dipper. This syrup is manufactured of pure rain-water, caught for the purpose in cisterns lined with hydraulic cement, and sugar of the very highest standard of quality. Two experts are continually employed in ladling the syrup from miniature vats into the cans.

Now comes the process of sealing the tops of the cans. In a long, well-ventilated shed, several men stand opposite small charcoal furnaces. A number of cans are placed by assistants upon the shining counter, and as fast as is possible, consistent with effective work, the sealer dexterously manipulates the loosely topped cans with the fiery breath of the furnace-rod, which fastens on the tops, the solder doing the rest. The cans are then weighed and passed on to the boiling-room, an apartment in which we did not linger one second longer than was absolutely necessary



SWINGING A CRATE OF CANS INTO THE BOILER.

to the purpose of our visit. Enormous caldrons, half full of madly boiling water, stand imbedded in the floor; over each caldron tackle for lifting and lowering the iron vessel containing the cans. When the vessel is filled, it is lowered into the boiling water, where it remains until the air within each can becomes expanded—the space of four or five minutes; then the vessel is hoisted high and dry, and a hole punctured in the top of each can to permit the air to escape, this hole being instantly resoldered, when the cans are again lowered ,into the caldron, where they remain until the fruit is completely cooked.

All these departments of labor, of course, require skill and system in execution.

The labeling next takes place, after this the packing in cases, and then comes the shipment. Thanks to the perfect system of canning and exporting the pineapple, it is now within easy reach of poor as well as rich, and the wooden shanty and the brown-stone mansion can store this piquant delicacy with the assured conviction that at all times a delectable morsel may be summoned to aid in the development of the frugal meal, or in that of the lordly *menu* of fifteen courses.

BILLIARDS.

THE game of billiards was introduced by the first Baron Kew, who was the Chief Lord of the Board of Green Cloth, with power to add to his number.

The votes were registered by the deposition of one white ball, one ball with a speck upon it, and one red ball, in the three pockets with which the board itself (a sort of table) was originally furnished.

The president—*i.e.*, the Baron Kew—marked with a stick, the pointed end of which was chalked, the numbers gained by the candidates, *e.g.*, for the office of Bedellus Parochialis.

During the sitting of the board, the mace—the ensign of authority—was held by the president's daughter.

In time, however, this cumbersome piece of official machinery was entirely superseded by 13 William I., cap. 2.

Sitting at the head of the board of green cloth, attended only by his secretary, the youthful Lord Goodun de Fluke, and his daughter the Honorable Miss Everie Stroke, the baron from time to time listlessly rolled the three balls into the three pockets of the now unused table, whence they were picked out again either by Lord Goodun or Miss Everie, whose eyes were speaking more passionately than words, while the baron, occasionally striking one ball against another with his pointed wand, stopped to consider the effect.

The white ball hit the ball with a speck on it, and glanced off against the red.

"C'este une combinayson nouvelle!" said the baron, meditatively, in the best Norman-French of the period.

Lord Goodun squoze the hand of the faire Everie.

"Il me faut six poches," said the baron; then added to himself, "poches vides."

"Je vous prendraye sans kelkshows," whispered Lord Goodun.

Again the lovely girl bent her head, and blushed for the seventeenth time that morning.

The baron sent two balls into a pocket.

"Je voys tout ce qu'este!" he exclaimed, looking toward the young couple.

Lord Goodun appeared confused, but the beautiful Everie, rising from her seat, replaced the balls on the table.

"I will now try," said the baron, in plain Saxon—he spoke excellent Saxon on occasion, especially when he was, what was *then* termed, "put out"—"I will now try something new, only, though I see what the game will be in time, it is so difficult to invent names for the strokes."

Goodun and Everie stood together—always together—behind him, while he smote the speckled ball, high up on its right side, with considerable force. It drove the unspeckled ball against the side of the table, and suddenly returning, intervened between the red ball and the white, so craftily as to prevent their meeting. "Smack!" went the speckled and the white, coming together sharply.

Smack! . . . It seemed to be an echo behind the baron, or was it only the noise made on the table?

"It sounded like a kiss," quoth the baron. Then he turned and eyed his two companions, who were, however, standing at some distance from one another.

"Call it a kiss," returned Miss Everie, demurely.

"Hum!" said the baron, "I will.

Lord Goodun, as his secretary, wrote down the first rule and title in the new game—"When, etc. etc., coming together, etc. etc., it shall be called a kiss."

"And what shall a kiss count for in the game?" asked Miss Everie.

Lord Goodun was about to reply something enthusiastically, when the baron interrupted with:

"Nothing. A kiss, being merely an accident, shall count for nothing. You see," continued the baron, scientifically, "you can't always rely upon a kiss. You may get it, or you may not, and it leads to nothing."

Lord Goodun and Miss Everie exchanged looks.

"You try your hand," said the baron, presenting Lord Goodun with the stick.

"I should call this," observed the young aristocrat, playfully, "the Kew; for I shall never see it without thinking of you."

"Et alors," cried the fair girl, "par là est suspendue une queue."

"*Très-bien*," said the baron, and put it down in his new book of Anglo-Saxon Games, dedicated to William, Duc de Normandie et Roi d'Angleterre.

"And I'll play with the mace," continued Miss Everie, whose object was evidently to put her father in the very best of tempers.

"*Encore bien!*" exclaimed the baron, and out came his note-book once more. "You two play together, and I'll mark. Stop! let's see—how old am I?"

"Fifty," answered the demoiselle. He was sixty, if a day.

"Je le suis, tu as rayson," replied the baron; "à cinquante le jeu sera fayt. Allez."

There was yet another consideration, of which the baron, as an old gamester (all the Norman nobility were gamesters in those days), could not lose sight. What were his child and Lord Goodun to play for?

"*L'amour*," murmured Miss Everie, softly.

"Well," said the baron, "it's all speculation. However, it's a match. So, as I said before, *allez*."

The strokes that Lord Goodun made surprised no one more than himself, and so, being unintentional, they were called after him, and set down as Flukes.

Then the mode of scoring was settled.

One evening, an affable dignitary of the neighboring Cathedral of St. Hedwigs happened to look in when they were hard at their new game. This time the baron was making a stroke, and his daughter was scoring. The white ball, struck by the baron, hit the red, and glancing off at a tangent, struck the spotted ball; thence, with half-expended force, it spun against the side of the table, and for some inexplicable reason flew upward, and caught the

Very Reverend Dr. Johannes Petrus on the nose. He had "looked in" without "looking out."

"What's that?" cried the baron.

"The canon! the good canon!" shrieked Miss Everie, running to the assistance of her friend and confessor.

"Omne est rectum," said the good-natured ecclesiastic, in monastic Latin. "Quid sit ludus hic? Timeo diabolos dona ferentes. Vous comprenney bang cela?"

"I'll name that stroke after you, monseigneur," said the baron; "that's a canonicus—*id est*, a canon."

Whenever the young people played, Lord Goodun lost everything to his fair antagonist. She commenced by being "twenty to his love," and ended by being everything to his love, which remained, as the mathematici say, "constant."

The canon performed the marriage ceremony, and united the hands of Miss Everie Stroke and Lord Goodun de Fluke. He (the canon) never recovered the blow on the nose, from which he had silently suffered a martyrdom. He died *in odore sanctitatis*, and engraved on the exquisite brass (a portrait of himself holding his right hand, extended, to his injured organ) are the words—

"Ejus mortis causa proxima fuit
Naso super-violenté afflato."

The baron appeased the wrath of the King by dedicating to him his book of sports, and by calling the newly-invented game after his Majesty. William the Conqueror, of England, was popularly known as William the Hardy Norman, and among his friends as Billy l'Hardy. In a moment of inspiration the baron said, "Enregistrez le jeu sous le tistre de Billy-ardi." In the gradual refinement of the French and English languages, the name has reached us as "Billiards."

WHAT ARE BEAUTY AND SUBLIMITY?

Burke, Mengs, and other adherents of the dogmatic system, make beauty to consist in mere shape. Coleridge stated the principle of beauty as "multiety in unity." "All the disputes," writes Schiller (in "Letters and Essays"), "which ever reigned in the philosophical world, upon the conception of beauty, and which reign in part at the present day, have only this origin, that the inquiries commenced, either not with a rigorous discrimination, or resulted in a combination not sufficiently perfect."

Beautiful art, and that beauty in Greek architecture on which the mind rests with complacency, shows no parade of means; yet, like efficiency of character, its force is made visible only by its results. The motto of the artist should be, "Ostendo non ostento." Yet, as Reynolds (8th Discourse) said, "When simplicity, instead of being a corrector, seems to set up for herself—that is, when an artist seems to value himself solely upon this quality—such an ostentatious display of simplicity becomes then as disagreeable and nauseous as any other kind of affectation. It is in art as in moral: no character would inspire us with an enthusiastic admiration of his virtues, if that virtue consisted only in an absence of vice; something more is required; a man must do more than merely his duty to be a hero. Those works of the ancients which are in the highest esteem, have something besides mere simplicity to recommend them. Yet simplicity is our barrier against that great enemy to truth and nature—affectation."

Beauty and sublimity are thus considered by Coleridge ("Lectures on the Dramatists"): "The Greek art is beautiful. When I enter a Greek church, my eye is charmed, and my mind elated. I feel exalted, and proud that I am a man. But the Gothic art is sublime. On entering a cathedral, I am filled with devotion and with awe; I am lost to the actualities that surround me, and my whole being expands into the infinite; earth and air, nature and art, all swell up into eternity, and the only sensible impression left is, 'that I am nothing.'"

TURKISH WOMEN IN THE FASHION.

A correspondent writes from Constantinople: The inmates of the harem walk abroad enveloped in gay silk, or more commonly in white, as though on their way to a masquerade; or as if a cemetery had suddenly come to life, and the shrouded forms were out on a general parade. The faces must be kept covered with a piece of figured cotton, called a "mandil," which is indescribably ugly. The feet and ankles of these sheeted figures are in full view. The Syrian women and girls go visiting and to church with a scarf of white dotted lace thrown jauntily over their pretty black hair and bright ribbons, but modesty requires them to don the Moslem sheet when they do their shopping in the bazaars. There are ambitious women, who aspire to Paris styles instead of the plainer print of the ordinary Syrian, and who yet cling to the gayer colors of a more barbaric taste. As, for example, one whom I saw at the Pasha's garden reception, attired in a scarlet and drab walking-suit, plum-colored velvet hat with light blue feather and pink flowers, and yellow kids, her child decked in red velvet and gold braid. There was a grand wedding the other day in the high-toned native society, where the trousseau was from Paris and the supper by a caterer; but some of the relations from the country, not understanding the ways of more civilized society, put their hands into the salad and helped themselves, sitting with their shoes off and their feet tucked up under them on the satin divan.

WASHINGTON AS A FIREMAN.

In 1774 the Friendship Fire Company, which still exists, was organized. It at first consisted of citizens who, out of "mutual friendship," agreed to carry to every fire "two leathern buckets and one great bag of oznaburg, or wider linen." Washington was made an honorary member, and when he went as a delegate to the Congress of 1774, at Philadelphia, he examined the fire-engines in use there. On his return to Philadelphia to the Continental Congress, in 1775, he bought from one Gibbs a small fourth-class engine for £80 10s, and just before he set out for Boston Heights to become commander-in-chief he dispatched this little engine to the Friendship Company. When in Alexandria, during his younger days, he always attended at fires, and assisted to extinguish them. In the last year of his life a fire occurred near the market. He was riding down King Street, followed by his servant, also on horseback, and he saw the Friendship engine poorly manned. Riding up to a group of well-dressed gentlemen near by, he called out: "Why are you idle there, gentlemen? It is your business to lead in these matters." And throwing the bridle of his horse to his servant, he leaped off and seized the brakes, followed by a crowd that gave the engine such a "shaking up" as it never knew afterward.

From the piety, gentleness and forbearance of women spring most of the Christian virtues that adorn society; and from the tenderness and compassion stamped on their hearts arise the greatest number of those benevolent deeds that form the chief blessings of life.

THE GAME OF BILLIARDS.—SEE PAGE 366.

I, LEAH.

"I AM going to bring Winny Page to call upon you, Leah. I wonder if you will like him."

"On the basis of Winny Page's being a man, my dear Nell, most of my friends would express surprise at your questioning the result," I answer, laughing up into Helen Burton's face.

She frowns her ready frown.

"I do not look upon you as they do, and—once for all, Leah, it hurts me to hear you sneer in the way you do—hurts me to hear you estimate yourself beneath your standard——"

I laugh as I interrupt her—a little scornfully, perhaps; in that line, at least, I do not spare myself.

"'Below my standard!'—maybe, Nell, but not below my actual self!"

"Pshaw!" she cries, laughing too. "You know perfectly well what I mean. You are true and honest and clean-souled as ever a woman was, and yet you try—positively rejoice, I think, in making people believe that you are a sort of demon in human form, seeking whom you may devour."

I, LEAH.—"I WAS ALONE FOR A MOMENT, FANNING MYSELF BY ONE OF THE WINDOWS, WHEN I FELT, RATHER THAN SAW, HIM COMING TOWARD ME. 'MISS THORNE, WILL YOU GIVE ME ONE WALTZ? THIS IS WINNY'S GREETING AFTER THREE MONTHS."

"Do I? Well, what is Winny Page like? A fine field, think you, for domestic missions?—since, *selon vous, mon ami,* that is rather my vocation than flirting naughtily with men and women."

"Winny—well, seriously—Winny is nothing at all wonderful, Leah. But then, really, he is like no other man."

"I never saw him, I believe."

"No; he is not a disagreeable object of contemplation, on the whole—what you and I call a handsome man, though the world would scarcely back us."

"Well, bring him, if you like."

"When?"

"Oh, let me see. Tuesday?—no. Wednesday evening."

"True, honest, and clean-souled," am I? Ah, Nell, what strange power is there in Leah Thorne's weak, unbeautiful face, in her weak, unbeautiful character, to have drawn *you*—strong, clever woman that you are—to deem her those three things which she is not? What strange power is it that has made men her playthings since she was thirteen, and has left her heart-whole, even if the bloom has been brushed off her peachy youth, at twenty-three? What strange power that, by instinct or caprice, rather than by will, makes women learn to love her with something of that fierce passion women now and then feel for some other of their own kind?—and, withal, leaves her—God help her!—starving in the midst of a feast, thirsty with the full cup pressed to her lips!

He makes—or, perhaps, I should say ten thousand grouping ancestors make—some women sweet and wholesome because it is their innate requirement; others battle for the healthy supremacy with wild desires and eager, impatient pulses, and gain the day by dint of struggle and self-control; and yet others, specially constructed with a capacity for developing and illustrating the evil of a woman when she is evil. I—Leah, am of this latter class. I sit down, nay, I kneel down, helplessly before my irresistible tendernesses. I am powerless before them. Every groove and channel of my character and nature plays remorselessly into the same worthless, craving want—love, desire, *necessity* for admiration. I must have it, I always have had it, and I shall go on having it, I suppose, until some day when the gray creeps in among my brown locks and the slumberous fires die out of my eyes; and perchance, too, Leah, dear, you will then learn the incoming of that strange, foreign word, "rest."

Wednesday night I am going with my father to Mrs. Graham's ball—it is for her daughter Minnie's *début*, and supposed to be going to be a triumph in the ball line. This circumstance I had not at all overlooked when I told Nell that she might bring Winny Page on Wednesday evening instead of Tuesday. First impressions, on the whole, are apt to be indelible; and, somehow or other, I think Winny Page may just as well see me first in black tulle, with crimson trails of roses about it, and with corals on my neck and arms and in my ears, as not.

"Leah, you will do."

I cast my last glance at my mirror as John hands me the two cards at about half-past eight; and, a little weary of the old face—a little weary, too, of myself and my ways, I run in to tell papa that I should like to leave at a quarter-past nine, and then I go down very slowly to meet Winny Page.

Nellie's eyes fly open for a second at my gala appearance, but close instantly, for Nell is proverbially "good form."

"Mr. Page—Miss Thorne."

Mr. Page and Miss Thorne are mutually delighted to meet each other; and while I see in a hazy sort of style the quick glance of Winny Page's blue-gray eyes over all of me, looking at Nell, and including him with a little gesture, I apologize for my ball-dress, and plead a general lack of memory for my engagements, although I keep the letter of the law, and do not particularize in this instance.

Winny Page produced no impression whatever upon me the first time that we met, save that he was slightly imperious, and had a weak, handsome mouth; and I, moreover, wondered for a moment if he were not a demonstrative man, who would also display sufficient *savoir faire* in his mode of loving a woman.

At half-past nine papa appeared, and, excusing myself, I was off for Mrs. Graham's, not illy pleased with my call from Winny Page—the "irresistible Winny," as his club associates and the girls called him—perhaps he was.

I had had a certain long, absorbing look from his eyes that I was well enough used to, and Winny Page had seen Leah Thorne with all her faults and all her failings.

I met him at the Academy reception a week or two later. Nell was there with some other man, however, and when I saw Winny Page's blonde head I was with another man also; but Bierstadt's picture puzzled me, and I sent my cavalier across to decipher it, and Winny Page came quietly up and took the vacated place beside me.

"You do not care a button for these things," he says, lazily, leaning over and taking my fan from my hand with a rapid, not ungraceful movement; at the same time his eyes flash a trifle inquiringly under their drooped lids.

"You are quite right," I answer.

"Why do you sit here, then? Let us go out in the corridor and listen to the music."

He draws my arm through his, and takes possession of my catalogue. We lean over the railing, inhaling the sweet odors from the azalea-trees and the callas, and the rhythmic waltz-time sets all my pulses playing.

"Ah, you care for this!" Winny Page says, fanning my face. "You look like *tempo di valse*, Miss Thorne, and like some sort of sweet, perilous poison!"

"What a delightful combination, to be sure!" I reply, regardless of the intent, curious eyes that are bent upon my face.

"What do you say to my estimate—correct, or the reverse?"

He is bending low over me, and I raise my eyes to answer; they meet Nell's—Nell, who is opposite me, leaning over the railing also, with some man talking to her. Perhaps I am a woman of quick perceptions—perhaps, oh! perhaps this quick instinct was erroneous! Nell, Nell, if I could love, I loved you!

"Your estimate, Mr. Page?" I say, a trifle coldly. "Why, you must pardon me if I consider that the subject could scarcely be estimated in two brief views."

He smiles quietly enough under his thick, blonde mustache.

"Do not put me off. I am not used to it!"

"Indeed!" I exclaim, haughtily. "Should our acquaintance continue, Mr. Page, I fear you will have to become used to many things to which hitherto you have been a stranger!"

Again he smiles—a tortured, painful sort of smile—and his eyes prison mine for a second.

"You are right; I am already a sufferer from a new experience. I thank *you* for it. Shall we go back and see the pictures in the east room? Moran's sea-piece is exquisite."

Winny Page, you gained an advantage over me that March night; I had lost my *sang froid*, while you kept yours!

I saw him frequently, met him here and there—for we knew many of the same people—and he fell into the habit of dropping in once or twice a week, as a matter of course.

In May—the last week in May, I remember—he asked me to go to the theatre with him, and, I know not why, save the old evil nature in me, I said "Yes." It was a stormy night, the rain fell in torrents, and we drove down to Wallack's in complete silence. Only as we neared our destination, he spoke:

"I can be quiet with you—at least, you hold me in a sort of thraldom. What is it? Why is it? Language forsakes me, and now that I have need of words, they are not mine."

I sink back away from him, a faint, sick feeling creeping through my veins, and then I laugh—my woman's ready weapon.

"Oh, Mr. Page, it must be the perilous poison in me working its will upon your powers of speech."

"I am not a weak man; I am strong, and yet——"

He glances down at me, and, thank heaven, we pull up with a jerk before the theatre.

He pays little attention to "Money," or to the woes of *Alfred Evelyn* or the sorrows of *Clara*. And do I? His arm lies over the back of my chair; his eyes scarcely leave my face; my hands busy themselves with opera-glass and programme; my eyes are fixed unrelentingly on the stage; but my thoughts! Who will tell me the secrets of a woman's soul? Who will paint with a just and accurate pencil the maddening, flickering whirl of my brain? So cannot I. He was near me, and with my own consent. If I, who in ten long years had been so strong to make men speak, could not keep this man silent, what manner of power was mine? I had chosen to walk with open, ay, wide-open, eyes to the verge of the precipice, and now that I had reached the brink, should the prospect terrify me into an ignoble concession? Was I right thus to play with my emotions—feelings, if you will? Ah! they were mine; and if the dangerous glimpses I chose to give myself of Winny Page's heart were sweet to me, I could close the book when it listed me, albeit with a bitter pang. And of him? I never thought of him until that night. They say I never did think of men in that way. With a first-born blush of ineffable compassion, I looked up into his haggard face. Nell, Nell, I almost forgot you! Nay, I set myself to reason it out. Why, since he never would give his love and life to you, should I not stretch forth my hand and take that which was mine own? Only for five

minutes, Nell; the logic, false to all friendship, died with the last sweep of the violin-strings, and we surged out of Wallack's with the crowd. Half the distance home we were silent again; then I thought to mend the situation by talk.

"The scenery was not bad," I venture.

He languidly assents.

"*Georgina's* costumes quite gorgeous, were not they? I believe you go in for that sort of thing, do not you, Mr. Page?"

"Do I?" He speaks vaguely, and stares vaguely out of the window at the storm as he speaks.

I relapse into silence. Am I then stronger than Winny Page? Have I—I, Leah! so weak, so faltering—more force than this man sitting beside me? Have I, with that curious, subtle, insufferable *something* that there is about me, lulled his purpose into a state of quiescence? Can I thus play with sharp steel, passing the naked edge over my hand, and come away unscathed? And of your woman's heart, oh, Leah, what of that?

* * * * * *

I did not see Winny Page from that night on until August; then we met again at Saratoga. I was at the Union for the season with my indulgent father, and Nell was at the Clarendon; he came to the Union, and we saw each other for the first time once more in the ballroom. I knew that he was coming, and I determined just how he should see me. Oh, Winny, if I stirred the dagger in your wound, did I spare myself?—nay, not one quiver that a woman's wanting heart *can* know, and live.

I was leaning on Will Graham's arm, staring up with brightest eyes into his face; my cream-colored gown, with its gold fringes and clusters of violets, must have brushed against Winny as I passed, and Nell was looking—Nell, with her honest, beautiful soul, and her crushed, darling heart—Nell, with her proud eyes and her soft lips.

I was alone for a moment—just one—fanning myself by one of the windows, when I felt, rather than saw, him coming toward me.

"Miss Thorne, will you give me one waltz?"

This is Winny's greeting, after three months.

"Can't waltz, Mr. Page," I answer, lightly; "my card is full."

"I must turn thief, then, and steal some other man's chance of happiness, since there is none of my own."

He slips his arm around me, and we dance together for perhaps five minutes.

"Thanks."

I turn to Will Graham, whose angry eyes have been following us, and then Winny Page goes out of the room.

The next day I am mounted on Pet—Pet is a beauty, and a spoiled one at that—and my wrists are weak; and to-day she seems especially frisky. However, Nell is a superb horsewoman, and John is a careful groom.

"Miss Thorne, may I join you, with Miss Burton's permission?"

Winny gallantly lifts his cap from his blonde, boyish curls.

What can I say but "Yes"? We ride slowly at first, then a mild canter out to the lake, slowly around the shore-road for a while, and there Pet is restive, and I propose a race home. Nell is more than willing, and Winny's eyes flash as he brings his horse close to Pet.

"Give me your reins, and let me guide you a mile or two. I can do it."

"Nonsense! Mr. Page, we are going to race. There, Pet, be happy!"

I give her her head, and off we go. Once I feel timid at the terrible, lightning-like speed—once I hear Winny's voice sounding from afar off: "Stop her, if you can, for God's sake!" Once I hear Nell's "Leah!" It echoes like a whisper in my ear, and then no more—no more of anything for many and many an hour.

They picked me up for a dead woman, but I was not—not that yet—only likely to die after a few months' weary suffering, so they told me, and I was not illy pleased.

Winny Page came to see me yesterday. The old Leah rose up within me. I must see him, only looking as I wished to—just for once—all the dark glory of my hair swept over the pillows and over the rose-colored gown, with its downy trimmings—just for once, with the jewels flashing on my white hands, and the slumberous light, so soon to be put out for ever, in my eyes—for him!

"Leah! Leah!"

He crosses the wide room swiftly, and is beside me, and has my hands both fast in his.

"Yes," I say; and so looking, I feel my old power ebbing away from me.

Winny, I know, will have his say before he leaves me. He has; and I experience the soft, enticing luxury once again in my life. I listen to the strong, passionate words of a man's loving, jealous heart; I hear the broken, bitter anguish that knows relinquishment must follow fast on fleet possession; I glory to the core of my sensuous soul in this last love-telling that I, Leah, shall ever listen to.

I can return him love for love. At last, Nell—dear Nell!—dying, I can take a fore-glimpse of heaven, and show Winny Page that this worldly Leah, whom so many men have kissed, gave nothing ever until now.

There comes a knock at my door. It is Nell; and she enters at my bidding. There are no tears in her eyes, but her soft lips quiver.

"Nell," I say, "come close to me. Bend down your head—there, low. Nell, you're all I ever loved—*really*, you know. It must be so, Nell, for I gave up my chance of being a happy, good woman, for your sake. I had my chance, Nell, but he preferred you. Winny Page, will you do something for me when I'm gone?"

"Yes," he says, simply, and a little eagerly.

"This woman here has been my chief blessing through a dark, terrible life of twenty-three years. I want you to hold her happiness the dearest thing on earth."

Nell draws back a little haughtily from my arms; over her averted head Winny's eyes meet mine in mute, questioning wonder; a pained smile curves his lips, but why should not she be happy, even if he and I—Pshaw! Nell must make him happy—Nell, a purer, truer, tenderer woman than Leah Thorne ever dreamed of being.

He lays his hand almost reverentially on her soft hair, rests his eyes on me for a moment, and turns away and leaves us. I shall never see Winny Page again.

But this woman whom I love—whom I love so dearly, and by whom I am so beloved—she will stay with me till the end of all things, for me. Her arms never tire, her feet never weary, her lips are never lacking in their kisses—and I joy in her.

Curious that I, who have lived my life long for men, should, at its close, find all my peace between a woman's two young arms. Curious that I, who reveled so in my power and my pleasure, should to-day have forgotten all those old care-takings, and only remember to hope that Nell will never know—to hope that happy children will call her "mother," and that no one of them will have the fatal gifts that have made my life so sad a failure! Ah, Leah! where is your old brave spirit? Where your laughs and scorns and wonders as to where your heart was? Gone, clean gone! Leah only longs for the solution of that strange, foreign word, "Rest."

JACK AND GILL.

"Jack and Gill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Gill came tumbling after."

ONCE upon a time, a brother and sister, named Jack and Gill, lived in a little cottage in a pleasant wooded valley. They were young—very young, the neighbors said, to set up house all alone; but they had no one belonging to them, and as they were hard-working, healthy children, they got on very well. Jack dug in the garden and fished in the stream, and gained many a loaf of bread and piece of meat by cutting firewood in the forest for the farmers and cottagers round. Gillian washed and baked, and kept their home tidy; and, when her other work was done, she would sit and spin the flax her brother planted in their little strip of field.

The baron, whose great gray stone castle stood on the hill above, was very kind to them, and only charged them half the rent for their cottage that he might otherwise have had; and at Christmas he always sent them a present—a new cloak for Gillian, or a jerkin for Jack. He was so kind to all his tenants, that there was great mourning when the old baron died.

JACK AND GILL.—"THEY WERE NOW SO NEAR THAT THEY COULD SEE THAT IT TOOK THE FORM OF A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN."

The new baron was a stranger, and even a foreigner, people said, for he and his household spoke among themselves in a foreign tongue. He was stiff and cold and silent—very different to the kindly old baron; and the people, who had made up their minds to dislike him before he came, soon began to hate him. He had new ways of farming which they did not like, and they grumbled even at his improvements. Jack and Gill grumbled, too; for the new baron did not spare them like the old, but charged them their full rent.

"What did we want with a stranger like that coming to set himself over us?" growled Jack. "We'll show him that we are as good as he, for all his pride. Our good old ways won't do for him, indeed, and we must alter them all to please him!"

"He does not seem to get much pleasure out of that, or anything else," said Gill. "I had rather live here in our little cottage, although there is a hole in the roof, than up there in his great gloomy castle."

There was one person in his great gloomy castle, however, whom the baron loved so dearly that she was like a gleam of sunshine to him, and that was his little daughter. When she rode out beside him on her pony, the country people noticed that the grave baron could smile and talk with his bright little girl; and he was always finding out some present or some new excursion to give her pleasure. After a time, the little Lady Edda was no longer to be met in the lanes and on the heath; and when the baron came out, which was not often, he looked more dark and stern than ever. And one day Jack brought home the news that the baron's little girl was very ill. He sent far and wide for doctors to come and cure her; and they came, but they could none of them do her any good. At last the baron sent for an old doctor, who had been born in the place, and he said:

"Nothing will cure her, except it be a bath from the waters of the enchanted well on the top of the opposite hill."

"Let one of my yeomen go at once and fill a pitcher at that well," commanded the baron.

So the man went. But, as he came down the hill again with his full pitcher, his foot slipped, the pitcher was broken, and all the water spilt.

The baron chid him for his carelessness, without heeding his excuse that the ground itself seemed to give way beneath him, and sent another of his servants up to the enchanted well. But his pitcherful met with the same fate. Yet another, and another went; and the baron grew angry and fierce, for not one of them but fell and

MASTERS ARE OUT.—BY HENRY SCHLESINGER.

spilled his water before he reached the foot of the hill. The villagers gathered together to watch them.

"Why is it that they cannot bring the water safely to the bottom of the hill?" asked Gillian.

"Because they are all strangers and intruders," replied a man amongst the crowd; "and the well, be it enchanted or not, is a good English well, and likes them no better than we do."

"Enchanted? Of course it is," said a very old woman, who was commonly called Granny Bridget. "Why, neighbor Thorlson, my grandmother used to say she could mind the time when that well was a merry streamlet flowing all down this valley. But it came in the way of a wizard who lived on the hillside, under the old ash-tree stump yonder, and he laid a spell on it, and there it lies imprisoned in its cave until such time as its waters may be drawn and put to some good and noble use. But no one has ever yet loosed the spell."

"If strangers cannot do it," said Gill, "why do not some of our own people go up and try what can be done?"

"And serve the baron?—not I!" said Thorlson. "If he wants our help, let him come himself and ask us for it. He has been proud and haughty enough—let him be a bit humbled now. There goes another of them, soiling his fine coat!"

Gillian did not like to watch any longer, and went back into her cottage. She busied herself there for some time, when a louder talking than usual made her look out again, and she saw the baron himself coming slowly and carefully down the hill, carrying a pitcher of water. But even as she looked, he too slipped and fell, like all the rest. And when the people saw it, they laughed; but Jack felt too sorry for the poor father to laugh.

The baron did not seem to care for their laughter; he got up and shook the dust from his cloak, and pulling his cap lower over his eyes, passed through the crowd as if he did not observe that there was any one there.

"He don't care a bit," said one of the men.

"He does, though," said Jack.

And, while the others went to watch the baron as he strode home, Jack turned to look at the precious pitcherful of water that was trickling uselessly down the path. As he looked, he saw a little thin mist, like steam, rising from the spilt water, and a sound came from it, though so faint that he could scarcely feel sure that he heard it, which seemed to say:

"Jack and Gill
Go up the hill,
And fetch a pail of water.
Jack and Gill
Give good for ill,
And save the stranger's daughter."

"Why, who said that?" exclaimed Jack.

"Yes, Jack, do let us," cried Gill.

"Let us what?"

"Give good for ill, and save the stranger's daughter."

"What, you heard it too?" said Jack. "Then it could not have been fancy. But I don't see what we have got to do with it, and you know the baron has raised our rent, and he is so proud that he will scarcely say 'Good-morning,' if a fellow takes off his cap to him."

"But the little girl," said Gillian. "And it would be doing good, you know."

"But the baron is rich, and he ought to do good to us," objected Jack.

"So he ought," said Gill; "but that doesn't make any difference in our duty to him, does it? Why, he is just as much our neighbor as old Bridget, whose pigsty you worked at so hard yesterday."

Jack pushed his cap on to the back of his head, and looked puzzled.

"H'm, I suppose he is, though I can't say I ever thought much about it. I shouldn't wonder but you are in the right, Gill. Anyhow, if you will go up and fetch a pail of water to-morrow morning, I'll go with you."

Very early the next morning, before the sun had risen, Jack and Gill were on their way up the hill, and soon reached the enchanted well. The water looked very dark and mysterious in its deep, rocky cave. A few blackened fronds of hartstongue fern trailed over the mouth, and there was a tinkling echo within as of drops of water falling into the pool. But Jack and Gill staid neither to look nor to listen. Hastily drawing the water, they began their journey down again, carrying the pail between them.

"Steadily, Gill," said Jack; "don't slip, or you will be down."

"I cannot help it," said Gill: "it feels to me as if the whole hill was shaking. And what is that strange rumbling noise that I hear behind me?"

"It must be a storm coming up behind the hill," answered Jack; "yet it looked fine enough when we started. Never mind, Gill; we are more than half-way down now. Ha, ha! they will find that we can do what all the fine serving-lads and men-at-arms—holloa!"

For before Jack could finish his speech, down he fell, and over he rolled, cutting his forehead pretty sharply upon a stone in the way. Down went the pail, and out poured all the water, and Gill came tumbling after upon the top of all.

"Oh, what a pity!" she said, looking at the empty pail. "But, dear Jack, you have hurt yourself; is it very bad?"

And she dipped her kerchief in the slop, and began to bathe his forehead.

"That does me good; I scarcely feel it now," said Jack. "Oh, sister, look!"

He pointed to the enchanted water, for lo! the same white mist that they had seen before was rising from it, and they were now so near that they could see that it took the form of a beautiful maiden. Every fold in her robe was distinct, and yet she was so transparent that they saw plainly the woods and sky behind her. Her robe sparkled in the rays of the rising sun, like myriads of dewdrops, and the same musical voice seemed to float toward them from her:

"Think upon the baron's need,
Try again the kindly deed,
And save his little daughter.
Lesser haste makes better speed.
Jack and Gill,
Go up the hill,
And fetch a pail of water."

"I know they say, 'More haste worst speed,'" said Jack to himself; "but I suppose the other is the fairy way of putting it."

And Gillian whispered, "Oh, Jack, how beautiful! Do let us go again, as she says."

"And tumble down and break my head again," said Jack. "Never mind, it will be worth while, if it cures the little girl; so come along, Gill."

They were soon beside the enchanted well again. Instead of dipping their pail at once, they remembered the dewdrop-maiden's warning, and stopped this time to look and to listen. And as they stood, the tinkling echo within the cave seemed to form itself into words, and said—

"Take a pebble from the brink,
Let it in the waters sink;
Pluck a daisy from the brim,
Let it on the waters swim;
Three times thirty count the charm;
Dip and fill, and fear not harm."

"That will not be very hard to do," said Gill. "Only, can you count up to thirty, Jack?"

"Thirty! Yes, or a hundred," said Jack; "and more too. Only I am not quite sure about the millions and billions."

Then Jack took up a white pebble that touched the very brink of the water, and dropped it in. And Gillian plucked a daisy, whose white leaflets kissed the water's brim, and flung it in. Immediately the well began to toss and foam, and bubble and boil, until it seemed as if the cave could not hold it all; and the hill rumbled and shook as it had done when they had fallen down.

Gillian was frightened, and held fast by her brother. But Jack put his arm round her, and boldly began to count. And when he had counted the first thirty, the shaking of the hill ceased. When he had counted the second thirty, the well left off tossing its spray over the ferns and mosses. And by the time he had counted the third thirty, it was as calm and smooth and still as if nothing had ever ruffled it, not even a dragon-fly's wing. The pebble shone white at the bottom, and the daisy floated motionless on the top. And the children dipped and filled without fear, and went safely and joyously down the hill, and up again on the other side of the valley, until they stood before the castle gate. A gayly-dressed squire led them to the hall. Here the baron himself met them.

"Please, sir, here's the water you wanted," said Jack.

"I will gladly take it, my lad, if it be really from the right well," replied the baron.

Jack did not know that somebody had been trying to get money from him the day before by bringing him water that was not drawn from the enchanted well, and he answered in a huff:

"Oh, if you doubt our word, you need not take it: it doesn't matter to us."

The baron looked at them for a moment, and then suddenly took up the pail and went away with it. The squire went after, offering to carry it for the baron, and Jack and Gill were left alone in the hall.

They waited and waited, but the baron did not come back, nor send them any message. At last Gillian, speaking in a very low voice—for she was a little frightened in that great hall—ventured to say:

"Jack, do you think they have forgotten us?"

"I am sure they have," said Jack. "Come along; we'll go home."

"I should like to know about the little girl," said Gill, lingering. But Jack took her hand and said:

"You will know soon enough—come on. I want my breakfast; don't you?"

But when the day passed away and evening came, and there had been no message from the castle, Jack grew very indignant, and said it was a shame of the baron; he might have said "Thank you" for the trouble they had taken, at the very least.

The next day at noon, however, just as Jack and Gill were finishing dinner, in walked the gayly-dressed squire with the pail in his hand.

"My lord the baron returns you this with many thanks," he said. "And he desires your presence immediately at the castle."

Jack looked as if he had no mind to go, but Gill cried:

"Wait a moment for me, Jack, and I shall be ready to come with you." And with that she ran and fetched him his Sunday jerkin, for indeed his week-day one was nothing but patches and darns.

So they started in company with the squire. Gillian's first question was:

"How is the little Lady Edda? did the water do her good?"

"Good!" said the squire. "It put fresh life in her at once. Why, we thought she was dying fast; my master was like one distraught."

"What was the matter with her?" asked Jack.

"She seemed to be pining away," answered the squire; "partly for want of companions, and partly for love of her native land."

The baron met them again in the hall, and thanked them so heartily for what they had done for his child, that Jack made bold to ask after her.

"Come and see her yourselves," said the baron. "She is wishing to thank you also."

And he led the way up flights of stairs, and along galleries and passages, till Jack began to wonder how many men it would take to defend the castle against an enemy, and Gill thought what work it must be to sweep it all out every day. At last the baron stopped and opened a door, and they followed him into a room—but what a room it was! Jack and Gill had never even imagined anything so grand. There were Persian carpets on the floor, and silken tapestry on the walls, and painted glass in the windows, and on a carved couch in the middle of the room there lay a pretty little, pale, fair-haired girl. There were pictures, and toys, and rare shells strewed about her; but she did not seem to care for them, or even to notice them.

She looked up as they entered, and when she saw Jack and Gill's faces of wonder and admiration, she suddenly clapped her hands together and laughed merrily. The baron looked quite pleased, and said: "Go to the Lady Edda, children."

Gill made a step forward, but Jack was seized with such a fit of shyness that he would not stir until the little girl came and led them in. She showed them her treasures, which were all new and wonderful to Jack and Gill, and told them about the pictures, and made them listen to the sound of the ocean waves that still lingers in the hollow shells, and grew quite eager and delighted at their delight.

The time went so fast, that when Jack at last looked up, he was dismayed to see how near sunset it was, and said that they must go home at once.

Then little Edda pulled her father's head down close to her, and whispered something to him; and the baron said to Jack and Gill:

"My little girl is lonely here, with no one to play with; if you will come and spend at any rate the greater part of your days with her, I will feed and clothe and take care of you."

Jack and Gill scarcely knew what to answer, but the baron saw that they would like it, and he said:

"You, Gillian, shall be my daughter's companion and attendant; and you, Jack, shall be her page, and accompany her in her walks, and lead her horse when she rides."

"Oh, I'm sure——" said Jack, and then he could not think what more to say; so he and Gill bowed and courtesied with all their might, and little Edda called out to them as they went away to mind and come early tomorrow.

The neighbors had heard of their visit to the castle, and were waiting at Jack and Gill's cottage to question them about it.

They had so much to tell about the baron's kindness, and what the squire had told them about his troubles, and how he was only just learning to speak the language, that even neighbor Thorlson began to think that his shy, silent manner might not be all from pride and sulkiness.

So next time that the baron rode into the valley, instead of glum looks and faces turned away, he met with civil greetings, to which he answered so readily, that before long the baron and his people were great friends, and they even began to allow that there might be some sense in his new plans and ways of farming.

As for Jack and Gill, they spent almost all their time at the castle. Little Edda grew better so fast that in a few days she was able to go out on her pony, with Jack holding the bridle, and Gill walking by her side.

"Let us go to the glen where the dry watercourse is," said Gill; "it is so pretty there." And they threaded their way to it among the bushes.

Presently Jack said:

"I fancy I can hear a sound of running water, as if the dry bed had a stream in it again. Yes, it has, too; and yet we have had no heavy rain. Why, Gill!" he exclaimed, after looking about him, "this stream must come from the enchanted well!"

"Then the spell is broken, and its waters are free again! I am so glad!" said Gillian.

And she and Jack told Edda all the story of how they had gone up the hill to fetch a pail of water, and how Jack tumbled down, and about the dewdrop-maiden, and what old Bridget had told them about the well.

"I am very glad you went to fetch the water," said Edda, "and did as the dewdrop-maiden told you. How beautiful she must be! I do so wish I could see her."

"Look yonder, where the stream falls over the rocks," said Jack. "I thought I saw the wave of her mantle then, as the sunbeam slanted across the spot."

Edda slid down from her pony, and the three children went to the edge of the little waterfall, and stood gazing in delight at the beautiful dewdrop-maiden who was there, hovering in her rainbow robe amid the spray.

"Hark!" said Gillian, presently; "I think I can hear the same sweet, tinkling song that we heard before."

Yes, the stream was singing as it bounded joyously from stone to stone, and this was the song that the children heard:

"Joy, joy! for my wave
Is no more a slave
In the darksome cave;
I am free, I am free!
I may leap down the hills, I may glide o'er the lea,
I may scatter fresh showers to grass and tree,
I may join my stream-sisters who call to me,
And with them embracing, so glad, so free,
I may flow, I may go, to the far-away sea!"

"Are you going so far, bright stream?" said little Edda. "Then take this flower with you to the sea, and bid him bear it to the shores of my fair Normandy, and carry this message with it, that we have found good friends and kind words and loving hearts, and we are happy now at last in our new English home."

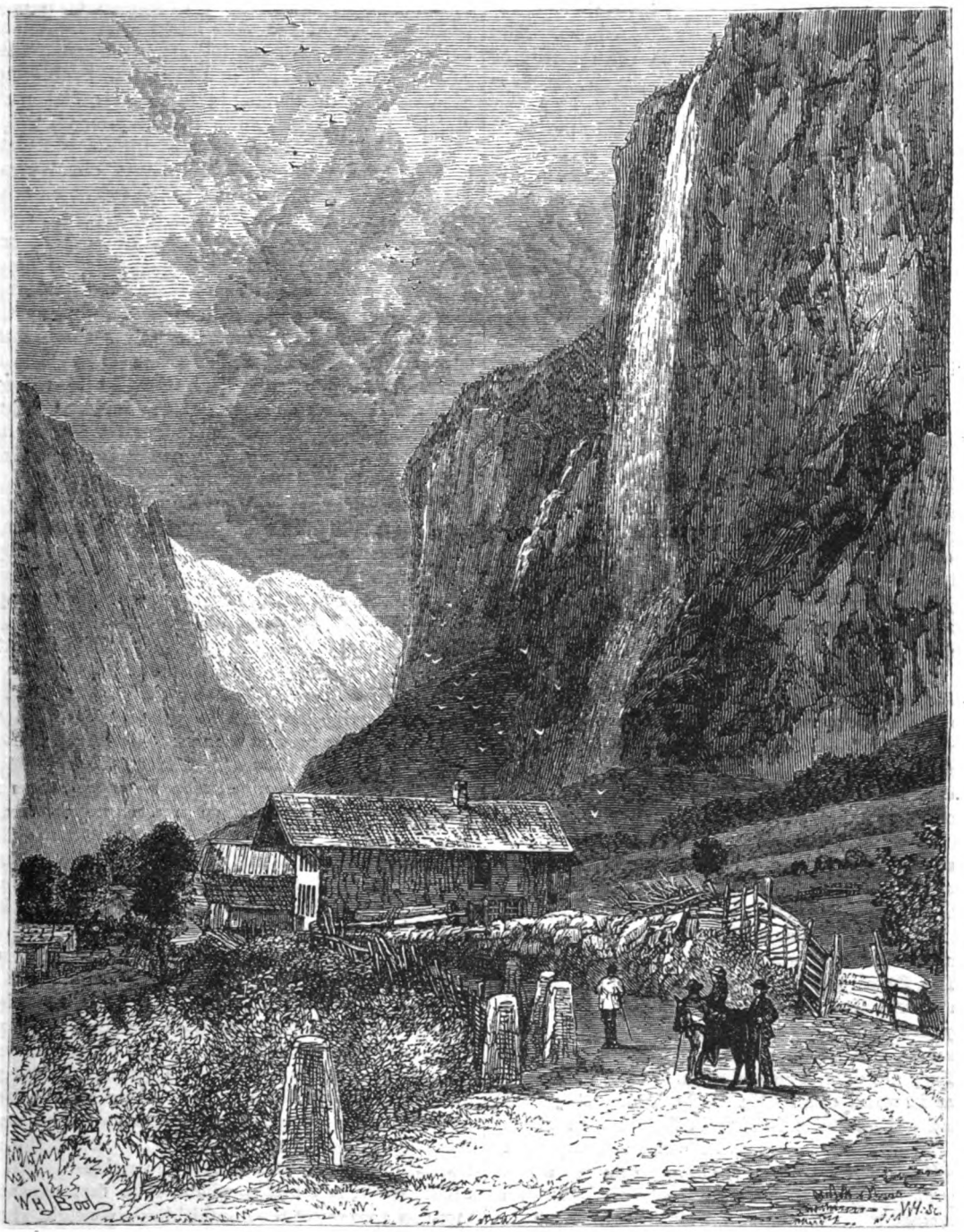
TROPIC CLOUDS AND RAIN.

WHY THE CLOUDS FLOAT, AND WHAT THE CLOUDS SAY.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S.

When water is evaporated into the air under the influence of heat, the vapor so raised is scattered invisibly amidst the air particles. Both the air particles and the molecules of the water are, however, so minute, and so widely severed in this state, that the vibrations of light pass *almost* as freely and as unimpeded amongst them as they do through empty space. The mixed vapor and air are virtually transparent—that is to say, they allow objects of various kinds to "appear through" or from beyond them in their proper conditions of color and form, instead of becoming visible themselves. It was essential that this should be the case if the surrounding objects of material Nature were to be freely visible to the eyes of animals living in the midst of circumambient air.

This absolute invisibility and transparency of aqueous vapor, even under the circumstance of very considerable abundance, is instructively illustrated in the fact that steam is quite imperceptible by the eye so long as it is in its actually vaporous state. If the eye could penetrate into the interior of the boiler of a steam-engine when the part above



THE FALL OF THE STAUBBACH, IN THE SWISS VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN.

the water is filled with a pressure of steam almost strong enough to burst asunder the cohesive tenacity of the iron plate, it would be found that such steam was as absolutely invisible as the fine breath of vapor which rises from the earth in bright noontide sunshine. The steam which issues from the spout of a kettle of boiling water presents no visible trace to the eye until it has been thrown some distance away into the outer freedom of the air. It only becomes visible as white mist when it has ceased, at that distance, to be actual steam.

The change which takes place when invisible vapor is transformed into visible mist, is a very decided one. It is not merely that there is an increase in the quantity of the aqueous particles that are present in the air, for, as a matter of fact, there is a larger abundance of vapor in the clear air of a Summer noontide than there is in the thick air of a Winter sunset. The change which is brought about is an actual transformation of material state. It is a conversion of air-like vapor into water. The visible particles of mist are clusterings of molecules of water into groups of considerable, and therefore of visible, dimensions. In the white mist, the molecules of the water are not evenly and widely scattered. They are so grouped that there are larger spaces between the clustering particles than there were between the molecules of the vapor, and many molecules connected together in those clusterings. It is this gathering together of the molecules in isolated groups, with comparatively blank intervals between, which is comprised in the process familiarly spoken of as "condensation."

A similar state is produced to that which is found when liquid water is mechanically broken up into spray. It is then in the condition which has been, not inaptly, spoken of as "water-dust." Thus in the long Fall of the Staubbach (from *Staub*, dust; and *Bach*, a brook or rivulet), which plunges headlong from the top of a rocky wall in the Lauterbrunnen Valley in Switzerland, in a clear leap of nearly one thousand feet, the particles of the water get so severed from each other by the resistance of the air which they have to pass through, that before they reach the ground they present themselves only as "water-dust," or drifting mist. Mist is thus a sort of intermediate state lying midway between water and vapor. It appears alike when water is scattered into spray and when vapor is condensing into water.

The clustering of water molecules into granular specks is easily seen in mist by the help of a magnifying glass. Small opaque bodies, which must contain a very considerable gathering of water-molecules in each, are then discerned. These bodies have manifestly a rounded or globular form, such as they would wear if they were minute drops. The Swiss philosopher, De Saussure, who gave considerable attention to their examination, has shown that they are commonly nearly a hundredth part of an inch across, and that occasionally they are very much larger. They are quite twice as large in cold, damp days as they are in warm ones. Mr. W. D. Cooley states that he once saw mist-globules floating in the air upon Mount Leinster, Ireland, which were half the size of hemp-seed.

The distinguished astronomer, Halley, who was a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton, first conceived the idea, which has since met with somewhat large acceptance, that these mist-specks are of the character of little hollow vesicles, or bladders, in which the outer films only are water, the interior space being filled with air. This conception of Halley was in some measure strengthened by the researches of De Saussure, who ascertained that the visible particles which rise from the surface of warm water during the process of evaporation have quite a different aspect to those which fall from the air during rapid condensation of moisture. He satisfied himself that the rising specks were hollow spheres, or bladders, and that the falling ones were liquid drops. The actual state in which the water-particles are arranged in mist is still questioned by competent authorities; but so far as research has yet gone, the notion that mist-specks may be hollow films of water encasing internal nuclei of air seems to possess a fair degree of probability.

The fabrication of visible mist from the condensation of invisible vapor is familiarly illustrated every day in the puffing escape of the waste steam from the funnel of the locomotive as it runs panting along the rail. This white, rolling mist which is left in a thick trail behind the funnel of a locomotive engine, is, in all essential particulars, cloud. Its close kinship to the heap-cloud, which floats above it in the higher region of the air, is manifest at a glance. The steam-puff is miniature cloud-wreath artificially formed. It is visible to the eye on account of its coarse-grained texture. It is not freely permeable to light, because the clustering spherules, or vesicles, arrest the luminous vibrations which fall upon them, and send these back to the eye, and because these light-reflecting spherules are distributed in a deep bed, in which the more remote individuals present themselves through the clear spaces that lie between the nearer ones. The cloud is white or gray, accordingly as its spherules reflect, or absorb and hold, more or less of the incident light. It is dark when it holds back the chief part of the luminous vibrations which fall upon it, and it is white, like snow, when it freely reflects the whole.

The fundamental and primary form in which natural cloud appears, is the very beautiful and distinct one which is seen on most ordinarily fine days sailing grandly across the blue sky, and which is designated the *Heap-cloud*, *Mount-cloud*, or *Cumulus*, because it assumes the aspect and shape of rounded masses piled up in heaps.

Luke Howard, the meteorologist who first attempted a scientific classification of the clouds, and who printed an admirable treatise on the subject in 1803, tersely and accurately defined this primary form as "Nubes cumulata, densa sursum crescens"—"a dense, heaped-up cloud, increasing above." The rolled heap-cloud, indeed, may not inappropriately be regarded as nature's steam-wreath, formed when warm vapor-laden air is puffed up into the colder and rarer regions of the atmosphere that lie a few hundred feet above the earth. In the case of the cloud, the warm moisture-laden air is not shot out from the inside of a furnace-heated boiler, but it is shot up from the surface of the sunshine-heated ground. When the sunshine falls upon the heat-absorbing soil, the air which rests in immediate contact with it gets warmed by the touch, and expands as it is warmed, drinking up at the same time whatever moisture is rising up into it from the earth in the condition of vapor. The expanded air is then driven directly up from the ground by the pressure of the inflowing, heavier and colder atmosphere from around and above, and as it rises, balloon-like, under the influence of this pressure, it carries with it the aqueous load which is entangled amidst its particles. As it mounts up, however, in the atmosphere, it is first expanded still more on account of the diminishing air-weight above, as it escapes gradually from the superincumbent load, and is immediately after chilled, in part as a consequence of its own expansion, and in part because of the lower temperature of the high region which it has reached. Under this double influence, the air-expansion and the chill, the invisible vapor gathers itself into mist-spherules, and appears as visible clouds.

Professor Tyndall happily speaks of the rolling masses of the heap-cloud as being the "capitals" of underlying columns of warm air. Wherever the air is heated by resting upon the warm ground, it is forthwith fashioned into an ascending, although unseen, air-column, which crowns itself with a capital of wreathing cloud as soon as it has got high enough to chill the entangled water-molecules into clustering spherules of condensing liquid.

But in order to accomplish a complete comprehension of this process of cloud manufacture, it must be understood that these mist-capitals of the warm air-columns are cut off from the pillars and wafted away as soon as they have been formed. The heap-clouds invariably are seen *to drift along in the sky.* The fact simply is that as soon as the ascending columns of warm air reach the cool upper regions, where transverse currents, instead of ascending ones, prevail, the rolling mist-wreaths which are precipitated from the air are carried away by the wind. The so-called *floating* of clouds is simply a matter of *drift.* Water is 815 times as heavy again as air, consequently it must fall when deposited in air, as, indeed, it is actually seen to do in the case of rain-drops. If clouds, therefore, are composed of liquid water gathered out of the vapor, they should fall, and not float.

Some ingenuity has been expended by scientific men in the attempt to account for this apparent anomaly. No large effort of intelligence, however, is really required to enable this to be done satisfactorily. A glance of the eye on the white mist-heaps in the sky is enough to furnish the full solution of the mystery. Clouds never rest still in air; they are at all times *in motion;* they are always in the act of being blown along by the wind.

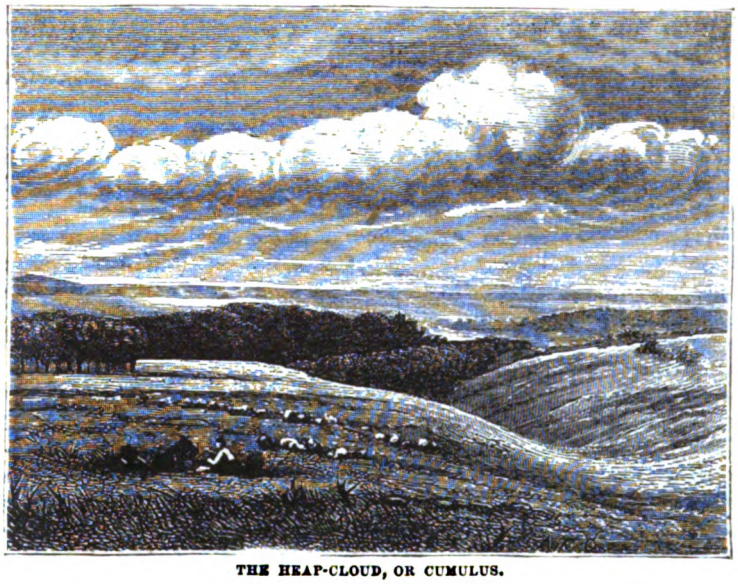
When rain-drops fall at the time that a strong wind is blowing, even they are observed to be carried a considerable distance along; and if the rain-drops were lighter than they are they would be carried still further by the wind before they finally reached the ground. If, for instance, they were hollow, air-filled balls, like balloons, instead of being compact drops of liquid, they would assuredly drift upon the wind long distances; and this, it will be remembered, is precisely what cloud-spherules are.

They are hollow balls, constituted of the lightest and thinnest conceivable films, and therefore possessing very large surfaces in proportion to their weight. They are just in the condition which fits them to be seized and hurried along by the drifting air-currents. When clouds exist in really still air, their spherules do fall. It has been ascertained that aqueous mist, by falling through some three thousand feet of air, can acquire a downward velocity of something like fifty inches per second. It would, indeed, fall with the headlong impetuosity of a leaden bullet or a stone, but for the resistance which it encounters in making its way down amongst the air-particles. When, therefore, the air is itself moving instead of being at rest, this resistance to its descent becomes an actual carrying power. In all probability, electrical force at times has something to do with the suspension of clouds. But there can be no doubt that, in the main, the result is merely the effect of a mechanical influence—that it is a case of drift rather than of buoyancy. The notable instances in which clouds appear to be still are all simply illusions. In such cases the cloud is in the process of being dissolved away at one edge as fast as it is deposited at the opposite one, and so it is the visible form only, and not the substance, which is still. The table-cloth which frequently covers the top of Table Mountain, at the Cape of Good Hope, is a cloud of this character. The moist air from the southeast is blown from the warm sea up the slopes of the mountain, until it is high enough to deposit its vapor as white mist, and it then passes over the flat summit of the mountain, and falls on the opposite side, until it gets back into the lower and warmer region, where the white mist is again dissolved into transparent vapor. In mountainous countries it often happens that all the summits of the lofty mountains are cloud-capped, whilst the intervening spaces of the atmosphere are clear. The same explanation applies to this. The cloud is deposited where the air is chilled by the close neighborhood of the snow-covered summits, but is dissolved as soon as it is drifted away clear of the mountain into the warmer stretches of air. The white cloud-caps are thus not stationary clouds, but fresh clouds continually formed, and as continually dissipated as they move from the place where each white cap is seen.

The heap-cloud, or cumulus, is properly a day cloud. It begins to appear in the early morning, as the ground gets warmed enough by the sunshine to establish ascending currents of air. It rises into higher regions of the atmosphere and assumes its largest dimensions soon after noon, and it then sinks and dwindles away toward evening. It belongs also properly to the mid-region of the air, ascending to a somewhat higher elevation at midday, and sinking to a lower one in the evening. It is also a cloud of land districts rather than of the sea, as heated ground is required to establish the upcast of the air-currents. But when it has once been formed over the land it is capable of being drifted away long distances over the sea, as it invariably is in the great currents of the trade winds which prevail in the intertropical regions of the ocean. When these cumulus clouds observe their normal rule of growing in size and rising in height at midday, and of diminishing in size and sinking in the evening, they are invariably indications of settled weather; but when, on the other hand, they grow in size and in density as they subside in the evening, they indicate increasing moisture and greater chill in the lower regions of the atmosphere, and may be regarded as certain harbingers of approaching rain.

In settled fine weather, when there is not moisture enough in the ascending currents of the air to form heap-clouds in the mid-region of the atmosphere, faint streaks of white cloud appear flecking the blue sky-canopy, far above the region where the heap-clouds should sail. A few delicate threads are first penciled out on the azure background, and these then grow by the addition to them and interlacing with them of new strands. The streaks sometimes assume the form of feathers, or of tufts like flowing horse-tails; sometimes they are parallel to each other, and sometimes they cross and interlace like the meshes of a net; sometimes they diverge like the fingers of a hand, and very frequently they are curled up like locks of hair. In all these diversities of form, however, they are of a thin, filmy nature, and in all they present themselves only at very high elevations, being commonly as much as five or six miles above the ground. These filmy cloud-streaks of very elevated regions are all classed as the *Curl-cloud* or *Cirrus* (from *Cirrus*, a curl).

The white streaks in these clouds seem to be formed by particles of snow or ice rather than by vesicles of water. On account of the dryness of the air, no deposit of visible mist occurs excepting at an elevation in the atmosphere that is cold enough to deposit ice instead of water, which then arranges itself in the state of spicules or needles, of the most exquisite delicacy and fineness. This cloud is thus *ice-dust* rather than water-dust. During steady high winds the cirrus streaks not uncommonly run quite across the sky, arranging themselves as they do so in the direction of the wind. Very often they are bent up at the end

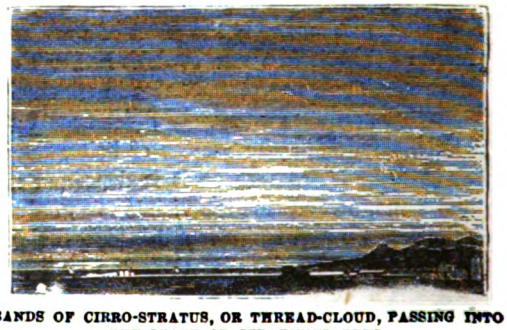


THE HEAP-CLOUD, OR CUMULUS.

which is forward in the drift, as if they were there lifted into bellying sails to catch the wind. This delicate cirrus, or frost-cloud, is formed far above the summits of the highest mountains. The well-known German meteorologist, Kœmitz, states that during a residence of eleven weeks near the Finsteraarhorn, the highest mountain of the Bernese Oberland, he never once saw the cirrus-cloud as low as the summit of the mountain, which is 14,026 feet above the level of the sea. The travelers who climb such mountains, on the other hand, see the heap-clouds floating in the valleys far beneath their feet, and it is a not uncommon event for such travelers to have the cumulus-cloud below them in the morning, above them one or two hours after noon, and around them in the intermediate hours which lie between the early afternoon and evening.

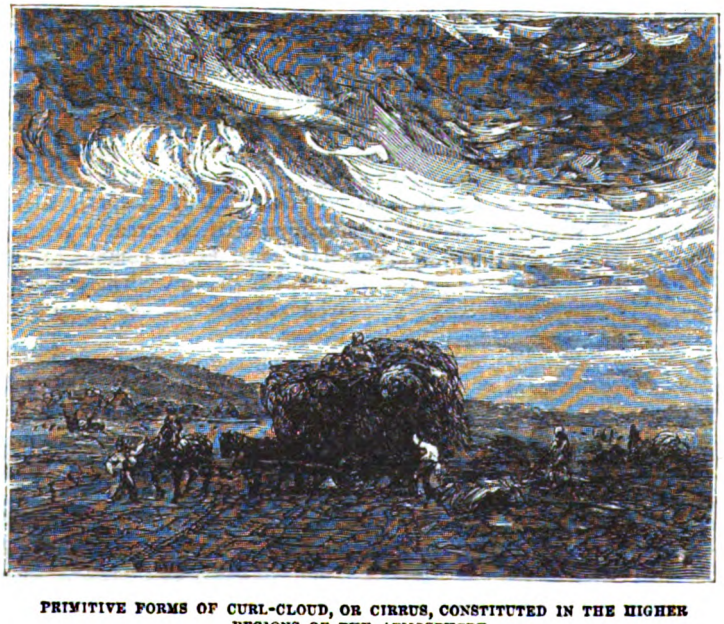
When, in consequence of a sudden increase of moisture from the drifting in of a vapor-laden wind, the streaks of the curl-cloud in the upper region of the air become more abundant, they at length get woven out into a continuous stratum, or bed, and at the same time settle down to a lower level on account of their augmented density. The cloud, however, then receives a new name among meteorologists. It is termed the *Thread-cloud*, or *Cirro-stratus* (from *Stratus*, strewed, or scattered, as it were, into a bed). It is properly the streak-cloud, or Cirrus, passing into the state of *Sheet-cloud*, or *Stratus*. The streaks are woven out into a thin layer or misty web, which is thinned gradually away toward the edges all round, and therefore assumes the appearance of a long, narrow band with pointed extremities when seen in profile, low down toward the horizon.

It is from this peculiarity that it has received the familiar designation of thread-cloud. In its completed form it is a cloud of considerable lateral extent and of small perpendicular depth; the fibres and streaks of the cirrus, in its fabrication, settle down into a horizontal position, approach each other, and finally interweave, or fuse themselves into a continuous layer. The streaks not uncommonly assume the grained appearance of polished wood. The beds are almost always thick in the middle and thinned out toward the edges. In the distance the pointed cloud-masses occasionally look like



BANDS OF CIRRO-STRATUS, OR THREAD-CLOUD, PASSING INTO THE STATE OF STRATIFIED BEDS.

shoals of fish. The mackerel-back sky is also caused by a variety of this kind of cloud. The cirro-stratus, when abundantly developed and persistently maintained, almost certainly indicates the approach of wind and rain.



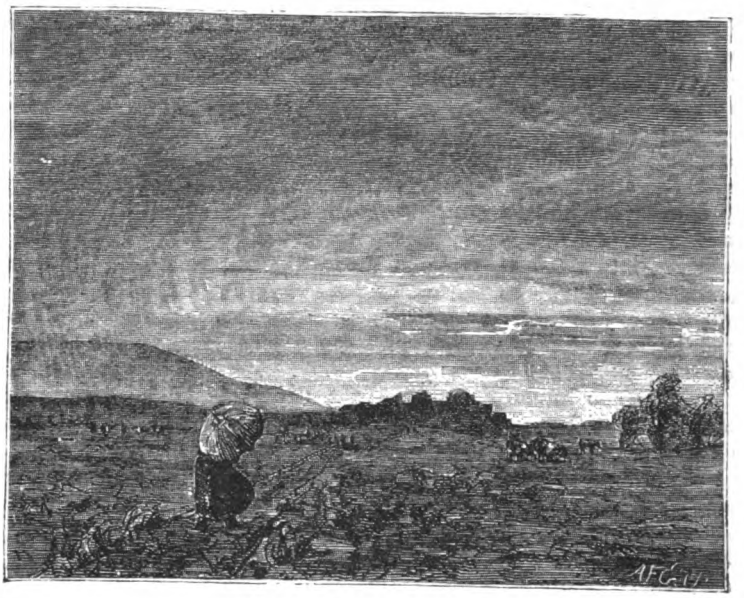
PRIMITIVE FORMS OF CURL-CLOUD, OR CIRRUS, CONSTITUTED IN THE HIGHER REGIONS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

In all probability the cirro-stratus cloud still retains in some degree its frozen condition. It still has the sharp lines appropriate to the ice-dust of which it is composed. But the ice is gradually approximating to the state of water with the thickening and descent of the cloud. When this gets low enough the frozen spicules are quite melted into water, and the stratification of the cloud is then broken up into separate mottlings, scattered like flocks of carded wool upon the sky. This is the form which is distinguished as the *Curdled-cloud*, or *Cirro-cumulus*.

It is the sheet-cloud, or cirro-stratus, in the process of being remodeled into miniature cumuli, and is regarded as a kind of intermingling of cirrus and cumulus, as its compound technical name indicates. The cirro-cumulus was well described by Luke Howard as consisting of "small, dense, roundish cloud-masses, grouped like a flock of sheep." It is the cloud of the mottled sky which occurs so frequently in Summer, and which is also

occasionally seen in the intervals between showers in winter-time. It is constantly formed from the subsidence of cirro-stratus into the lower and warmer regions of the air, and when this is the process of its formation the flocculi of the cloud are slowly and gradually dissolved away. It not uncommonly appears at the same time with the cirro-stratus, and alternates with it, the one or the other form predominating accordingly as there is increasing deposit or loosening and dissolving away of the cloud-mass. As a general rule, the true curdled-cloud indicates increasing warmth, diminishing moisture, and a tendency toward fine weather.

The streak-cloud, however, is not the only cloud which is prone to gather into continuous masses. The heap-cloud, in very moist states of the atmosphere, does the same thing; but the accumulation is then deep as well as broad. The cloud-mass is piled up higher and higher, and the rolling heaps are connected together by horizontal beds. The cloud is then looked upon as being a combination of the heap-cloud with the streak-cloud, and is on that account technically distinguished as *cumulo-stratus*.



THE NIMBUS, OR RAIN-CLOUD.

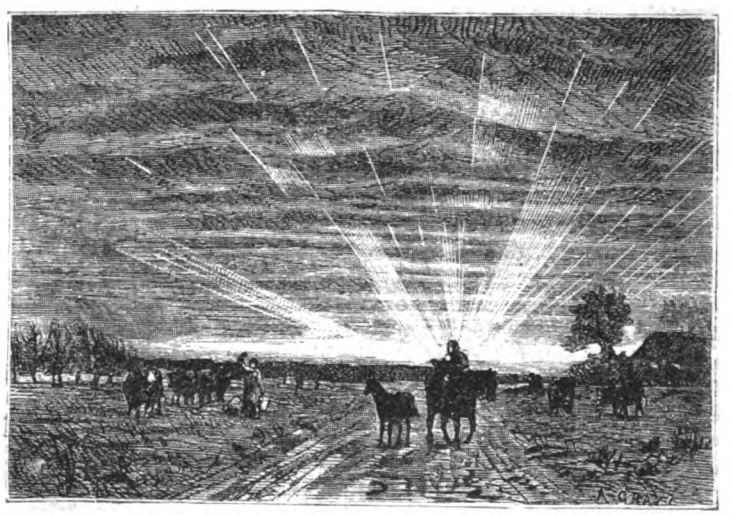
CURDLED-CLOUD, OR CIRRO-CUMULUS, FORMED BY THE DISSOLVING AWAY OF STRATIFIED CLOUD-BEDS INTO SEPARATE FLOCKS.

The rolled form of the cumulus can generally be traced for a long time in the thickening and growing mass. In the first instance it towers up in projecting summits above the stratified base, but subsequently the rolled protuberances overflow at the sides, and hang down from the flat bed, until at last the whole sky gets to be filled with one dense and undistinguishable mass. But when this dense mass floats away toward the distant horizon it is finally seen there as a flat drift overlapped by rolling summits which at times very closely simulate the aspect of snow mountains.

The immediate tendency and the final destiny of the cumulo-stratus cloud is obvious at a glance. It is the parent of *The Nimbus*, or *Rain-cloud*, which was also classed by Luke Howard as *cumulo-cirro-stratus*, because it was regarded by him as a confused intermingling of heap-cloud, streak-cloud and sheet-cloud —a congeries of clouds pouring forth rain.

In the formation of the rain-cloud the lower clouds spread out in all directions until they unite into one uniform and compact homogeneous mass, from which the gathering raindrops fall. The distinctive characteristic of the rain-cloud is the thick, impenetrable confusion of its homogeneous mass, and the streaky, undefined shading away of its outer edges.

In his original sketch of the classification of clouds, Luke Howard recognized three primary forms, and considered that all other kinds were secondary productions compounded from these. The types which he adopted as the primary ones were the streak-cloud, the heap-cloud and the sheet-cloud (cirrus, cumulus and stratus). The streak-clouds he held to be the clouds of the higher



GROUND-FOG, THE STRATUS-CLOUD OF LUKE HOWARD.

regions of the atmosphere; the heap-clouds those of the mid-regions; and the sheet-cloud, in his acceptation, was the creeping mist which rests upon the water or upon the ground, and which is now more accurately distinguished as *ground fog*.

The stratus was, with him, the cloud of the night, as contrasted with the cloud of the day. He described it as appearing about sunset, often continuing through the night, and as vanishing with the return of the sun, and either evaporating and disappearing upon the breeze, or ascending into the higher region to feed the heap-cloud. Howard, nevertheless, although he mainly restricted the term stratus to what is now distinguished as fog, recognized some similar constituent as being present in the compound clouds at all elevations.

There is one hitherto unnamed, yet remarkably distinct and interesting, form of cloud which has been brought to the notice of meteorologists by Mr. Clement Ley. It is a very high cloud, rarely appearing so near to the ground as 14,000 feet, and is essentially a continuous layer of sheet-cloud, with numerous turret-like protuberances rising up out of the horizontal bed.

This cloud is of an exceedingly beautiful form, and is not infrequently mistaken for a modification of cirro-cumulus. It has, however, nothing of cirrus about it, and should rather be classed with cumulo-stratus, to which it is more naturally allied. It is most generally seen during the prevalence of very hot weather, and is essentially connected with great electrical disturbance in the higher regions of the atmosphere. It is the constant precursor and herald of violent thunderstorms.

A somewhat practical modification of the now classic cloud system of Luke Howard has been suggested by Professor Poey, of Havana, in Cuba. He proposes that the great sheet-cloud of mid-region, formed by the agglomeration in itself of cirrus, cumulus and stratus, should be called the *Pallium* (from *Pallium*, a cloak), or *cloud-cloak*. In its most complete form this pallium-cloud spreads as a gray or ash-colored vail over the whole face of the heavens, with rain precipitating from it for hours at a time. But there are two quite distinct states in which it presents itself. The first of these, which is the proper representative of the cirro-stratus, and which is constructed out of the cirrus and stratus in the higher region, Professor Poey terms the *Pallio-cirrus*, or *sheet-cloud*. In the second variety the cloak is formed below instead of above, and is constituted by the densely-gathering vapors in that lower region of the air. This, properly, is the rain-cloud, or nimbus, of Luke Howard's system.

But Professor Poey designates it the *Pallio-cumulus*. He considers that the high pallio-cirrus is a frost-cloud, and the low pallio-cumulus a water-cloud. But the two constantly co-exist as separate beds, and then have an interval of clear air resting between. The upper pallio-cirrus is first formed on the approach of rain, and is of longer continuance. When fine weather passes into wet, the upper sky-mantle first collects and settles down, and then the lower mist-mantle begins to appear. As fine weather returns, the lower mantle first thins away and breaks up, and the higher pallio-cirrus is then seen through the chinks, floating as an unbroken stratum above. Professor Poey also recognizes another form of cloud which was not distinguished by Luke Howard, although it is well marked and of constant occurrence. It is what he terms the *Fracto-cumulus* (from *Fractus*, broken—fragmentary or wind-broken cloud), or *wind-cloud*. It is really, however, only the disintegrated and torn fragments of the denser clouds drifting away upon the wind when the pallio-cumulus is broken up. It is at once distinguished from the heap-cloud by its torn and tattered look. It is shreds rather than heaps of cloud, hurried along out of the dissolving wreck by the wind. Professor Poey's cloud system thus consists of (1) the high snow and ice-clouds; (2) the low vesicular, or water-clouds; (3) the cloud-mantle, which is fed both by the high ice-clouds and by the low water-clouds; and (4) the wind-clouds, torn out of the dissolving cloud-mantle.

It thus appears, upon a general review and summary of these recognized modifications of clouds, that:

The cirrus is the cloud-streak, formed in the highest regions of the air by the chill touch of frost.

The cirro-stratus is the cloud-web, woven when these frost-streaks are multiplied as they descend into regions of more copious moisture.

The cirro-cumulus is the frost-cloud, stippled and rounded away when the ice-dust is melted into vesicular vapor.

The cumulus is rolling wreaths of vesicular vapor thrown down out of ascending upcasts of warm, moist air, when these reach the influences of combined rarefaction and chill.

The pallio-cirrus is the high ice-cloud, thickened into a broad mantle by increasing moisture.

The pallio-cumulus and cumulo-stratus are the low rain-clouds, overflowing with precipitating moisture and dripping with showers.

The fracto-cumuli are the wind-torn fragments of disintegrating rain-cloud.

When the rain-cloud has become overcharged with its condensing vapors, the aqueous vesicles of the gathering mist first grow large and heavy, and then several of them coalesce and form a liquid drop, which, when it has reached the size of about one-eightieth part of an inch in diameter, begins forthwith to descend through the air by the mere influence of its weight. If this raindrop starts from a comparatively high, and, therefore, chill region of the atmosphere, it grows in size as it reaches the warmer and yet moister regions below, by condensing more moisture upon itself, until it has attained considerable dimensions. Rain-drops a quarter of an inch in diameter have been seen. A rain-drop of this size may acquire a velocity of thirty-four feet per second in falling, but not more, because the resistance of the air prevents increase of speed beyond that amount. A rain-drop the twenty-fifth part of an inch in diameter cannot acquire a greater velocity in falling than thirteen feet in the second; and a drop the seventy-fifth part of an inch in diameter cannot acquire a speed of more than eight feet per second. A water-drop the thousandth part of an inch in diameter would have two inches per second for its greatest velocity. When, however, a raindrop passes through a stretch of comparatively dry air below, it evaporates and diminishes in size, instead of increasing, as it descends. As a matter of fact, it not infrequently happens that actually falling rain does not reach the earth, but is entirely dissolved and again taken up by the air before it gets there. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing to see rain-clouds in flat countries, in the Spring, pouring out their gray bands of rain near the horizon, with a ragged fringe of attenuated ends hanging down from them below toward the ground, but not reaching it.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

PNEUMATIC CLOCKS IN PARIS.—A system of public clocks, actuated by means of compressed air, has been introduced into the City of Paris. It consists mainly of the central standard clock, the receiving or district clocks, and the tubes for conveying the compressed air from the central to the several receiving clocks.

At the central station air is compressed by a pump to a pressure of about five atmospheres, or seventy-five pounds on the square inch, and stored in a reservoir. Every minute the air is distributed from this reservoir, at a fixed pressure of seven-tenths atmosphere, to the receiving clocks, through the action of the standard timepiece, which works a sliding valve so as to allow the air to pass from the reservoir into the distributing pipes. These are made of wrought iron, and run to the various districts of the city which possess a street clock. Smaller pipes of the same kind are also laid on to private houses, and connected by india-rubber tubes to the clocks of rooms and corridors. By sending a current of the compressed air through these tubes for twenty seconds at the beginning of every minute, any number of clocks can be operated at a distance of one to two miles from the central station. The receiving clocks may be of any description whatever, with a device which consists of a small bellows, resembling that used in pneumatic call-bells, and communicating with the tube conducting the compressed air from the central station. At the beginning of every minute the transmitted pulse of air raises the bellows, and a rod attached to the top of the bellows actuates a lever engaging a toothed wheel, which is rigidly connected to the arbor of the minute-hand of the clock. The wheel has sixty teeth, and rotates one tooth every minute, and a weighted pawl at the other side of the dial checks this movement. The hour-hand is rotated by means of the usual dial-wheels. To make the clock strike the hours a second bellows is required. Clocks operated in this way require no winding up, since the controlling agency is also the motive power; and the ordinary spring or weight clocks can be easily transformed into pneumatic receiving clocks. Many of the chief hotels, railway stations and public offices of Paris are provided with these clocks; and street pillar-clocks are erected in various parts of the city.

HEARING THROUGH THE TEETH.—Dr. Thomas proposes the term "osteophone" for all appliances—including the audiphone and dentaphone—intended to aid hearing by conveying articulate sounds through the medium of the cranial bones. His researches led him to the following, amongst other conclusions: The audiphone is much better adapted for use at a distance than the dentaphone, the latter being only suited to transmit sounds emitted near its mouthpiece. Although these instruments are of great value in a considerable portion of cases, they supply, the author considers, a very small fraction of normal hearing—much *less than a hundredth part*. It is important that this should be taken into account, for a large number of partially deaf persons suffer such disappointment at their failure to hear in full, that they undervalue or altogether disregard a positive gain of many times their usual hearing. The very small fraction of normal hearing gained is, the author thinks, of priceless value in many cases of those who hear practically nothing without these instruments. In regard to deaf mutes, the audiphone is worthless unless they possess the faculty of hearing their own voices without the instrument. The author has constructed an audiphone which can be kept in position without the use of the hand. The best material for diaphragms he finds to be Fuller's board (or press board) treated with shellac varnish. A simple rod of hard wood, one end of which is placed on the upper teeth of the speaker, the other on those of the listener, or on his head, acts as a powerful osteophone, and will transmit the vocal vibrations in great volume to the ears of the deaf person.

THE ANNUAL REVOLUTION OF THE EARTH ROUND THE SUN—HOW DISCOVERED.—Most of us must remember to have heard the story how Newton discovered the force of attraction of gravitation by seeing an apple fall to the ground; but the following, which I came across recently in an old magazine, is, perhaps, not so generally known, and may interest some of your readers. That the annual revolution of the sun was completed in 365 days is said to have been first known by accident. There was a well near Syene, in ancient Egypt, into which, on a certain day, it was observed the sun cast no shadow, being exactly vertical. Astonished at this, the inhabitants came in crowds to behold the miracle. A day passed, and the well was not entirely free from shadow. Another and another day rolled on, and the shadow increased. The circumstance created so much wonder that persons were appointed to watch, by whom it was discovered that in 365 days, not sooner, the same phenomenon—that is, of the sun being exactly vertical—was again visible. Hence the very natural inference that, as it is commonly but erroneously described, the sun's revolution round the earth is completed once in every 365 days.

M. JACOB, of Paris, obtained a prize medal at the French exhibition for a metallic paint, the peculiar advantage of which, it is claimed, consists in the fact that there is no substance requiring coloring matter to which it is not applicable. A valuable property of this substance is its adaptation for capsuling any kind of bottles or jars containing liquids or viands. The colors employed for the various uses of this material are, it appears, not confined to any particular shade, and, when on, the objects painted have all the appearance of different-colored bronzes. The liquid paint having been poured into an ordinary utensil, the neck of the bottle, when properly corked, is dipped into it, and removed almost as quickly as in the waxing process. The paint appearing to set instantly, is absolutely dry in three minutes from the time it is applied, and becomes quite hard in about an hour; the bottle becomes hermetically sealed.

THE ebonizing of cherry wood is now very successfully accomplished by the following simple process: Brazil wood, powdered nutgalls and alum are boiled in water until a blackish color is obtained, this liquid being filtered and applied to the wood, which is next washed in a liquid made by digesting strong vinegar and a little oil of vitriol for some time with excess of iron turnings—the wood after this being thoroughly washed, dried and oiled. In the operation of staining, the following method is found most effective, viz.: Four ounces of gallnuts and one of powdered logwood, one-half ounce of green vitriol and the same of verdigris, are boiled with water; this solution, filtered hot, is applied to the wood, and the latter is coated with a solution of one-half ounce of fine iron filing, dissolved by digestion in a small quantity of hot wine vinegar.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

REAL S State—Mississippi.

A MAN upon change—A meteorologist.

ONLY a question of time—Asking the hour.

WHEN iron has been exposed to fogs, it is apt to be mist-rusted.

A WOMAN who throws herself at the heads of men very soon find herself at their feet.

WE presume tailors are generally successful in love-affairs—they know so well how to press a suit.

"MIKE, did you ever catch frogs?" "Yes, sorr." "What did you bait with?" "Bate them with a stick, sor."

WHY is I the happiest of vowels?—Because it is in the midst of bliss; e is in hell, and all the others in purgatory.

"MY boy, what does your mother do for a living?" was asked of a little barefooted urchin. "She eats cold victuals, sir."

"YOU never have a cross to bear," said a husband to his wife. "No; except when you are as cross as a bear," she retorted.

IT is odd, and sometimes melancholy, to see a man trying to "make up his mind," when he has no material on hand to work with.

YOUNG man, don't try to forget your identity and become somebody else, for the other chap is almost sure to be an inferior person.

"'Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his girl about seven nights per week.

FOR POETASTERS.—The best and most thoughtful editors now allow contributors to the waste-basket to write on both sides of the paper.

THE dear little Spanish princess, when she grows up, will be a prominent member of that class of girls who wish they had been born boys.

IT is maintained that the most inspiring natural sight which a glazier can contemplate is the gleam of early day breaking through the windows.

THE Philadelphia *Dispatch* remarks—"Man proposes, and woman often wishes that he would not be so long in making up his mind to do it."

IT is said that sharks will not bite a swimmer who keeps his legs in motion. If you can kick longer than a shark can keep waiting, you'll be all right.

A VERY disagreeable old gentleman dies. A nephew, charged with the duty of preparing his epitaph, suggests: "Deeply regretted by all who never knew him."

IT was a man of considerable means who said, when thrown from his horse, that although not in a very comfortable position, yet he considered himself pretty well off.

BJORNSON, the Norwegian novelist and poet, hjas ajrrived ijn tjhis cjountry, cjreating qjuite ajn ejxcitement ijn ljiterary cjircles, ajnd ijs ajnxious tjo mjeet Wilhelmji, bjingo.

Two schoolmasters of a Western town have been put to flight by the inhabitants for cruelty to the children. The pupils do not intend to set out in search of the missing whalers.

THE members of a young ladies' debating society in Birmingham have decided in favor of long courtships. Sensible girls! Observation has taught them that there is a wonderful falling off off in confections, balls, carriage drives and opera when courtship ends and the stern realities of married life begin.

A GENTLEMAN was conversing with an English doctor about a very famous Scotch surgeon, whose audacity in his experiments was at least equal to his skill. "I wonder," said he, innocently, "why such a man remains in Scotland?" "Because," answered the doctor, gravely, "in Scotland there are no coroner's inquests."

IT must have been tremendously embarrassing to that nice young man out at Bowling Green, who escorted the preacher's fair daughter to church on Sunday night, and arrived late, to hear the reverend gentleman read from the Bible as the couple marched up the aisle, "My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." It would be hard to tell which felt the worst, the preacher, his daughter, or her escort.

THE SECRET.

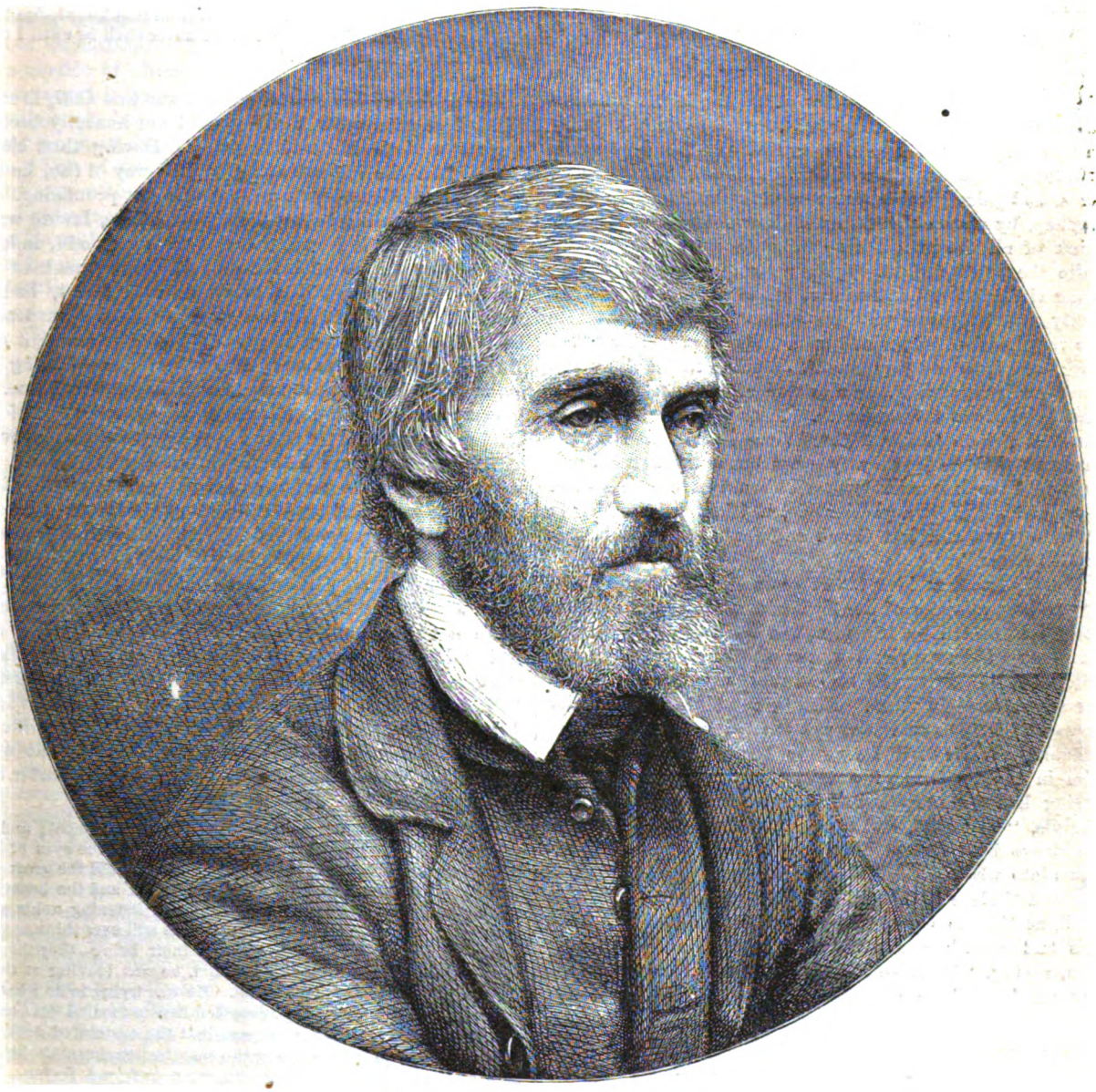
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XI.— No. 4. APRIL, 1881. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

THOMAS CARLYLE, "Writer of Books," as he somewhere fitly styles himself, has made his mark upon the literature and thought of his generation, and that mark, whether for good or ill, or for both, will remain more or less distinct for some generations to come. His career as a writer covers a period of more than half a century. His earliest



THOMAS CARLYLE.

work was written when he was about twenty-five years of age; his last when he was about fourscore. As finally collected and arranged by himself, they comprise about thirty moderate volumes; other writings, not included in this collection, would make several additional volumes.

In one of his earlier essays he says, "Could ambition always choose its own path, and were Will in human undertakings synonymous with Faculty, all truly ambitious men would be Men of Letters." In his later years he was indeed wont to speak contemptuously of such a career. Thus, in his strange pamphlet, "Shooting Niagara," put forth in 1867, when all his great works had been written, he says: "Of literature, keep well to the windward. In fifty years, I should guess, it would be a credit to declare, 'I never tried literature; believe me, I have not written anything.'" Yet his whole career was that of a writer; that, and nothing more or less. In this department of human endeavor he has done much; out of it he neither did nor attempted to do anything. To this literary career he was impelled from within, and in a measure compelled from without; and in its prosecution he had much of furtherance, and very little of hindrance. We propose to follow him through his chosen career, and to present our idea of the man himself, and of the work which he performed.

Carlyle was born December 4th, 1795, near the village of Ecclefechan, in the district of Annandale, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. His father was, as he says, "A hardy and healthy Scotch-dalesman, and he was the descendant of a long line of such; men that had tilled their paternal acres, and gained their threescore years and ten—or even, mayhap, by reason of strength, their fourscore years. I think of all the men I have ever known, my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of a person, using vigilant thrift and careful industry; abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men. He was an elder of the Kirk, and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from youth. That parish minister was the first person that ever taught me Latin, and I am not sure but that he laid a very great curse upon me in so doing. I think it is likely that I should have been a wiser man, and certainly a godlier one, if I had followed in my father's steps, and left Greek and Latin to the fools that wanted them."

But his father and his father's minister had destined the boy to be a minister of the Kirk of Scotland; and so, after early instruction by the minister, he was placed in the Academy of Annan; and at the age of fourteen he was entered at the University of Edinburgh, where he studied for seven or eight years. Having completed the regular course of studies there, he was invited by his old Annan schoolfellow, Edward Irving, to become associated with him in the conduct of a school at Kirkaldy, of which Irving had been appointed master. "Together," says Carlyle, "we talked, and thought, and wrought; together we strove by virtue of birch and book to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning." Irving and Carlyle taught at Kirkaldy for about two years, until, as Carlyle says of Irving, "The hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of his God spake unto him, saying, 'Arise, and get thee hence, for this is not thy rest.' And he arose, and girded up his loins, and putting the trumpet of the Almighty to his lips, he blew such a blast as that men started up with surprise, and said that the like of it had not been seen since the days of the Covenant itself."

Irving became for a while the assistant of Dr. Chalmers at Glasgow. Carlyle went back to Edinburgh with the intent to pursue his theological studies. He had reached the age of twenty-three. "And now," he says, "that I had gained the years of man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's Kirk, and it was needful that I should settle it." The settlement of this question involved a struggle such as few men have undergone. Forty years later, in one of his talks with Milburn, the American blind preacher, he told something of these struggles. Milburn happened to say to him: "You seem to be the victim of dyspepsia. How does it come? Did you inherit it, or have you acquired it?" Carlyle replied:

"I am sure I can scarcely tell, sir. I only know that for about three-and twenty years of my mortal existence I was not conscious of the ownership of that diabolical arrangement called a stomach. Then the voice came to me, saying, 'Arise, and settle the problem of thy life!' And so I entered into my chamber and closed the door; and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depths of nethermost perdition. Doubt, Fear, Unbelief, Mockery, and Scorn were there; and I arose and wrestled with them in travail and agony of spirit. Whether I ate I know not; whether I slept I know not; I only know that when I came forth it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach; and I have never been free from that knowledge from that hour to this; and I suppose that I never shall be until I have been laid away in my grave."

The upshot of this mental conflict was that Carlyle came to the firm conclusion that he could not honestly become a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. Having thus closed behind him the gates leading to that way of life, he had to look for others. The outlook was not promising. In 1819, Carlyle being twenty-four years of age, Irving wrote of him: "Carlyle is going away. It is very odd, indeed, that he should be sent for want of employment to the country. Of course, like every man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled, and much improvement to be wrought out. He says, 'I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no man can do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my conduct to remodel; withal I have my health to recover; and then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm, and if she cannot weather it, I shall steer west, and try the waters of another world.' So he reasons and resolves; but sure a worthier destiny awaits him than voluntary exile."

Another destiny, perhaps a worthier one, did await Carlyle; a destiny of which we shall have to speak. Meanwhile it is worth note that after this year Carlyle and Irving do not appear to have ever seen each other. From Glasgow Irving went to London. He died in Scotland in 1835, a year after Carlyle had taken up his abode in London. Carlyle forthwith wrote for *Fraser's Magazine* an eloquent paper on "The Death of Irving"; but even better than this is what he said to Milburn, a quarter of a century later:

"And from Scotland he came up to this great Babel; and he stood up in the pulpit of Hatton Garden Chapel, the eyes of him blazing, and the herculean form of him erect. And the great and the learned, the high and the titled, the gifted and the beautiful, came round about him, and sat spellbound listening to his wonderful words. And they thought—for fools will ever think according to their folly, which is the law of their being—they thought that, because they were looking at him, he was looking at them. He was not looking at them at all. He was trying to do what no man can do and live—trying to see God face to face. I have heard that the eagle's eye suffers eclipse; that the curtain of darkness falls over the pupil of his eye by the steadfast gazing at the brightness of the sun. It was thus with my poor friend Irving. The fools said—let the fools have their way, they know no better—the fools said that Irving was *daft*—that his head was turned with the

popular applause. He was not *daft;* he was DAZED. The curtain of darkness fell over the pupil of the eagle's eye by too steadfast gazing at the sun. In blindness and loneliness he sobbed the great heart of him to sleep."

Carlyle, meanwhile, put his hand to do whatever literary work it could find to do. Between 1820 and 1825 he wrote nearly a score of miscellaneous articles for the *Edinburgh Encyclopædia.* Among these were biographical sketches of Montaigne, Montesquieu, Necker, Nelson and the two Pitts; and geographical descriptions of the Netherlands, Newfoundland, and several counties of England. For the *New Edinburgh Review* he wrote critiques upon Joanna Baillie's "Metrical Legends," and Goethe's "Faust." None of these papers appear in his collected works, and we know them only by their titles. He translated Legendre's "Geometry and Trigonometry," adding notes and an introductory chapter on "Proportion," which De Morgan styles "a thoughtful and ingenious essay." He translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister," and wrote for the *London Magazine* a series of papers which were afterward expanded into the "Life of Schiller." He was also for a time private tutor to Charles Buller, a young man who came to be a promising statesman, and of whom he wrote a graceful obituary. His last piece of task-work was a series of translations of tales from several German authors, only a portion of which appear in his collected works. Of these he says: "This book of translations was not of my suggestion or desiring, but of my executing as honest journey work, in defect of better."

The "Life of Schiller" is the earliest of Carlyle's original writings with which we are familiar. It is a good work, but by no means a great one. He, indeed, admits it into his collected works, but with a kind of half-protest. It is to be noted, that in point of style it has no trace of the peculiarities which mark his subsequent writings. Rarely is there an attempt to rise to eloquence or enthusiasm. The closing paragraph, however, is as noble as anything ever written. After speaking of Schiller's long ill-health, he says:

"It is true he died early; but the student will exclaim with Charles the Twelfth in another case, 'Was it not enough of life when he had conquered kingdoms?' These kingdoms which Schiller conquered were not for one nation at the expense of suffering for another; they were soiled by no patriot's blood, no widow's, no orphan's tears. They are kingdoms conquered from the barren realms of Darkness, to increase the happiness and dignity and power of all men: new forms of Truth, new maxims of Wisdom, new images and scenes of Beauty, won from 'the void and formless infinite'; a 'possession forever' to all the generations of the earth."

In 1826, Carlyle, being then just passed thirty years of age, married Jane Welch, the orphan daughter and only child of an eminent Scottish physician. She had a moderate fortune, but sufficient for their moderate needs; enough, it seems, to secure her husband from the need of doing mere task-work for daily bread. Their childless union lasted for forty years. She died suddenly, while her husband was away from their London home. She had gone out for her accustomed drive in a London Park. After a while the coachman, not having received any order to return, opened the carriage-door, and found her speechless and motionless. He drove to a hospital near by, but when he reached there she was dead—had probably been dead for some time. They buried her beside her father in the old cathedral church at Haddington, Scotland. For her tombstone Carlyle wrote a touching epitaph: "In her bright existence she had more sorrows than are common, but also a soft invincibility, a capacity of discernment, and a noble loyalty of heart, which are rare. For forty years she was the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and deed unwearily forwarded him, as no one else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted. She died at London, 21st April, 1866, suddenly snatched away from him, and the light of his life as if gone out."

Mrs. Carlyle, as far as we know, never published anything; but at the time of her death she was writing a novel, of which men who ought to know expected much. Dickens, writing to Forster, says, "How often have I thought of the unfinished novel: no one now to finish it! None of the writing women come near to her at all." To which Forster, in his "Life of Dickens," adds: "No one could doubt this who had come within the fascinating influence of that sweet and noble nature. With the highest gifts of intellect, and the charm of a most various knowledge of men and things, there was something beyond. No one who had known Mrs. Carlyle could replace her loss when she had passed away."

Soon after their marriage Carlyle and his wife went to Germany, where they passed some time, becoming intimate with Goethe, who addressed several graceful little poems to Mrs. Carlyle. Returning to Scotland, they took up their abode at Craigenputtoch, a small estate belonging to her, fifteen miles from Dumfries, in the wild region which stretches westward almost to the Irish Sea. Carlyle, writing to Goethe, thus describes their home:

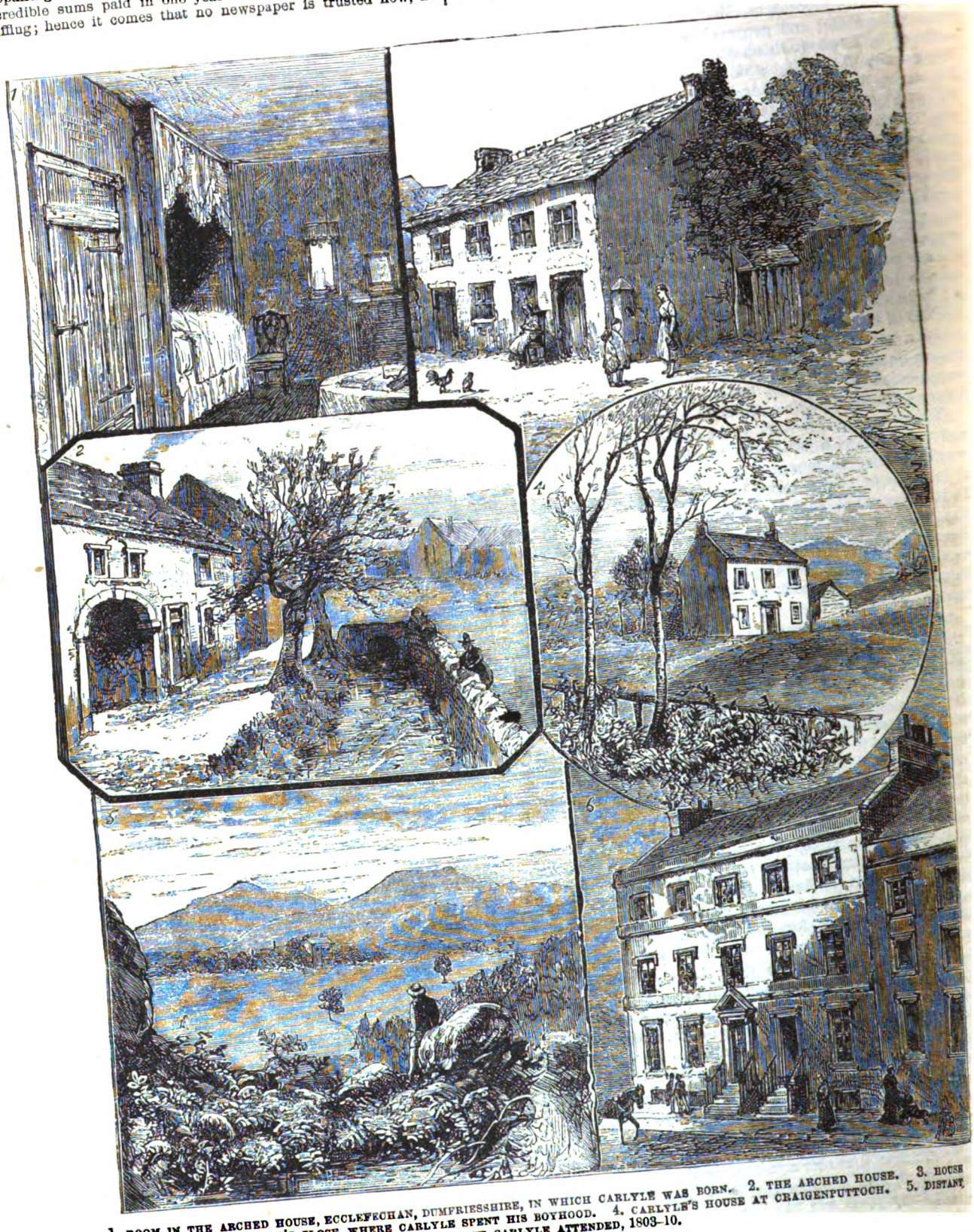
"In this wilderness of heath and rock our estate stands forth, a green oasis, a tract of plowed, partly inclosed, and planted ground, where corn ripens, and trees afford a shade, although surrounded by sea-mews and rough-wooled sheep. Here, with no small effort, have we built and furnished a neat and substantial dwelling; here, in the absence of professional or other office, we live to cultivate literature according to our strength, and in our own peculiar way. We wish a joyful growth to the roses and flowers of our garden; we hope for health and peaceful thoughts to further our aims. This nook of ours is the loneliest in Britain; six miles removed from any one who would be likely to visit me. But I came hither solely with the design to simplify my way of life, and to secure the independence through which I could remain true to myself. Nor is this solitude of such great importance, for a stage-coach takes us speedily to Edinburgh. And have I not, too, at this moment piled up upon the table of my little library a whole cart-load of French, German, American, and English journals and periodicals—whatever may be their worth?"

The American periodicals piled up at this time—say about 1830—must have been very few, and of very little worth, except the *North American Review,* which had shown itself worthy of living. Of American books written before this time one could count up upon his fingers every one worth the reading. Carlyle's residence in this lonely nook of Craigenputtoch lasted for six years—from 1828 to 1834. It was in certain respects the formative period of his life. A year or so before he had given to the *Edinburgh Review* his excellent paper upon "Richter," and the less excellent one upon "German Literature." But at Craigenputtoch were composed not a few of those papers which have won him the place, perhaps first, certainly second, among our modern essayists. Here also was written most—we think not quite all—of "Sartor Resartus." In the Summer of 1833 Carlyle was visited by an earnest young American scholar, Ralph Waldo Emerson by name, who has put upon record some account of the brief visit. Carlyle was then not quite forty years of age; Emerson some eight years younger. Emerson says:

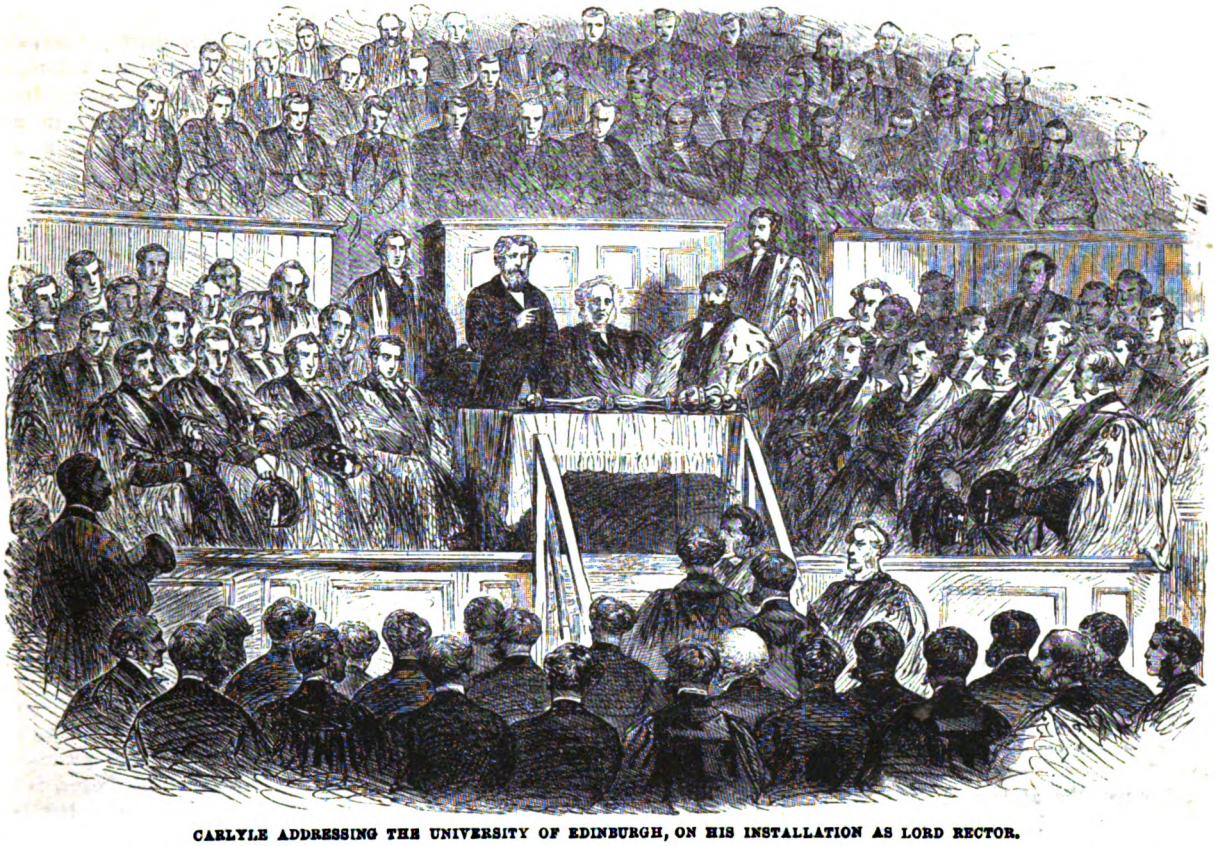
"I came from Glasgow to Dumfries, and being intent on delivering a letter which I had brought from Rome, inquired for Craigenputtoch. It was a farm in the parish of Dunscore, fifteen miles distant. I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart. He was tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command;

clinging to his Northern accent with evident relish; full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humor which floated everything he looked upon. Few were the objects, and lonely the man; 'not a person to speak to within fifteen miles, except the minister of Dunscore,' so that books invariably made his topics. He took despairing views of literature at this moment; recounted the incredible sums paid in one year by the great booksellers for puffing; hence it comes that no newspaper is trusted now, no books are bought, and the booksellers are on the verge of bankruptcy."

Carlyle had some personal reasons for taking "despairing views of literature." Three or four years before, as he long afterward said to Milburn, he had gone up from Craigenputtoch to London, "with a manuscript in my hand, 'Sartor Resartus,' by name, which I wished to get



1. ROOM IN THE ARCHED HOUSE, ECCLEFECHAN, DUMFRIESSHIRE, IN WHICH CARLYLE WAS BORN. 2. THE ARCHED HOUSE. 3. HOUSE IN MATTHEW MURRAY'S CLOSE, WHERE CARLYLE SPENT HIS BOYHOOD. 4. CARLYLE'S HOUSE AT CRAIGENPUTTOCH. 5. DISTANT VIEW OF THE SAME. 6. ACADEMY AT ANNAN WHICH CARLYLE ATTENDED, 1803–10.



CARLYLE ADDRESSING THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH, ON HIS INSTALLATION AS LORD RECTOR.

into print." On the way he stopped at Ecclefechan to visit his father, to whom he read more or less of the work. The old farmer was just the man to appreciate its wisdom and grim humor. He lay upon the sofa, roaring with laughter, while his son read to him page after page. And then, said Carlyle to Milburn, "I came upon my fool's errand, and I saw my father no more; for I had not been in town many days when tidings came that he was dead. He had gone to bed at night as well as usual, it seemed; but they found in the morning that he had passed from the realm of Sleep to that of Day. It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. He was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined through the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch of old, he had walked with God, and at the last he was not, for God took him."

MRS. CARLYLE—BORN, JULY 14, 1801; DIED, APRIL 21, 1866.

The manuscript of "Sartor Resartus" was submitted to publisher after publisher in London, and was declined by all of them. One publisher seemed a little dubious. He had, as he said, sent the manuscript to "a gentleman in the highest class of men of letters," and he inclosed his opinion, which ran thus: "The author is a person of talent. His work displays, here and there, some felicity

of thought and expression, considerable fancy and knowledge; but whether it would take with the public seems doubtful. For a *jeu d'esprit* of that sort it is too long; it would have suited better as an essay or article than as a volume. The author has no great tact; his wit is frequently heavy, and reminds one of the German baron who took to leaping on tables, and answered that he was learning to be lively. Is the work a translation?" The dubious publisher, while declining the publication, added what he meant to be complimentary: "Allow me to say that such a writer requires only a little more tact to produce a popular as well as an able work."

Up to this time Carlyle had written twelve of the thirty-one papers which constitute his "Miscellanies"; among them are those upon Richter, Burns, Heyne and Novalis, which we consider to be the best four critico-biographical essays in our language. Returning to Craigenputtoch, he wrote during the next three years fourteen more essays, which made him better known in America than in England, the perusal of which led Emerson to go so far out of his way to see him. By this time he had grown weary of his lonely moorland home; and, writes Emerson, "He was already turning his eyes toward London, with a scholar's appreciation. 'London is the heart of the world,' he said, 'wonderful only for the mass of human beings. I like the huge machine. Each keeps his own round; the baker's boy brings muffins to the window at a fixed hour every day, and that is all that the Londoner knows or wishes to know on the subject; but it turns out good men.'"

A few months afterward, that is in 1834, Carlyle took up his residence in Chelsea, not long ago a mere suburb of London, and which even now, when absorbed into, or, rather, surrounded by the great metropolis, has still a quaint, old-fashioned look. The house in which Carlyle lived all the rest of his life was built more than a century and a half ago. It is one of a row of three-story buildings, constructed of dark-red brick, with heavy window frames. A flight of three steps leads from the pavement to the modest parlor-floor. The upper story is Carlyle's workshop, which the few who have seen it say is filled with books, pamphlets and newspapers, piled up in apparently inextricable confusion. Here were wrought out those works which have gained for him so large a place in the literature of his age, and in that of some ages to come; for if "Chartism," the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and, perhaps, "Past and Present," shall be forgotten, yet the "French Revolution," the "Letters and Speeches of Cromwell," and the "History of Frederick the Great," are works which the world will not willingly let die.

Some time after Carlyle took up his abode in London, "Sartor Resartus" began to appear in monthly fragments in *Fraser's Magazine*. This work—in some aspects the most striking of all which Carlyle has written—was not at all appreciated in England. The best notice which we can find of it is that of a newspaper critic, who styles it "a mass of clotted nonsense, mixed, however, here and there with passages marked by thought and striking poetic vigor." The readers of *Fraser*, and its editor also, seem to have got weary of it. Carlyle brought the papers to a quite abrupt conclusion. Speaking in the character of anonymous editor of the miscellaneous papers of Herr Teufelsdröckh, he says:

"Here can the present editor, with an ambrosial joy, as of over weariness, lay down his pen. Well does he know, if human testimony be worth aught, that to innumerable British readers likewise, this is a satisfying consummation; that innumerable British readers consider him, during these current months, but an uneasy interruption to their ways of thought and digestion; and indicate so much, not without a certain irritancy, and even spoken invective. For which, as for all other mercies, ought he not to thank the Upper Powers? To one and all of you, O irritated readers, he, with outstretched arms and open heart, waves a kind farewell."

These "Sartor Resartus" papers were not long after their completion brought together into a volume by Ralph Waldo Emerson, with an almost apologetic preface. No immediate popularity was expected for the work, the manner of which was certainly open to criticism. "It is his humor," says Emerson, "to advance the gravest speculations in a quaint and burlesque style. If his masquerade offend any of his audience to that degree that they will not hear what he has to say, it may chance to draw others to listen to his wisdom. But we will venture to remark that the distaste excited by these peculiarities, in some readers, is the greatest at first, and is soon forgotten. The author makes ample amends for the occasional eccentricity of his genius, not only by frequent bursts of pure splendor, but by the wit and sense which never fail him."

"Sartor Resartus" *(The Tailor Tailored Over)* is in form mainly the "Life and Opinions of Godborn Devilsdung" *(Diogenes Teufelsdröckh)*, who was left an infant at the door of Andreas Futteral *(Fodderbag)*, in the village of Entepfuhl *(Duckpuddle)*. The child was kindly cared for, sent to the school at Hinterschlag *(Spanking)*, and afterward to the university of Weissnichtwo *(Dontknowwhere)*. Here he came to be professor of Hodge-podge Philosophy *(Allerlie Wissenschaft)*, and wrote a notable book on the "Philosophy of Clothes." The philosophy of this imaginary book by the imaginary professor, is that all forms, habits, and institutions which man has fashioned, are but the garments in which he has from time to time arrayed himself, for comfort or decoration; that these garments grow old, are worn out, and, in spite of all patching and re-tailoring, must be thrown away, and replaced by new ones; and that many of the garments which men are now wearing are well-nigh worn out, and must soon find their way to the rag-bag. From this pregnant text are preached discourses upon some of the loftiest topics of human thought. If all of Carlyle's works save one were to be destroyed, this little "Sartor Resartus" would be the one which we should strive to preserve, notwithstanding its abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion. Perhaps, indeed, such a work could never have been brought to a satisfactory conclusion. We must take it for what it has—not for what it might have had, and has not.

During the three years after Carlyle came to London, he furnished almost nothing to periodicals, being busily occupied in writing his "History of the French Revolution," which is not so much a history of the Revolution as a series of pictures from it, painted with wonderful vigor. To compose these word-pictures, he had to wade through morasses of dull books, and through swamps of duller pamphlets and newspapers. How much of toil such a work involves, no one can imagine unless he has attempted something of the kind. Two-thirds of the laboriously wrought manuscript of this history was accidentally burned before it could be given to the printers. Thirty years after, Carlyle related to Milburn the circumstances of this burning, and how it affected him. He said:

"A sad story enough, sir, and one that always makes me shudder to think of. I had finished the second volume of a book entitled 'The French Revolution, a History'; and as it lay in manuscript, a friend desired the reading of it, and it was committed to his care. He professed himself greatly delighted with the perusal, and confided it to a friend of his own, who had some curiosity to see it as well."

This person sat up far into the night reading the manu-

script, and then laid it carelessly upon the library-table, looking like "a loose heap of rubbish, fit only for the waste-paper basket, or for the grate." In the morning, the housemaid came to light the library fire, and seeing this pile of loose papers, she thrust it into the grate; and so, says Carlyle, "up the chimney, with a sparkle and a roar, went 'The French Revolution'; thus ending in smoke and soot, as the great transaction itself did more than half a century ago."

"At first," continued Carlyle, "they forbore to tell me the evil tidings; but at length I heard the dismal story, and I was as a man staggered by a heavy blow. Ah, sir, it's terrible when you have been struggling for months and years with dim confusion and wild anarchy; when all around you is weltering chaos and unbroken darkness; and you have at length gained some victory, and built a highway that will bear the pressure of your own foot, and perhaps the feet of generations to come, and the morning has dawned, and you can see some way into the realm of Limbo—suddenly to find that you are in the centre of pitchy darkness, in the whirl of commingling elements, and that chaos has come again. I was as a man beside myself, for there was scarcely a page of manuscript left. I sat down at the table, and strove to collect my thoughts, and to commence the work again. I filled page after page, but ran the pen over every line as the page was finished. Thus was it, sir, for many a weary day; until at length, as I sat by the window, half-hearted and dejected, I saw a man standing upon a scaffold, engaged in building a wall—the wall of a house."

Carlyle goes on to tell how he was at first annoyed by the cheery ways of the man, who did his work, singing or whistling blithe as a lark. He said to himself, "Poor fool! how canst thou be merry under such a bile-spotted atmosphere as this, and everything rushing into the regions of the inane?"

"And then," continues Carlyle, "I bethought me, and said to myself, 'Poor fool *thou*, rather, that sittest here by the window whining and complaining! What if thy house of cards falls? Is the Universe wrecked for that? The man yonder builds a house that shall be a home perhaps for generations. Men will be born in it, wedded in it, and buried from it; and the voice of weeping and of mirth shall be heard within its walls; and mayhap true Valor, Prudence, and Faith shall be nursed by its hearthstone. Up then at thy work, and be cheerful!' So I arose and washed my face, and felt that my head was anointed, and gave myself to relaxation—to what they call 'light literature.' I read nothing but novels for weeks. I was surrounded by rubbish and chaff. I read all the novels of that person who wrote stories about Dogs that had their Tails cut off, and about people in Search of their Fathers; and it seemed to me that of all the extraordinary dunces that have figured upon this planet, he must certainly bear the palm from every one, save the readers of his books. And thus refreshed, I took heart of grace again, applied me to my work, and in course of time 'The French Revolution' got finished, as all things must, sooner or later."

We have said that if, in the wreck of things, only one work of Carlyle's could be saved, that one should be "Sartor Resartus." If two might remain, we should strive hard for the preservation of "The French Revolution." The English public were quite slow to appreciate its value. It had come to be almost a classic in America before British critics had quite made up their minds whether it was sense or nonsense. Upon its first appearance the *Athenæum*, or, as Bulwer called it, the "Assinæum," pitched into it briefly, and in its most flippant style. It was not until 1839 that any British organ of opinion fairly recognized the rare worth of Carlyle. In that year John Sterling published in the *Westminster Review* a laudatory critique upon Carlyle, who, a dozen years afterward, thus refers to it in his "Life of Sterling":

"I well remember the deep, silent joy, not of a weak or ignoble nature, which it gave to myself in my then mood and situation; as well it might. The first generous human recognition, expressed with heroic emphasis a clear conviction visible amidst its fiery exaggerations, that one's poor battle in this world is not quite mad and futile; that it is perhaps a worthy and manful one, which will come to something yet. The thought burnt in me like a lamp for several days, lighting up into a sort of heroic splendor the sad volcanic wrecks, abysses, and convulsions of said poor battle."

By 1840 the British public had come to believe that in Thomas Carlyle they had a man who had said, and was likely to say, some things worthy of its consideration. In that year, also, he presented himself in a new aspect. Hitherto he had written, and written more than well, as an ethical philosopher and historian. He now took upon himself the character of a political philosopher, discoursing, in one way or another, upon the rights and wrongs, the duties and obligations of civil and political life. His first effort in this direction was a little book entitled "Chartism." It was well enough in its way, and for its time; but we suppose few people will now care to read it, although there are in it not a few things quite worth the reading and pondering; as, for example, this:

"Chartism means the bitter discontent, grown fierce and mad, the wrong condition of the Working Classes of England. It is a new name for a thing which has had many names, and which will yet have many. The matter of Chartism is weighty, deep-rooted, far-extending; did not begin yesterday; will by no means end this day or to-morrow. Reform Ministry, constabulary, rural police, new grants of money to Birmingham; all this is well, or is not well; all this will only put down the Embodiment, or 'Chimera' of Chartism. The Essence continuing, new Embodiments and Chimeras, madder or less mad, have to continue. The melancholy fact does remain, that this thing known at present by the name of Chartism does exist, has existed, and is like to exist, till quite other methods have been tried with it."

If for the English "Chartism" of 1840 we read the Irish "Tenant Right" of 1880, and its accompanying "Boycotting," we have to deal with the same old question under a new name; touching which Carlyle asks: "What means this bitter discontent of the working classes? Whence comes it? whither goes it? Above all, at what price, on what terms, will it probably consent to depart from us and die into rest? These are the questions." To these, and the further question, "What are the Rights, what are the Mights of the discontented Working Classes of England at this epoch?" Carlyle could only reply: "He were an Œdipus and deliverer from sad social pestilence, who could resolve us fully." But Carlyle is not the Œdipus who has in any approximate degree solved this Sphinx riddle. He, however, got sure grasp of one of the elements of the solution: "The right to work is the right of the Working Man. He that will not work according to his faculty, let him perish according to his necessity: there is no law juster than that." To which we say Amen! provided only that we could abolish what Carlyle calls "the saddest of all sights that Fortune's inequality exhibits under the sun—a man willing to work, able to work, and unable to find work." In this book Carlyle has a few words about Ireland, true in 1840, and quite as true in 1881:

"We English pay, even now, the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to our neighbor island. Injustice, doubt it not, abounds; or Ireland would not be miserable. The Earth is good, bountifully sends food and increase; if man's unwisdom did not intervene and forbid. It was an evil day when Strigul first meddled with that people. He could not extirpate them: could they but have agreed together, and extirpated him. England is guilty toward Ireland; and reaps at last, in full measure, the fruit of full fifteen generations of wrong-doing."

In 1840 Carlyle delivered a series of six lectures on "Heroes and Hero Worship," which contain not a few noble and eloquent passages, notable among which is what he hints rather than says about Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans. He says:

"As things gradually became manifest, the character of the

Puritans began to clear itself. Their memories were one after another taken down from the gibbet. . . . One Puritan, I think, and almost he alone, our poor Oliver, seems to hang on his gibbet, and finds no hearty apologist anywhere. His dead body was hung in chains; his 'Place in History' has been a place of ignominy, accusation, blackness, and disgrace; and here to-day, who knows if it is not a rash act in me to be among the first to pronounce him not a knave and a liar, but a genuinely honest man."

In 1843 Carlyle put forth his "Past and Present," an *olla podrida* which contains not a few good things. About this time an old manuscript, written in the monkish Latin of eight centuries ago, had been unearthed and put into print. Its title, done into English, was, "Chronicle of Jocelyn of Brakelond, of Things Done by Abbot Samson, of the Monastery of St. Edmand." The purport of the Chronicle was that Samson, an obscure monk, was to the surprise of all men made Abbot of the great Monastery of St. Edmondsbury. He found things in a bad condition every way. The monks had given themselves up to gluttony and wine-bibbing, and moreover, the revenues of the saint had been sadly administered by Abbot Hugo, Samson's predecessor. He had at one time and another borrowed money of Benedict, the Jew. The total amount of the loan was $10,540 in our present currency; but what with extensions, interest, and compound interest, the debt had run up to $88,800, which Abbot Hugo had given bonds to pay off at the rate of $8,000 a year. Besides this, Benedict had memoranda of sundry small debts, fourteen years old, which brought his whole claim up to $120,000. Abbot Samson took it in hand to reform all these abuses, which he accomplished in an incredibly short period, and came to be among the notable men of his time, although Hume and Lingard never seem to have heard of him.

LAST RESIDENCE OF CARLYLE, CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

Carlyle, we suppose, had written a review of this book of Jocelyn de Brakelond, intending it for some magazine; but in the meanwhile sundry pages of his own had accumulated upon his hands, and he prefixed and added them to this review, these additions making two-thirds of the volume. "The Past" is the summary of Jocelyn's book, here entitled "The Ancient Monk"; while "The Present" is made up of Carlyle's own reflections, under various odd titles, such as "Midas," "Sphinx," "Morrison's Pill," "Gospel of Dilettanteism," "Plugson of Undershot," "Sir Jabesh Windbag," "Captains of Industry," "The Gifted," and "The Didactic." Upon the whole, we may say that this "Past and Present" makes a volume twice as large as "Sartor Resartus," and worth about a tenth part as much.

Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" was published in 1845. It had occupied most of his time for several years. After 1838, he ceased writing for magazines and reviews, his two latest papers, in the *London and Westminster Review*, being upon Lockhart's "Life of Scott," and upon the "Memoirs of Varnhagen von Ense," neither of them of any special account. As the Cromwell book grew upon his hands, it came to be a labor of love with him. He wished, as he says, to clear the memory of the great Lord Protector from the obloquy which had been cast upon it, by "presenting the authentic utterances of the man himself," with such narrative and elucidation as would make them intelligible. "I have gathered them up," he says, "from far and near; fished them up from foul Lethean quagmires, where they lay buried. I have washed, or endeavored to wash them clean from foreign stupidities, and the world shall see them in their own shape." His word-portrait of Oliver, just about the time when he became Lord Protector, is worth all the portraits which we have of him:

"A rather likely figure, I think. Stands some five feet ten or more; a man of strong, solid stature, and dignified, now partly military carriage; the expression of him valor and devout intelligence—energy and delicacy on a basis of simplicity. Fifty-four years old; brown hair and mustaches are getting gray. Massive stature; big, massive head, of somewhat leonine aspect; wart above the right eyebrow; nose of considerable blunt-aquiline proportions; strict yet copious lips, full of all tremulous sensibilities, and also, if need were, of all fierceness and rigors; deep, loving eyes—call them grave, call them stern—looking from under those craggy brows as if in lifelong sorrow, and yet not thinking it sorrow, thinking it only labor and endeavor; on the whole, a right noble lion-face; and to me royal enough."

The Life of Cromwell yet remains to be written; but whoever shall write it fairly will have to draw largely upon the material brought together by Carlyle, and will have to agree with him that "Oliver Cromwell was the soul of the Puritan revolt, without whom it had never been a revolt transcendently memorable, and an epoch in the world's history"; and, furthermore, that "This Oliver was not a man of falsehoods, but a man of truths."

The completion of his "Cromwell" marks an important epoch in the career of Carlyle. With it closed the first half century of his life, and the first quarter century of his life's work. By this time, if ever, he must have been

CARLYLE IN HIS GARDEN.

able to have attained fixed principles of social and political ethics. He seemed to have gained them. Social well-being, in his view, consisted in each man's finding some honest work, or having it found for him. He must either work or starve; and as the State cannot well see its subjects starve, it must compel those to work who will not do so of themselves; and, as the foundation of all, men must find, or have found for them, somebody to be their ruler. This idea runs through everything written by him during the remaining thirty years of his active career.

During the five years after the completion of "Cromwell," we find few traces of him, excepting that he had come to be a great "talker"—that kind of man upon whom he was always pouring out the vials of his scorn. As he would say, "the gift of the gab" had become fearfully developed in him; and when men get to be great talkers, they are apt to say very much which they do not quite mean. As early as 1846, keen-witted Margaret Fuller saw and heard much of him, and thus sets forth her impression of him: "I understand that the habit and power of haranguing have increased very much upon him. He does not converse—he only harangues. He pours upon you a kind of satirical, heroical, critical poem, with regular cadences, and generally catching up, near beginning, some singular epithet, which serves as a refrain when his song is full, or with which, as a knitting-needle, he catches up the stitches, if he has chanced to let fall a row. For the higher kind of poetry, he has no sense; and his talk on that subject is delightfully absurd. He sometimes stops to laugh at himself, then begins anew with fresh vigor."

In February, 1850, Carlyle began a series of monthly essays, under the title of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," which were continued until August. The revolutionary years, 1848-49, had come to a close, and the general outlook was evil enough. "Few of the generations of men," says Carlyle, "have seen more impressive days, days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded. There must be a new world, if there is to be any world at all. That human beings in our Europe can ever return to the old, sorry routine, and proceed with any continuance there: this small hope is not now a tenable one. These days of universal death must be days of universal new birth, if the ruin is not to be total and final." He thus sums up some of the leading aspects of the times:

"There is now a would-be reforming Pope, and a large unreformable Popedom. The European explosion is boundless and uncontrollable; all kings are conscious that they are but play-actors. In France there is a weltering mob, presided over by M. de Lamartine, the first stump-orator in the world, standing for a time on the highest stump. Democracy is an inevitable fact of the days we live in. But mere democracy for ever is impossible, since the universe is a monarchy. There is a new sacrament of divorce, called 'emancipation' and 'enfranchisement,' as of the West Indian blacks and Irish whites; but the fate of emancipated helplessness is sooner or later tragically inevitable. British industrial existence is fast becoming one huge poison-swamp of reeking pestilence. England never needed kings so much as now; but the new commander or king is not discoverable by popular clamor or by universal suffrage. The few wise men will have to take and keep command of the innumerable foolish."

But the Vates of the "Latter-Day Pamphlets" does not undertake to tell us how any man shall assure himself that he is one of the few wise men whose business it is to take command of the innumerable foolish; or how, this assured, he can take and hold this divine commission. Moreover, before many months had passed, things for a generation took a very different turn from what Carlyle had anticipated. The play-actor kings returned to their old theatres, and played their parts upon a wider stage than ever before. Democracy seemed thoroughly crushed out, even in France. Lamartine's lofty stump was cut down, and upon its site Louis Napoleon erected the throne of the Second Empire, and things returned to their old sorry routine. This Second Empire, however, always seemed to Carlyle the veriest sham. Even in 1860, when it seemed to most men the firmest thing in the political universe, Carlyle said to Milburn: "I certainly expect that the day wil come when blue sulphurous flames will dart from behind the scenes, and consume the pile with all that are in it; or that the edifice will give way in a crash of ruin, and the whole—singer, audience and all—sink into the nethermost depths of uttermost perdition, where it seems to me they certainly belong." True prophecy, for Sédan and the Commune, and much more, lay only a half-score years in the future.

A little before the commencement of these "Latter-Day Pamphlets," Carlyle had written a magazine paper entitled "The Nigger Question," which was subsequently re-published, and styled by him "The Precursor to the Latter-Day Pamphlets." We wish that he could have let this thing die; but he has seen fit to preserve it by giving it a place in his collected works. It is marked throughout by his worst eccentricities of style. But its faults lie far deeper than this—in its bitter, jeering and inhuman spirit. We cite only a couple of paragraphs:

"West Indian affairs are in a very bad condition this good while. The black population are doing remarkably well; our beautiful black darlings are at least happy, with little labor except to the teeth, which surely in those excellent horse-jaws of theirs will not fail. The West Indies, it appears, are short of labor, as indeed is very conceivable; in those cases where the fortunate black man, by working about half an hour a day, can supply himself, by aid of sun and soil, with as much pumpkin as will suffice, he is likely to be a little stiff to rise into hard work. The less fortunate white man of those tropical localities cannot work, and his black neighbors, rich in pumpkin, is in no haste to help him."

But the white man wants much more than pumpkin—such as sugar and spices—and as, according to Carlyle, he cannot work in those regions, he can only get his luxuries by making the black man work for him, which the black man refuses to do except upon wages which the poor white man cannot afford to pay; and slavery having been abolished, there is no way of getting the work out of him. He hopes that by-and-by things in this regard will amend; and that the West Indian whites will be in a condition to be idle, and compel the blacks to produce sugar and spices for them, under pain of getting no pumpkin for themselves. Speaking for himself and for these British whites, he says:

"Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to give the State so many days of service. The State wants sugar from these islands, and means to have it. The islands are good withal for pepper, for sago, for arrow-root, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon, and precious spices. The gods wish, besides pumpkins, that spices and other valuable products be grown there. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing out the spices, will get himself made a slave again; and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work."

But, upon the whole, instead of a formal return to slavery, Carlyle favors the idea that the blacks in the West Indies should be made *Adscripti Glebæ*, persons "'bound to the soil,' after the manner of the old European serfs"; a thing which he hears has been done to the Dutch black in Java. To an imaginary suggestion that the measures indicated by him might conflict with some rights of the West Indian blacks, he replies with the contemptuous sniff: "I never thought the 'rights of negroes' worth much discussing, nor the rights of man in any form." Ten years before he had presented, as the leading question of the time, the question: "What are the Rights,

what are the Mights of the discontented Working Classes of England at this epoch?" We would gladly believe that this pamphlet rose from a severe attack of dyspepsia suffered by its author.

Just about this time—that is, in 1851—Carlyle published his "Life of John Sterling," one of the best and most healthful biographies in our language. As for the man himself, as Carlyle says, there was no special reason why his biography need be written. He died in 1844, at the age of thirty-eight. Great things had been expected of him; but owing to ill health nothing very great was achieved by him. But the very excellent Archdeacon Hare had published a memoir of Sterling, which Carlyle, who knew and loved the man, thought gave an untrue idea of his character. So by way of antidote he prepared this work. Apart from what is said of Sterling himself, there is a chapter of high interest describing Coleridge, as he was about 1829, some five years before death called him away—his life-work undone, and scarcely even attempted.

The "Latter-Day Pamphlets" and the "Life of Sterling" off his hands, Carlyle set himself seriously at work upon his "History of Frederick the Great," which grew to be the labor of not less than fifteen years; constituting in bulk nearly a third of his collected works. Of this history the space at our disposal leaves us no room to speak. Saving Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," and Motley's Dutch histories, we know of no historical work which has been so thoroughly wrought up from original authorities. He mastered his subject in all its details and surroundings. He penetrated the petty politics of the day, and has demolished many a lofty myth which had got passed off as veritable history. From bushels of chaff he winnows the one grain of wheat. His descriptions of battles and sieges we think the best in our language. Frederick everywhere appears as the central figure; and we come to know him as he appeared to Carlyle. He almost apotheosizes his hero. To us—accepting all Carlyle's facts—he appears to have been only a man of keen understanding, firm temper and indomitable will; knowing very clearly what he wanted in this world, and having an absolute indifference as to the means by which he sought to gain his ends.

With the "History of Frederick," Carlyle's long career as a "Writer of Books" drew near its close. The first and second volumes appeared in 1858, the third and fourth in 1862, the fifth and sixth in 1864, when the author had just reached the age of threescore and ten. In 1866 he was chosen Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. This is an honorary position, much desired by men of culture. Carlyle's predecessor was Mr. Gladstone; his competitor was Mr. Disraeli, whom of late years we know as Lord Beaconsfield. The duties of this office are merely nominal, being mainly to deliver an inaugural address, and perhaps a valedictory. Carlyle's Inaugural was certainly not what had been expected from him. It was a calm, wise, and pleasant talk, touching indeed upon many of the topics treated of in the "Latter-Day Pamphlets," but in a very different tone. One paragraph appears to us most touching, coming as it does from the writer of so many books, and the talker of so many talks—wise and unwise. He says to the students gathered where he had been a student half a century before:

"Brave young friends, you are, what I am not, in the happy case to *be* something and to do something, instead of eloquently talking about what has been done, and may be. The old are what they are, and will not alter. Our hope is in *you*; and may future generations, acquainted with the Silences, and what is noble and faithful and divine, look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment."

This Edinburgh Inaugural has an interest quite pathetic in connection with Carlyle's own personal history. The words had scarcely fallen from his lips when tidings came to him that he should never again look upon the living face of that wife who had "for more than forty years been the true and loving helpmate of her husband, and by act and word unwearily forwarded him, as none else could, in all of worthy that he did or attempted." One could wish that this Inaugural were the latest recorded words of Carlyle. But in 1867 he wrote a magazine paper, entitled "Shooting Niagara and After," which, with many good things, contains some of the poorest ever written by him. He had occasion to speak of our great Civil War, now over by two years and more, and in it he could only see a bloody fight as to whether servants should be hired by the week or month, or for life. He could not see that beyond what he calls "the Nigger Question," which he considers "one of the smallest, which did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries," was the far deeper one of the future destiny of these United States—whether, indeed, there was in the future to be any such nation, or whether North America should be what South America now is and has been for a generation and more. In 1870 Carlyle wrote a letter to the London *Times* touching the Franco-German War, then drawing to a close, in which he fully justified the Germans for the rigorous terms which they imposed upon their prostrate enemy. In 1875, Carlyle, now fourscore, put forth a little volume containing historical sketches of the "Early Kings of Norway," and a paper on "The Portraits of John Knox," of no special account.

The last words in the foregoing pages had hardly been written, when the expected tidings came that Thomas Carlyle was dead. He died on the 5th of February, in the modest home at Chelsea, London, where he had dwelt and wrought for six-and-forty years, having two months before entered upon his eighty-sixth year. Of the last five years of his life little need be said. They were marked by slow but sure decay of physical power, and gradual failure of intellectual activity, until he finally passed away with scarcely a consciousness of suffering. His life-work had been done, and has passed into the eternities. It had been presumed that he would be buried in Westminster Abbey, where rest so many of the soldiers and statesmen, artists and authors, who have shed glory upon the English name. But he had willed otherwise. He would sleep with his fathers in the quiet churchyard of his native Ecclefechan. And there they laid him.

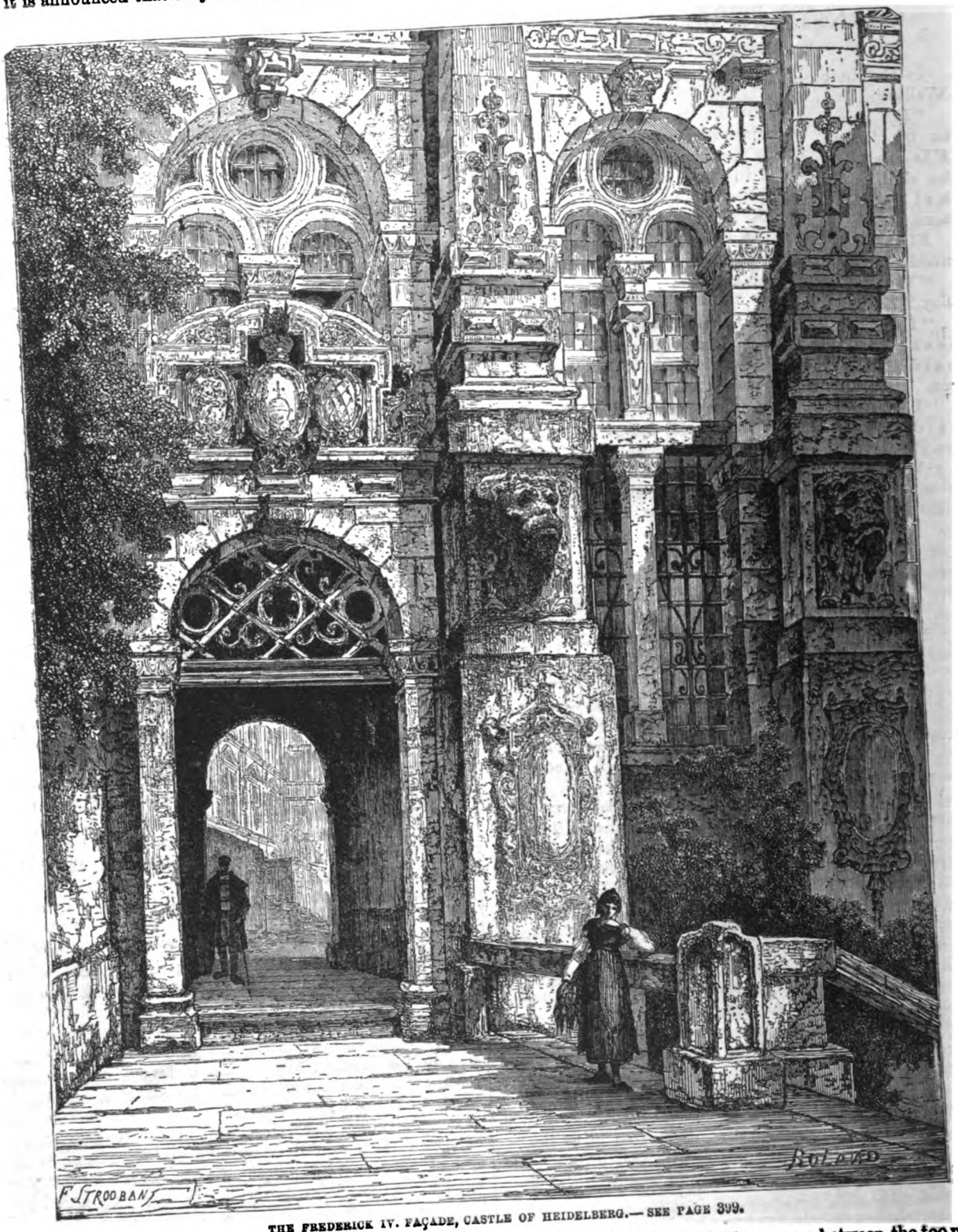
Upon James Anthony Froude has been devolved the task of writing the Life of Carlyle; and he has just told us something of the wealth of material which has been placed in his hands. He says:

"It was the wish of Carlyle that no biography of him should be written, or attempted to be written; his Life was in his Works; his private history was his own—a thing with which the world had no concern; nor did he think that I or any one was likely to give a true version of it. On subsequent reflection, he considered that a life or lives of him would certainly appear from some hand; and, since it must be so, he made over to me all his correspondence, his journals, private papers, and unfinished manuscripts, with permission to use or destroy them as I might think fit."

These materials were extremely voluminous. There were more than a thousand letters written by or to Carlyle; "Reminiscences" of his father, his mother, of Edward Irving, Francis Jeffrey, and other eminent men; and a "Memorial" of Mrs. Carlyle, intended for an

introduction to a collection of her letters. These sketches could not well be introduced into a Memoir; but he considers them in every way worthy of separate publication, and it is announced that they will soon appear.

from Goethe, Mill, Jeffrey, Sterling, Emerson, Leigh Hunt, Dickens, Thackeray, Varnhagen von Ense, and many other famous persons. Paper and ink, it is said, should be spared over the biography of a remarkable man.



THE FREDERICK IV. FAÇADE, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.— SEE PAGE 399.

"Besides these," continues Mr. Froude, "the mass of matter remaining on my hands is so extensive that I have not yet decided in what way to use it. Mr. Carlyle's own letters are so uniformly admirable that none of them ought to be lost. The same may be said of letters to him

I must try to discover the true mean between the too much and the too little."

Such a work must in any case take time; and the smaller that fit mean between the too much and the too little shall be, the greater, perhaps, will be the labor. If

Mr. Froude shall in any good degree succeed in the accomplishment of his task, we may safely promise ourselves that we shall have in it a work which will take rank among the foremost biographies in our language.

CORNELIE'S WEDDING GIFT.

By Esther Serle Kenneth.

In the tumble-down old cottage of Daisypaths, young Wallaston put a fresh canvas upon his easel.

"I'm going to try for it, Fleetwood," he said, in a half-awed tone.

Fleetwood nodded.

"Yes, my boy."

"I must, at least, try," said Wallaston.

"I know," said Fleetwood, gently.

"You see, it would just make me, if Dr. Armand took my picture. It would give me position, fortune, and — *Cornelie!*" added the young artist, his blonde cheek growing pale with emotion.

"It would, Ernest," responded the elder man.

His loose ebon hair shaded his olive cheek. He had a sensitive mouth, patient eyes. He might have been five-and-thirty.

CORNELIE'S WEDDING-GIFT.—"HE LED THE WAY TO THE SIDE ROOM, AND WITH HIS OWN HAND LIFTED FLEETWOOD'S PICTURE UPON THE TABLE."

The fresh-cheeked boy was dear to him. They had traveled together abroad; he had saved Ernest's life upon the Mediterranean. Now that they had returned, he came out to Daisypaths often to see his young friend. He was interested in the boy's success, who had talent—he could paint; but he had never yet done anything excellent.

A fortnight before, Dr. Gustave Armand, the *virtuoso* and *connoisseur* of the city, owner of a magnificent mansion building at Eightelms, as the place was called, had brought together a company of young American artists, and announced his want of a landscape panel for a niche of his superb drawing-room.

Fleetwood had not thought he should try. But when, in the silence of his studio, he reflected, he changed his mind.

To succeed in painting the panel for Dr. Armand would give the artist a quick popularity, wealth, and the position to aspire to Cornelie Armand's hand.

Cornelie—no hothouse rose was ever tenderer or sweeter. The artists said among themselves that her sylph-like figure would make her husband's fortune, were he a painter.

But Fleetwood loved the girl. Her bronze-brown head was dear to him. Her sweet eyes inspired his soul with enthusiasm.

He had met her thrice; she scarcely knew his name, perhaps; but he felt that he could win her, had he a place in the world.

He had superior talent; his powers were matured, also; but he had wasted much time—lacking purpose, perhaps. He looked back regretfully now.

That day, when he returned from Daisypaths, he repaired with slow step to his studio. His feet went unconsciously over the stair of the high building. With a cold hand he unlocked the door.

The full-lighted room was in a blaze of Summer sunshine. Upon the easel was a half-finished picture.

It was a view of the scenery below Eightelms, and also before Daisypaths, for the cottage stood below the hill on which arose the walls and pillars of the rich man's new mansion. A lovely haven scene, with the burnished tide rippling in between the low, dark reefs—velvet-clothed knolls and blue hills beneath sunset skies.

Fleetwood had considered it a happy thought to duplicate this view without the windows of Eightelms' drawing-room. And heaven had seemed to lend him aid as he painted it. The ripples of water had caught the pure gold

of the sky. Nettle Knoll, where he had first seen Cornelie Armand at archery, rounded with lush green, and the line of low blue hills rested beneath hovering clouds, roseate and shining. In the offing was a single white sail, melting into lilac mist. In the foreground, daisied fields.

Fleetwood looked long at the picture, recognizing his own success. Then he turned away with a troubled brow.

Ten days later he was again at Daisypaths. Ernest was in excellent spirits.

"I am doing my best, Fleetwood!" he cried. "And I know I have made some good points. Come and look at my picture. Do you know," he added, "I have had a most fortunate thought? I have painted the offing!"

He uncovered the canvas. Fleetwood started.

By a strange coincidence, the view was the same as his own, and it was well done. Ernest was surpassing himself.

"Is it promising?—is it good?" asked the young man, eagerly.

"It is very good, Ernest."

The tears started into Ernest's eyes.

"Thank you, old fellow! I'd give more for a word of praise from you than from any other artist in the world. I owe so much instruction to you, you know, Fleetwood."

"By-the-by, Ernest, do you see Cornelie?"

"Yes; I met her walking this morning with her great dog, Marquis. I—I don't think she is averse to me, Fleetwood."

"Ah!"

"She is so lovely, so sweet, so modest! Oh, but I should think the heavens had fallen upon my head, angels and all, if I could become her husband!"

Fleetwood surveyed his face of rapture.

"You think she loves you, Ernest?"

"A little," with an ingenuous blush. "But—but, Fleetwood, she is a good daughter; she would never marry against her father's wishes. The old man dotes on her, you know; she is his only child. If I earn her, she is, perhaps, mine. Not otherwise."

Fleetwood turned silently away.

For a week more he worked assiduously at his picture. He seemed to find relief from his mind's conflict in enriching and elaborating it.

Finally it was perfect. Another touch would mar.

He seated himself at a distance, and surveyed it. Yes, he had surpassed himself, and well he knew the secret of his success.

It was his love for Cornelie.

He turned the canvas with its face to the wall, and shut up his studio.

The day before the exhibition he went once more to Daisypaths.

Ernest greeted him with feverish earnestness.

"I want your final judgment, Fleetwood. I have been so wrapped up in this work, that I can form no idea of the final result."

Fleetwood gazed at the canvas with a sharp criticism. He saw a weakness here, a crudity there, as well as if he were not partial to the boy, had not toiled devotedly in his instruction.

Ernest, close at his side, watched him. He could hear the boy's heart beat. Fleetwood turned and looked into his beautiful, beseeching eyes.

"I like it, Ernest. It marks great improvement. But I do not like to see you so eager for its success with Dr. Armand. He may—is likely to prefer others—five other artists compete, you know."

Yet, his mind was made up. He would not bid against this young, ardent heart.

"But, if you like it, Fleetwood, I cannot help hoping; indeed, I cannot. I think so much of your criticism. If you had entered the lists, I should never have made an effort. You, of course, would have taken the prize. Ah, if you had loved Cornelie as I do, you would have danced with joy at such a chance!"

Fleetwood smiled sadly.

"When do you send your picture up, Ernest?"

"To-morrow. Dr. Armand's valet, Baptiste, was here to-day, and gave me notice. Wish me success, Fleetwood!"

"I do, my boy, with all my heart."

The two men shook hands.

Now that he had given up all ambition for himself, he was fervently desirous that Ernest should succeed. It seemed as if the boy had never been so dear to him.

He could not set himself to work on the following day, nor the next, nor the next. On the fourth morning there was a furious knocking at his bedroom-door. He unclosed it. Ernest burst in.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" he cried. "I am the victor! My picture has been chosen!"

"Heaven be thanked!" returned Fleetwood. "I could not have borne it if we *both* had lost."

Ernest did not heed.

"I am to have a thousand dollars, Fleetwood; and see here, Cornelie sent me this"—and he pulled a crushed rose from his breast. "Ah, the blessed little darling! she knew I would have courage *now* to come to Eightelms. Wish me joy!"

"Gladly, Ernest."

Ernest was wild with delight. Fleetwood watched him with a tender smile, that had in it something pathetic.

A broad and flower-strewn path had surely opened before the boy. He now commanded attention in the ranks of young artists; orders flowed in; he was liberally remunerated, and in a month he was engaged to Cornelie Armand.

By-and-by, in October, Fleetwood received an invitation to the wedding.

Then he turned his picture from the wall, looked at it fondly, and sent it to be richly framed.

There was some delay, but it was sent to Eightelms on the marriage evening.

The beautiful mansion was completed now, and the wedding-guests flitted from one marvelous room to another, lost in admiration.

Dr. Armand touched Fleetwood upon the arm, as he stood gazing upon Ernest's panel.

"My dear young friend, I thought you would paint that for me; I had secretly satisfied myself that you would do it. But it seems you did not care to make the attempt. Very pretty, isn't it? But do you know"—rubbing his hand through his silvered hair—"I selected it to a great extent on account of the subject. You recognize the offing?"

Fleetwood assented.

"The idea pleased me, you know," said Dr. Armand.

A servant came up and whispered in the old gentleman's ear. Fleetwood partly heard, and followed to a side-room, where attendants were busy unpacking something from a box which had just arrived. Dr. Armand caught a glimpse—flushed, paled, staid every hand.

"Wait; turn it to the wall until your mistress comes down. The bride must have the first sight of this. It is wonderful!"

Half an hour later the bridal party were in the room and the ceremony performed.

The enthusiastic old *connoisseur* interrupted the congratulations to say:

"Come with me, Cornelie. I have something to show you."

He led the way to the side-room, with his own hand lifted Fleetwood's picture upon a table, and rested it against the wall.

"Oh! the offing!" cried Cornelie. "See the sky, the light glinting upon the rocks, the sail flitting away in the purple mist! Oh, Ernest, dear! this is far, far lovelier than yours!"

And Fleetwood turned away satisfied.

He is the family friend to-day. Ernest's children climb upon his knees and love him; yet no one but the artist knows, to this hour, who painted the second picture of the offing—Cornelie's wedding-gift.

THE FREDERICK IV. FACADE, CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG.

THE side of the Castle of Heidelberg that faces the city was built toward the close of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Frederick IV. The gateway and staircase leading to the main terrace are very striking. The statues in the court of honor represent the Paladins and Emperors of Germany, Charlemagne, Rudolph, Louis IV., Rupert; Otho, King of Hungary; Christopher, King of Denmark; Frederick the Wise; Otho Henry, the Magnanimous; Frederick III., the Pious; Louis VI.; John Casimir, and Frederick IV. Some of the sculpture is remarkable, as well as the first row of columns.

All was executed in one year, by the architect Sebastian Goetz, a Swiss, with one single assistant sculptor. It was said that they received fifty florins a statue—a considerable price for those days.

In one part of the lower story of the castle there was evidently once a chapel, as the inscription over the door seems to indicate: "This is the gate of the Lord, wherein the just shall enter."

CATCHING STURGEON IN RUSSIA.

THE common sturgeon, stellated and bastard varieties, are caught in immense quantities in various parts of the Caspian, but especially in the estuaries of the Volga and Ural. The bastard sturgeon is about the size of the common sturgeon, the conformation of the body, as well as the taste of the flesh, resembling the latter fish, with this difference, however, that the flesh of the bastard sturgeon is a little coarser in taste, which is easily recognized. It is well known that the bastard sturgeon is a cross between the female som (great sturgeon) and the commen sturgeon, or the female stellated sturgeon.

One of the peculiarities of these fish is that they hibernate during Winter in holes in the beds of rivers and the natural hollows of the sea-bed near the coast. Here they assemble in immense shoals, and press closely together, as the Russians say, "like herrings in a barrel," and cover themselves all over with a kind of thick slime, which exudes from the body, and forms what the Ural Cossack fishermen call the shirt. The whole shoal then becomes benumbed, as it were, and immovable, and passes into a torpid state. The fish, however, can be roused; but it does not exhibit that energy which it displays in the Summer-time.

It has been noticed that the fish always choose the same places of refuge which they had formerly occupied. In the Summer-time the belouga becomes strong, and is actually dangerous for the fishermen, who not infrequently fall victims to its ferocity. It happens sometimes that when a belouga gets caught on the sharp, thick hooks of the submerged gear, especially at the period of the first movement of the fish, when the crowding and pressure of the shoal is exceedingly great, this monster of the deep will tear away the hooks and swallow them, without any apparent injury to itself, although it has been wounded all over with the sharp points of these weapons, and drag away with it the rope to which the other hooks are attached, together with as many as a thousand fishing-lines. It also happens that when the fisher rows out to try the lines, and finds an enormous belouga caught on the hooks, and is just about to secure the prize, the fish will start up all of a sudden, dart aside, and carry away with it the whole of the gear, as well as the man and boat, reminding one of whale-fishing on a small scale. The fisher keeps tight hold of the rope, for the gear is valuable, and so is the booty. The belouga drags the boat out into the open sea; the fisher gives him rope, and away he dashes with renewed energy; but these efforts are met with the dexterity and firmness of the fisherman. At last the fish becomes exhausted; the hooks sticking in the flesh occasion great pain from this darting furiously to and fro; then comes a dead stop. The fisherman draws the belouga alongside his boat, kills it by repeated blows on the head with a heavy truncheon, and then swaying or rocking the boat to and fro, by means of the waves occasioned by this movement washes the huge fish into the boat. This manœuvre requires great experience, a certain knack, and a good stock of confidence and courage; for it should be borne in mind that all this takes place in the open sea, far away from the shore, and frequently in a half-rotten boat.

The belouga feeds on all sorts of things; besides small fish, it readily swallows mussels and stones, snaps up wild ducks leisurely swimming on the top of the water, and not infrequently attacks seals. The fish seems endowed with a considerable share of intelligence, for, when it sees at the bottom anything that it thinks fit for food, and cannot conveniently seize it in the ordinary way, it beats about with its tail, causing a sort of current of water upward, which brings up the coveted morsel sufficiently high to enable the fish to get hold of it.

The common sturgeon and the stellated sturgeon are more lively than the belouga, and are pretty strong when resisting the efforts of the fisherman to secure them. The former fish reaches the weight of 3¾ hundredweight, the latter 1¾ hundredweight.

SHETLAND PONIES.

THE ponies are not an agricultural, but a domestic, necessity. In Shetland, as in parts of Ireland, every family depends for its supply of fuel on peat, and, as the peat is seldom found near at hand on the shore, where the houses stand, but on the hill behind them—there is always a hill in the rear in Shetland, every island consisting mainly of hill, with a patch or two of "smooth" land in a few snug nooks by the shore—and as it often is at a distance of several steep and stony miles, each house requires several ponies, the number depending on the distance and the character of the road. A family living "convenient" to the peat may require only two peat-carriers, and another family may require half a dozen.

The material, after it has been dug and dried in the usual manner, is carried home on the backs of the ponies in baskets called "cassies." It is obvious that the back, which has to perform this kind of service, should be broad and strong. The Shetland pony is a striking example of development; for generations past he has been bred and reared and trained with a uniformity which could not

have been secured in any other part of the United Kingdom. Hence his physique and general character, his hereditary instincts and intelligence, his small size, and his purity and fixity of type. A pony belonging to a breed which has had to pick its zigzag way down a steep declivity during the many generations must be sure-footed. By the same rule a pony whose grooms and playmates include a dozen juveniles—the children of the neighborhood, who roll about underneath him or upon his back—must be gentle; and the same pony, living on the scathold on air sometimes rather than on herbage, must be hardy.

The pony of the Shetland Isles is, in fact, the offspring of circumstances. He is the pet of the family, gentle as the Arab's steed under similar training. He will follow his friends indoors like a dog, and lick the platters or the children's faces. He has no more kick in him than a cat, and no more bite than a puppy. He is a noble example of the complete suppression of these vicious propensities that some of his kind exhibit when they are ill-treated, and of the intelligence and good temper that may be developed in horses by kindness. There is no precedent for his running away, nor for his becoming frightened or tired, even when he has carried some stout laird from Lerwick to his house, many Scotch miles across the hills. He moves down the rugged hillsides with admirable circumspection, loaded pannier-fashion with two heavy "cassies" of peat, picking his way step by step, sometimes sideways. In crossing boggy spots, where the water is retained, and a green carpet of aquatic grass might deceive some steeds and bring them headlong to grief in the spongy trap, he carefully smells the surface, and is thus enabled to circumvent the danger.

THE FAIRY REVEL.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 402.

In the Winter the Shetland pony wears a coat made of felted hair, and specially suited for the season. His thick Winter garment is well adapted for protecting him against the fogs and damps of the climate. It is exceedingly warm and comfortable, fits close to the wearer's dapper form, and is not bad-looking when new. But when the coat grows old toward Spring, at the season when the new one should appear, it becomes the shabbiest garment of the kind that you often see. Its very amplitude and the abundance of the material render it the more conspicuous, when it peels and hangs for a while ragged and worn out, and then falls bit by bit, till the whole of it disappears. No horse looks at his best when losing his old coat, and the more coat there may be to lose the worse he looks.

If you act with a view to praise only you deserve none.

THE UNSEALED LETTER.—"'IN THE COOL CONSERVATORY, TWO FIGURES STOOD BY A LITTLE SPLASHING FOUNTAIN.'" SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE FAIRY REVEL.

THROUGH the forest, by the river
Lo! the fairy torches quiver;
Oberon in state is sitting,
Darting fireflies round him flitting;
By his side
His fairy bride;
And the nightingale is singing;
And the lily-bells are ringing;
Fairy trumpets gayly pealing;
Fairy music softly stealing
Underneath the night-blue ceiling,
Patined with gold stars a-shining
Through the moss-set branches twining,
Leaf and stem with lamps aglow
That the glittering glow-worms show.
Acorn-cup with nectar filled,
Takes the Elf-king in his hand;
Greets he first his queen self-willed;
Greets he next the fairy band;
Drinks he, "To each mortal lover!"—
"Fairy subjects, prove your power;
Round the magic roses hover,
Lend enchantment to each flower;
Give the lover courage true,
That his heart no more despair;
Dry the maiden's eyes of blue,
Wrinkles smooth from foreheads fair.
Fairy subjects, prove your might
In the rare midsummer night."

THE UNSEALED LETTER.

"I AM bound by a promise to the dead!"

Evelyn White's face was very pale as she spoke these last words, but her tone proved that she would not be moved from the promise of which she spoke.

Gwynne Elliot made an impatient movement, and his voice was harsher than was justifiable in a lover, as he answered:

"It is folly—perfect folly! I have consulted Dr. Morrison, who assures me there would be no cruelty in putting Hannah in a good asylum."

"No cruelty!" Evelyn's voice broke now, and her soft blue eyes filled with tears. "How can he judge of the heart of that poor afflicted child? From the time I was ten years old, and Hannah six, she has been my constant charge. I have cared for her in every way, and no child ever gave a parent fonder love than she has given me."

"She will forget. An idiot's memory must be short."

"Hannah can scarcely be called an idiot, Gwynne. God has clouded her intellect, it is true, and denied her strong mental power; but her heart is untouched—warm, loving and tender. When my mother and father died, I promised each that I would never part from Hannah."

"But, Evelyn, darling," and Gwynne's voice was now loving and tender, "it is for yourself I am now pleading. In your quiet country home, away from all society, with your garden, your calm country walks, the sympathy of your neighbors, the care of your afflicted sister is an easy labor of love. It will be far different in the city, amid your cares and duties as the wife of a wealthy man. Society will have a claim upon you, and you will find it far from easy to spare time from Hannah. Trust me, dear, I am the best judge."

"Gwynne," Evelyn said, earnestly, "when you asked me to be your wife, three months ago, I told you I was not the woman you should have chosen. You are wealthy, talented, handsome, fond of society, and a favorite there. You see, Aunt Grace has spoken of you to me many times. I am poor, unused entirely to city life, and tied down by duties and promises to my parents."

"You wish to dismiss me?" cried her lover, hotly.

"I fear it must be so," was the sad, low answer.

"This is your constancy!"

"Nay, Gwynne; I told you from the first that any house of mine must also shelter my sister. You said then it should be as I wished."

"But she ties you hand and foot. I did not realize then what a slave you were to the girl."

"And now that you do realize it, you see I was right."

"Be it as you wish, then," was the angry reply. "I will leave Hope to-day, and trouble you no more."

"Gwynne, not in anger! Do not leave me in anger!"

But before the words were spoken, Gwynne was beyond the reach of the sweet voice, striding across the little garden, and upon the road, and soon out of sight of Evelyn's eyes, misty with fast-gathering tears.

This was the end; then she thought of her love-dream. She was very young, not twenty, and Gwynne had won her whole heart. He had come to Hope in the early Spring, to spend a few months with an old friend there, and his artist eye had soon singled out Evelyn in the little village church, as the loveliest girl he had ever gazed upon. Beauties, at home and abroad, he had seen by dozens, but this face was alone in its purity and sweetness. Not only in form and feature was the girl rarely beautiful, but she had the greater charm of expression.

Inquiry soon told the stranger Evelyn's simple history. She was the orphan daughter of the clergyman of Hope, who had died nearly two years before, following his wife to the grave after only a few weeks of separation.

He had saved enough to leave to his children the little cottage where they lived, and an income just sufficient, with economy, to feed and clothe them.

The younger sister, the gossips told Gwynne, was foolish, and Evelyn was her unwearied nurse and companion, for she was a poor, sickly thing—a great care and trouble.

"There is an old servant lives with them," was added; "but she only takes care of the house, and does the cooking. All the care of Hannah falls upon Evelyn."

It was easy enough, in the primitive little village, for Gwynne to meet Evelyn, and form her acquaintance. Every meeting added to his admiration. It was a rest to him to find such guileless, winning manners, such a gentle voice, such a pure mind, after his sojourn in cities for a life of nearly thirty years. There was a winning grace in the girl he had not expected to find.

It was evident that she had been most carefully educated, and her knowledge of languages and music was surprising, in her secluded life.

"All I know, papa and my mother taught me," she told Gwynne one day. "It is very little, but I keep up my study and music now, because I am often lonely."

Was it strange that the lonely heart should be quickly won by Gwynne's handsome face, and fiery, impetuous courting? To the simple girl he was a compound of every hero of whom she had heard or read; and apart from the glamour of her love and inexperience, he was a man it was no shame to love—a man of brilliant intellect, traveled, courtly and graceful, and one whose name stood high for moral as well as social position.

That he was hot-tempered, selfish and exacting, Evelyn discovered, without any diminution of her love. But she

gave her affections blindly, and not until her mother's sister came down, for a month of rest from city pleasures, did the girl read the secret of her own heart.

From Mrs. Maxwell she learned much of Gwynne's life; his popularity, his means and standing.

"And it is evident he loves you," Mrs. Maxwell said, on one occasion. "As his wife, you could have the position your mother sacrificed to become the wife of a country parson. I don't mean any disrespect to your father, Evelyn, for I both loved and honored him; but your grandfather was a statesman of world-wide fame, and it was rather a disappointment to him that my sister did not make a more brilliant match. You might be as much of a belle as she was, Evelyn, if you would listen to me."

"Leave Hannah?"

"Yes. Margaret could take care of her during the Winter, while you came to me."

"She is always sick in the Winter, Aunt Grace."

"I know it is of no use to urge you," answered the lady. "I have tried that too often; but I hope Gwynne Elliot will woo more successfully."

And in the Summer, after Aunt Grace had flitted Saratoga-ward, Gwynne told his love, and won Evelyn's heart. Humble and timid, the girl had scarcely dared to believe her own happiness, and had urged her own unworthiness upon her lover, only to be answered by caresses and protestations of undying love.

Not until he was an accepted suitor did Gwynne find himself often thrown into the society of his lady-love's feeble-minded sister. It required all his love for Evelyn, all his chivalry, all his patience, to endure the presence of the awkward, uncouth girl, whose very affection for his betrothed was repulsive to him. Day by day the idea of having his wife tied down by this heavy care grew more distasteful to him, till, finally, a consultation with the village doctor resulted in the conversation recorded.

Gwynne returned to town in hot anger, and Evelyn tried to crush down her heartache in new duties. The sudden rupture of her engagement would have probably been more bitter to her had she not anticipated it from the first. Her love was not selfish, and she knew well how trying all her sister's peculiarities must be to a stranger. A timid distrust of her own powers of retaining the love she had gained was also added, and it was with no feeling of surprise that she accepted the fact of Gwynne's faithlessness.

None the less, however, she missed the companionship that had been so dear to her; the devoted attentions, the tender care, which her Summer-day wooer had given her.

As the Autumn days grew colder, and exercise outdoors was less frequent, Evelyn found pressing upon her the duty which every succeeding Winter had rendered more onerous—that of nursing her sister in illness. The feeble mind of the poor girl was in as feeble a body, and cold weather invariably brought on a weakness of the lungs and throat, which required great care and patience in nursing. Unreasonably exacting in all her demands upon Evelyn, in health, she became still more so when ill. Like a peevish child, she had to be coaxed and petted into using remedies and precautions, and was cunning in evading the rules necessary for her own well-being. The task of the elder sister left her little time for idle repining, but the very soreness of her own heart added to her gentle patience.

As cold weather fairly set in, Hannah drooped more and more; the doctor began to look grave, and use more active treatment, and Evelyn found no rest by night or day. If the sick girl woke from sleep and missed her patient nurse, she would cry piteously, till Evelyn's soft hand caressed her; if pitying neighbors took the place of the weary watcher for a few hours, Hannah would sob and fret till her sister was again beside her.

It soon became evident to all around her that this Winter would end the sufferings of the feeble invalid, and release Evelyn from her long loving care. She herself was informed of Hannah's danger by the physician, and fervently thanked Heaven that she had not put away her charge to die in an asylum amongst strangers. She could meet her parents in another world conscious that, in spirit and letter, she had faithfully kept her promise.

As the end of life approached nearer and nearer, Hannah grew more patient and submissive, seeming, in a vague way, to understand that she was to see her parents again, though but dimly realizing the idea of death.

Carefully Evelyn kept from her all the earthly pains of leaving this world, trying to convey to her mind some idea of the glories beyond the grave. It comforted her own heart to endeavor to make the last days of her charge happy, in a higher sense than the mere childish amusements she had so often shared with her; and her reward at the last was, hearing from the pale, dying lips:

"If I see mother and father, Evelyn, I will tell them how good you were to me."

The end came in a peaceful sleep, and Evelyn was free.

It was not natural for her to sorrow for the feeble life she hoped was perfected in a higher world; yet, the house was lonely, the occupation of a lifetime taken from her, and she felt depressed and listless. It rested her to sit beside the pale, cold figure she had tended from childhood, and she spent much of her time before the funeral praying quietly for help and guidance in her future lonely life.

Even that comfort was taken away as she returned from the funeral, and went to her own room. The care of her servant had brightened and freshened it, and a cheerful coal-fire burned in the open grate. Sitting in the grateful warmth, there came into the girl's heart a feeling of hope and rest, to which it had been long a stranger. She thought of Gwynne, and wondered if he would return to her, now that the poor girl to whom her life had been devoted was taken from her care. She was not high-spirited, not proud, and in her humility had never resented her lover's desertion in a "proper spirit," feeling that it was natural he should object to sharing her painful charge, and accepting it as only a natural result that he should weary of the prospect.

But she loved him very deeply and tenderly, in the devoted, unselfish manner natural to some women—willing to give all, asking little in return. Musing in the firelight, the memory of her lover was very vivid in her mind, and she knew if he returned to her she would give him a cordial welcome.

Her reverie was broken by the entrance of a neighbor.

"I can't stop a minute," said the intruder. "Joe found two letters in the post-office for you, and I am over to give them to you. I'll come in again, by-and-by, but I'm in the midst of a baking."

Two letters! Evelyn looked eagerly at the envelopes. One from her Aunt Grace, and the other—how her heart bounded!—the other was from Gwynne. She well knew the bold handwriting, for her name was inscribed in many of her books in the same characters. He loved her still!

With a childish idea of deferring a great pleasure, Evelyn opened her aunt's letter first, finding within a warm invitation to make her home with her for the future—urging her to sell the house in Hope, and at once accept her aunt's offer of a home.

The second letter was opened carefully. Inside, a smaller envelope, directed in a delicate hand, contained

A JOURNEY THROUGH THE DISMAL SWAMP.— A VIEW ON THE CANAL.— SEE PAGE 407.

DISMAL SWAMP ARCHITECTURE.

two cards fastened together with a tiny white satin bow. One bore the name of Gwynne Elliot, the other that of Miss Helen Dearborn.

As their full significance—the declaration of a wedding—fell upon Evelyn's heart, they slipped from her nerveless fingers, and she fell from her chair, unconscious.

* * * * * *

Gwynne Elliot, leaving Hope in his first burst of unreasonable anger, found awaiting him in his boarding-house a note of invitation from his college chum and warm friend, Ray Dearborn, begging him to come to Dearborn for October shooting.

Glad of any occupation to aid him in forgetting Evelyn, he hastily scrawled an acceptance, and in due time presented himself at Dearborn.

It had been one of the enigmas of society for the past five years that Gwynne Elliot and Helen Dearborn had not "made a match." "Where," Mrs. Grundy inquired, "could you find a couple so admirably suited to each other? Family, wealth, education—suitable in all points; the intimacy of the brother throwing the sister frequently into the society of the friend, and the lady 'fancy free.'" They were kind enough to give color to the reports of Mrs. Grundy, by a sort of mild flirtation, spasmodic and irregular—never very violent, never quarrelsome.

In her heart of hearts, Helen Dearborn had appropriated Gwynne Elliot entirely. It was but an affair of time, she argued to herself—a reluctance to relinquish bachelor freedom, and submit to the restraints of matrimony. The idea of a rival never occurred to the lady, and she looked forward to a month's visit as certainly destined to end this prolonged and cool courtship.

"Yes," she said, as she arranged her dress for dinner, on the day of Gwynne's arrival, "it is quite time Gwynne and I came to an understanding. I am twenty-five, he is thirty. Surely, if we do not know our own minds now, we never will. We must go to Europe in the Spring."

And so on, through a long castle-building, as the white, jeweled hands added dainty touches to her rich dress.

Involuntarily, as Gwynne bent with courtly compliment to this glowing beauty, there rose before him Evelyn's pure pale face, and deep mourning dress. A greater contrast could scarcely be found than the tall, Juno-like woman, whose dress was of the richest description.

With an impatient, petulant anger against the fair woman whose heart he had won—who, he angrily argued, loved an idiot better than himself, Gwynne paid more attention than ever to Helen Dearborn, letting week glide into week, and still remaining Ray's guest. But in his heart was a sore void, an aching unrest, a longing for the gentle girl he had deserted.

In Helen's most winning moods, when she was most fascinating in her rich, warm beauty, Gwynne would find his thoughts straying to Evelyn's soft blue eyes and golden curls. When Helen's voice rang out in song, wonderful in compass, brilliant in elaborate execution of musical difficulties, there fell upon Gwynne's ears the echo of some simple ballad he had heard Evelyn sing, in her pure, clear voice.

The longing for reconciliation grew stronger as Helen impatiently exerted every art and fascination to hasten the expected declaration. In absence, the selfishness of his love became very apparent to his heart, and plans for arranging for Hannah's presence in his future home grew feasible, and even desirable.

"I will write to my darling, and ask her to forgive me,"

be determined, one snowy morning in December. "If she will allow it, I will spend Christmas in Hope, at her feet."

The pen once upon the paper, the letter lengthened itself into a most tender, loving epistle, craving forgiveness for his hasty departure, and promises of loving care for Hannah. "Write me but one line, Evelyn," he pleaded, "and I will be in Hope by the next train. If I do not hear from you, I shall know I have offended beyond pardon."

The letter was directed and sealed, just as Ray Dearborn rushed into the room, to find a companion for a sleigh-ride.

"A letter!" he cried. "John is just going to the office. Shall I take this down while you get ready for the ride?"

"Thanks!" said Gwynne, and Ray ran down-stairs.

Helen was alone in the drawing-room as he came in.

"Where is John?"

"Just gone."

"Provoking! Gwynne wants this letter posted, and we are going in a different direction."

"Leave it here, and I will send John back when he returns. There is plenty of time before the mail closes."

Ray tossed the letter upon the table, and returned to his friend.

It was nearly an hour later, when, looking up from her embroidery, Helen saw John coming up the walk, and remembered the letter. She took it up carelessly, and looked at the direction. In an instant the blood receded from her face, and her whole frame grew rigid. Miss Evelyn White! The name was new to her; but the fact of Gwynne being in correspondence with any lady roused every jealous throb of her heart.

With every sense sharpened by suspicion, Helen read Gwynne's recent conduct in a new light.

She recalled his fits of abstraction, his forced gayety, his alternations of devotion and coldness toward herself. As she turned the letter angrily in her hands, the hastily closed envelope opened. She would never have broken the seal, but the imperfect closing gave her the letter open to inspection. The temptation was too strong for a jealous woman to resist, and in a few moments more Gwynne's penitence and love were scanned by eyes flashing with the most revengeful and bitter feelings. It was so full of confession, that Helen needed no further key to the whole story, and in a moment her resolve was taken. Never should this girl have the power to recall Gwynne to her side; the quarrel must be final. Once the lover persuaded that his pleas were despised, his love rejected, Helen felt assured his heart would return to what she persuaded herself was his first allegiance.

But how to effect this! Should she hold the letter back entirely, the girl herself might write. There was not much time for reflection, but a sudden inspiration flashed across Helen's mind. Hastily taking one of Gwynne's cards from the basket before her, the girl tied it with white ribbon to one of her own, put both in a snowy envelope, directed it, and put it into Gwynne's envelope. In five minutes more the missive was on its way to the post-office, securely sealed, and the letter that would have made Evelyn happy was a smoldering pile of ashes.

* * * * * * *

"At last!" Mrs. Maxwell cried, as she came into a brightly lighted room, where a young girl was laughingly challenging inspection, as she stood before a long mirror. "At last you are mine, Evelyn! Do you realize how I missed you? How angry I was when you accepted your uncle's invitation to spend a year in Europe?"

"It was best, Aunt Grace. I was not very good company last year, I assure you, and I really needed some change for health's sake. Besides, you see, I have a Parisian dress for your party to-night."

"Oh, I forgive you! Do you know how you have altered? I never dreamed your pale, Madonna-like face could brighten into such beauty; and blondes are in fashion, too. Your dress is exquisite. I especially admire white lace over rose-colored silk, and those flowers fairly bloom. I wonder if Gwynne Elliot will know you?"

"Gwynne Elliot! I thought he was in Germany?"

"Just returned."

"Is Mrs. Elliot with him?"

"Never heard of such an individual."

"He sent me his wedding-cards two years ago."

"Gwynne Elliot's wedding-cards! You must have dreamed it."

"I will show them to you."

Mrs. Maxwell may be excused for a very eager curiosity, as she opened the double envelope Evelyn placed in her hand.

"Gwynne's handwriting, surely," she said, closely examining the envelope, "and—Miss Helen Dearborn! The mystery deepens. Miss Dearborn is Miss Dearborn still, to my certain knowledge. She will be here to-night. You may flirt with Ray, her brother, Evelyn. He is a great favorite of mine, though I never admired his sister."

"But, Aunt Grace, there must have been something to prevent the marriage. Surely, Gwynne would never have sent me those cards if he had not been engaged to the lady."

"It is very odd. I never heard of an engagement. But we have no time, now, for further speculation. Come."

Just two hours later, in the cool conservatory, two figures stood by a little splashing fountain. One, bearded and bronzed by travel, and a softened gravity upon his face; the other, radiantly lovely, with an easy grace of manner replacing the old timidity.

"Believe me," Gwynne was saying, earnestly, "I never saw the cards your aunt tells me about. I wrote to you from Dearborn, telling you my deep regret for our estrangement, and when no answer came to my appeal, I left my country, to try to forget my pain in travel. I wanted to forget you, Evelyn—to tear your memory from my heart and life, but I could not. I love you, as I never loved you in the past—with a deeper, truer love, that will never again find fault with you for a noble self-sacrifice, and devotion to duty. Come to my home, Evelyn; be my wife, and Hannah will never find me anything but a kind and patient brother."

The low, sweet voice he loved answered him:

"In the past, Gwynne, I doubted my power to make you happy; but since your love is unaltered, why should I doubt the strength of my own? Hannah died two years ago, but I shall never forget your willingness to accept her for a sister."

Helen Dearborn never knew how much Gwynne knew or suspected of her treachery. She attended the wedding, offered her smiling congratulations, and attends Mrs. Gwynne Elliot's receptions and parties, as one of her "dearest five hundred friends."

As we stand by the seashore and watch the huge waves come in, we retreat, thinking we will be overwhelmed; soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of trouble in the world; they threaten us, but a firm resistance makes them break at our feet.

THROUGH THE DISMAL SWAMP.

By Alfred Trumble.

No one but a blind man would have passed such a figure by without a second glance, at least. A herculean negro, as black as the Guinea coast ever turned out, with a chest as deep as the great Chinese Wall, and his arms knotted with muscles like the ridges in a wind-warped oak, he stood, balanced on two feet incased in colossal brogans, reddened with long use, bargaining for one of those chignons of curled hair, such as mattresses are stuffed with, which are retailed in every shop in Norfolk for the benefit of the daughters of Ham with a turn for personal adornment. A new shirt of red-striped calico, "butternut" pantaloons, and a straw hat with a brim thirty-six inches wide, comprised his costume. He carried a woodknife a foot long, thrust through a strip of gaudy muslin bound about his waist like a sash, with its blade, worn narrow and thin by repeated grindings, glittering in the sunlight. From the neck of a bag slung over his shoulder protruded the handle of a violin. On the pavement between his legs, a basket of plaited reeds was filled with bundles of bark and dried herbs; and whenever any one passed, he shot a swift glance at it, to assure himself that it was safe.

The old darkey who was slopping the pavement of the next store clean, at the expense of every pedestrian's footgear, grinned while I stood staring at this uncouth savage.

"Dey's funny folkses, dem swampers—ain't dey, sah?" he said.

"What's a 'swamper?'" I asked.

"De folkses dat cuts shingles in de big swamp, sah. He'm one ob dem. He'm gwine to git married, sah, an' come to No'folk foh to git de tings to gib his bride."

I had it now. Instead of sweltering and meditating suicide in Norfolk, during the two dull days before my steamer sailed, I would visit the "swamper" in his boggy home, and exchange the hot gas of my dismal hotel room for the firefly lamp Moore's maniac-hero navigated his erratic course by.

It is a matter of no particular difficulty to traverse the great Dismal Swamp nowadays; and to traverse it with little less discomfort, too, than one experiences in a trip to—let us say Coney Island.

The Dismal Swamp Canal makes a long waterway from the west branch of the Elizabeth River to Suffolk, and the boats of the "Lake Drummond Steam Navigation Company" stir its dark waters daily with their paddles. The afternoon sun was still baking the hot pavements of the city when I puffed my cigar in the shadow of the wheelhouse of the steamer *Drummond*. That model of a certain class of marine architecture belonged to the genus familiar in the early days of Red River navigation as the "wheelbarrow" or "kick-behind." Built to accommodate a maximum of bulky freight, in the way of shingles and barrel-staves, and a minimum of passengers, the *Drummond* possessed an open lower deck, surmounted by one on which the wheelhouse and a cabin with a couple of staterooms, the whole not much bigger or very different in shape from half a dozen good-sized packing-cases set up in a row, were perched. Her engine was of the high-pressure order, with a cough like an asthmatic mastodon, and a vigor of movement which caused every timber to creak and every plank to groan whenever the piston found its way home, with a sullen clank, and the wheel beat the water with angry blows.

In the silence of the evening, when we had entered the swamp, the echoes of these noises in the lonely wilderness that hemmed us in went abroad dolefully, like the complainings of tormented spectres. One scarcely needed to be an Irishman to fancy the "banshee" was on the wing. In fact, I, who have not the honor of being a countryman of Burke and Curran, consider myself an authority on "banshees" since that time.

After Norfolk drops out of sight astern, the steamer makes a short run through a country with a neglected aspect, which belies the fertility of truck farms, supposed to supply the Northern markets with some of the best of their early vegetables, and drifts into a smaller stream, the Pasquatonk. The scenery is essentially Southern. Dense thickets of water-brush hem the channel in, and overgrow muddy islets, which split it into smaller passages. The trees upon the banks are bearded with long gray moss. The few habitations one meets are ramshackle shanties, which a single gust of Winter wind would blow to fragments. On the drifting logs terrapin repose, and dry their muddy backs in the warm breeze. Odd waterfowl break from their reedy coverts and take wing in lazy flights, uttering harsh, dolorous cries. The sluggish flood, deep-gray with the mud it carries in solution, heaves in long rolls, like a river of oil, under the flagellation of the paddles, and vanishes in the sedge and reeds of the bank with a swift, whispering rush. The only sharp ripple one ever sees on its surface is when a school of fish breaks, and makes a miniature whirlpool in its scattering rush.

Now and then a dog rushes from a hut, barking furiously, or some pickaninnies stop rolling in the dirt among the pigs and chickens, to hail the steamer with shrill shouts. The crack of a gun from the brush, together with the flocks of little black spots fluttering in the evening sky, tell that the reed-birds have commenced their flight southward.

The only sign of life we encountered on the water was a battered skiff, in which a fisherman was sleeping, with one arm lovingly encircling an earthen jug, while half a dozen lines, fastened to the boat's sides, angled on their own account.

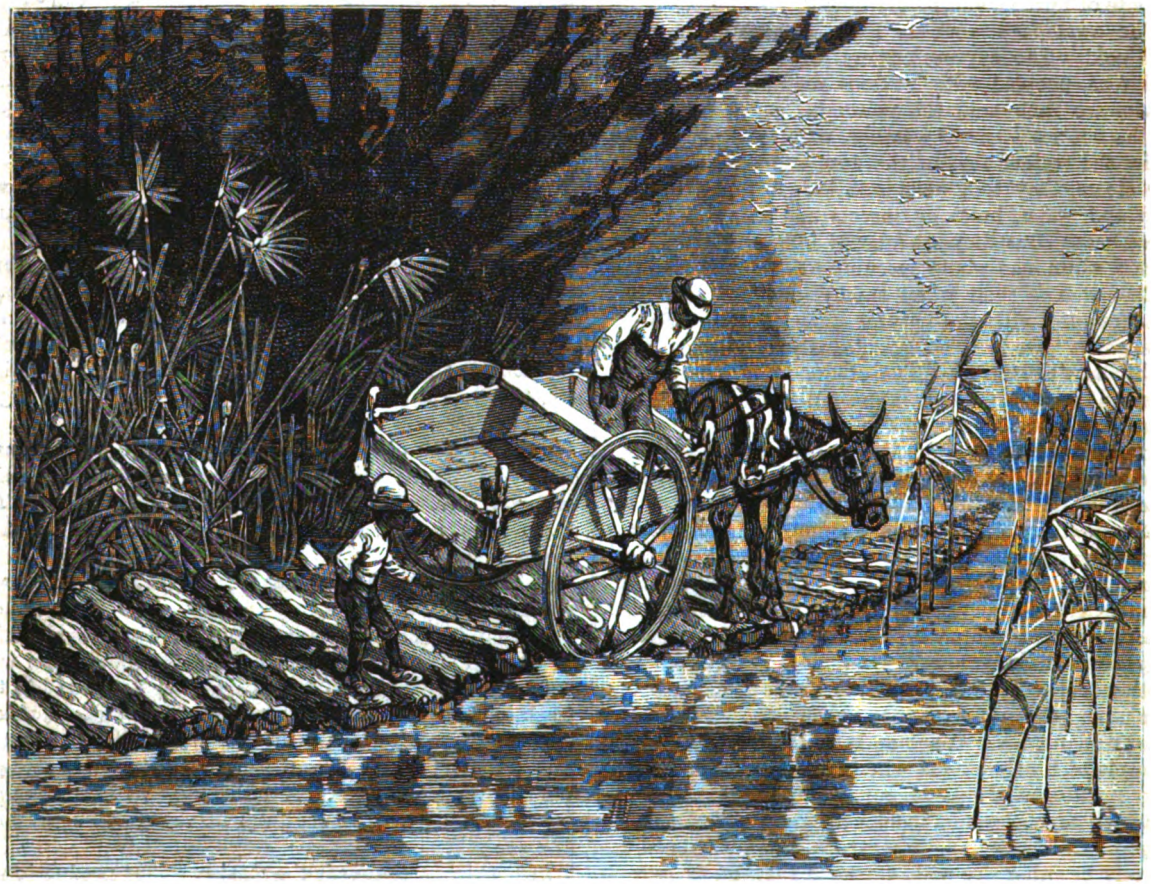
At the entrance to the canal are a few houses, one of which, of course, is a grocery and barroom. They are curious combinations of logs and planks, with windows which look as if they had been blown into them at random with cannon-shots. You would scarcely know you had left the creek for the canal, were it not for the bulkhead of logs packed with earth which makes the banks at the entrance. Along the bulkhead barges loaded with cypress shingles and staves were moored. A raft of cypress logs was waiting for the morning to continue its voyage to some Norfolk sawmill.

This cypress timber is the most precious production of the Dismal Swamp. It is cut and made into staves and shingles on the spot, which are shipped to Norfolk, whence they are disseminated all over the country to roof houses, or loaded into big schooners, which carry them to the West Indian plantation, where they are made into casks for sugar and rum. A peculiarity of the cypress wood is its longevity. Logs of it are found buried deep in the mold of the swamp, preserved perfectly by the dampness, and cut into as good barrel material as the best seasoned produce of the surface.

The navigation of the canal is not performed entirely by steam. There are swamp boats, rude barges with square ends, with cabins formed by stretching discarded sail-canvas over ribs of pole. Under these shelters, with a musquito-bar curtaining each end, the swampers sleep. These boats are navigated on a primitive plan. A long pole is made fast to each end, and two men tramp along the towpath, bearing forward on them, and moving the

barge over the dead tide with scarcely a ripple. The tow-path, as far as these human users of it are concerned, consists of logs laid along the very brink of the canal, and kept in position by pegs driven deep in the soil. The wood-barges are towed by mules, and these trample along a narrow path inside the log walk, which their feet transform into a channel of knee-deep mire.

Tributary ditches debouch into the main canal, and down all of these the ligneous wealth of the swamp finds its way to the common markets. But there are landways as well as water ones. Now and then one comes on mountainous walls of shingles and staves, awaiting embarkation, and the path by which they have come, in carts of rough-hewn timbers, held together with wooden pins, is a road of logs—a corduroy walled in with tall reeds and dense brush, alive with birds, and worse.



A HIGHWAY IN THE DISMAL SWAMP.

For, if there is any phase of insect life the Dismal Swamp does not produce, I would like to be introduced to it. Musquitoes breed by the million in every pool and ditch. Gnats blow in clouds in the light wind, and sand-flies, with stings like poisoned barbs, hover in swarms about anything biteable. The big blow-fly, and the little black-fly, whose bite is like the stab of a red-hot dagger, and draws blood in a big red bead, abound. The negroes don't seem to mind them, but they drive cattle so frantic that they sometimes plunge headlong into the canal to rid themselves of the pests. Great bloated spiders, with horny claws and hairy bodies, make nests of web in the brush, and stretch filmy ropes across every opening, from which they dangle, like so many candidates for a circus engagement. The cicada rends the air with its shrill note, and swarms of little black crickets make a vigorous chirping. As for bugs, it would be easier to note those which the swamp does not possess, and I can recall none.

The canal proper is from six to ten feet deep. It is fed by the waters of Lake Drummond, and by any number of streams, which cut up the swamp, in whose mysterious pools and springs they take their rise. Its banks are walled with logs, and kept in tolerable repair by the transportation tolls, which amount to some $25,000 a year. Now and then the steamers create a wash-out, but their speed is limited to about four miles an hour, and the water is so heavy with sediment that it scarcely ripples under the paddles. Nevertheless, it is excellent drinking, sweet, and, as those who use it—always with a strong admixture of whisky, to be sure—declare, wholesome. Some of the creeks emptying into the canal, strangely enough, have a flow, dark, it is true, from the vegetable matter which covers their beds, but clear and cold as the gush from a Catskill spring.

There is no misnomer in the category greater than the one conveyed by the title of the Dismal Swamp. Even at night, when the red moon rises lazily behind the ragged palisades of verdure and turns the waters into streams of deep, dark blood, there is nothing more dismal about it than about a journey up our own Hudson at the same ghostly hour. The barricades of cypress, juniper, gum and cedar, with a towering oak or a graceful, white-barked birch, or a stately beech, to relieve the monotony of their formal masses, form wonderfully beautiful blocks of light and shadow against the still sky. When the moon rides high, it fills the air with a perfect sheen of light. Then the canal gleams like a huge bar of silver, and the wastes of reed-grown marsh present a level like a dancing-floor.

The air is full of the chirrup of insects, and the soft singing of the night wind. The coughing of the steamer awakes fantastic echoes, and the bittern and the loon protest, as they flap their disturbed flight, in a deep drumming or a weird "Ba-ba-ba!" Red fires gleam in front of the "lean-to's," where the shingle-shavers work and sleep; and the music of the swamper's fiddle rings far out upon the stillness.

There are any number of settlements in the swamp, where the woodsmen and their wives and families are born, reared and die. Most of the denizens of the district are negroes. On the higher grounds, of which there are great stretches, they have cultivated farms on which they raise such produce as they require for subsistence. The thinning-out which half a century of timber-cutting has resulted in, has peppered the Dismal Swamp with fertile spots which man has made the site of humble and happy homes.

The swamper's work is hard, and by no means well paid. The cypress cutters, especially, labor in foul fens, peopled with noxious reptiles, and whose waters are rank with the poisonous germs of fever. In the hot midsummer weather, when the fens cook under the vertical rays of the sun, and send up fogs like steam, they toil, waist and even breast deep in mud and water, beset by insects and baked by the fierce heat. But they are a hardy folk, and thrive on work a white man would succumb to.

The ague is their worst enemy, and it they fight and conquer with the natural remedies the wilderness which breeds it so bounteously supplies. The swamp is a perfect magazine of medicinal barks and roots and herbs. In the cabins the swamper's stock of native remedies hang in festoons from the smoke-blackened rafters, and he ekes out the little money he earns by the sale of stores of them when he goes to town on his rare purchasing tours.

The swamper who works steadily earns, perhaps, twenty-five dollars a month. But few of them labor more than a couple of days a week. The stave and shingle makers get about the same pay, and their rations. When they get tired of working at one place, they embark on the first boat, and voyage off to another, certain of a living wherever they go.

In the fastnesses of the swamp the tanglefoot whisky its denizens consume is distilled. There are a couple of lonely cabins where the dreaded Voudoo man or woman dwell in sombre communion with their evil counselors. The superstitions of the Dismal Swamp are fierce and barbarous ones. It could scarcely be otherwise with a people that rarely move among other men, or the dwellings of men, and who number among them the descendants of many a runaway slave, hound-hunted into fens, where he lived like a beast for years, scarcely less savage than the things he killed and fed on. Still, the negroes have exhorters among them, and revivals of the true shouting type occur.

Winter in the swamp is a period of frost, of flurries of snow and bitter winds. The rain falls then in bitter showers, and people huddle indoors over their red fires of resinous wood, whose heat singes the skin and dries the framework of the cabins to tinder. Corn-cakes and bacon are rich fare then. The game of earlier seasons has long since departed for a more comfortable clime. Still, there are 'possum to be hunted, and these events keep the swamper's blood warm, like his work in the Winter woods, when the tooth of his ax gnaws into the giant stems with a

VIEW OF LAKE DRUMMOND IN DISMAL SWAMP.

sharp ring, like a steel bell. In one sense the Winter season is the better one for him, for the sodden ground grows firm with the frost, and the black pools are sheeted in ice, so that he works dry, at any rate, while his exercise keeps him warm.

It is not much wonder, then, that the brawny axman whom we found squatting on a heap of staves at a landing where we had to put a cask of biscuit ashore, remarked, as he wiped the perspiration from his black brow:

"Hot, massa! You bet! But, bress God, hit'll be freezin' time 'fore we 's much grayer."

The freight of the steamer going up consisted of supplies for the swamp stores, and of tools. The bulk of the supplies seemed to be plug tobacco, hard bread, and a little drygoods and wearing apparel of the commonest sort. There were some mules, too. These and the deckhands shared the boiler deck with, of all things in the world, an organ-grinder.

He was an Italian, and he hailed from New York. He made these trips every year, and made a good living and a few dollars to spare at them. He was going to diffuse melody at a couple of swamp settlements on his vagabond way to Suffolk, and thence to Weldon and the interior of North Carolina. By the red glare of the furnace-fire he ground out familiar street tunes, to which the negroes danced till the deck threatened to give way. His passage, far from costing him anything, was a source of profit to him; for the deckmen and darkey passengers kept paying half a dime a shot for the privilege of grinding a tune out of his instrument, till he became uneasy for the integrity of its machinery, and refused to rent it any further.

There were no cabin passengers save myself, a white man who was going up to Lake Drummond to superintend some cutting of ship-timber, and an old lady, the mother of a shingle contractor. She was a charming, motherly old lady, with a benign, handsome face, and silvery white hair. Her attire was as precise and pure as a Quakeress's. She spoke in a low, sweet voice, and if her English was not as immaculate as her make-up, her sentiments were, at least, faultless. It rather destroyed the illusion to see her deal our dusky cabin-boy a cuff that knocked him overboard like a stone, because he trod on her corns; and to note, through the white curtain of her stateroom window, the practiced facility with which she adjusted her nightcap out of a suspicious-looking black bottle, without the formality of a glass. But the climax was reached when we entered Lake Drummond with the morning sunburst, and I saw her lean out over the half-door of her room and send a stream of brown fluid pattering into the water. I didn't make an advance to my tobacco-pouch again for an hour.

The canal enters Lake Drummond by a channel which has ceased to be a canal, and becomes a broad, shallow stream. On the one side the marsh stretched away in mud flats clad in reeds and brush, with bare patches in which herons balanced themselves on one leg and stalked about grubbing a breakfast from the mire; on the other, a ragged grove of cypresses straggled like dissipated sentries, their branches loaded with deep fringes of trailing moss. There was a hawk's nest in the top of one, and a mother-hawk tended her brood with the querulous, plaintive cries of her species. Buzzards roosted on the bare, dead limbs; fishhawks and gulls skimmed the level flood. The blackened roots of the cypresses reached out in the lake like talons trying to seize us as we paddled past. On one of them a gaunt brute of a wild dog barked at us. How he got there, unless he swam from the only spot of *terra firma*, half a mile away, is a mystery.

Lake Drummond is six miles long and three wide. Its depth in places is considerable, but it is impeded by sunken logs, that make navigation outside the regular channel intricate and dangerous. It is about twenty-one feet above tide water, and so sends a steady flood down through the canal. It is girdled by timber trees, and there are some swamp settlements on its borders.

It was at one of these the *Drummond* concluded its voyage, and tied up to load for the return. Thousands upon thousands of shingles and staves were heaped on the shore. In a long shed a dozen men were at work with drawing-knives shaving shingles. The trees are sawed into lengths for this purpose, and the lengths are split into sections. These pass from the axman to the shaver, for smoothing. Carts came in from the back settlements loaded with rough shingles constantly. Each arrival was the signal for a drink at the cabin, which answered for a grocery and settlement together. The men in the shed would file solemnly out, absorb their allowance from a tin cup, and return gravely to work again. No one seemed to pay; but to judge from a complicated system of crosses, dashes and other hieroglyphics, which covered every available part of the grocery walls, the proprietor had a system of accounts peculiarly his own.

This place was a post-office. It had received seven letters since Christmas, and six of them were for the proprietor. The postal facilities consisted of a cedar box nailed to the wall, and marked, "Post-office," with a red-hot poker. Opposite the "post-office" was a great, yawning fireplace, with a crane, to which a black pot dangled over a smoldering fire. A dirty youngster was baking some objects in the ashes, which he called "snaps," and which proved to be white potatoes. A ladder, consisting of a log with notches cut in it for footholds, led to the loft overhead, where all hands connected with the place slept.

I was informed that in order to reach Suffolk from here, I would have to hire a barge, and approached the groceryman for that purpose. He was a tall, lank person, with eyes like a dead fish's, and the complexion of an embalmed corpse. Our conversation was characteristic, if not brilliant.

"I want to go to Suffolk," I observed.

"Yes, sah," was the reply, delivered after the speaker had emptied nearly a pint of tobacco-juice upon a mangy kitten asleep on an empty candle-box.

"The captain tells me you can let me have a boat."

"Yes, sah."

"Have you got one to spare now?"

"Yes, sah."

"And how much will you want for it?"

It required five minutes for him to brace himself to such a task as an original answer. Then he said, slowly, and with the weariness of an overtasked man:

"Two dollars, sah."

He was so overcome by this effort, that he had to take a drink, which he drew through a spigot from a cask, into a rusty tin cup. He took the first of the two silver dollars I laid on the counter, and put it slowly in his right-hand pocket. The second he deposited in his left. Then he sat down on the cask, and drawled:

"Ezek! You, Ezek!"

The urchin in the fireplace was so busy devouring one of his potatoes, that he could not answer. The call was not repeated for several minutes, when he bolted the last fragment of cinderous skin, and replied:

"Yes, pop."

"Pop" woke from a reverie at this interruption of the silence, and repeated:

"You, Ezek!"

"Yes, pop."

"Where's Zeb?"

"I dunno, pop."

The entrance of Zeb, in the person of a stalwart, jolly negro, shining with perspiration as if he had just been oiled, spared further conversational exercise.

Zeb was quite ready to go to Suffolk—so to Suffolk we went, without more than an hour's delay, occasioned by the mislaying of the barge's poles. There were any number of other poles around, but the missing ones had to be recovered.

"She'm a mighty funny boat, sah," Zeb explained. "Hit am a job, sah, to take keer ob her, I kin tell you, now."

The navigation from the lake to Suffolk is very different from that on the Norfolk branch. The canal now is a mere sluggish ditch, scarcely wide enough to permit the passage of two of the wood-barges abreast. The timber and shingles come down it, and are landed at the lake for shipment in the steamboats. Man here takes the place of machinery, and the pole supplants the paddle. There were several laden boats at the canal's mouth, and most of the boatmen were asleep on top of their cargoes. We got off without any particular notice. The people of the steamer were busy with their own affairs, and the groceryman was probably asleep on the cask. Ezek, however, strolled down to the bank, a miniature of his papa, munching another potato, and staring after us with uninterested eyes. There was something so extraordinary to me in this apathy, accustomed as I was to the sensation a stranger creates in much more extensive communities, that I remarked on it to Zeb.

"Hit's de shakes, sah," he said. "I nebber see dem so wuss. All de folkses got 'em; eben my dog, Stump."

"Do you mean to say dogs get the ague?" I asked.

"Yes, sah. An' pigs, sah, and women, sah, and babies. I eben see a mule hab it once, and Lawd! how he done shake, too, sah."

Our boat was an ordinary wood-barge. I occupied a broad thwart amidships. Zeb stood on the bow, perilously balanced on the gunwale, and manipulating a long pole. His fellow-boatman, whom he called Sime, did similar duty astern. They poled on opposite shores, and when one got tired of bearing down to starboard, he transferred himself to the port side, and the other assumed the opposite one. They poled steadily, with a regular muscular movement, beautiful to watch, and sang snatches of songs in rude sympathy of voice. Some of the words of these melodies were striking in their rude picturesqueness. There was one in particular that seemed to me to be impregnated with the very spirit of the surroundings, and I made a memorandum of it. Chanted to a monotonous air, like the dull melody of an Indian song, it began:

"Ho! ho! ho! de loon him sing; wunk! wunk! de frog him say;
A-wee-wee-wee! de chicken-hawk cry, all in de break ob day.
Den heah we go, an' dere we go, an' doan't we nebber stay,
Foh ole Horny wake when de Lohd he sleep, and dere's de debble to pay.
Ki you, Kimo, whar you wander, wander by de lone lake shore?
Heah de night wind call you, Kimo, heah de hoak-tree roar;
Doan' you sleep, ole Horny ketch you, ketch you wid him tail, you know;
Den you squawk and holler, Kimo, ho! ho! 'ow you feel den, bo'?"

This chant lasted for an hour, and would probably have kept up longer, if Sime had not found a soft place in the bottom, into which his pole sank so deeply that he lost his balance and tumbled overboard. The pole stuck quivering in the mud, and he clung to it until the barge got back to him and took him on board. Then some laden boats passed us, and the journey assumed a livelier aspect, which made its next loneliness all the more marked.

The canal was bordered by a rank forest growth, between whose edge and the water was a belt of brush and reeds. Monotonous and unbroken as a wall, the forest stretched ahead on either hand, the canal itself making a straight line between it, till it vanished in the distance. There were no signs of human life visible along it, either. The loggers' camps were all in the interior, the timber along the canal having been exhausted many a year ago.

In saying this much, the physical features of the voyage are described. It would take many a page to recount the boatmen's legends of the swamp, their weird stories of its refugees in the slavery days, their quaint comments on its habits and its people. Some day I may be able to recall them. It is sufficient for the present that I have sketched, in outline, a very pleasant two days of vagabondage, rescued from a dull forty-eight hours at a fly-haunted hotel.

I reached Suffolk in time to get a good night's rest before the train rushed me into Portsmouth, over the Seaboard and Roanoke Road. And I was long enough in Norfolk after that to wish my experience among the swampers had been a longer one, and that I had seen more of the eight hundred square miles of wilderness through which I had taken flight, like one of its own birds.

A DOG REPROACHED FOR HIS CRUELTY BY A NIGHTINGALE.

A GENTLEMAN went some time ago to the house of a Mr. Webb, a large sheep-farmer at Babraham, in Cambridgeshire, England, and while they were at dinner he heard the "jug, jug" of a nightingale close outside the window.

On asking about it, the answer was, "Poor thing, she is only taunting the house-dog." A nightingale taunting a house-dog! What could that mean?

It seems that the large dog, a species of Newfoundland, had followed his master down the drive, past a laurel-bush, where the nightingale had built its nest. He discovered and snapped at it, and, just missing the old bird as she flew off, devoured all the young ones. I am glad he was not my dog, for, although it was his nature, and Pilot is a very faithful animal, I do not think I could ever have liked him again.

From that moment the bird never left the dog. She followed him when he walked, continually sitting either upon his kennel-top or on a bush hard by, asking for her young ones. Actually, if Pilot followed his master into the house, the bird, usually so shy and timid in its nature, would accompany him to the very doorstep, and wait till he came out again—just like an avenging spirit.

The sympathy of the family at Babraham was greatly excited by the sorrow of the poor mother, who mourned for her children—a bird Rachel, who "would not be comforted, because they were not!"—and they would have rejoiced most heartily if they could have replaced the nest and the little ones. Their surprise was great that the poor bird could keep up its mournful song so long—so long as Pilot was in sight she continued upbraiding him night and day.

Sometimes Pilot was permitted to join the family circle when they took their work or tea on the lawn. It was his custom to ascend the front steps and seat himself by the door of the hall; even then the poor wailing bird would hop on the steps after the dog, and the dog never offered to molest her. For three weeks or a month the family always knew where Pilot was by the wearisome wail of the devoted bird. Once the sorrowful notes ceased to be

A WOLF-HUNT.—"THE GAME WAS NOW IN SIGHT, AND THE CHASE BECAME ONE IN EARNEST."

heard, and Mr. Webb's family thought she was gone; but suddenly the musical knell was resumed, and there was the mourner on a high birch-tree across the lawn, and almost at the same moment Pilot was seen passing under the tree.

A WOLF-HUNT.

I HAD been attending an Eastern college for about two years, when I took a short Christmas holiday of three weeks.

During the short vacation I promised a cousin of mine, living in Missouri, that I would pay him a visit. Like me, he was a young man, only eighteen years of age, but contented himself on his father's farm, instead of seeking a collegiate education, as I was doing.

He lived in one of the fertile western counties of the State—a gay country gentleman, fond of horses, dogs and guns, and as I also delighted in field-sports, I eagerly accepted his invitation.

"Hurrah, Fred, for a wolf-hunt!" he boisterously shouted, one morning, bursting into my room, his ruddy face all aglow with eager anxiety for the coming sport.

"A wolf-hunt, George!" said I, getting out of my bed, for I had not yet risen.

"Yes, a wolf-hunt. A regular old chase, with horns and hounds, horses and guns. What do you say to it?"

"I am in for it, to be sure," I replied, beginning to dress. I had only been at Fred's three days and he had promised me rare sport before I should leave.

"Dick Timmer has seen wolf-tracks not two miles from here, and there is a lovely snow for the business, so I am going to put the dogs on it as soon as we have had breakfast."

My dressing was considerably accelerated by this startling intelligence, and we hurried down to breakfast.

George's two brothers, Dave and Tom, were already there, and as soon as we finished our morning meal we repaired to the barn to select our horses.

My relative had a good supply of these valuable animals, being extensively engaged in the horse-raising business.

The one I chose was a beautiful black, whose long, clean limbs and beautiful chest seemed to indicate speed and endurance. Saddles were put on them, and then commenced the melodious windings of horns, and the answering howls of hounds. Half a dozen other young men in the neighborhood came up and joined us in the sport.

We were prepared with shot-guns, rifles and revolvers, which were not to be used unless the animal should come to bay, and prove dangerous to the dogs.

The morning air was sharp, clear and frosty; yet, with our comfortable coats and furs, we felt not the keen teeth of Jack Frost. We started off, leaving showery trails of snow in our rear, as we sped along the road. We had not proceeded more than two miles when George, who was leader of the party, called a halt.

"Right here, boys, is where the trail was seen; so look sharp now and watch old Maida. He'll strike it soon."

A shrill blast was then blown from his horn, which recalled the wandering dogs with yelps and howls.

Our horses, eager as ourselves for the sport, stamped impatiently in the snow, and we were compelled to keep a tight rein, to prevent them dashing away.

"Hist, Maida, Tige!" shouted George, and the two hounds commenced sniffing about. Soon I saw the old dog called Maida put his nose to the ground, then raise his head, utter a prolonged yelp, and bound away.

"He's struck it, he's on it!" we all cried, and away we went, helter-skelter, huntsmen and dogs, with yelps, howls, shouts and blasts of horns, making the morning air resound with hunter's melody. No one who never enjoyed the excitement of the chase can imagine the real pleasure in it.

"With whoop and shout and wild halloo," we almost flew over the snow-covered ground. The country was prairie, with occasional strips of timber and brush.

A WOLF-HUNT.—"'I HEARD A FALL BEHIND, AND, LOOKING BACK, SAW A HORSE AND RIDER THAT WAS IN MY REAR DOWN AMID A SHOWER OF SNOW.'"

We formed one extended train of horsemen and dogs. George, who was mounted on a splendid bay, swift, sure and experienced in the chase, was in the lead of the horsemen. The trail was evidently very fresh, for the dogs scarcely stopped once to scent it, but kept steadily on.

After about two miles' ride we came to a strip of timber, which lined the banks of a small creek. There was dense underbrush along the timber, on which the snow had lodged, so as to completely conceal whatever might be underneath. Into one of these the foremost dog plunged, and instantly a huge wolf sprang out on the other side. It would be impossible to describe the wild shouts of boys and howls of dogs that ensued.

The game was now in sight, and the chase became one in earnest. The wolf had evidently taken temporary refuge under the shelter of this tent of brush and snow, but had been tracked by the faithful Maida to his retreat.

"Come on, boys! Now for him!" yelled George, and his horse put forth his best speed.

My steed was only second from him as we plunged through the woods and across the creek, and reached a level prairie on the other side. The chase became more exciting than ever, and seemed to be relished by all, unless it was the wolf.

I don't believe I ever saw horses do better running. We were not more than two hundred yards behind the wolf, and the dogs were still nearer. We flew over a prairie of about five miles in an incredibly short space of time.

"Shoot the wolf!" I cried.

"No!" George shouted; "he will either strike his den up here on Lost Creek, or commence a circuit."

A WOLF-HUNT.—"'HERE HE COMES. FIRE!' YELLED GEORGE. CRACK, CRACK! BANG, BANG! RANG OUT A VOLLEY, AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED AWAY, A DEAD WOLF LAY BEFORE US."

I heard a fall behind, and, looking back, saw a horse and rider that were in my rear down amid a shower of snow. But there was no time to be lost. The wolf was nearing a considerable body of timber, and, true to George's predictions, made for a steep, rocky bank, where there was a hole, into which he disappeared.

"What will we do now?" I asked, as we gathered about the den.

"Smoke him out," said George, dismounting, and hitching his horse to a sapling near by.

Our companion who had got the fall now came up. He had suffered no injuries, save a few slight bruises. We all dismounted, and fastening our horses, commenced gathering twigs and dry brush to pile in front of the den. Soon we had a large pile at the opening. George lighted it, and said: "Now, form a line here, and shoot him as soon as he comes out."

With cocked guns we waited, as the fire burned up furiously. A puff of wind sent the flame and blinding smoke directly into the hole, and instantly a scrambling noise was heard, and the burning sticks were pushed away.

"Here he comes. Fire!" yelled George.

"Crack, crack! Bang, bang!" rang out a volley, and when the smoke cleared away a dead wolf and two wounded dogs lay by the opening.

Thus terminated my first wolf-hunt.

SPILLING SALT.

Years ago the belief in the evil omen of spilling salt was so prevalent that it was ridiculed by Addison in the London *Spectator*, but the superstition still holds its own. The evil may be averted by throwing a pinch of salt over the left shoulder, a charm which is clearly a relic of the old heathen ceremonial of casting rice in the air and pouring libations on the ground as a propitiatory offering to unseen spirits. Among the signs which are supposed to foretell death are the ringing of the ear, known as the death-bell; the death-watch (a peculiar ticking noise caused by a small insect cutting its way through wood); or a portrait falling from its place on the wall; and each of them has more than once given nervous persons a fit of the blues. When the eyes of a corpse refuse to shut they are ghastly enough, in all conscience, to give color to the superstition that they are watching for some one who is soon to follow; and if a horse stumbles near a graveyard, its rider may be excused if his sensations thereat are none of the most pleasant, even though he is not so foolish as to consider it an actual death-warning. If a door opens without apparent cause, the Germans have a saying, which has come across the water to their American descendants, that a spirit has entered; and the old nervous shiver, which most persons have felt more or less often, is held to result from the footfalls over the grave of him who experiences it. There are sick-nurses who, at the bedside of the dying, never fail to open the door or window, that the departing soul may pass out. The superstition is, I think, of Scotch origin, and the reader will remember Meg Merrilies at the dying bed of the gypsy, chanting:

"Open lock—end strife—
Come death and pass life."

For the sake of getting a living, men often forget to live.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

By Henry Wellington Vrooman.

Great God be thanked! At last, at last
Thou'rt found! The heavy night is passed;
  Its dreams are dead! Most sure thou hast
  Been haunted by their forms; held fast
By their hot hands! But He hath cast
Thee now within my way at last!

So long have I been seeking thee,
From mountain unto distant sea,
  But never hath been seen by me
  Thy face or form—no, not since we
That morn were parted! Can it be
That now my arms are holding thee?

The morn which was our wedding morn,
When of Desire was to be born
  Sweet fruitage of possession, worn
  By Love as wealth of yellow corn
Is worn by Earth. But thou wert torn
From me by fiends, that bridal morn!

They thought to take what I had won;
To make of thee a shrouded nun
  Shut out for ever from God's sun,
  Because, forsooth, thou hadst begun
Thy vows before we met! Well done,
To steal from me what I had won!

Yet peace be with them. They may die
Unsought by me; for now since I
  Have once more found thee—felt thee lie
  Within my arms, I would not try
To do him harm, should one pass by
Of those I swore must surely die!

Didst thou but now push back that vail?
I saw it not—naught save thy pale,
  Wan face! Off with it, else I fail
  In my restraint, and if 'twere mail
Of iron rend it! Do not quail
Before me, but take off that vail!

It hid thee from me all these years;
It is wet now with thy hot tears,
  Each one of which, down dropping, sears
  My heart. Why dost thou start? What fears
Can find thee now? No priest appears
To part us, after all these years!

They will not think in this dark street,
Down by the river, that we meet—
  Blessed be its stones, pressed by thy feet!
  Didst thou not come here but to greet
The sick? to cool the fever's heat
Of those who die in this dark street?

Why dost thou tremble, and why take
Thy face away? Why not now slake
  The thirst of years—What! dost thou make
  As if to go? "Thou must not break
Thy vow, but suffer for His sake,
And what He sends unmurmuring take!"

Ah, God! Good God! One last, long kiss,
And she is gone! And is but this
  The end of all our new-born bliss?
  Good God, said I? The fools! They miss
The truth who call Him good! Where is
My love? Naught left but this last kiss!

* * * * * *

Hush! let me think! Which is the way
To reach the river? There I may
  Find rest at last! Quick! if I stay
  Here longer, blindness darkens day,
So whirls my brain— . . . .
  . . . . What did I say?
The river? Yes, this *was* the way.

HENLEY'S COACHMAN.

By W. O. Stoddard.

"Nellie, my dear," said Mrs. Henley to her daughter, as they rolled through the Park behind the fast bays that gave the new coachman so much trouble; "Nellie, I'm glad you did not recognize him."

"Recognize whom, mother?" calmly replied the young beauty at her side.

"Whom? Why, Major Morrison, to be sure. He has ridden past us three times to-day, already."

"But, mother, why should I wish to speak to him, after all the annoyance he gave us last Summer, following us as he did? If I find he is in society, I won't go out the whole Winter."

Mrs. Henley looked sharply at her daughter as she replied:

"But, Nellie, you remember how angry you were when your father spoke to you about him?"

"So I was, indeed," sharply responded Nellie, with a laugh that had in it something of a willful and something of a "hurt" expression. "To think of papa ordering me to drop a man like that, just as if I would wish to know any more about him. That was what troubled me. Am I so unlike you and him, mother? Do you think I have no self-respect? Or am I a little girl yet, ignorant of what a woman owes to herself?"

Mrs. Henley's eyes softened a good deal, and her sigh had more than a little relief in it; but just then the coachman seemed to be having a good deal of worry with his horses.

"Runaway comin'! Heigh!" shouted the shrill voice of a street boy at the side of the drive, and in a moment more a frantic quadruped, with an empty buggy behind him, came tearing down toward them, disturbing the equine-imity of the sleek and well-fed teams past which he was dashing, but as yet not succeeding in effecting a collision with any of them.

The coachman of the Henley turnout, a tall and somewhat slender fellow, had promptly wheeled his horses to the very edge of the track, and the fugitive spun the light buggy-wheels marvelously close as he went by, but without harm, he himself being brought up among the trees and bushes a hundred yards further down.

So much for him and his ruined vehicle; but the Henley bays were plunging and kicking furiously, and the general excitement was fast centering on them, when a stylishly dressed gentleman rode swiftly up, sprang from his horse at the side of the carriage, and shouted:

"Jump, Nellie, jump! I am here—jump!"

Unfortunately or otherwise, the wrong, or the right, lady was on that side of the carriage, and Mrs. Henley calmly raised her eyeglass, remarking:

"My name is not Nellie, sir. No, thank you, I think I won't jump," while her daughter seemed to be watching

the rearing bays, with an admiring unconsciousness that there was anything else on hand than a capital exhibition of the skill of her father's coachman.

Two policemen, several stray gentlemen, half a dozen laborers, not to speak of the coachman himself, were now at work, and in a few moments, during which the enthusiastic "would-be" rescuer regained his saddle, the bays were quiet enough to be once more trusted to trot forward; but the one comment on the whole affair which occasioned a sensation, came from the small boy at the edge of the drive, and was addressed to the gentleman on horseback:

"Heigh, mister! Nellie wouldn't jump. Foller 'em up; them hosses is bound to bust the reggleations."

Other people laughed, and even the two ladies looked quizzical, but the man in the saddle seemed unable to see where the fun came in.

An hour later, the yet uninjured carriage was stopped in front of the Henley mansion, just as its lord and master himself stood at the top of the high "stoop," and the ladies hastened to join him. Nellie passed on at once into the house, but Mrs. Henley waited a moment, watching the high-stepping team on its way to the stables.

"John," she said, "we've got a very remarkable coachman."

"Drives well—does he, Mary?" stiffly responded her portly and somewhat pompous husband.

"Splendidly! The horses behaved very badly in the Park, and he was as cool and skillful as I could wish. He is so respectful, too, and so gentlemanly."

"Quite a model—quite a model!" interrupted her husband. "I flatter myself our turnout is unexceptionable. I think I must raise his wages."

"He is very intelligent, John," said Mrs. Henley. "I heard him talking French to the baker and German to the milkman. But, John, whom do you think we saw in the Park?"

"Can't guess, Mary. The President wasn't there, was he? Any of the wild animals loose?"

"I don't know, exactly," slowly replied his wife. "He's wild enough, and there's a good deal of the animal about him. It was that miserable Major Morrison."

"Indeed! the scoundrel! Did you or Nellie speak to him? or did he dare to speak to you?"

"Speak? Yes; called me Nellie, when the horses were misbehaving, and wanted me to jump. That is—well, I'll tell you all about it, for it was really funny; but Nellie carried herself just as either of us would have wished her to."

"If she speaks to him——" began the portly father, with an angry purple beginning to show in his face.

"Now, John," and Mrs. Henley's voice was as firm and steady as his own, "you must be just to Nellie. She hasn't been at all to blame, and you mustn't say a word to her. I'll tell you all about it, now, if you'll only come in. Don't get into a passion right here in the doorway."

And it looked a good deal as if she were actually leading him in, while he growled something about—"Coachman—horsewhip him—comes round—a daughter of mine!"

A proud man was John Henley, the well-known banker, but upright withal, and altogether above any vulgar worship of mere wealth. It required something more substantial than riches to carry any man across the rigid barrier which rose upon his threshold; but it may be that the very consciousness of the position he had won and maintained rendered the haughty financier somewhat severe and censorious in his judgments of his fellow-men, as it certainly made him fastidious to a fault in all the appointments of his household and equipage.

It may be that Mr. Henley would have been but ill pleased if he could have been in front of his stable-door, instead of in his cozy library, at the hour when his wife was detailing to him the occurrences of the afternoon.

There were standing there, on the sidewalk, two tall, erect, fine-looking men, looking straight in each other's eyes, and one of them wore the dark, unconspicuous Henley livery, and the other had just dismounted from a horse, which was held for him close by.

"Ned Ridgely!" exclaimed the latter. "I thought I recognized you. But how comes it that I find you here, and in that rig? I thought you were in Europe. What will your family say?"

"Family?" half laughed Mr. Henley's coachman. "I owe so much to my family, don't I? When I got home, a few months since, I found that my uncle, and yours, too, Morrison—he's all there is left of my family, except yourself—had taken such good care of what my father left me, that the income of the remainder wouldn't pay my board, let alone keeping up the style I'd been living at. What business was I fit for, I'd like to know? Borrow? ask somebody to help me to a start? Not I!—not my father's son, I tell you. I tried being conductor on a horse-railroad, but the pay is better where I am, and the work isn't a quarter so hard."

"But have you given up all your chances in life?" asked Morrison.

"Never you mind about my future," was the almost stern response. "You may be sure of one thing—I shall never do anything while I'm down that I'll ever have to blush for if I get up again."

"Wearing those clothes, eh?" slyly inquired his interlocutor.

"Well, what of 'em?" quietly responded Ridgely. "They're a good enough disguise, anyway, against any eyes less keen than your own. Very few people know me well enough to remember me, and they won't be looking for me in the Henley livery. I mean to wear it for some time yet."

"You do, do you?" said Morrison. "Well, I'm not sorry for that. You're in just the place where you can be of use to me, and I can make it splendidly worth your while."

"How is that?" asked the coachman.

"How? Why—ah, of course you don't know anything about my little affair with Nellie Henley. How should you? Too busy with your horses to see how the old lady treated me to-day. Old folks down on me, you know. Somebody told 'em all sorts of queer stories. Made it very unpleasant for me. Forbade Nellie to speak to me, and all that. Took just the line to set me all right with a girl of spirit like Nellie. Watch her like two old cats watching for one little mouse. Don't give me half a chance. Now I've found you, though, right inside the ring, they won't dream of suspecting you, and we can arrange matters to suit ourselves. I'll make it worth your while, my boy."

"Make what worth my while?" coldly responded Ridgely.

"Oh, I'll show you when the time comes. You just help me to Nellie, and I'll help you to anything you want. Why, old Henley's worth his millions, and Nellie's got a good plum in her own right."

"You seem to be laboring under a mistake, Major Morrison," said the man in livery. "I admit that you belong, in a way, to what you are pleased to call my family, but you forget that Edward Ridgely is a gentleman."

"Ahem!" was the sneering response. "I was under the impression that just now he was Henley's coachman."

"Am I any the less a gentleman for that?" quietly

replied Ridgely. "Do you think a man puts himself on and off when he changes his clothes?"

"Not exactly," said the major. "I don't mean you're not a gentleman; I only mean that you must want to look like one again. I haven't asked anything of you that I wouldn't do myself, and mighty quick, too. I should think you'd be glad to be of service to a lady, and help yourself at the same time."

"Miss Henley has not asked me for any assistance," coldly returned the man in livery, "and her father hires me to drive his horses. When I want another master, perhaps I'll let you know. Until then—why, I'm old Henley's coachman, and mean to do my duty to him like a gentleman."

"Or like a fool," growled Morrison. "I never saw such a fool in my life. Why, man, you deserve to wear livery. Shouldn't wonder if you'd really found your level."

"I may as well say that you are very likely to find your own if you are not more careful in your language, especially when you are speaking to your superiors," said the coachman, in a hard voice.

It must have been some special enemy of the major that tempted him to raise his riding-whip just then, for he surely could not have intended to use it. If he did, indeed, the blow never fell on any human shoulders, for the whip landed in the middle of the street at the very moment that its owner suddenly sat down on the sidewalk.

A DOG REPROACHED FOR HIS CRUELTY BY A NIGHTINGALE.—SEE PAGE 411.

"Hurrah for Henley's coachman!" shouted a shrill voice from near the curbstone. "I say, mister, why didn't you ask him to jump? I'd 'a' missed seein' that if I hadn't 'a' held on behind the kerridge."

If Morrison was angry, as is quite likely, when he arose and brushed the dust from his trousers, he was a good deal more puzzled and confused, for what he said was:

"Confound your quick temper, Ned Ridgely! I'll fix you for this, I will!"

And so saying, he turned on his heel, and strode away down the street.

"I didn't strike him hard," muttered the coachman, "and I never knew a man go down so easily. To think of a fellow like him trying to buy me! Nellie Henley, indeed! Why, he isn't fit to drive horses for her——Ahem! I hope they won't hear of this at the house."

Such an amount of secrecy as that, however, was scarcely to have been expected, considering how very public the little affair had been, as Henley's coachman was pretty soon to discover.

In less than an hour the young man received a summons from his employer, which brought him at once into the library. Ridgely had been there before, and scarcely its owner himself seemed more thoroughly in keeping with its prevailing air of culture and refinement.

"You sent for me, sir?" asked the coachman, after waiting a full moment on what seemed to be the "brown study" of his employer.

"Ah—yes—I sent for you. Sorry to hear that you have been engaged in an altercation. I had imagined you a man of thoroughly correct habits and deportment. You do not look like a quarrelsome fellow. I'm sorry, surprised—I meant to have kept you—I don't want to be unjust—tell me your own story."

"I've really little to tell, Mr. Henley, and I scarcely know how it happened. The man raised his riding-whip, and the next I knew he was sitting down. I'm inclined to think I helped him. There was no chair for him to take and so he sat down on the sidewalk."

The portly banker suppressed a smile, in spite of his amazement, but he replied:

"Riding-whip? Did he strike you? I didn't hear that. They said he seemed to be a gentleman. Had you ever seen him before?"

"Oh, yes! I—I—I've seen him this very day," stammered Ridgely.

He felt himself in a tight corner, indeed, for a word too much might reveal a good deal more than he cared to tell about himself.

"Seen him to-day! Where? What do you mean, sir?" sternly demanded the banker.

"I mean simply, Mr. Henley, that this same man was in the Park to-day, and I saw him several times."

"What? Ah! Well, I don't exactly understand it yet. Do you know if his name is Morrison?"

"No doubt you are correct, Mr. Henley. I was by no means sure that you knew him. If I had supposed him a friend of the family——"

"Friend of the family! Morrison? My dear fellow! Ridgely, I mean—ahem! You knocked down Major Morrison! I've nothing more to say, sir. I haven't a doubt that you acted rightly. I almost wish it had been—I declare, I forget myself at times. I was saying to Mrs. Henley, this very afternoon, that your wages were too

HENLEY'S COACHMAN.—THE BANKER LEADING MAJOR MORRISON BY THE EAR TO THE FRONT DOOR.—SEE PAGE 414.

low. Double 'em, sir. Double 'em, on account of your conduct with the horses in the Park. How do I know but you saved the lives of Nellie and her mother! But, Ridgely, my man, I must insist upon your keeping your temper. That'll do; now, you can go, sir."

Whether the coachman might or might not have had anything more to say, under other circumstances, there was that on his mind just then which inclined him to take the banker at his word, and make an immediate exit. As he passed out through the hall, however, he was met by the stately presence of Miss Nellie Henley, who held out to him a small packet, saying, with ladylike directness:

"Something you left on the seat, wrapped up in the rug."

"Thank you, Miss Henley," said the coachman, as the parcel fell into his hand, but the color which had gathered on his cheeks in the library grew noticeably deeper as he disappeared down the basement stairway.

Beyond all doubt there were others besides the banker himself who by this time were aware that Major Morrison had contrived to get himself knocked down by Henley's coachman. Not that any visible harm had been done that stylish and self-confident young gentleman, and it may be that the worst bitterness of it all to him was in the failure of his suddenly conceived hope of a "friend inside," to aid him in his baffled campaign against Nellie Henley.

If, now, he could only have secured Nellie's own active co-operation!

It so happened, in the course of human events, that Nellie and her mother were alone over their needlework for a short time that evening, and it would have been odd enough if their conversation had not turned more or less upon the events of the day.

"Father says Major Morrison threatened to strike him with a whip," said Nellie, deprecatingly.

"And yet, Nellie, it seems such a ruffianly thing to do, to knock down anybody. I don't like the fellow Morrison; but I must say I had begun to feel quite proud of our coachman. It seemed as if it were a credit to the family to have such a man in our service."

"But even father thinks he did right, and gentlemen understand these things better than we do," persisted the young lady.

"I don't know——" slowly began Mrs. Henley, but her daughter interrupted her with:

"One thing more I ought to tell you, mother. What do you think of a coachman reading Spanish?"

"Our coachman, Nellie?"

"Yes, our coachman. I unfolded the extra rug in the carriage to-day before we got in, and there was an old volume of some Spanish plays, and some business-looking papers stuck in between the leaves."

And for some reason she did not give her mother, Nellie blushed so deep a crimson that she lifted her sewing before her eyes, till the tingling passed away.

"The book was his, of course," said Mrs. Henley; "but I don't see that we have any right to be curious. He may read Hebrew, for all I care, so long as he is a good driver."

Nellie blushed again, for her own curiosity had been so strong that she had carried the book into the house with her, and her mother's remarks had made her feel more than a little uncomfortable.

"So very mean of me," she said to herself. "What business was it of mine, anyhow? It was taking advantage of his position. And then, what right had I to come and tell mamma? The secret, if it was one, didn't belong to me. I'm glad I didn't look at the papers, at all events."

Perhaps there was another person in the house who would have been glad to know that Nellie had not "looked at the papers," for he was very busy with them at that moment in the comfortable cock-loft room which belonged to Henley's coachman.

They were papers which he had brought up from downtown with him that very morning, when he returned from driving his master to his banking-office. Strangely enough, too, he had obtained them from a very similar concern just across the way, and by no means for the first time since he had donned his present livery.

Now, if Mr. Henley had been in the private room of that other concern instead of in his own, after those papers had been handed out to his coachman, he might have overheard some such conversation as this:

"What was that fellow's original deposit, Roberts?"

"About twenty thousand, if I remember rightly."

"What business has a fellow with twenty thousand dollars to be wearing livery, I'd like to know?"

"I shouldn't suppose he'd care to wear it much longer, if his investments continue turning out for him at this rate. We haven't another customer on the list who has done as well. His original pile was a fair margin, but look at it now!"

"I should say so, Roberts; it's a very pleasant thing for any man to look at, let alone a coachman. And you say he's ordered it all invested in Government bonds?"

"Every dollar," said Roberts.

"Well, as times go, six thousand a year isn't much of a fortune, but it's a big thing for Henley's coachman."

And the banker looked across the street as if he were wondering what his haughty neighbor would say if he knew what sort of a man he had hired to drive his horses.

"Anyhow," said Roberts, who seemed to be a kind of confidential clerk, as he turned to leave the room, "the way things are looking, he's made the safest kind of an investment. They're about the only things I'd feel sure of just now."

And Roberts was by no means alone in his financial forebodings. It was one of those calm, still, dull-seeming intervals in money circles, when the very hush is a sure prelude of the storm to come. Everybody knows about them, and everybody knows something, too, about the frenzied panic, the crash and smash and ruin of the tempest which follows.

Not that day, nor the next, but the day after, and late in the afternoon, Mr. Henley was seen to leave the door of his banking-house and walk away somewhat briskly down the street. Those had been two very remarkable days, for, hour after hour, they had been marked by the swiftly succeeding explosions of banks and bankers and business houses.

If there had been one man who deemed himself secure, and was looked upon by all others as a tower of strength, that man had been Henley; but others as stanch had already gone, and the current of distrust had turned a full tide upon his own counter.

Huge sums he had paid, for he had been by no means unprepared for the storm, and his proud face had lost no shadow of its firmness yet. There was a brightness in his eyes just now, a color in his cheek, and an emphasis in the vigor of his tread, which inclined the disheartened men who passed him to turn and look after him admiringly, as at something a good deal braver and stronger than themselves.

And brave and strong he was, indeed; but, after walking three or four squares, he suddenly wheeled about, and redirected his steps to his own office, without having made so much as a business call, or spoken to a human being.

There was a little crowd on the steps as he came up, but all made way for him respectfully. His "paying teller" was still busily at work, and a subdued bustle on all sides betrayed the more than usual activity of the hour.

There was not a tremor or a sign of hesitation in the banker's voice as he put his hand on the teller's shoulder and said:

"That'll do, Charlie. We won't try to pay any more to-day. You may shut your window. Have the crowd outside informed that we have stopped, and close the doors."

Something like a gust, as of a strong and sudden breeze, seemed to pass through the rooms of the great banking-house, but there was no outcry, nor any more boisterous token of excitement, disappointment or regret.

Meantime the banker himself had passed on into his private room, and here he remained for an hour or so, giving special directions as to correspondence and such other matters as the closing of his doors left within his power; but the brightness did not fade from his clear and honest eyes for a moment. A good deal of a man was John Henley, the banker, in spite of his especial weaknesses.

At last, however, one uneasy thought found expression audibly:

"If I'd only dreamed of this thing coming, and coming to-day, I'd have warned Ridgely. Think of a coachman in livery coming down to drive home a bankrupt! It would sting me half to death, as I feel just now. Charlie, my boy, I think I'll slip out quietly. If Ridgely comes with the *coupé*, tell him I've gone, and he must drive home at once."

So said, so done; but just as Mr. Henley was congratulating himself that he had escaped from his office almost, if not altogether, unnoticed, a tall, well-dressed gentleman stepped up to him, saying, very politely:

"This way, Mr. Henley. I've a cab waiting for you;" and, before the somewhat bewildered banker could comprehend the situation, he found himself within the cab, rapidly borne away homeward, and was conscious that his polite friend was on the box with the driver.

"Very quiet-looking thing this is—in fact, almost seedy. Nobody'll think of turning to look at it. Ridgely isn't in livery, either. I declare, he has the instincts of a gentleman. Pretty fine, too. Seems to have understood to a dot what would suit my feelings. Sorry to part with him. Never heard of such a fellow before; and he looks a good deal too well to be sitting out there. I'll have him inside—I will!"

The banker was a man of action that day; but what surprised him more than anything else was the ease and self-possession with which his coachman seemed again to understand his feelings, and the unconcerned yet every way respectful manner with which he seated himself beside his "master."

That very word came into the banker's mind once or twice, and came very near making him smile—or cry, as he thought of the closed doors of his down-town office, not to open next day, and then cast a side-glance at the thoroughbred-looking youth at his side.

Anything like conversation was out of the question, of course, the more especially as Mr. Henley's mind was gathering, as they neared his elegant home, the awful weight of the task before him in unfolding the evil news to his wife and daughter.

"Thank heaven, it does not beggar them!" he exclaimed, aloud. "But then, the disgrace! How shall I ever tell them?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," said his coachman, as the cab stopped in front of the door, "if you mean Mrs. and Miss Henley, they know all about it by this time, and you'll have nothing to tell. They won't be taken by surprise, I assure you."

It was scarcely a moment to ask questions, for there were sweet faces at the window, and the door was ajar, as the banker alighted.

"I'll not go in now, sir—I'll go to the stables with the cab," said Henley's coachman, as he sprang back to his seat again. And, as the cab rolled quickly away, the banker muttered to himself:

"Fact, I did ask him if he wouldn't come in. Well, no wonder I did. I'm not a bit ashamed of it. What a queer thing a uniform-coat is, anyhow!"

But just then the door swung wide open before him, and he found himself gently and lovingly drawn onward into the drawing-room.

Not a word was he allowed to say about his troubles—at least, until he had been half smothered with thoroughly feminine assurances of the fact that he was by no means bankrupt at home, whatever he might be "on the street."

"But how did you ever know anything about it, my dear?" asked the banker of his wife.

"Oh, we can't guess who sent it, but the longest telegram I ever saw, nearly an hour ago," replied Mrs. Henley. "I'm so glad it was not left for you to tell. I knew you'd have signed it if it had been you, but then it isn't signed at all."

"Some friend, I suppose," said Nellie.

"No, Nellie—not a friend," half smilingly replied the banker—"not a friend, only a hired man."

"Why, father, what do you mean?"

"It was our coachman did it—that's what I mean."

And Mr. Henley went on to detail all that had occurred, with a glib rapidity that surprised him when he came to think about it.

"And to think we've got to discharge such a fellow as that!" said Mr. Henley.

"But must we?" asked his wife. "I might keep him myself, I think."

"Oh, mother!" suddenly exclaimed Nellie Henley, "you don't mean to say you would have such a man as that occupying such a position, do you, really? For my part, I shall not be comfortable ever again at seeing him in that horrid livery."

There was a good deal to be said by those three during what was left of that afternoon, and they were evidently disposed to say it right out with a courage and mutual confidence which showed how well they were worthy of one another.

But all this time a little dramatic episode of quite a different character had been enacting, in which they were not altogether unconcerned.

The fact was that Henley's coachman had so far concealed his intentions from his employer, that the cab in which he was riding had not even attempted to reach the Henley stables at once. More than that: whatever his intentions may have been, they were frustrated three blocks away by the sudden appearance of a pair of policemen, accompanied by a gentleman whom Ridgely had seen before, who insisted on stopping the cab and inviting its occupant to accompany them, cab, driver and all. One man in blue on the box, another inside, and, as their companion followed them, he remarked to Henley's coachman:

"I reckon I've got you this time. What do you think of this for a knock-down?"

"Your name is Morrison, is it not?" was the very quiet rejoinder.

THE CHARITABLE SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE.—GRACE CHURCH CRECHE.—SEE PAGE 424.

"That's my name," almost triumphantly exclaimed the person addressed. "I knew you as well outside of your livery as in it. I saw you put the box in the cab, myself, not five minutes after Broughton missed it. It's under the seat now, and we might as well have it out."

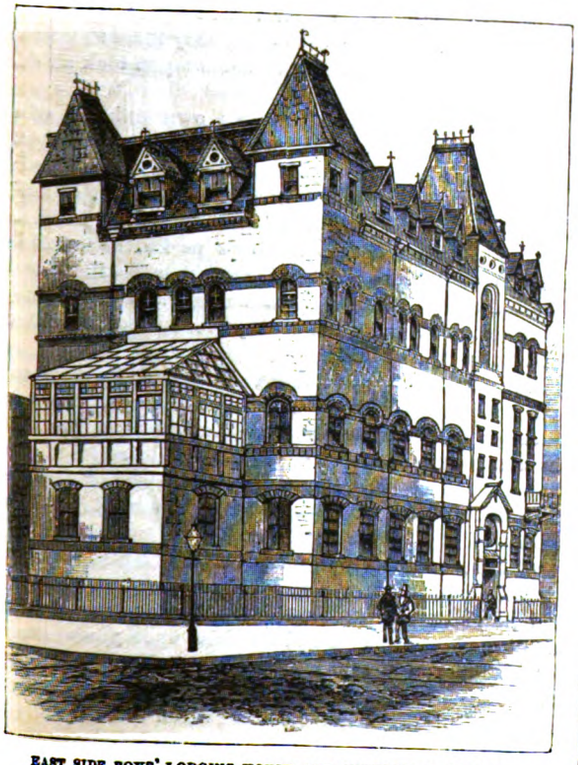
And even as he spoke, Morrison stretched down his arm, as if he meant to grasp something under the seat of the cab.

A firm hand grasped his own, however, and a steady voice remarked: "None of that, if you please—you're not an officer. I wish one of these gentlemen in blue would tell me what all this means."

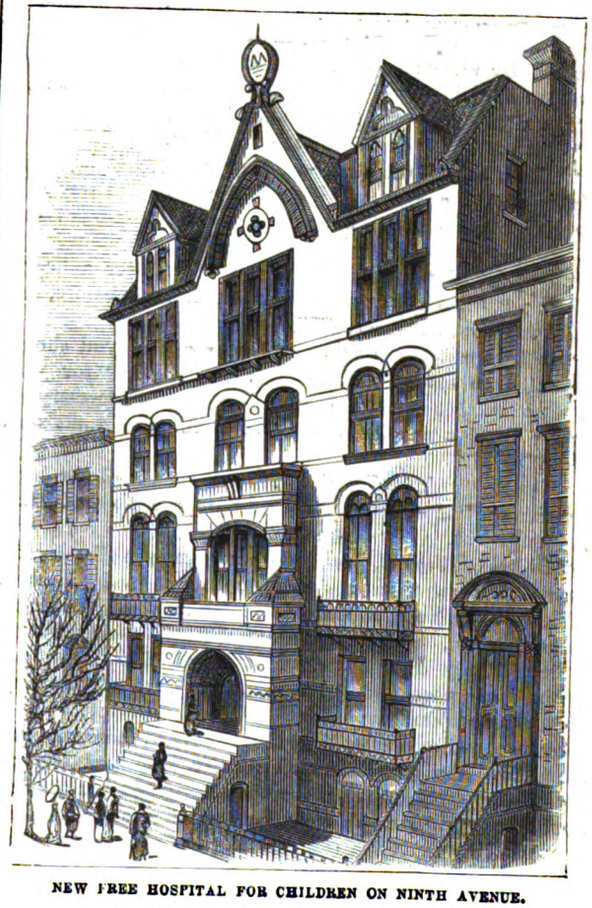
"You'll know all about it when we get to the Anatomical Bank," chaffingly replied the official who had entered the cab. "Perhaps you haven't heard of the robbery? Anyhow, we'll take charge of the box of bonds till we can have 'em locked up again."

"The bank! Robbery! Ah, yes; I see. Something's happened besides the failures," muttered Ridgely. "Morrison's bound to have his revenge, is he? Well, I can't say I blame him. I only hope they won't hear of this

THE NURSERY OF THE NEW YORK INFANT ASYLUM.



EAST SIDE BOYS' LODGING-HOUSE AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.



NEW FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN ON NINTH AVENUE.

at the house as quickly as they did about that other matter."

Not quite so quickly, it may be, and yet, before the carefully guarded cab drew up in front of the Anatomical Bank, the news of its seizure had been duly carried to the ears of Mr. Henley and his family.

"Arrested! Ridgely! It can't be possible! Robbery at the Anatomical Bank? Why, he was with me. It's a very strange piece of business, I declare. Wife, I'm going straight down to the bank to see about it."

"What, after all you've gone through to-day?" asked Mrs. Henley.

"Yes, indeed; glad to have something besides my own affairs to think about," replied her husband; and Nellie added, almost timidly:

"He's our own coachman, mother."

"Coachman!" exclaimed Mr. Henley. "I'd almost forgotten that."

And so, at that very moment, had that gentleman himself; for, as he walked unconcernedly into the back office of the Anatomical Bank, whereof the ample front bore its usual "after business hours" appearance, he turned to the policemen who followed him, saying:

"That's right, my men—bring in the box. I shall be compelled to deposit it here, to-night, for it's too late now to carry it where I had intended."

"The impidence of him!" exclaimed one of the blue-coated box-bearers.

As for the box itself—an ordinary "banker's box," of heavy japanned tin—it was deposited on the green-covered table, with such an air of triumph as seemed appropriate to so important a capture.

The president, cashier, tellers, clerks, half a dozen directors, who had crowded into the room for a look at the daring thief, who had been so suddenly "pulled," made a simultaneous forward movement toward the table; but the cashier himself, a bald-headed, hook-nosed man, who took snuff, suddenly ejaculated through his proboscis:

"Box? Wrong box! Mistake!"

"Not the box!" exclaimed the president.

"'Deed, an' it's the very box, sur," sturdily insisted one of the official captors. "We tuk it out of that very cab. Not a mistake about it, sur; it's the ownly box was there, at all."

"Mebbe," dryly returned the cashier, after a hearty sneeze; "but that box never was in this bank before, and I don't know what it contains."

"It is very necessary for me, however, that you should know," here interposed Henley's coachman, "for your very remarkable arrest of it and me makes it necessary for me to make a special deposit of it in your vault over night."

"Certainly, sir! Certainly!" here exclaimed the bank president. "That's the very least we can do under the circumstances. What name, sir?"

"Ridgely, Edward," said the young man, as he took a bunch of keys from his pocket, and opened the box. "Please examine that statement of purchase, by Messrs. Mudger & Co., and you will see that all the bonds are registered in my own name. Permanent investment, you see, and no possibility of a mistake. Scarcely pay anybody to steal 'em."

Slowly, methodically, like the thorough business men they were, the president and cashier examined the papers before them; and just as the latter was snuffily remarking, "Why, here's four times as many as that fellow ran off with to-day," a sharper, sterner, almost an indignant voice, broke in with: "Exactly, and I'd like to know what's wrong about him, anyway?"

"Ah, Mr. Henley! Glad to see you," hastily returned the bank president, while the cashier was replacing the papers in the box; "very glad to see you. Mr. Ridgely a friend of yours, eh? Well, of course, we feel as badly about this blunder as you do or can. He's made a wise investment of his loose capital, considering the times. We'll take care of his bonds for him over night. A man with a pile like that scarcely needs an introduction, but your own is all we would require, permit me to say, in spite of the sad occurrences of the day. The blunder arose, the officers tell me, from a fellow named Morrison——"

"Morrison! Is that scoundrel here?" almost shouted Mr. Henley.

"No, sur," said a policeman; "he nivir come inside. I'd not say where he is now, sur, but I think he's gone somewhere, sur, if I'm not mistaken, sur."

And verily the man in blue was not at all mistaken, for Morrison had, indeed, "gone somewhere." By one of those inscrutable occurrences which fools call "luck," he had happened to see Ridgely deposit the precious box in the cab, and his practiced eyes recognized its character at once, with a spasm of envious wonder, that was followed, of course, by the guess that, "It belongs to his master, certainly, but it's odd he should have it, anyway."

It was only a few minutes later that he heard of the daring robbery at the Anatomical Bank, and a man less acute than he deemed himself would have had no difficulty in putting this and that together. To warn the bank people and secure official aid consumed just time enough to permit Henley's coachman to carry out the promptings of his heart toward "his master," and the quick success of his movement stirred all the brains he had to a most feverish activity. On returning to the bank with his prize, it had seemed good to him not to make himself too prominent in the matter; and of that, too, he rejoiced exceedingly, a few minutes later, as he stepped as much as possible out of sight to let Mr. Henley pass him.

"Big day, this!" he exclaimed to himself. "Never saw anything like it. Now's your time, my boy; strike while the iron's hot. There won't be anybody there to interfere, just now. Go in and reap the harvest you took all Summer to plant."

Whatever might be Morrison's own estimate of the course of cultivation to which he had so persistently subjected Nellie Henley, he lost no time, and seemed to require no addition to his confident assurance, in setting off at once on his "reaping" errand. If he could have telegraphed himself into Henley's parlor, he would certainly have done so; but as it was, he made the best use he could of horseflesh and wheels, ignorant of the changing aspect of affairs in the bank-parlor he had so recklessly left to take care of itself.

Things were changed there, indeed, as we have seen, and now Mr. Henley actually took his coachman's arm and led him out to the cab, amid the profuse politenesses of the somewhat annoyed and discomfited bank officials, and the unconcealed disappointment and chagrin of the gentlemen in blue. As for the cab-driver, it was all fish for his net, and a steady run of "fares."

"I am certainly very grateful to you, Mr. Henley," said his coachman, as they rolled away up-town together. "I had no right to expect such an attention from you to a man in my position. I had no claim upon you whatever."

"Hadn't you?" said Mr. Henley. "Well, perhaps not, but somehow it seems to me as if you had. Anyhow, I feel a good deal better for coming down to take your part. Had my heart pretty full to-day, sir."

"I can easily imagine that, Mr. Henley."

"Ah, yes, I see it now. I know you could imagine it, and you did, and that was what brought me down to look after you. It was your heart, sir, that was it. I understand myself now, and I'm glad of it. By-the-way, it seems as if I saw things clearer this minute than I have before any time to-day. This failure of mine was a tremendous surprise to me. A mere thing of the panic. Resources enough, if I could only get at 'em in time. It was a mere feather that broke the back of my financial camel. It's too late now, sir, but even those bonds of yours would have saved me if I'd had 'em to use."

"What, just that boxful ?"exclaimed Ridgely. "Would that have done you any good ?"

"One dollar's as bad as a million, if you haven't got it, or something to get it with, just when it's wanted," sadly returned the banker.

"But, my dear sir," replied his coachman, "do you know that you only closed your doors a few minutes before three ?"

"Was that so ?" vacantly responded Henley. "Well, I don't know but my head was turned a little. I'm a proud man, Ridgely, my boy, and I never dreamed of any such thing as this."

"Then why not call it a mere temporary difficulty, caused by the panic ? make use of my bonds, and open your doors in the morning, just as usual. Nobody'll be any the wiser, and I'm sure everybody'll be glad of it," enthusiastically rejoined his coachman.

"What ! saved by my coachman ?" exclaimed the bewildered financier.

"Why not ?" was the dry response. "Don't you think it's a sort of a runaway of your banking team ? Wasn't it some such thing you hired me for ? I feel very much like earning my wages, I assure you."

"But, my dear fellow —— Well, I must take your offer. It would be a sinful folly not to do so ; but I want to say that you don't run the slightest risk of losing your money. Mrs. Henley and Nellie will guarantee that," spasmodically ejaculated the banker ; and then he added : "By-the-way, don't let me ever see you in livery again. I think it would kill me."

"No ; I rather think not," calmly replied the coachman. "The suit I'm wearing feels a good deal more comfortable. And yet, Mr. Henley, during the three months I wore the other, I didn't disgrace it, did I ?"

"Disgrace it ? But here we are, and you must come right in with me."

* * * * * * *

Now, whatever had been Morrison's notion when he started for the Henley mansion, it didn't, somehow, seem to become any clearer as he drew nearer and more near to the scene of action. In fact, his dream of immediate and overwhelming triumph somehow shriveled down and concentrated itself in the one idea that he would see Nellie Henley herself in the hour of her trouble, and, consequently, soft-heartedness.

Lack of self-confidence was no vice of Morrison's, and he rang the bell with as firm a hand as if he had owned the house.

"A gentleman to see Miss Henley," was all the message the servant carried up to his mistress ; and Nellie came unhesitatingly down to the drawing-room, with much more alacrity than she might have shown on another day or for anybody.

The almost explosive expression of delight, however, which followed the entrance of the banker's daughter and heiress, came altogether from her gentleman visitor, and the reply to all its effusive warmth was simply :

"Your name, please ? You neglected to send up any card."

Even this peculiarly cooling remark was not permitted by Morrison to destroy his "opportunity."

"Oh, Nellie !" he exclaimed, "do not be false to yourself or to me. I have chosen this hour of your trouble and ruin to come and offer what you will now see to be the disinterested devotion which has followed you so long and so tenderly !"

"Seems to me I saw you in the Park the other day," persisted the young lady, with, it may be, something of mischief in her eye. "Did I not see you speaking to my mother ? You made a mistake about her first name, I believe."

A most remarkable man was Morrison, beyond a doubt, for thus far he had positively heard or seen nothing which ought, in his opinion, to be regarded as discouraging ; and he was about to push what he deemed the advantages he had already won, when suddenly the click of a latch-key in the front door, and the rapid entry of heavy feet, compelled him to a change of tactics which had in it something truly Napoleonic.

"Mr. Henley, your most obedient ! I could not refrain from calling to express my sympathy. Nellie—Miss Henley, permit me to introduce to you my cousin, Mr. Ridgely."

Something had assured Morrison's cat-like instincts that the affair at the bank had gone wrong, or, at least, had gone all right, for Henley's coachman ; but even Napoleon got away very badly at Waterloo.

The banker's face was purple with rage, while that of Ridgely was as coldly blank as Nellie's own.

"Mr. Henley, I protest. This is most ungentlemanly. I'll make you suffer for this, and your coachman, too !"

It is also to be feared that Major Morrison used bad words, for the trouble was all with his ear—his right ear—by which the portly and pompous banker was leading him to the front door.

To the door, out through the tessellated entry, to the top of the high stoop ; and then, just as the outraged ear was released, a shrill voice from near the curbstone shouted derisively :

"Jump, Nellie !—jump ! I'm 'ere !"

That was a very remarkable street boy, for he escaped even from the wrath which followed him after Morrison alighted at the bottom of the stoop. As for the major himself, never again did he attempt to climb those steps.

Puffing and fuming, the angry financier returned to the drawing-room in time to relieve the awkwardness of the situation by losing his breath again in trying to explain it to his daughter.

Mrs. Henley herself had now come in, and nothing could have been more perfectly "poised" than the manner and voice with which she remarked :

"Tea is ready, my dear. Mr. Ridgely will join us, of course ?"

"Certainly," said the banker. "He is to remain with us for the present, anyhow."

"For the present ?"

What a long time that gets to be, now and then ! It did assuredly in the case of Henley's coachman ; for, not long after he left the service of the banker, the banker's daughter took him permanently into her own—that is, she promised to "honor and obey him," etc.

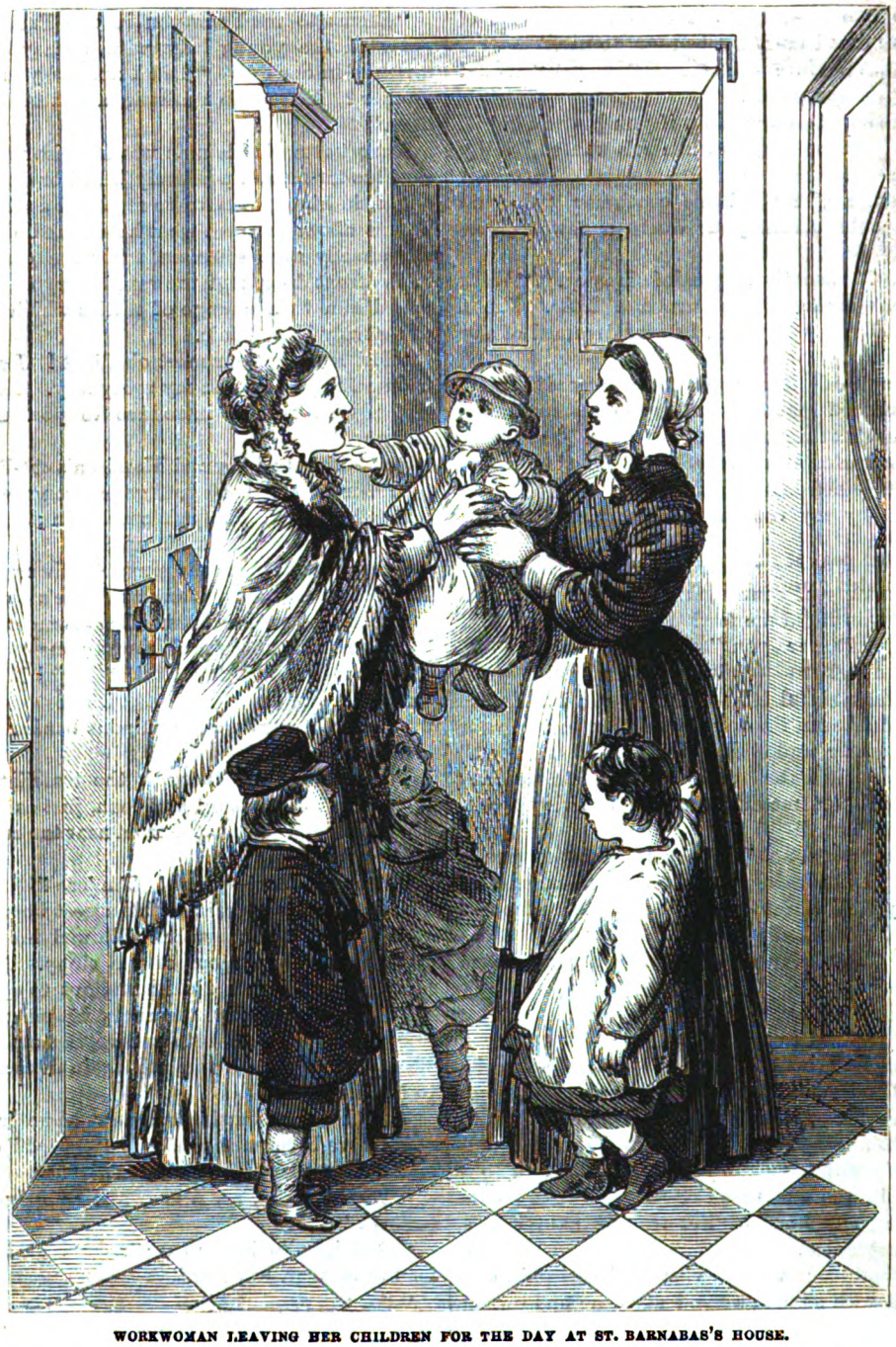
A PLEASANT jest in time of misfortune gives courage to the heart, strength to the arm, and digestion to the stomach.

THE CHARITABLE SIDE OF NEW YORK LIFE.

What it Does for the Young.

In these matter-of-fact days, history is recorded in books. The domestic author and the foreign tourist, if at all faithful chroniclers of the New World's progress, cause us to appreciate more deeply our various advantages as a people, by presenting familiar subjects to our attention, with more than ordinary vividness. Through the medium of books we learn more every day of the important part the metropolis plays in the commercial advancement of the world; of its immense power as a money centre; of its greatness as a political stronghold.

But there is another class of books, more modest in style and plainer in language than the average book of travel and impressions, which, coming to us annually, record the history of the grandest form of nobility. They are full of the deepest pathos, for they contain a varied narrative of human suffering and misery. At the same time they are priceless treasures, in that they exhibit the unselfish, the sympathetic, the sacrificing qualities of men and women.



WORKWOMAN LEAVING HER CHILDREN FOR THE DAY AT ST. BARNABAS'S HOUSE.

The reports of our charitable institutions, with all their sadness of poverty, sickness and decrepitude relieved by the munificent benefactions of citizens of all grades, form a library in which one's soul, one's heart of hearts, finds strength and encouragement that cannot be obtained elsewhere. These annual missives tell of thousands of people who are being aided, relieved and educated by thousands of their neighbors blessed with a little more of the world's possessions; they record the history of one phase of our life which is ever present, ever increasing, ever enlisting the tenderest of human sympathies. They are volumes replete with the choicest literature, for the stories they tell are from nature and the heart. They amply repay reading and re-reading. They greatly aid the belief that, after all, "life is worth living." And they are sure to afford a present profitable entertainment.

The number of institutions in the city maintained by State and City appropriations, by popular subscriptions, by the Excise Fund, by the license fees of theatres, and certain classes of fines exacted by the courts, is now in the neighborhood of three hundred. While these are designed for young and old, male and female, white and black, the sick, blind, halt, orphan, and every representative of human dependence, their number is constantly increasing. New phases of suffering are discovered almost daily; new means of relief are as frequently applied.

For the present, let us consider the romances of child-life that these little volumes contain.

WRIGHT SUMMER HOME FOR CRUELLY-TREATED CHILDREN AT OCEANPORT, N. J.

For several years past the Boards of Health in the large cities have circulated printed instructions in various languages, containing hints about the treatment of infants during the hot season. The following, as specimens, have been issued by Prof. Chandler, President of the Board of Health of New York City, and Dr. Taylor, Chief of the Vaccination Bureau:

"Never neglect looseness of the bowels in an infant. Consult the family or dispensary physician at once, and he will give you rules about what it should take and how it should be nursed.

PLAYROOM AT ST. BARNABAS'S HOUSE.

Keep your rooms as cool as possible; have them well ventilated, and do not allow any bad smell to come from sinks, privies, garbage-boxes or gutters about the house where you live. See that your own apartments are right, and complain to the Board of Health, No. 301 Mott Street, if the neighborhood is offensive. When an infant is cross and irritable in the hot weather, a trip on the water will do it a great deal of good (ferryboat or steamboat), and may prevent cholera infantum. Do not allow your children to eat unripe or decayed fruit. An infant under a year old should not have any fruit, except by a physician's order. In very hot weather dress your children in thin clothing, and bathe them with cold water one or more times a day. Children under ten months to a year old do not need anything but the breast or good milk. Cow's milk, when pure, is made like woman's milk by adding one-third water to two-thirds milk, and warming to blood heat, and a little over one-fourth of an ounce of white sugar to a pint of the mixture of milk and water; but in the city a good deal of the milk has plenty of water and too little cream. If you do not nurse the child, see that the nursing-bottle tube and mouthpiece are kept in clean water when not used; and the addition of a little soda will keep it from becoming sour. If a baby does not thrive well on cow's milk, consult a physician, and take him some of the milk you are using, or bring it to No. 301 Mott Street, and the Board of Health will examine it for you."

"WARNING—SMALL-POX!

"If your children have not been vaccinated, have them vaccinated immediately.

"If they have been vaccinated, and the vaccination did not take with any one of them, have it repeated at once.

"If any member of your family has been vaccinated but once, and that a number of years ago, have a fresh vaccination now.

"It is wise to be vaccinated once in every seven years, though this is not, perhaps, absolutely necessary.

"Re-vaccination is absolutely necessary for those who have only been vaccinated in infancy, and are now over fifteen years of age.

"If all will heed this warning, New York will remain free from small-pox; those only will have small-pox who do not secure a vaccination which takes.

"Go to your family physician, or come or send to the Board of Health, 301 Mott Street, where free vaccination is performed daily, with pure bovine virus from perfectly healthy calves."

The New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, although one of the youngest adjuncts of the grand system of juvenile relief and rescue, has a much broader field for work than many of its sister organizations. In the majority of cases, institutions are founded and maintained in the name of a distinct class or religious denomination of citizens. This Society, however, takes cognizance of all manner of cruelty to, or suffering by, children, irrespective of the nationality, the social standing, or the religious belief, of the parents.

Previous to the year 1874, many complaints of cruelty to children were made to Mr. Henry Bergh, President of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and, as far as his onerous duties permitted, he championed the cause of the little sufferers. As he had become the friend of dumb animals, he soon was regarded as the friend of ill-treated children, also. But, little by little, the demands upon him for assistance so encroached upon his time, that, believing there was a large unworked field for a society that would look solely after the grievances of the little folks, he determined to attempt the formation of such an association. Associating with himself men of kindred feeling, the present society was created in 1874, and incorporated as a distinct and independent institution. But six years have passed, and to-day the Society stands before the public with a praiseworthy record, and as the model of similar organizations in sixteen other States, and in England, France, Italy, Germany and Calcutta.

Without conflicting in any respect with the work of other societies, it has suppressed the shameful exhibition of children in public acrobatic performances; it has stepped between the poor child and the drunken parent, the cruel guardian, the inconsiderate employer; it has broken up the traffic in the musically inclined children of sunny Italy; it has relieved the fashionable promenades and the busy thoroughfares of the spectacle of dirty, ragged, emaciated peddlers and beggars; it has taken the complaints of children, secured the evidence to convict their torturers, and placed the victims under benign influences; and it has unearthed, with an appalling array of proof, a phase of child-life, which, under the guise of religion, was one of the most iniquitous that has ever been brought to a court of justice. The Society is now located in its new quarters, on the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

The "Wright Summer Home," for poor and cruelly treated children, was established in 1878. John D. Wright, the President of this Society, paid $20,000 for the spacious mansion and suitable grounds, and placed them in charge of the American Female Guardian Society, by whom the enterprise is now managed.

In 1876, the managers of the West Side Relief Association, who had been conducting invaluable work among the poor during the Winter seasons, put into practical shape a project for enabling sick children and their mothers to derive the benefits of a resting spell beside the sea. The lady visitors and agents of the Association, in visiting the poor, found hundreds of women and children whose health demanded far more than a day's excursion down the harbor, or a trip to inland groves. To snatch the young and feeble from stifling tenements; to place them where the atmosphere is pure, the air invigorating; and to supply them with proper food, sleeping apartments, and medical aid, were the motives upon which the new enterprise of the Association was organized.

During the first season the Sanitarium was located at Morgan Station, on Raritan Bay. Children were gathered by the visitors of the Association, and, with their mothers as nurses, were supplied with free tickets to the station. Upon the arrival of the day's contingent at the Sanitarium, each child and mother was examined by volunteer physicians, and such medicine as was immediately required was administered. In general cases the little folks were permitted to remain a week at a time, but where the condition of health necessitated a longer rendezvous the time was cheerfully extended. Food, of a plain but wholesome character, was given in reasonable abundance. Young and old were encouraged to bathe in the salt water in pleasant weather, while the old Rowan mansion afforded ample room for the children to sleep and romp whenever the day was unsuitable for outdoor exercise.

In the following year a building was leased at Far Rockaway; and for the third season a more suitable house at Rockaway Beach—an unlucky hotel speculation—was taken. The rental included a grove, out-buildings, a pavilion and bathing facilities on a firm white beach, without quicksand or undertow. The hotel itself had sleeping accommodations for about forty persons, and with alterations space was found for nearly one hundred beds.

At the earnest solicitation of many charitable ladies, and upon the advice of the leading physicians and managers of the large hospital, the Sanitarium buildings were opened in October, 1879, after the close of the Summer season, as a home for the convalescent poor of the city. Thus the Association is able to utilize the retreat during the greater part of the year, giving it up to sick children during the Summer, and to worthy convalescents during the Fall and Spring.

Next to these institutions in rapidity of growth is the New York Foundling Asylum, established in 1869, at the suggestion of Cardinal McCloskey, and under the super-

vision of the Sisters of Charity at Mount St. Vincent, with Sister M. Irene as Sister Superior. The first building occupied was a dwelling in East Twelfth Street. A basket or cradle was placed in the vestibule for the reception of the waifs that might otherwise come to death by the violence of their erring mothers, or their more criminal fathers. The utility of such an institution was shown by the fact that within a few weeks every crib was occupied. The demand for more accommodations, as well as the unhealthy condition of the building, soon led the Sisters to lease a larger house, in Washington Place, and thither the children were removed. This, in time, also became too cramped, and in 1872 the State contributed $100,000 and the site, on condition that the Sisters would raise a like amount.

On the first of November, 1873, the new building was sufficiently advanced to enable the Sisters to take possession. They then added to their duty of saving and educating the foundlings, that of reforming fallen women. In the Summer of 1878 the Sisters, finding themselves obliged to put a great many children out to nurse, purchased a farm, and nearly all the babies that cannot be cared for in the asylum are now sent there.

The new asylum is liberally provided with schoolrooms, dining-rooms, playrooms, dormitories, bathrooms and kitchens. A kindergarten has been added to the educational features of the asylum, and besides the usual primary branches the children are instructed in deportment, the art of bowing politely and walking correctly. A prettier group of modest, well-behaved children, cannot be found in the city.

On entrance into the asylum, the Sisters claim, only thirty-five per cent. of the foundlings are in a healthy condition, and the success of the system of management is demonstrated by the smallness of the death rate as shown by the records, and the robust appearance of the young household.

The Association for the Benefit of Colored Orphans, whose asylum now occupies the entire block between One Hundred and Forty-third and One Hundred and Forty-fourth Streets, fronting on the Boulevard, was incorporated in 1837. The first asylum, erected on Fifth Avenue, between Forty-second and Forty-third Streets, was totally destroyed by fire during the Draft Riots of July, 1863, after the mob attacked and gutted the building. During the hot-headed persecution of the colored children, the Commissioners of Charities and Correction placed a building on Blackwell's Island at the disposal of the officers of the asylum, and the children were removed thither as quickly as possible. Subsequently the asylum occupied the building on One Hundred and Fifty-first Street, now the Union Home and School for children of deceased soldiers and sailors. In 1867 the erection of the present structure was begun, and in June, 1868, possession was taken. The officers and managers, with the exceptions of the superintendent and physicians, are ladies, some of whom give their entire time to the welfare of the institution. At the age of twelve, all the children are indentured to some responsible person in the country, unless a good opportunity offers of apprenticing a boy to a trade. The schools conducted in the building are quite prosperous in a primary form, and the most encouraging results have been attained by the managers.

On the corner of Ninth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street stands a massive building, erected for the New York Institution for the Blind. It is now in its forty-fourth year of incorporation. It is supported by State appropriations, board fees from those able to pay, and the interest on the legacies and donations that have been made it. There are literary, musical and industrial departments. In the former, there are classes ranging from the little ones just learning their alphabet to those able to read rapidly and well. In the industrial, the youngest children are first taught bead-work of a simple kind, and from this the girls are placed in their own department, where they are taught first to sew by the hand perfectly, and then are placed at the sewing and knitting machines. The boys are placed at mattress-making, where, from the cutting out of the ticking to the finish, they are under the superintendence of a foreman, also blind. Those not employed in this work are taught the trade of bottoming chairs, where they soon become quite proficient. Both trades have as much as they can do to fill orders sent them from different sources. The musical department is a favorite of all the inmates. Exemption from sickness in this institution has been quite remarkable. Corporal punishment is not allowed, the denial of certain privileges being the penalty for all offenses.

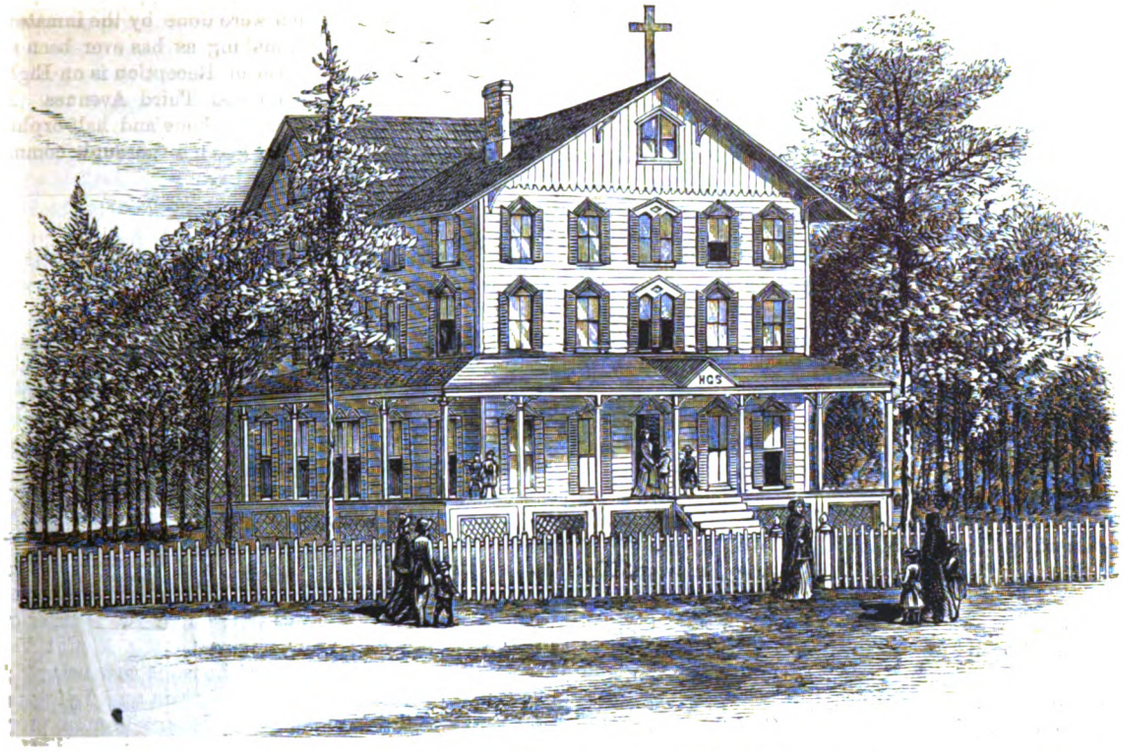
Almost within a stone's throw of the massive Grand Union Depot on Forty-second Street is the picturesque building of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, on the corner of Lexington Avenue. It was founded by Dr. James Knight in 1863, who then threw open his own residence for the reception of this species of sufferers. For a long time there was only room for twenty-eight indoor patients, the number of outdoor ones being annually many hundreds. As time passed on, however, and the public began to recognize Dr. Knight's experiment as an enterprise worthy of substantial countenance, funds began rolling in upon him, until the amount of contributions and the praises of people able to judge of the value of the effort, and the possible dimensions it might attain, led him to undertake the erection of a commodious and suitable building. A lady sent him a check for $5,000, and a gentleman gave one for $21,000, both to be applied to the building fund. In 1869 the hospital was completed, and as soon as it could be supplied with the necessary surgical apparatus, it was opened, and the doctor's indoor patients transferred to it.

All manner of curable cripples are here treated. Medical and surgical aid is given when necessary. The mechanical appliances, such as trusses, supports, splints, etc., are supplied free of cost to those unable to pay. Almost all the apparatus is manufactured in the building from Dr. Knight's designs, and under his supervision. About 5,000 outdoor patients receive treatment annually, and 300 resident patients. The boys occupy an entire floor, 115 feet deep, 45 wide, and 18 high; the girls, the same space one flight up; while the top floor, with its glass sides and three domes, is the general playroom. The children eat four times a day. At breakfast they are served with broiled meat, bread-and-butter, and milk; at 10 o'clock, with bread-and-butter, fruit, and a bowl of water; at one o'clock, dinner, of roast meat, boiled potatoes, served hot, bread, and a bowl of water; supper at six o'clock, of bread and milk. No child is allowed to drink water at will, it being served only once a day, at three o'clock, save at certain meals. To this care in restricting the drinking of water is attributed the freedom of the patients from Summer complaints, even the premonitory symptoms of bowel difficulties being almost unknown there. If there is a curable crippled child, and the parents are unable to pay for its treatment, this institution receives the suffering little one; professional treatment and expensive surgical appliances, if necessary, are afforded; the child is educated while under treatment, which, in some instances, is for several years, and, if in indigent circumstances, clothed.

It would require more space than we have at command to even indicate the nature and scope of Hebrew efforts in the work of relief, care and education. But the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Herman Baar, is so thorough, progressive and practical in its operations, that it is a fitting representative of Hebrew benevolence throughout the city. The enterprise is in reality an orphan asylum, an industrial school and a house of reception. The first of these is a three-story brick building, erected in 1862, located on a plot of ground on Seventy-seventh Street, donated by the city. The industrial school, in which we took deep interest, is a three-story and high-basement building, in the rear of the Asylum. In it are taught all the mysteries of the printer's art and the shoemaker's trade. A volume of Dr. Baar's short addresses to the children, the composition, press-work, binding and embossing of which were done by the inmates, is as fine a specimen of book-making as has ever been seen in this country. The House of Reception is on Eighty-sixth Street, between Second and Third Avenues. It is designed for the care of female orphans and half-orphans.

The girls are, like the boys, given a thorough common-school education. They are taught housekeeping, needle-work, millinery, etc. As they become old enough they are readily placed in good homes, or are apprenticed to some handicraft for which they have preference or taste. A great deal of good is done in the way of saving orphans' estates, and collecting for them the money on life insurances on the lives of their parents. The funds so obtained are put into savings banks until their owners become of age.

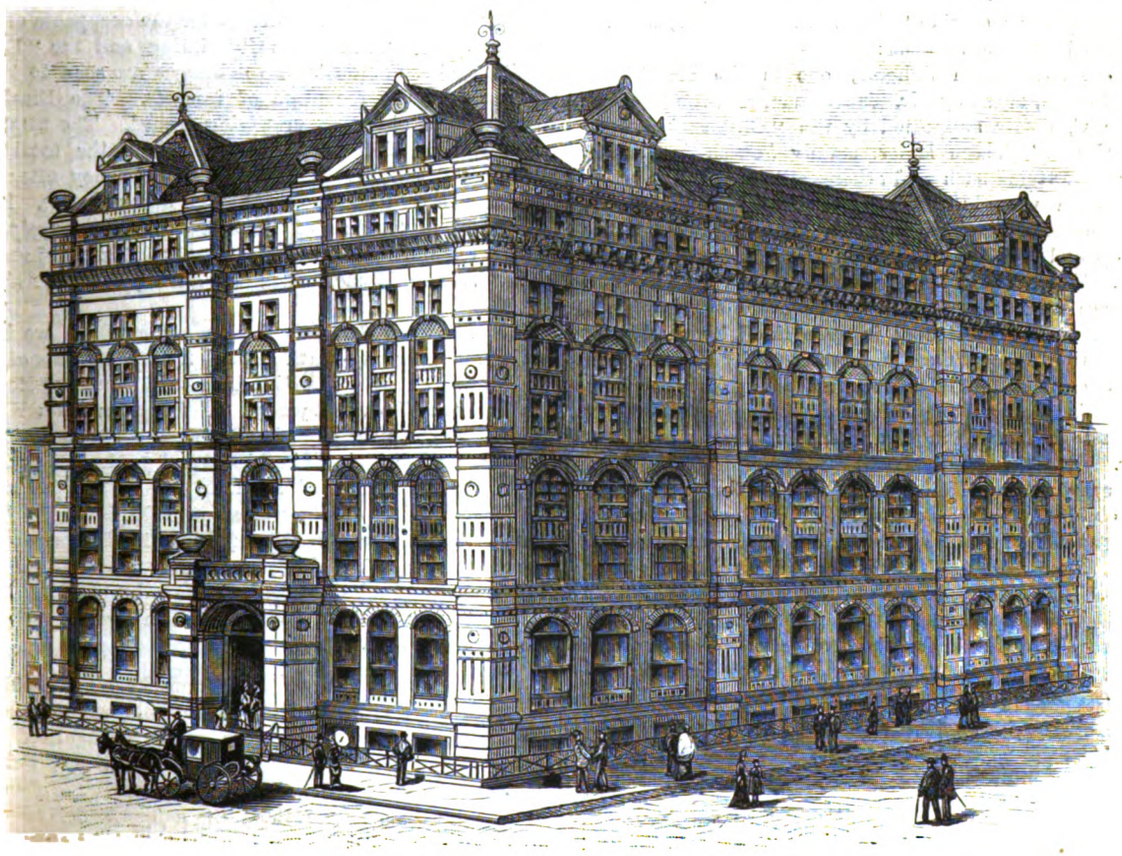
THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL—RECORDING THE NAMES OF NEW-COMERS.



SUMMER HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD AT ASBURY PARK, N. J.

For more than thirteen years this institution has not appealed to the public for contributions of any kind, except the annual dues. Increased accommodations are absolutely required, and it is expected that a grand charity fair will soon be held in aid of a new building fund.

The Children's Aid Society, although a veteran in the



FIRST HOUSE OF THE MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE VIRGIN.

cause of juvenile relief, is daily doing far more service than many, even of its patrons, know. It was founded in 1853, with the secretary and one office boy for agents. In its first year it expended $4,194.55, and provided 197 children with homes, besides opening two industrial schools. At the present time it employs 112 superintendents, teachers, matrons and agents. The Society now has twenty-one industrial schools and twelve night schools, with an aggregate attendance of 9,093 children. In 1854 it opened the Newsboys' Lodging House, and by 1878 it was carrying on six lodging houses (the buildings of five being its own property, valued at $300,000), sheltering and instructing some 13,652 boys and girls, of whom 7,554 were orphans. During the twenty-five years of its existence it has placed out, largely in Western homes, 55,717 homeless persons, of whom 51,000 were children, and received over $3,000,000 from an appreciative public. Unlike many charitable institutions of the day, this Society is free from debt. The following list of branches will give the reader an idea of the scope of the Society's work:

Newsboys' Lodging House, C. O'Connor, superintendent, corner of Reade, Duane and Chambers Streets.

Girls' Lodging House, Mrs. E. S. Hurley, matron, No. 27 St. Mark's Place.

Eighteenth Street Lodging House, W. J. McCully, superintendent, No. 211 West Eighteenth Street.

Eleventh Ward Lodging House, M. Dupuy, superintendent, No. 709 East Eleventh Street.

Rivington Street Lodging House, G. Calder, superintendent, No. 327 Rivington Street.

Thirty-fifth Street Lodging House, H. Mathews, superintendent, No. 314 East Thirty-fifth Street.

In addition to these are the East Side Newsboys' Lodging House at East Broadway and Gouverneur Street, presented to the Society by Miss Catherine Wolf; a fruit and flower mission; a seaside "Home" at Bath, L. I.; and the following Industrial Schools:

Two Kindergarten Schools, one in the Eighteenth Street School, aided by Mr. Tuckerman, and the other in Avenue C, partly supported by the "Children's Charitable Union." These ladies, mainly Jewish Americans, under Mrs. Heidelbach and others, still supply the poorest children with hot dinners, a great benefaction. A "kitchen-garden" class, to teach household duties, has been opened by Miss Dodge in the Thirty-fifth Street school. The Night Schools, which accomplish so useful a work, are largely supported by benevolent individuals. The German Night School is maintained by a lady of Boston; the Crosby Street Italian School by two ladies in Morristown; the Franklin Street School by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt's family; the Fifty-second Street School by the trustees, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Tuckerman and Mr. Potter.

A very interesting Half-time School, for the poor Italian street children, has been opened during the afternoon and evening at No. 24 Sullivan Street, under the experienced teacher, Mrs. Alleyn. This is the third school for poor Italians. The reading rooms at the Cottage Place School, in the Italian School, and in Greenwich Street, have been peculiarly successful during the past year.

During the year 1880, there were in the six lodging-houses, 13,463 different boys and girls; 252,327 meals and 180,527 lodgings were supplied. In the 21 day and 11 evening schools were 9,662 children, who were taught and partly fed and clothed (400,472 warm meals were supplied); 3,764 were sent to good homes, mainly in the West; 2,384 were aided with food, medicine, etc., through the Sick Children's Mission; 3,084 children enjoyed the benefits of the "Seaside Home" (averaging about 200 per week); 531 girls have been instructed in the use of the sewing-machine in the Girls' Lodging House and in the industrial schools. There have been 7,307 orphans in the lodging-houses; $8,601.06 have been deposited in the Penny Savings Banks. Total number under charge of the Society during the year, 29,757.

The report of George S. Coe, the treasurer, shows the receipts for the past year to have been $215,473.61, and the payments $211,007.25; leaving a balance on hand of $4,466.36.

The New York Infant Asylum was founded for the purpose of receiving and taking charge of foundlings and other infant children, of the age of two years and under, to provide for their support, their moral, physical, intellectual and industrial education; and also to provide such methods of care and guidance as should tend to prevent the maternal abandonment of homeless infants, and diminish the moral dangers and personal sufferings to which homeless mothers are exposed.

The House of Reception and Lying-in Department of the Asylum is located on Tenth Avenue, at the corner of Sixty-first Street, New York City. The country homes are at Flushing, Long Island, and at Mount Vernon, Westchester County. During 1879, overcrowding of the Sixty-first Street house was relieved by the transfer of the older children with their nurses to the Mount Vernon Home. The Sixty-first Street house is now occupied exclusively as "The House of Reception and Lying-in Department" of the Asylum. The Mount Vernon property has well earned the title of the "Mount Vernon Home." The "Administration" building has been completed. This building contains the apartments of the resident officers and employés, wards for the accommodation of thirty-five women and sixty children, together with a kitchen, bakery, and dining-room, adapted for the needs of the inmates of the cottages, as well as for the occupants of this building. The "Quarantine" building and the "Laundry" have been erected. Two cottages are soon to be in readiness for the reception of inmates. The Flushing Home makes always a gratifying record. The total receipts during 1879 were $44,647.18, and the total disbursements, $67,032.04, showing a deficiency after exhausting the balance on hand, January 1st, 1879, $21,446.36, of the sum of $938.50. This was largely due to the expenditure in completing and furnishing the Mount Vernon Home, which cost during the year about $20,000.

The New York Juvenile Asylum, from which we have received the twenty-ninth annual report, consists of the Asylum proper and its two branches, the House of Reception and the Western Agency. The Asylum is on Washington Heights, near High Bridge, and stands on a plot of twenty acres, of which the buildings and yards occupy four, the remainder being used for farm and garden purposes. The House of Reception, erected in 1858, is No. 61 West Thirteenth Street, and is fully equipped for the permanent accommodation of 130 children. Lastly, a large dwelling, with an acre and a half of land, at Normal, near Bloomington, Illinois, is occupied by the Western Agent, who provides homes in different parts of the State for the children sent West, and who visits them from time to time, and takes the general oversight of them.

As nearly 3,500 boys and girls have been sent to the State of Illinois, it has occasionally been difficult to find good homes for the children. They are all sent to Illinois, because the Legislature of that State, by favorable enactments, have greatly facilitated the Society's work of indenturing the children.

A pleasant visit to this institution creates regret that

space will not permit a lapse from a review of the curious books before us into a bit of sentiment.

The number of children in the Asylum at the beginning of the year 1880 was 775, and the number received, 577; the average number of inmates was 658. Of these, 151 were indentured, and 485 discharged to their parents. By a comparative table, it is shown that of the number received, 218 had both parents living, 125 the father living, 193 the mother living, and 33 both parents dead. In 522 cases both parents were intemperate, and in 47 cases one or both were intemperate. In the early history of the Asylum, a large proportion of the children were sent by the commitment of police magistrates; but of late years, since the organization of similar institutions, most of the children are voluntarily surrendered by parents or friends. As this is done before the children become entirely vicious, the work is preventive as well as reformatory.

Almost all residents of New York City are, to some extent, familiar with the House of Refuge on Randall's Island, opened January 1st, 1825, with eight children. This institution is one of the largest and most complete of all the State's charities. As it is a reformatory, it bears many of the marks of a prison. The inmates, of both sexes, are committed by the various courts, during their minority. Separate buildings are provided for boys and girls, and are provided with apartments where the inmates are taught and carry on various useful trades. Ample playgrounds surround the house. The large proportion of the expense of maintaining the institution, which is secured by the industry of the inmates, is one of the smallest beneficial results flowing from it. As a State institution, it is strictly non-sectarian. Every Roman Catholic parent or guardian can demand that his child or ward be sent to the Protectory in Westchester, where the instruction is sectarian, and the committing magistrates always accede to the demand. This House of Refuge is the parent or model of all similar institutions in this country, and of many that have become noted in Europe.

The eleventh anniversary of the Sisterhood of the Good Shepherd was celebrated April 6th, 1880. This body was incorporated expressly for the purpose of ministering to the poor, the sick, the homeless, and the outcast, and of caring for little children. It is in charge of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of the Diocese of New York. During the preceding year the Sisters had 1,457 persons under their care in St. Barnabas' House, and 194 children in the Day Nursery. In June, 1879, they opened their Summer House at Asbury Park, N. J., for the reception of children and mothers in need of fresh air. Including the various branches, the Sisters gave 19,523 lodgings and 111,638 meals during the year.

The Wilson Industrial School and Mission, now in the twenty-eighth year of service, is designed exclusively for girls. Instruction is given to classes of girls from the Public Schools after regular hours, in sewing; and shelter has been extended to many women and young girls in the Night Refuge.

The Five Points House of Industry has commended itself to the charitable people of the city for more than a quarter of a century, so strongly, that it has been supported in caring for more than 32,000 children in its day school. Children of poor parents are received, clothed, fed and taught. Instruction is given in sewing, cooking, housework, shoemaking and type-setting, and efforts are made to teach thoroughly that which will enable the boys and girls to support themselves in the future.

In 1870, authority was obtained from the Legislature for an appropriation for the construction of two free baths for the city. They were built and used during that Summer, one being located at Fifth Street, East River, and the other at Bethune Street, North River. During the years between 1870 and 1876, the spirit of economy among the city's rulers was such that nothing was done toward increasing the number of free baths. In the latter year, however, through the strenuous exertions of Commissioner Allan Campbell, authority to construct four additional baths was obtained from the Legislature. These were built with the least possible delay, and were stationed as follows: one at Thirty-seventh Street, East River; one at Gouverneur Street, East River; one at One Hundred and Fourteenth Street, East River; and one at Fifty-first Street, North River. In 1878, a new bath was built and placed at the Battery, where it was sadly needed; and in 1879, the last, making eight in all, was constructed and located at the foot of East Nineteenth Street.

Mr. James McCartney, Superintendent of the Bath Department, furnishes the following list of the number of baths taken from June 1st to the close of the season, October 15th, 1880:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Nineteenth St., E. R.	237,432	110,598	348,030
Fifth St., E. R.	436,691	177,759	614,453
Thirty-seventh St., E. R.	301,870	204,904	506,774
112th St., E. R.	209,492	101,106	310,598
Gouverneur St., E. R.	374,587	158,153	532,740
Bethune St., N. R.	220,226	125,728	345,954
Fifty-first St., N. R.	176,088	132,137	308,225
Battery, N. R.	370,527	244,633	615,165
Total	2,326,915	1,255,023	3,581,938

The cost of each bath averages $12.50 per day.

A familiar Summer enterprise on behalf of children and their mothers are the excursions of the Floating Hospital of St. John's Guild. The hospital boat is furnished by the Guild, and wealthy gentlemen have taken turns hiring powerful tugs to draw the motley load. Between the 8th of July and the 16th of September last, forty excursions were given, which enabled 23,166 mothers and children to enjoy the benefits of fresh sea-air. A dinner of meats, vegetables, bread, butter and tea was provided on the barge for mothers and the older children, and pure milk was furnished for the young children. Medicine, also, was provided. The cost was 31¼ cents for each person.

During last Summer a building was erected on West Thirty-fourth Street, near Ninth Avenue, known as the Free Hospital for Children. It is under the charge of the Sisters of St. Mary, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and is designed solely for young children that are free from any contagious disease. The front, of four stories of pressed brick, looming far up above the elevated railroad tracks, is quite an architectural feature of that section. The Sisters of the Order in charge of this hospital have also a large school in Forty-sixth Street, another at Peekskill, N. Y., and a third at Memphis, Tenn.

The latest additions to the great cluster of buildings intended for the relief and education of the little folks, is the new St. Vincent's Home for Boys, in Lafayette Place. It is owned by the Mission of the Immaculate Conception, and has been erected by the contributions of 300,000 members of St. Joseph's Union, scattered throughout the United States. The Rev. Father J. C. Drumgoole has been the active spirit in this enterprise, and has so managed the work of erection that there is no debt to darken the very noticeable structure. He has had charge of the Home in Warren Street for many years, and last year furnished there 48,795 free meals, 15,915 free lodgings, 600 suits of clothes and 300 pairs of shoes, besides conducting a school of 350 children. He says of the new building,

which is to be opened this Spring: "Our purpose is to furnish a cheerful home for all poor boys who have no other place to go to. We endeavor to bring them under good influences, find them work, and educate and train them to become good and useful citizens. We do not restrict our home to Catholics, although it is a Catholic school. All children of every creed are welcome, and the street door is always open."

The church work in behalf of poor and sick children embraces a number of interesting features, which are seen in part in some of the more distinctive institutions, the Creche being, perhaps, the most notable. That of Grace P. E. Church is a worthy representative of this part of juvenile charitable work. There every care is taken of children and babes of working people who wish to leave them in kind hands during the hours they are toiling in the shops and factories.

Any notice of the institutions for the young in the metropolis would be incomplete without a word of commendation for the admirable system in force in the Police Department for the recovery of lost children. If a child is lost, the parent should go at once to the station-house nearest the residence and report the child's name, age, appearance and how dressed. The parent may either wait or return in the evening for intelligence of the missing one. When an officer on his beat finds a lost child he takes it at once to his precinct quarters, and a record is made. Thus, parents will often find the child at the station-house when they call to report its loss. If the child is not called for by nine o'clock in the evening, and cannot give its name or residence, so as to be taken home by an officer, it is taken to Police Headquarters, on Mulberry Street, and placed in the care of Mrs. Webb, who has had charge of the lost children's dormitory for many years. By this system all the children lost in the streets who are not called for at the station-houses, or restored to their parents, are gathered at the central office every night, and cared for until restored to their homes.

Liberal as are our people, and excellent as is the management of our diversified juvenile charities, there is one method by which sick children may be benefited still more. Already the success of the American system of giving the poor, the infirm, the ailing a brief airing at the seaside or in the country, has led to the inauguration of similar efforts in various parts of Europe. But there the projectors go a step further than we do, and establish what are known as "vacation colonies." Pastor Bion took the initiative in Switzerland, starting a colony in the country at Trogen, where he allows sick children to remain fourteen days, at least. Dr. Varrentrapp, Sanitary Councilor of Frankfort-on-the-Main, hearing of the success of this colony, visited it, and was so impressed with its merit, that on his return he organized committees to carry on the work in several of the large German cities. Berlin, Dresden, Stuttgart and Vienna have done much during the past three seasons in this line. The committees and work, under the supervision of experienced physicians, meet with liberal support from the public, and warm indorsement from the authorities. According to their physical condition, children are allowed to remain at these vacation colonies from two weeks to the entire season, and have every attention that medical science can suggest. An extension of our own system after this plan would doubtless prove beneficial.

DORMITORY FOR LOST CHILDREN AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS.

THE CANON TRAGEDY.—"SHE TRIED TO CREEP TOWARD HIM, REMEMBERING EVEN IN THAT AGONY THAT THEY HAD NEVER 'MADE UP.' THEN SHE SAW THE MANIAC LIFT RICHARD IN HIS ARMS, AND BOTH DISAPPEAR."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

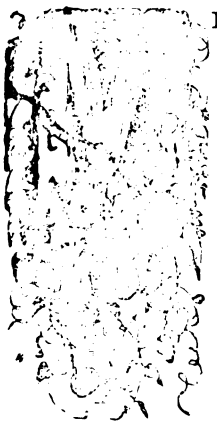
THE ROSE.

In his tower sat the poet,
Gazing on the roaring sea.
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.
On the rock the billow bursteth,
And sinks back into the seas;
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.
Take, O sea, the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast;
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest.
Life is vain and life is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind;
Hate and scorn and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."
Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale, with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward
Through the breakers all alone.

THE CANON TRAGEDY.

By Clara G. Dolliver.

Chapter I.



MRS. FEEDER said that they *must* keep Summer boarders; and they did. That redoubtable woman always carried everything before her.

"I say," she said to Jane, her second, "that there is no other way to keep the mill a-going; your pa thinks that cabbages and things is enough, but there's other things to live for besides eating; and we must spruce up, and advertise, and do our best. We're sure of Miss Titterkin, poor thing."

Jane was full of energy, and agreed; Eulalia said it would kill her.

Her mother sniffed contemptuously—Mrs. Feeder is a little coarse, perhaps—and said that "she'd get a mighty cheap funeral out of *that* house."

Eulalia dissolved in tears, and said no more.

As to Mr. Feeder, he attended to his "cabbages and things," and kept pretty much out of the way.

Theirs was a long, low house, with a bare look about it, as though it had been tucked away there and forgotten; there was no garden, but the roof was sloping and mossy, and the green grass grew luxuriantly from the front door down to the fence.

The Summer boarders seemed to like that mossy roof and rank grass, especially Richard Hart and his aunt, Patty Titterkin, who came first of all.

She was a little lady, with snowy hair, which had a sunny ripple in it somewhere, and kind, bright eyes.

The Feeders' Spanish-built house was the only one at the head of the cañon; their nearest neighbor lived seven miles away—seven miles of the roughest kind of riding.

As a road, the dusty track was a perfect failure; as a horseback-trail, it was no great success; they crossed Rubaleada Creek four or five times, and in many places a false step on the part of the horses would have been dangerous, indeed.

A queer place for Summer boarders, seven miles up that wild cañon!

There was nothing to see, and little to do; but Miss Titterkin had been there before, and liked it, and the others came because they liked Miss Titterkin

The advertisements brought but one visitor, a black-eyed, not too pleasant-looking gentleman, by the name of Dubedat. At first the others avoided him, but he was quiet and polite, and fell into their ways after a while.

He admired Florence Fairleigh immensely, as, indeed, who did not? She was eighteen, round-cheeked and pretty. The belle of the party, Eulalia, the novel-reader, felt herself injured, in some way, by Florence's prettiness, and hated her.

By her mother's command, Eulalia waited on the table, and took care to give her enemy burnt cakes and cold coffee, by way of revenge; rather prosaic vengeance for a novel-reader, one would think. She had her own bitterness of spirit, for Richard, with whom she thought herself in love, was in love with Florence, and jealous of the stranger—a very silly jealousy, and he took no pains to conceal it—but Richard was only twenty.

One night Mrs. Helps and Miss Titterkin sat on the steps; the others were playing croquet, all but Richard, who leaned against the tall pine which stood just inside the fence. Richard and Florence had a first class-quarrel on hand, in which she was coquettish, and he was highly unreasonable.

"Come here, Richard, and talk to me," said Miss Titterkin, sorely troubled to see her favorite distressed.

"Yes, do go, Cœur-de-Lion," said Florence; "you are in my way."

"Yes, do go, Mr. Hart," said Joe Stumble—"Horrid Joe Stumble," the girls called him—"you are distracting my partner's attention."

Richard muttered "Beg pardon," and moved to the other side of the tree—go he wouldn't.

Meanwhile Florence—"Florence the Fair," they had nicknamed her—leaned on her mallet and flirted desperately with Dubedat—all the girls said that Florence liked to flirt.

But she soon made such progress that she became tired of it, or perhaps had twinges of conscience; for finally she turned her attention to Joe Stumble, who was delighted beyond measure. His niece Victoria looked on, and whispered to Mamie Helps:

"If Uncle Joe only *knew* when he was being made fun of, it would be some comfort."

All this time little Miss Titterkin's kind little heart was grieved. Richard was her nephew, and her dear favorite; he had been held in her arms when he was a soft-cheeked baby, and she a blooming girl; he had been to school to her, and learned better lessons than come out of books; and now he lived with "Aunt Patty," and took as much care of her as her independence would allow, which was very little, indeed. It rarely happens that the school-teacher becomes too old to teach, though, indeed, Miss Titterkin's eyes were young, and gave a sharp contradiction to the story told by her snow-white hair.

She liked Florence, too. Florence had made her bright self so extra bright to her, that she could not help liking her, though just now she was the least little bit provoked to see her behave so badly.

After a while, when the game of croquet was ended, they all came and sat down by the two elderly ones, and Jane and Eulalia came out, too. It was very "homey" at the Feeders': no one there believed too much in ceremony.

"Let's go picnicking somewhere to-morrow," proposed

Victoria McArrow, a sharp-featured, merry, black-eyed girl, who *looked* schoolteacher, every inch.

"'Barkis is willin','" responded Mrs. Helps, "if Mrs. Feeder can tell us of a good place."

"Ask the girls," called out that energetic woman from some interior place, whence issued the sound of much sweeping. "They are always cavorting on the hills round here."

"Where shall we go, Jane?" asked Miss Titterkin.

Jane seemed to be the favorite. Somehow, these ethereal girls are never appreciated.

"The Poplars is a good place," responded Jane. "There's a big flat rock there to eat your lunches on, and lots of trees around. Good place, Laly, eh?"

"It is so dangerous!" murmured Eulalia.

"Dangerous! Fiddlesticks and drums! Any place is dangerous if you make it so. People mustn't jump off the rock, that's all," she explain

"Ay or nay?" asked Victoria of each one, and each one answered "Ay!"

Then she called to Richard, who had disappeared, to come and give his consent; but no Richard came.

"Never mind him," said Mrs. Helps; "he is all right. Dick never makes objections."

"No, never!" replied Victoria, looking scornfully toward her Uncle Joe.

Victoria had informed every one of the party in strict confidence that she couldn't endure Uncle Joe, and only invited him because he was rich, and she hoped he would have the grace to pay her bills—which he had not. He always criticised and made objections to everything, and was continually begging his graceless niece to take good care of her precious health.

"Thank you, Uncle Joe," she said, one day. "I always have done so; that's why it is so good. But you are very kind to trouble yourself, I'm sure."

Whereupon Mr. Stumble cleared his throat, and peered at her from behind his big round eyeglasses, but seemed to think it best to say nothing.

When Victoria gave so emphatic a response to Mrs. Helps's remark, Mr. Stumble was busy consulting Eulalia in regard to the dangers of The Poplars, and had just opened his mouth for a soul-harrowing protest, when Mrs. Helps arose, and proposed that they should retire at once, in order to make an early start the next morning.

Florence's heart was full of tears. She could not bear to be on bad terms with any one, least of all with Richard; and now he had gone off, and she could not bid him good-night. She kept back the tears, however, and kissed his Aunt Patty twice very tenderly.

The gentle little lady guessed that the girl's heart was much troubled, and stroked her soft hair and forgave her as she bade her good-night. She longed to help her, too. She was always helping her in one way or another, for Florence taught a horde of restless little barbarians in the adjoining room to hers at school, and had not distinguished herself by her success.

"Poor child!" thought Patty. "She looks as she does sometimes at school—so worried!"

Victoria McArrow came up, and put her arm around Florence, and walked her off, saying that she wanted to tell her something.

"If Uncle Joe *should* propose to you, Florry," she said, "you must let us know, and we'll plague him to death."

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort," said Florence, laughing, but quite in earnest, too. "If he ever does get so desperate, I'll never let *you* know it—poor man!"

"I don't believe he ever will," responded Vic, "for he's too dreadfully stingy ever to support a wife."

"He will never have *me* to support, I assure you," said Florence, emphatically.

"Oh, I know," returned Victoria, as she stopped at the door of her room. "You needn't look so sharp about it, old lady. The Lion-hearted will feel better to-morrow, perhaps. Good-night."

"Good-night," answered Florence, in the most careless of voices, but secretly annoyed and wretched.

It was better to die young, she thought, than to live a whole lifetime in such a miserable world.

Chapter II.

Florence sat down, and indulged in the blues for a little while, then proceeded to undress herself. Even very unhappy people must go to bed.

Just as she had arrayed herself in her night-dress, and was braiding her long, fair hair, somebody tapped at the door. She knew that her eyes were red with tears, and she supposed it was "that" Mamie Helps, who was always running in just at bedtime, so she hesitated, and had a great mind to put out her light, and then open the door; she put her finger on the burner, but drew it back again, thinking to herself: "How rude of me! What does it matter, anyway?"

There came another tap.

"Is that you, Mamie?" asked Florence.

"No, it is I, dear," said Miss Titterkin.

Florence opened the door quickly, looking with frightened eyes at her friend. She was sure that Richard was killed.

Miss Titterkin's face, however, reassured her.

"May I come in," she said, "and talk to you a little while, dear?"

She looked timid, as if not quite sure of her welcome.

Florence pulled forward a chair.

"Certainly," she said; but she was a little timid, too; she was not at all sure of what Miss Titterkin might say.

The little lady looked very gentle, and pulled the chair up by the bedside, saying:

"You get into bed, Florence, and keep warm, while I talk to you."

Florence did as she was bid, all the time wondering greatly.

No one in that merry party had ever lifted so much as a corner of the curtain which separated the past life of the little old maid from the present. Her nephew Richard knew something, perhaps, and guessed more, and all had a dim perception that the kind little heart had once been wrung with bitter pain.

Those who knew her best, knew best *how* good she was; those who knew her least, knew that she must be *good*. The purest of hearts come out from trouble purer and sweeter—only the commoner clays are scarred and broken.

"You and Richard were—were—disagreeing this morning, were you not, dear?"

The tears, of which Florence's heart was full, rose up and choked her voice. She nodded.

"I was very sorry to see you both so unhappy, because—I love you both, you know, and because it reminded me."

Florence looked at her companion wistfully, with her eyes full of tears, but said nothing. Silence is certainly golden sometimes—her eyes were speaking better than her lips could have done.

"I know I may trust you," said Miss Titterkin, composedly; "and I think I may help you, if I tell you."

Florence nodded.

"I once had a friend," she continued, "whom I loved very dearly; it seems to me that nobody can realize *how* dearly, but I suppose all feel about the same at least once in their lives. I was young then, and strong and happy, and I loved him *very* much; as you love Richard, dear, I think."

Florence's face turned scarlet; but she said neither Ay nor Nay.

"He loved me, as I am sure Richard loves you, and—life was very pleasant just then, and very pleasant to look forward to." She paused a few moments, for her voice was choking, too; but she went on in a minute or so, steadily: "We quarreled—about some trifle so small that I should long since have forgotten it, had I not had such reason to remember. We became cold and angry with each other, and, somehow"—the poor little voice was choking more and more—"and the day never seemed to come for us to make up. Then, after a while, he—he—changed. I was so distant, so cold, how could he come? and—he changed—he did not love me any more—and we were parted. He was married afterward; but I—I have been through life *alone*. If he had died, I could have looked forward to the life where there are no more partings; but change—I scarcely dare believe that Death can turn the dear heart back to me; but still—how can I know?—perhaps——" There was a long pause.

"There's something in this world amiss, which will be unriddled by-and-by," she added, sadly.

Florence put her two hands out, took Miss Titterkin's face in them and kissed it two or three times, but still said nothing.

"You see, dear, how it will help you—and you will let it?" she said, rising to go.

"Yes," whispered Florence.

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night."

And Florence turned her fair head on the pillow, and had such a long and serious "think" as her careless brain was rarely troubled with.

The next morning the picnic party started off in high glee, Richard making no objections, as was anticipated, although he looked rather solemn. As for Florence, as she intended to be very meek, and make up at the first opportunity, she took vengeance beforehand by teasing and coquetting to her heart's content.

CRICKET, AS PLAYED IN ENGLAND.—HER FIRST INNINGS.—SEE PAGE 439.

Eulalia accompanied the party as guide; Mr. and Mrs. Feeder and the energetic Jane declined going.

"We've got to go down the cañon to Milliken's to buy up provisions, so we'll go to-day, as you're all going to be off," said Mrs. Feeder. "We may have rather a late dinner, but Eulalia must have the potatoes biling aginst our getting home."

The novel-reader turned her head the other way, and pretended not to hear—potatoes were so vulgar.

Richard seemed in very bad spirits, and did not go near Florence after they reached The Poplars. At first the

BOWLED OUT.

young lady was merry and saucy, and thought, "Never mind—by-and-by!" But after they had eaten lunch she began to be very quiet, and when Mr. Dubedat proposed to go and explore the great flat rock which overhung a very respectable precipice, Florence gave a careless, almost melancholy "Yes," and went immediately.

"Richard!" said Miss Titterkin.

"Aunt Patty?" responded Richard, going to her and sitting down at her feet.

"Why don't you make up with Florence?"

Richard flushed and started; he had an insane idea that everybody was utterly ignorant of his love for Florence, and of his heartache, while of course everybody knew all about it.

"*She* wants to make up, I know," said Aunt Patty, gently, dreadfully afraid of saying too much and being thought a busybody.

Richard shrugged his shoulders, and made no audible reply.

Meanwhile Florence stood almost upon the edge of the rock, looking at her companion with wondering, frightened eyes.

"You need not be in a hurry," said the gentleman; "but think what depends upon your answer. It is useless for you to scream—I have a pistol in my pocket."

When, as they reached the edge of the rock, Mr. Dubedat had first asked her to marry him, Florence was very sorry; then, as the truth slowly crept to her mind, astonishment and terror took the place of pity.

This quiet gentleman, a little "queer" in his ways, but pleasant and polite, was *insane;* an escape from Stockton, perhaps.

There was a look in his face that told the truth plainly, even to Florence's young eyes.

To stand upon the edge of that dreadful rock and hear his threats, women with more courage and nerve might have been pardoned for growing faint. Every sound seemed to come to her ear with terrible distinctness—a little bird which was "cheeping" in a tree near by; Mamie Helps and Victoria, who were chatting and laughing up somewhere among the poplars; even Miss Titterkin's soft voice, as she talked to Richard—she heard them all clearly, with the thought that she should never hear them again. A little bush grew by her side, and she clutched it, *willing* not to be faint, *determined* to be brave.

Miss Titterkin and Richard were both watching her, and both saw it.

"She is sick," said Aunt Patty. "Go and tell her I want her. I'm *afraid* of that man; I have *never* liked him."

Richard stood up; so did she; but he seemed unwilling to go. He had been jealous; was yet, perhaps, and—well, he did not like to go.

"Go, quick, Richard!" said Aunt Patty, in a sharper voice than he had ever heard before. "Why *don't* you go?"

Richard walked up to them leisurely enough. Fortunately, the lunatic did not hear him until he was close enough to Florence to say, "Aunt Patty——" Then there came a yell and a spring, and a furious struggle.

Florence was pushed off the edge of the rock, but as she had been clutching the bush, she held fast, and managed in some way to clamber up, cut and bruised and terrified, but not seriously hurt.

Richard was a strong young fellow, and, though taken by surprise, did his best; but the maniac had the strength of a giant. In some manner he managed to hold Richard by one hand, while with the other he pulled out his pistol.

Florence saw the flashes, and felt one of the bullets whiz past close to her cheek. She saw Richard half fall, as though he was wounded. She stretched out her hands in terror, and tried to creep toward him, remembering, even in that agony, that they had never "made up." Then she saw the maniac lift Richard in his arms, and both disappear. Then everything slipped away from her consciousness, and she knew no more.

The picnic party, startled by the yells and the pistol-shots, were gathered together on the rock, pale, trembling, and terrified.

Only Miss Titterkin and Victoria seemed to have their senses about them; Eulalia leaned on Mr. Stumble's arm, and made a determined but unsuccessful effort to faint.

They could see the bodies lying quite still, far down on the rocks, nearly to the creek.

"Was there any way to get at them?" demanded Victoria of Eulalia.

"Yes, there was a way," she admitted.

"Then you must show it," said Victoria.

"But I am afraid," said Eulalia, clinging to Mr. Stumble.

Perhaps they were a trifle rude to her, but they made her go; she even helped to carry Richard from the rocks to the wagon; but she could not be persuaded to go back and help them with the other, across whose right temple there was a jagged cut, and whose breath was stilled for ever. Richard breathed; that was all.

Joe, in reality more "afraid" by far than Eulalia, had hung back, muttering about his poor eyes; he helped, however—he held the horses while the rest were gone.

When they reached home it was quite dark; yet the Feeders had not returned.

"We must have a doctor to Richard as soon as possible," said Miss Titterkin to Victoria.

"Where is there one?"

"At Milliken's."

"How far away?"

"Seven miles."

A big lump swelled up in Victoria's throat; she remembered that road, and she knew nothing of horseback-riding; but she was no coward, for she said, quietly:

"*I* will go for him."

Miss Titterkin, always making sacrifices, recognized one here; she kissed Victoria's cheek.

"No, dear," she said. "I know the road well, and used to ride when I was young; I am the one to go."

And she went in the dark night over the dangerous road, through the wild, lonely cañon, trembling outwardly, but brave as a lion at her soul.

Just as she reached Milliken's, she met the Feeders coming home. Their wagon had broken down, and was just mended.

They were rather surprised, but it was not their way to indulge in many exclamations. Jane lifted Miss Titterkin from her horse, and put her in the wagon.

"Drive on, pa," she said; "I'll fetch the doctor."

Richard was young and strong, and got well again after a while. The stranger was past help when they lifted him from the jagged rocks. If he had friends, they were never found, and he was buried in a quiet spot, down by the two pines where he fell.

Richard and his fair-haired wife live in a little white house just down our street. Mr. and Mrs. Stumble—the poor novel-reader looks worn, and has had most of the nonsense taken out of her—live in that three-story brown house over the way. Mrs. Stumble is rich, and *not* generous, and the house is big, so Eulalia keeps two or three boarders. One of them is a dear, gentle lady, with clear, soft eyes and snow-white hair—little Miss Titterkin.

CRICKET, AS PLAYED IN ENGLAND.

By N. Robinson.

Cricket has been quaintly defined by a ponderous old cricketer as a game "performed by a person, who, with a clumsy wooden bat, defends a wicket raised of two slender sticks, with one across, which is attacked by another person, who endeavors to beat it down with a hard leather ball from a certain stand. The further the distance to which the ball is driven, the oftener is the defender able to run between the wickets and the stand. This is called gaining so many notches, and he who gets the most is the victor."

Only alter the number and arrangement of the sticks ("stumps"), and designate "notches" in the present vocabulary of terms as "runs," and you will have a positive definition of the ruling purpose of cricket as it now exists. This is a crudity of description, possibly, but one can trace the lineaments plainly enough for all practical purposes. At present the game universally adopted is that of "double wicket," and it is only, indeed, upon very rare occasions that single wicket is now practiced or witnessed.

What is cricket? "What a ridiculous question!" says young St. Maur Probyn, in the Eton Eleven, who was born as surely with a cane-handled bat in his hand as with the luxury of a silver spoon in his mouth. "What a muffish question!" chimes in young Grenville, who is now pursuing the curriculum of classical education with the rival school on the Hill of Harrow; for both are agreed on the point that "It's the jolliest game under the sun."

The word cricket is derived from the Saxon *Cricce*, which signifies a crooked stick, and the game can lay claim to an existence of about one hundred and fifty years. Here is how they played the game when George II. was King; when the young Chevalier was just preparing for the ill-fated campaign that ended at Culloden; and Pitt was just about to enter on that brilliant career which gained him a resting-place among England's noblest sons in Westminster Abbey:

At first cricket was merely confined to what is now known as "double wicket," for obviously the game of "single wicket" was merely an offshoot of the original tree, grafted to produce a less complicated form of the original pastime to suit the convenience of a lesser number of players, though governed by laws of a similar character.

The game of double wicket is so called by way of contradistinction, for it requires a double array of material—two bats, two wickets, two popping creases, two bowling creases, and is, in fact, in every way, as far as accessories are concerned, a duplicate of single wicket, which only needs one wicket, one bat, one popping crease, and one bowling crease. Originally the wicket did not consist of three upright stumps, as now. The wicket was then more after the fashion of a skeleton hurdle, consisting of two small sticks, instead of three stumps as now, and in the place of the two bails that now surmount the top, and connect the three stumps, there was then merely a thin piece of stick placed across, without groove or other support.

The bat was not the shapely instrument that it is now, but rather a rough piece of wood, fashioned as best it could be for offensive purposes. The ball, too, was upon an equally inferior scale to that now in use. There was, too, another arrangement in the game, namely: midway between the sticks and the base there was a hole cut, in which the batsman was to ground his bat after running, before the fieldsman at the wicket could ground the ball.

The wickets are now formed of three upright stumps, made usually of ash of the best growth. Across them are two "bails," or pins of wood, neatly carved and turned, and also made of similar material, each one of which connects two of the three stumps; the grooves on the top of each stump serving to secure the ends of each bail. These are what is termed collectively a "wicket," and at each end of the ground, at a distance of 22 yards, three stumps are placed, the two erections serving to illustrate the distinction of the double wicket.

I shall now proceed to the bat and ball—for cricket without bat and ball would be like the play of "Hamlet" with the wholesale omission not only of the Prince of Denmark, but of all the rest of the royal Danes.

At first, the bat was without form, and clumsy, and more resembled the shape of a sickle than anything else. The old bat was obviously of little use, except for the purpose of hitting—blocking or scientific playing being things at that time not dreamt of in the philosophy of the cricketer. The bowling was what is known as "underhand," and the mysteries of "roundhand," of curves, spins, and the secrets of attack now so skillfully employed, were utterly unknown, so that the great point of the game was to hit, without thought of defense. They show at Lord's Cricket-ground in London a very peculiar bat, which was used by a great hero of the cricket-field, Robert Robbins, professionally known as "Three-fingered Jack."

In selecting your bat, see that your own especial taste is satisfied first, or you will do little or no good. See that the wood is well seasoned, and of good growth, for on this you will have to depend greatly if you want a bat that will do you honest service. See that the wood is straight-grained, if possible, and give it time before you subject it to hard, persistent usage. A bat, like wine, improves with keeping; and do not use it, if you can avoid so doing, until it has had a chance of getting mellow, and becomes well saturated with the oil that you have used.

The bats used now have all the advantages of cane handles, which, of course, greatly increase the force of repercussion; but many prefer to have an ordinary bat at first, and, if suitable, afterward make the addition of the cane handle, as is easily done.

There are other implements necessary to the satisfactory outfit of a cricketer, or of a cricket club, that suggest their own different spheres of usefulness. If you are a wicket-keeper, you will be able to estimate the advantage of gloves specially manufactured for that post. They are positively essential in the case of fast bowlers, and it would be mere foolhardiness to undertake the task without them in these days of lightning, not to say demon, bowling. Mr. Spofforth, of the Australian Eleven, who mowed down the English wickets last year, is known as the "Demon Bowler."

Gloves are made of the best mock buckskin, and perforated, so as to give ventilation to the hands without interfering with the resistance given to the ball. Batting gloves, too, are now requisites, and are only dispensed with by the more reckless followers of the game. To play cricket and enjoy it, you should lessen the risks of an ugly knock as much as possible; and unless you use these articles of defense, you may get your hands or fingers injured for life. Experience has made these accessories as perfect as may be. They are usually made of mock buckskin leather; and the palm of the hand is cut away so as to allow a firm grasp of the handle of the bat, a strip of elastic fastening each to the wrist by means of a button. On the back of the hand, on each finger, are strips of thick tubular india-rubber, arranged so as to keep any portion likely to be hit well protected,

You will see that different provision is made for the two hands. Obviously, in holding the bat, the back of the left hand is exposed to the bowler, so that almost every part is covered, the hoop of india-rubber preventing many a nasty crack in the neighborhood of the wrist. As the thumb of this hand is guarded by the bat, no special protection is necessary; while the risk to the right hand is mostly about the knuckles and fingers, no other part being so much exposed.

Cricket shoes are obviously accompaniments that can scarcely be spared, and spiked soles are not luxuries that can be dispensed with. It would seem superfluous to mention the necessity of leg-guards. Get a fast bowler to pound away at you for an hour without this outer cuticle, and I wish you joy. They are padded with strips of cane, and reach well above the knees, so that all the lower part of the leg is thoroughly covered. You can get a good knock even with this stout covering, so do not be foolish enough to play to any sort of bowling without them. It is a mistaken policy, even if you do not get hit, for I defy you to play as resolutely as you would without the consciousness that you are so much at the mercy of the tear-away bowler. Prudence in this matter is a virtue, and not a sign of cowardice.

At first the balls in use were made of wood, but that was in all likelihood in the incipient stages, when the game was known under the title of "cat and dog," the ball being designated by the canine appellation. Now turn and look at the neat spheres of leather, as they are made, and the great makers who share among them the principal manufacture of the thousands upon thousands of balls that pass through England's every corner, and cross the sea to every portion of the habitable globe. In the olden times, Kent was the county for their manufacture, and one Clout is said to be the first who brought them to their present state of perfection.

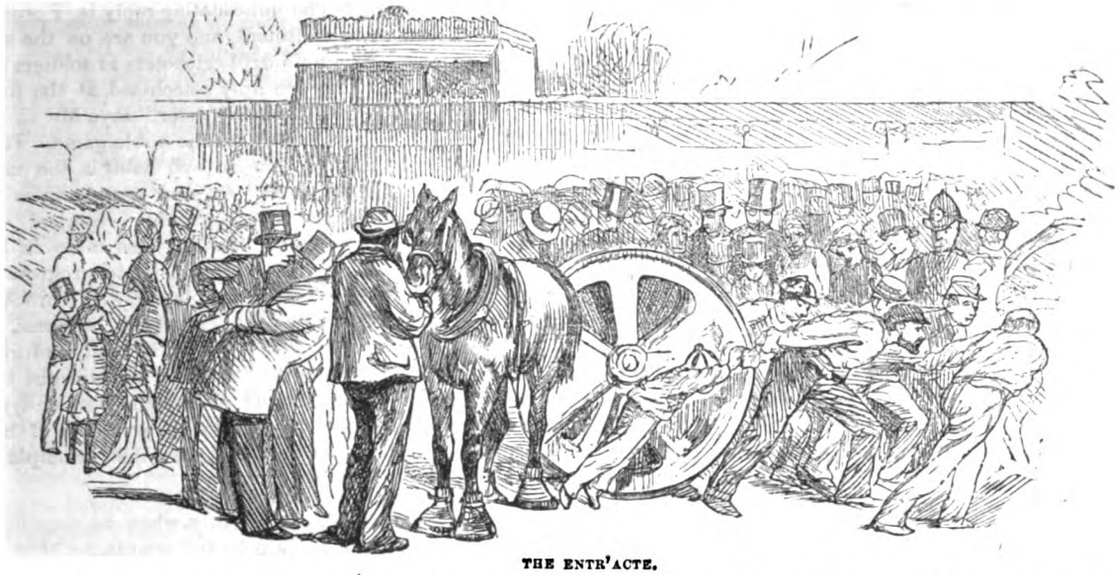
It will be asked what is the first point that will have to be mastered before the aspiring cricketer can enter on the high road to success. The unhesitating reply is, *Position.* Master this one great rudiment, and you are on the way to advancement. "I would drill cricketers as soldiers are drilled, or see that they are duly catechized at the first, under the care of a good posture-master," says Mr. C. W. Alcock, one of the best writers on the noble game. It is the same in most things, that an evil habit is the most expensive to a good beginner. An easy posture is as capable of achievement as an ungraceful, cramped and crooked attitude, though the bent may be more in the wrong direction. The greatest preventive to progress as a batsman is the fatal propensity for playing with a crooked bat, which has marred many a promising beginner. I never knew a player who won fame, or, at least, enduring fame, who did not play with a straight and upright bat. Exceptions there are, but none ever earned an undying reputation except he proved true to the great rule of batting. It is at Eton and Harrow that this principle is drilled into the *aurati juvenes* of England. This is what an old Etonian or Harrowvian will tell you: "Keep the right leg firm as a rock, the left shoulder well forward."

A "FIVER."

Here is what Mr. W. G. Grace says about holding the bat: "From my own experience, I have always found it to my advantage to hold the bat half-way up the handle, and this happy medium I recommend for adoption, as thereby you can control it as effectively as if held nearer to the blade, and the benefits incidental to the extra length are very important. To hold it higher in the handle neutralizes this advantage, as the bat is not so well nor so firmly grasped, and the power of hitting at a ball with certainty is considerably lessened."

The gift of a straight and upright style of play can never be acquired unless boys adopt the primary ingredient to the mixture. Any attempt to hold the bat so as to *show its full face to the bowler*, will end in ignominious failure.

Some few wield the bat cautiously enough to suit the most exacting critic, holding it at the very bottom of the handle, just where the insertion into the blade takes place.



THE ENTR'ACTE.

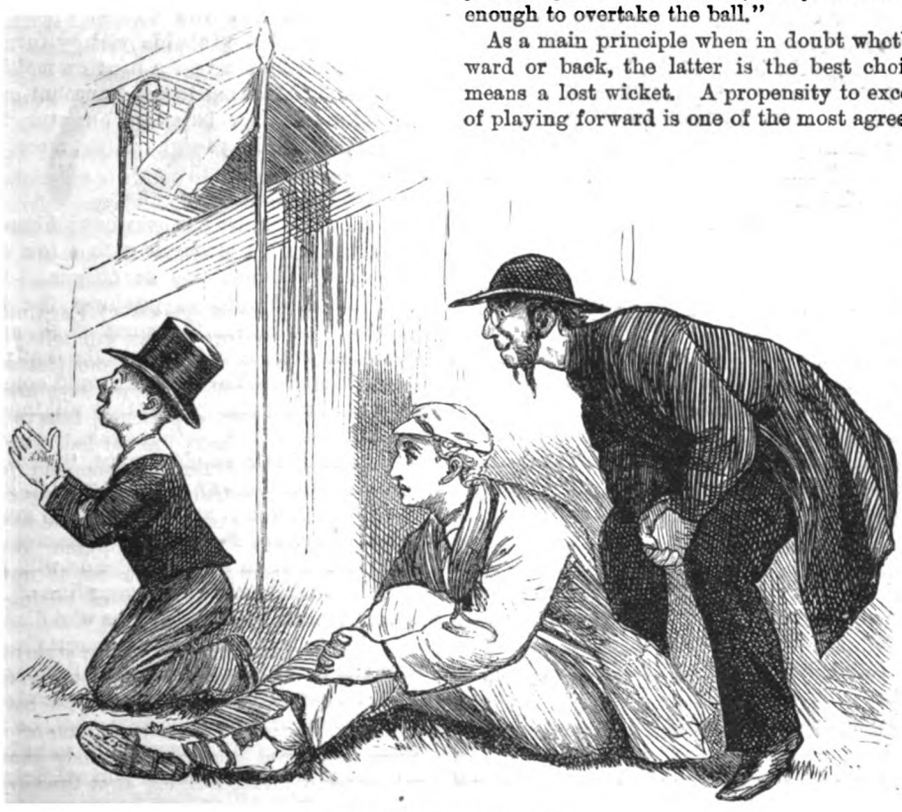
Others, of a more reckless temperament, are used to grasp it at the very top of the handle; but here again there should be moderation, and it will be found generally that the player adopting this latter line of action usually belongs to the genus "slogger," and rarely lasts more than a couple of "overs" in the hands of an accomplished bowler.

This is how a batsman should stand at his wicket: Place the left foot about twelve inches in front of the right—see that it is as nearly as possible at right angles with it. It will be found that in this position the left eye will be just on a level with the shoulder. Keep the bat well down, though not so close to the ground as to hinder quick recovery in case of hitting, for mere defense of the wicket soon becomes tame and monotonous.

Thus far we have progressed so far as to experience little difficulty in playing a ball properly with the bat, when it is either so short pitched that it may be taken on the first bound, or when it is so well tossed up that ball and bat meet one another without the need of any extension of the arms or the body. To know precisely when to play forward and when to play back at a centre style of ball, is an achievement in itself. To get a batsman with "two minds" is the main aim of a bowler.

Old Felix, one of the best and most qualified writers who ever discoursed on cricket, speaks feelingly on this point: "Every well-practiced batsman knows there is a spot of ground—yes, there is a spot of ground—upon which, if the ball should alight, produces an indescribable sensation; and this indescribable sensation seems to be caused by the difficulty of being able to decide at the instant whether or not you should lunge out to meet it, smother it and kill it, or take it upon the back play. For when once you throw your body forward, in vain (should your judgment be incorrect) will you recover yourself time enough to overtake the ball."

As a main principle when in doubt whether to play forward or back, the latter is the best choice. Hesitation means a lost wicket. A propensity to excess in the habit of playing forward is one of the most agreeable sights that can be presented to the bowler. Defense, and not defiance, should be the motto of the young batsman, until he has proved himself able to take his own part against the attack from first to last, with the same amount of confidence. Take care of the stumps, and the runs will take care of themselves. A good "sight of the ball"



FUTURE, PRESENT, AND PAST.

is only to be had after a few overs. Mr. W. G. Grace amused a large field at Lord's with the complaint that he was just beginning to get a good sight of the ball when he had made upward of 150 runs.

The wickets are separately designated by the title of the "off stump," that furthest from the batsman as he stands in position; the centre one as the "middle stump"; and that nearest to the batsman as the "leg stump," from being most contiguous to his legs. The mind must be made up to adopt a mode of action when the ball is on the point of emerging from the hands of the bowler. The movements of the bowler should be steadily watched as he advances to the wicket to effect the projection of his missile, and thus calculate the probable pitch of the ball. A crack Harrowvian batsman, in accounting for a splendid innings to very fast bowling, observed: "Whenever I saw his (the bowler's) arm swing I played, and it so happened that my judgment never erred." Every fast bowler now and again drops a ball so slow that it entirely overturns the ordinary calculations of the batsman; and it is the style technically known as a "head ball" that does most mischief.

The great question of bowling now comes on the *tapis*. Much depends on the curve or spin imparted to the bowling, and the style of the play will have to be suited so as to frustrate the craft of the enemy, who aims at the batsman's destruction. A left-handed bowler usually may be expected to break, or twist from the off to a right-handed batsman, so that a rule may be granted as conclusive on this point. If the ball is allowed to touch the ground, it is given an opportunity for indulging in its evolutions, as a billiard-ball gains fresh gyrations the moment that it touches the cushion. The ball must be "smothered," to use a technical term, or the batsman must fly back, and seek to defend his wickets rather than act upon the offensive, and try to run up his score. Assuming the ball to touch the ground, it must be met before it can rise, so as to touch the shoulder of the bat, the bat to be held at an angle of forty-five degrees, so as to avoid the catastrophe of a catch. Even then the blade of the bat must be kept well poised, so as to prevent the possibility of the return of the ball into the hands of the bowler, with the object of keeping it as much as possible on the ground and out of the clutches of the eleven hungry fieldsmen, who seek to secure the batsman's fall.

In playing forward, too, the batsman must look well after the possibility of the insidious "shooter," as that ball is termed which hugs the ground, and at times settles the pretensions of the most accomplished as well as experienced batsman.

There are many little intricacies in the method of handling the bat which are essential to the entire development of a scientific display of cricket. "Driving," or hitting a ball hard, is one; "cutting," is the action of hitting a ball by means of the wrist, much of the efficacy of which depends upon the batsman's strength of wrist. There are two methods of cutting—the "forward cut" and the "late cut." In cutting, a bat is required that can be raised with ease, not one that will cause the tendons of your wrist to ache for a week. It is the ball just outside the off stump that will be found most available for cutting.

The real secret of brilliant hitting lies in the timing of the rising of the ball. "Time the ball," says an old cricketer, "so that you can calculate its course with sufficient certainty that it will bound well to the off; you will instinctively draw back as if you were preparing for the first attitude in fencing, and the bat will be raised up, straightened horizontally, instead of perpendicularly, as in the common order of events. You had better allow the ball to pass you, rather than be anxious to anticipate its arrival. If you let fly too soon, you are liable rather to retard than assist its progress; and, unless the ground is such that the ball comes accurately to you, there is a great likelihood that you will find yourself placed in the ignominious position of succumbing to the dexterity of the fieldsman and 'point.'" Again, he says: "Do not forget to hit with the blade of the bat turned slightly downward, if you want the ball to skim along the ground instead of soaring to the sky."

If the batsman is always prepared for a straight ball, he will be the better armed against the eventuality of one out of the direct line. If the batsman times the ball so that it meets the bat about one foot from the bottom of the blade, and just as it has risen about six inches from the ground, he will instill terror into his foes by the venom of his hits. This is the way to meet the ball known as the "half-volley," the first ball that the suckling batsman will have to encounter.

A batsman must play cautiously when he goes in, and must not be lured to his ruin by the temptation of an over-pitched ball before he has got used to the bowling, or before he has got what is technically termed "his eye in."

To an old cricketer like the writer, the very mention of a "stolen run" comes with a sort of pleasant fragrance of the past.

"Backing up," the secret of following up the ball immediately it is out of the hands of the bowler, should be made a study; but prudence is absolutely necessary, as the rule says: "When the bowler is about to deliver a ball, if the striker at his wicket go outside the popping crease before the actual delivery, the said bowler may put him out." One thing should be borne in mind, namely, that in running, the man who hesitates is lost. A man must either run or give his partner a *decisive* word of command. The best "long-stops" become unmanned by a good runner, and the whole "field" thoroughly demoralized, and a probable victory turned into a certain defeat, solely by a batsman bent on making the best use of his time, and turning to good account every likely chance of a safe run. The batsman, however, must not overrun himself, or let his eye-sight suffer, merely to effect a single run.

Now for the bowling.

The bowler must not over-bowl himself at the outset, but must try his strength with a low delivery, and at a pace that will not tire or fatigue. Difficulty will be experienced at first in pitching the ball far enough. "Short" bowling is the worst of all, and even one long hop in, or over, is a fatal mistake that must be overcome at all hazards. The bowler should commence slowly, instead of at a lightning pace that will inevitably bring him to grief.

"Do not," says an old expert, "indulge in any fanciful contortions in the way of delivery; but keep your body as upright as possible, and endeavor as much as possible to present your full face to the batsman when you are about to set the ball on its travel. You will have to keep the opposite wicket entirely in your line of sight, or you will fail, as does the billiard-player who diverts his gaze from the object ball. Forget, to a certain extent, that you have the ball in your hand, and think only of the stump that you have to attack, and you are sure to fall into a settled gait as well as an action that, in all likelihood, becomes habitual. You must train, as in batting, your hand and eye to act in concert, if you are keen and enthusiastic in your pursuit of bowling."

The first lesson in bowling is to learn how to hold the

ball, as its course after it leaves the hand depends upon how it has been held. It is obvious that most of the rotatory tendency which proves so effectual in the case of some bowlers, is owing to the method in which the ball is held. What is required, is a talent for imparting to the ball a spin that will cause it to twist, jump, and take the greatest advantage of any inequalities of the ground. It may be at times there are fields so level, turf so well cultivated, and surface so perfect, that the best bowler cannot infuse the slightest knack into his ball; but it is very rarely that a bowler will be unable to discover something that will help him in giving impact to the ball. Certain peculiarities of action no doubt tend to promote the desired spin, but generally it may be said to emanate from a certain mechanical combination of arm and wrist. The aim is to encourage, as it were, the action of the spin by a certain shove or jerk after delivering, as if under the impression that the tendency to rotation may be reduced if the process be not continued until the ball has finally left the hand. Care must be taken to retain this twisting delivery, for over-work has the inevitable effect of deadening the feeling at the fingers' ends.

Any cricketer possessed of a hand and eye quick enough for fielding, as well as a sufficiency of intelligence to bat well, cannot fail to bowl, if he will only give the art of bowling some time and patience. The art of bowling lies in managing the body in such a manner as to walk or run a few paces to the crease, and then, having body and arm well balanced, to let the ball leave the hand *at the proper moment.* The spin of the ball, and the judgment requisite to puzzle a batsman, are matters entirely of experience, and can only be learned after the bowler has acquired the art of hitting the stumps with certainty as nearly as possible. "Take care of the pitch," observes an old bowler, "and the pace will take care of itself."

"I say emphatically," says Mr. Alcock, whose able treatise on cricket everybody should read who aspires to the game, "that it is not given to everybody to be a clever bowler, but that, on the contrary, hundreds fail where one rises to notoriety. See for yourselves the various points that a bowler has to study, and you will be able to estimate the difficulties under which he labors. He must be patient, above all things, and not easily disheartened, or he may as well abandon all hope of distinction. You will find few bowlers who can maintain their position the same after being hit for six; but it is essentially this class of resolute players who do become famous, by means of the sheer, dogged determination to succeed. You can no more rely on the bowler who collapses because short-slip allows a ball to pass between his legs, or because point, after fanciful contortions, gets so close to the ball as to make the spectators believe that it was a possible catch, than you can on his equally unfortunate fellow, who is a very demon at the practice nets, but the veriest impostor when called upon to display his form in a match. You must be able to stand a blow or two without flinching, or I am afraid I shall have to discard you, if only for a time. Why, to a good bowler the first hit of a batsman acts as a stimulant rather than as a source of discouragement! In these days of superior batting, indeed, a revolution has been worked in the order of bowling, so that now a bowler, instead of directing his fire chiefly with the view of himself destroying the symmetry of a batsman's wicket—as was the case when the grounds were rough and the ball in better odor than it is now—has to direct his attention as much as possible to the accommodation of his field, in order to render their co-operation of service in the destruction of the bat."

A far-pitched ball, or what is technically termed a "yorker," will often secure the fall of an experienced batsman, before he has been in long enough to get his eye used to the sight, when thousands of short-pitched balls would be treated with contempt. It will be learned in time that the very best batsman has his vulnerable place, if it be only of the dimensions of Achilles's heel. It will be discovered that few are without some form of weakness, especially with balls pitched on the leg stump; and this is essentially the blind side, the most favorable for attack if the bowler is able to maintain anything like a continuous fire. The ball must not be pitched too near the bat, for it is decidedly easier to get rid of a ball well up on the leg stump than one of a lesser pitch. A short-pitched ball, straight on the leg stump, is the most difficult of all for the batsman, as it is the most likely to produce a catch.

The bowler must always remember that he has ten good men and true in the field, all combined to aid him in every possible way, and a great deal will depend upon their judicious disposition. Where to place them will arrange itself after a couple or three overs. The bowler should always bowl with the idea of getting a wicket, not of accomplishing another maiden over.

And now having, as it were, delivered a lecture on cricket, let us turn to the annual match of matches in Merrie England, a match which sets the hearts of the old boys and the young boys beating with high hope; a match that proves of absorbing interest to the mitred prelate and to the country curate, to the Cabinet Minister and the Civil Service clerk, to the bronzed veteran and the newly-fledged lieutenant, to the Piccadilly lounger and the sturdy Englishman in distant clime—the match between the Eton boys and the Harrowvians, the two great schools of England.

Eton, from whence the college draws its name, is a town in Buckinghamshire, on the left bank of the River Thames, opposite the Royal Borough of Windsor. In fact, Eton and Windsor are the closest possible neighbors, as every American tourist knows; the college being but a short walk from the castle. Its school, the most celebrated of English public schools, was founded by Henry VI., in 1440, and endowed by a gift from his own demesne lands and those belonging to some priories, whose revenues had been appropriated to religious houses abroad. The original foundation consisted of a provost, 10 priests or fellows, 4 clerks, 6 choristers, a master, 25 poor scholars, and as many poor men or beadsmen. Henry VI. at the same time founded King's College, Cambridge, to which Eton was to be preparatory. The first stone of the building was laid July 3d, 1441. In 1443 Henry VI., increased the number of scholars to 70, and reduced the beadsmen to 13. To-day the foundation consists of a provost appointed by the Crown, a vice-provost, 6 fellows, 2 chaplains (called conducts), 10 lay clerks, 10 choristers, besides inferior officers and servants, and 70 scholars, who, since the reign of George III., have been called "King's scholars." As Eton was a Lancashire foundation, it suffered under the rule of the House of York, and was curtailed by Edward IV. of many of its pensions.

More fortunate under the Tudors, Eton was specially exempted from the Act of Parliament, in the time of Henry VIII., for the dissolution of colleges and charities. At this period its revenues were estimated at £1,110, or $5,500. In 1506 the total income was £652. Its present income is about £8,000, or $40,000. The college building consists of two quadrangles, built partly of freestone, but chiefly of brick. The scholars on the foundation are lodged and boarded in the College, and by way of distinction are called Collegians. They are admissible from the age of eight to sixteen, and unless put on the roll for

WHOSE HAT STOPS IT?

admission to King's College at seventeen, are superannuated, and obliged to leave at eighteen. If put on the roll, they may continue till nineteen. The foundation scholars must be born in England, of parents lawfully married. By the statutes, they should be instructed gratis, and clothed in some coarse uniform; but neither of these points in the statutes are adhered to. The sum of £6 or £7 per annum is charged to the parents of every foundation scholar who are able to pay it. Every year the twelve head boys are put on the roll of King's College, but continue at Eton until there is a vacancy, or until superannuated.

At King's College the Etonites are maintained free of expense, and after three years they succeed to fellowships. On an average, four scholars go to King's College yearly. There are also two scholarships at Merton College, Oxford, for foundation scholars who are not elected for King's College. These latter are called *portionistæ*, or, by corruption, post-masters.

In 1842 Prince Albert instituted an annual prize of £50 for proficiency in the modern languages. The larger number of Etonites are not on the foundation, and are called oppidans; they do not board at the college. The annual expense of an oppidan amounts to about £300, or $1,500. The sixth form is the highest in the school, and is limited in number to twenty-two; of these the highest are styled monitors, and the head boy is called the captain. The classes are divided between the lower and upper school. There are a head master and a lower master, twenty-three assistant masters in the upper school and four in the lower, six mathematical masters, and masters of the German, French, Hebrew and Italian languages. The course of instruction was formerly almost wholly classical, but mathematics and modern languages are now a part of the curriculum. The annual election takes place in the last days of July in every year. The usual number of scholars is between 800 and 900. The Eton Montem was a peculiar ceremony, formerly biennial, but after 1759 held triennially, on Whit-Sunday, and discontinued since 1844. On this occasion the boys marched in procession to an elevation on the Bath Road called Salt Hill, under the lead of the head boy of the foundation scholars as captain. Here they spent the day, partook of a bountiful breakfast and dinner, with music and various ceremonies, and collected toll from all spectators and passers-by. The scene was visited by great numbers of people, and even sometimes by the royal family, and the contributions, called "salt," have been known to exceed a thousand pounds. After

THE ETON ROSETTE.

deducting expenses, the remainder was paid over to the captain, who, in 1847, was indemnified by Queen Victoria for his loss by the omission of the ceremony.

A stranger visiting Eton would be struck by the quiet demeanor of the vast assemblage of boys who are to be seen in the "long walk" at certain hours of the day, especially just after dinner is over in the college and at the various houses. All wear high silk hats, and this is a rule of the college that is strictly enforced—no boy being on any account allowed to appear in public without the regulation headdress, except when playing cricket, or in the boats, when such a headpiece would be altogether *de trop*.

Harrow College, or, as it is familiarly termed, Harrow-on-the-Hill, is situated in a most picturesque village in Middlesex, about ten miles northwest of London, the population of which is about 11,000. The village contains an ancient parish church, notable for its tower and spire, and a free grammar-school, founded in 1570 by John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman of the parish. This school was originally intended for the gratuitous instruction of poor boys belonging to the parish of Harrow; but as the education is almost wholly classical, few boys belonging to the parish ever cared to take advantage of it, and it is now one of the "swell" schools of the "tight little island," and attended by the best blood in England. Among the celebrated men who have been educated there are Sir William Jones, Dr. Parr, Lord Byron, and Sir Robert Peel.

It was in the year 1570 that Harrow School was founded by John Lyon, a wealthy yeoman who lived at Preston, a hamlet of the parish of Harrow, about two miles to the east of the village of Harrow-on-the-Hill. He left no children—had he done so, Harrow School would never have been founded—and if any ever blessed the union of John Lyon and "Johana," his wife, the grass grew green and rank above their tiny graves before the year 1571, when he procured a royal charter from Queen Elizabeth, recognizing the foundation, and conveying her assent to the "orders, statutes and rules" that he proposed to draw up for the benefit of his school, as well as constituting the trustees of his property, and their successors, a body corporate for ever, under the title of "The Keepers and Governers of the school called, and to be called, the Free Grammar School of John Lyon, in the village of Harrow-upon-the-Hill, in the Countye of Middlesex."

The building was enlarged in 1819, and a speech-room added. On a desk-panel may be seen the name "Byron," carved by himself; and the poet's sword, which he wore in Greece during the War of Independence, prior to his death at Missolonghi in 1824, is proudly shown to visitors. In the southwest corner of the churchyard is pointed out a tomb which is known as "Byron's tomb," on which he used to sit in solitude for many an hour.

A GOOD INNINGS.

The Harrow boys are distributed in houses, each of which is under the superintendence of one of the masters of the school. There are eight principal, or, in Harrow parlance, "big" houses, and several smaller ones. The boys that reside with their parents in the town are termed home boarders. The members of each house are extremely jealous of its honor and renown, and strive in friendly rivalry among themselves as to which shall be

the "cock house" of the year at cricket, football or racquets. Each of the eight big houses furnishes an eleven for cricket. The small houses and home boarders form two separate confederacies, and play against each other; the winning side has the privilege of challenging the cock house at either game, but this is very seldom, if ever, done.

In addition to the different houses' cricket elevens, there are the first class, selected from among the best players in the whole school, and the next twenty-two. It is no small honor to become a member of *the* Harrow Eleven, between which and the next twenty-two a match is played yearly. There is only one public school match in the course of the year, in which the Harrow Eleven contend against the crack eleven of Eton, and which comes off in July, in Lord's. With this match we have now to do.

On the north side of St. John's Wood Road is Lord's Cricket-ground, famous in the annals of the manly and invigorating game of cricket; and it is here that the annual match between Eton and Harrow comes off, to the great exercisement of both colleges. The ground is some six or seven acres in extent, and on it are erected permanent "stands," after the fashion of those on race-courses, where visitors can sit and witness the matches that are here played. The present ground superseded the space now covered by Dorset Square, which had served for some years as the "Old Marylebone" ground.

At the end of the last century, men played cricket in Summer at the old Artillery Ground in Finsbury—in the days when they skated on Moorfields in Winter, and shot snipes in Belgravia. But at this time cricket was deemed a vulgar game. Robert Southey states the fact, and quotes No. 132 of the *Connoisseur*, dated 1756, where we are introduced to one Tony Bumper, "drinking port in the morning, eating black puddings at Bartholomew Fair, boxing with Buckhouse (the most celebrated of old pugilists), and almost as frequently engaged at the Artillery Ground with Faukner and Dingester at cricket."

When the game grew "genteel," men of position aspired to better company than the city apprentices, and founded a club in White Conduit Fields. But hard indeed it were in those days to pitch good wickets in view of the Foundling Hospital. S. Thomas Lord came on the stage, a canny lad from the north country, who speculated in a ground of his own—hence the name—which is now covered by Dorset Square; the present "Lord's" being situated, as already mentioned, on the north side of St. John's Wood Road.

And now to the Eton and Harrow match, on a glorious July day, when London is in the height of the season, and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts—all wearing the respective colors of the schools, light or dark blue—assemble at Lord's, in drags, in carriages, on the stand, to see the lads play; while princes and barons, prelates and country curates, generals and subalterns, and Members of Parliament, and country squires, gather together to recall their college days, and probably as much interested in the issue as the well-bred, gentlemanly-looking young fellows who are about to test the hazard of crease and willow.

Let us suppose the training day done; the wished-for day come at last, and Eton and Harrow is the match at Lord's. The newest flannel, the smartest belts, the favorite bats—"No such bat to drive as mine, and under two pounds, light as a feather!"—cry each of the men (always *men*), who cluster round their respective captains, first of all to superintend the customary toss for first innings.

"Our captain has lost the toss, when it was for him to cry," says one Etonian. "Well, that *is* slow! and the idea of crying 'heads' to a half-crown! Really, he ought to have known better."

"Our side has won the toss; we go in first, of course," says another. Whereupon proceed to the wickets one little fellow, about as high as the stumps, and one "big fellow," overgrown and rather "weedy," very nearly six feet high.

"What can be the good of that young one?" asks an old Etonian.

"What, little Fenwyke?" is the reply. "He's the greatest sticker we have. You may as well bowl against a barn-door as his wicket. He goes by the name of the Little Phenomenon. But just look up at the first row of the pavilion; there are two smaller than Fenwyke—the two Waltons. Such smart fields they are! so close to the ground, they have no occasion to stoop, and hop about everywhere as quick as lightning. Our fellows call them the Industrious Fleas."

Well, this is a glorious day for the boys, if they never see another. All the world's eyes are upon them. Bell's *Life* has a reporter to chronicle their doings, and publish every run and every wicket all over Great Britain by next Saturday night. The *Graphic*, and *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic* have special artists on the field, to make sketches of the match; and Benson's men are there to photograph the field; and that fine old fellow, Lord George Northsage, is indulging them with an all-important talk of cautions and dodges "sure to get them out," and is just as pleased at every Harrow score as when, before the days of his large corporation, red face and gouty toes, he carried out his bat for half a hundred runs himself. "Ah, those were the days for learning cricket. The little fellows fagged for the big fellows at every school, and we were sure to feel the willow across our backs if we ever missed a catch."

And now the ground begins to fill. Nearly every man of the two-and-twenty has a mother, and perhaps a sister or two, and not one within distance but must gladden her eyes with her own boy, proud of the honor of being one of the eleven to maintain the name and fame of his school, at Lord's. But, unhappily, the game of cricket, like the game of life, has its disappointments, and caution does more than brilliant play. The race is by no means *always* to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.

"Big Rodwell, you know," explains an eager lad to his womankind, as he hangs on the step of a carriage, "is our first bat. He goes in next; then you shall see, mother—won't he punish the bowling, that's all. Oh, look there! that loose ball would have been a certain fiver—well, that *is* a pity; Weston is caught, and Rodwell must soon be in."

"Here comes Rodwell!" cries the Eton wicket-keeper: "he ought to do something. His governor drove Marsden (a professional) up to Harrow three days in one month, on purpose to coach him for this match. Now, then, look alive. Long-leg must stand deeper and be ready for a catch; yes, and long-slip must move more round. He doesn't slip; he cuts, and that pretty hard. So! there's the place for Rodwell's hit."

Big Rodwell takes ground; all eyes are upon him. Every Etonian longs, in his soul, he may be the one to catch big Rodwell out. One ball is stopped by his partner, and now Atfield has to bowl at Rodwell's wicket.

First ball—"A fine cut, Rodwell; run away—no, stop!" The Phenomenon has it, and sends it back like a shot. "Not much change out of that," whispers long-slip. Second ball is driven hard to middle wicket. Charlie Walton faces it like a man; not quite stopping it, he whirls round like a dog hunting for his tail, and recovers the ball just in time to save the run.

Third ball passes the wicket. "My eye! what a shave!" cries little Fenwyke—"Atfield never *did* bowl so well!" Fourth ball is a shorter, and levels his stumps for a "duck egg"—for this is how a cipher is called. Up goes the ball, and shouts rent the air; during which, with no enviable feelings, the unhappy Rodwell goes back downcast to the pavilion, where every one asks, "How was that?" "How did it happen?" and wishes him better luck to pay them off next innings.

It were long to follow all the fortunes of the fray. Suffice it to say, cricket is never so truly played as in a good school match. The little fellows dream of it for a month, polish their bats for a week, and, what with preparing pads, belts and toggery, and figuring imaginary scores upon paper, the least we can allow them is a day. Then they come to the ground wound up to concert-pitch, full of all that joyous energy and superfluity of buoyant spirits with which a kindly Providence thrills the heart, as a store of hope, and health, and happiness, to meet the struggles of later life.

And if the players are never so happy, neither are the lookers-on ever so happy, either. Fathers and elder brothers, and the "old fellows" of each school, shout and sheer most vociferously at any hit that is made by the one party, or any "man out" by the other.

Luck has much to do with cricket, as with every other game. Many a skying ball falls where the enemy is not; many a ball meriting a wicket works aside; many a man receives only as a fiftieth ball, and after a score of thirty, the ball that might have stopped him with no score at all. Very much depends upon the ground: a grassy ground favors a twist, a hard and lively ground favors slow bowling; then some ground, if not quite level, would render swift bowling almost impossible to face.

The game is full of interest to the last; and a deafening shout announces that the last bat of the Harrowvians has gone, the Etonian bowler having "done the trick." Then follows the chairing of the "best men," and the dinner of the elevens at some swell West End hotel.

The day, let us hope, is rapidly approaching when the elevens of Yale and Harvard will attract a goodly company to witness their annual tussle at "ye sporte callede cricket."

SUPERNATURAL BELLS.

Many legends of bells under ground and under water are known in various parts of England. Where the churches are said to have been swallowed up either by an earthquake or the ravages of the sea, the old church-bells are believed still to ring. Oftentimes, on certain occasions, such as Christmas, people go forth and put their ears to the ground, in the expectation of catching the music of the mysterious chimes, deep, deep in the earth. Thus, near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, there is a valley reported to have been caused by an earthquake several hundred years ago, which swallowed up the whole village, together with the church. Formerly, it was customary for the people to assemble in this valley every Christmas Day, to listen to the ringing of the bells of the church beneath them. This, it was positively stated, might be heard by placing the ear to the ground and hearkening attentively. What, however, the villagers really heard was the ringing of the bells of a neighboring church, the sound of which was communicated by the surface of the ground.

On the sands near Blackpool, far out at sea, once stood the church and cemetery of Kilgrimal, long ago submerged. Wanderers traveling near this spot are said, from time to time, to have been terrified by the melancholy and dismal chimes of the bells pealing over the murmuring sea. At Crosmere, near Ellesmere, Shropshire, where there is one of a number of pretty lakes scattered throughout that district, there is a tradition of a chapel having formerly stood on the banks of the lake. According to a superstitious belief once prevalent, whenever the waters were ruffled by the wind, the chapel bells might be heard ringing beneath the surface.

There is a similar tradition associated with the Fisherty Brow, near Kirkby Lonsdale. In this neighborhood there is a sort of natural hollow scooped out, which the inhabitants show as the spot where, in days gone by, a church, parson, and all the people in it, were swallowed up. Every Sunday morning, it is said, any one who doubts the truth of this tradition may put his ear to the ground and hear the bells ring for service.

In a little book entitled "Christmas; its History and Antiquity" (1850), the writer says: "In Berkshire it is confidently asserted that if any one watches on Christmas Eve, he will hear subterranean bells. In the mining districts, the workmen declare that at this sacred season high mass is performed with the greatest solemnity on that evening in the mine which contains the most valuable lode of ore, which is supernaturally lighted up with candles in the most brilliant manner, and the service chanted by unseen choristers."

ORIGIN OF THE NEEDLE.

The needle is one of the most ancient instruments of which we have any record. The modern needle is a pointed instrument having an eye, and is used for carrying a thread, some kind of fabric, or other material. It is probable, however, that the needles of those who lived in very ancient times had no eyes, as instruments of bone, which were most likely used for this purpose, are found in the caves that were inhabited by ancient people of France; and the needles of ancient Egypt, which are described as being of bronze, do not appear to have been made with eyes. Some writers are of the opinion that in place of the eye, a circular depression was made in or near the blunt end, in which the thread was buried. Pliny describes the needles of bronze which were used by the Greeks and Romans. These instruments have also been found in the ruins of Herculaneum. The first account that history gives of the manufacture of needles is that they were made at Nuremburg in 1730; and while the date of the first manufacture in England is in doubt, it is said to have been commenced in that country about 1543 or 1545, and it is asserted that the art was practiced by a Spanish negro, or native of India, who died without disclosing the secret of his process. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth this industry was revived, and has been continued ever since.

STEAMBOATS IN VENICE.

A company has been organized to introduce steamboats in place of the gondolas which have so long held dominion in the street canals of Venice. This, a London journal remarks, may fairly be considered the climax of modern utilitarianism, a fitting supplement to the railway up Vesuvius, and the steam launches of the Nile. Travelers will, of course, lament the change and denounce the vandalism of the age; but they will take the steamboats, and leave the few leaky gondolas that may ply to the undisturbed patronage of æsthetes.

A CALCULATING BOY.

At a late meeting of the Anthropological Society, M. Broca exhibited a human phenomenon in the person of a young lad, aged eleven, a Piedmontese, named Jacques Inaudi. He left his native place a short time ago, and, in company with a monkey, he earned his livelihood by begging. When his appeals in the ordinary way were not attended to, he offered to solve mentally, in a few minutes, and without assistance of any kind, the most difficult problems in arithmetic. He was often put to the test, and during his sojourn at Marseilles a gentleman to whom he had appealed for charity was so astounded with the lad's gift of calculation, that he was induced to bring him to Paris as a curiosity. When M. Broca presented him to the society he gave him verbally a sum in multiplication, composed of some trillions, to be multiplied by billions. This he accomplished in less than ten minutes, mentally, and without any aid whatever, in the presence of the members, who were all struck with wonderment. The lad is far from intelligent in other respects, and can neither read nor write.

"YOU SHA'N'T FRIGHTEN PUSSY, NAUGHTY CARLO!"

A LATE REMORSE.—"'YOU SHA'N'T GO!' CRIED MADGE, ONCE MORE BARRING HER PASSAGE. 'YOU'VE GOT TO PROMISE ME THAT YOU WILL LET WILL HUDSON ALONE, OR——' 'MADGE! MADGE ANDERSON!' CALLED A VOICE FROM THE DOOR."

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part I.—Chapter I.

School was over. The children had bidden the mistress good-by and trooped out, breaking into joyous shouts and cries as soon as they had passed the threshold, by way of relief after the enforced quiet of the last few hours.

Elinor Stuart sat at her desk on the raised platform at the further end of the room, leaning her head on her hand, and listening with a wistful smile till the sounds of merriment died in the distance; then rousing herself with a sigh, she proceeded to her task of arranging the copy-books for the next day, correcting the compositions of the elder girls, and remedying the blunders which the smaller ones had committed in their crude attempts at needle-work.

She was weary, bodily and mentally; conscious, too, of a feeling of despondency, for which her conscience reproached her more severely than it need to have done, since she knew that the unusual mood grew out of fatigue, and would be resolutely repressed as soon as repose should enable her strong will to recover its customary sway.

She made a charming picture as she sat there, though it would perhaps have required an artistically educated taste fully to appreciate her peculiar loveliness. Her figure, though exquisitely proportioned, was so slight as almost to give the appearance of delicate health, and the rose-tints in her cheeks were so faint that they would have scarcely been perceptible in a complexion less dazzlingly fair. The mouth wore an expression of child-like sweetness, and there were traces which showed that a swarm of dimples must hover about it each time the soft lips parted in a smile; but the lambent brown eyes, and the low, broad forehead, from which the rich masses of golden-brown hair were bound back in rippling waves, revealed the woman of intellect and the powerful will that had borne her victoriously through disasters which might easily have crushed a less resolute spirit.

But these last four months of congenial work, spent in that tranquil village in the heart of one of the prettiest of Pennsylvania's picturesque valleys, had brought her such peace and rest, that when, as on this afternoon, troublesome memories of the past came up, and certain girlish dreams, which had wakened unexpectedly and died as suddenly without fulfillment, intruded to disturb her by their phantom voices, she felt an absolute sensation of guilt, as if their return were owing to some deliberate fault of her own.

She finished her school duties, then began a business letter which could not be deferred, comforting herself by the reflection that, when it was written, she should be free to go out for a stroll along the river-bank in the pleasant Spring sunset.

Footsteps sounded on the gravel walk, but Elinor was so engrossed in her employment, that she did not hear them or notice the shadow which a moment after fell across the threshold. A young woman crossed the porch, and stood looking into the room, her eager black eyes settling upon Elinor Stuart with an angry defiance. She remained there motionless for a few seconds, then made a gesture as if irritated by her own hesitation, and moved quickly forward along the aisle left between the benches.

Elinor heard the step, and, without lifting her head, called:

"Is that you, Joanna? I hope you have not come to tell me it is tea-time, already—I wanted to get a walk first."

"No, it isn't Joanna," returned the intruder, in a sharp voice that shook somewhat, though it was plainly anger, not confusion, which rendered the tones so unsteady.

Elinor looked up in surprise, and met the gaze of the great eyes, fixed upon her with a sort of wild-animal intensity and fierceness. Her first sensation was one of admiration for the creature's beauty; then a wonder who the stranger could be that had entered her domain so unceremoniously.

"I beg your pardon," she said, courteously, rising as she spoke. "Did you wish to see me?"

"You are Miss Stuart—Elinor Stuart?" demanded the visitor, in an inquisitorial tone, while her straight black brows met in a heavy frown, from beneath which her eyes gleamed more angrily.

"Yes," Elinor replied.

"Then I do want to see you," the girl answered; "I came on purpose."

Elinor descended from the platform, and approached her, saying:

"I am glad I happened to be in; I am very seldom here so late."

She was close enough now to see a sickly pallor chase the vivid color from the stranger's cheeks; her breath came and went gaspingly, but the fierce black eyes regarded Elinor as searchingly as ever.

"Won't you sit down?—you look tired," Miss Stuart added.

"I ain't tired," replied the other; "it would take more than a little railroad ride of thirty miles to tire me."

"You do not belong here in Laughton, then?" Elinor asked, beginning to be somewhat startled by her visitor's manner.

"No, I don't," was the blunt reply.

"I thought not; I was sure I should have remembered your face if I had seen you before," Elinor said, marveling anew at the picturesque beauty which appealed so strongly to her artistic taste.

"I don't suppose you can remember everybody you happen to see, any more than other folks can," retorted the visitor, roughly; and the sullen, lowering expression which crossed her countenance showed Elinor that she had misinterpreted the involuntary tribute of admiration into an offensive remark.

"No, indeed I cannot," Miss Stuart said, smiling; "but—please don't think me rude—I admire beauty too much not to have recollected a face as handsome as yours, if I had only seen it once."

The girl gave her head a little coquettish toss, then seemed vexed at having betrayed her satisfaction in discovering the effect she had produced, and said, peevishly: "'Handsome is that handsome does,' I've always heard—anyhow, I have never done anything myself to be ashamed of."

Elinor wondered for an instant if the stranger could be somewhat astray in her mind; but no—the face had not the slightest sign of mental aberration. Evidences there were in plenty of a fiery temper, uncontrolled by principle or the mollifying influences of education; of strong, passionate impulses, and a firm determination to carry out personal wishes and plans at any cost; but the speaker was in perfect possession of her faculties; no doubt in regard to that could be urged as an excuse for her singular conduct.

"Pray sit down," Miss Stuart repeated, not well knowing what to say.

Her visitor made a movement as if about to comply with the request, then checked herself.

"I'd as lief stand," she said; "but that needn't hinder your sitting, if you want to. I sha'n't keep you long."

Elinor remained standing, and said, with grave, gentle dignity:

"I suppose, then, you came on some matter of business; may I ask what it is?"

"I came on purpose to tell you—I'd have come if it had been ten times as far!" exclaimed the girl. "Now I am here, I mean to speak out. I vowed I would, and I ain't one that goes back from my word."

Miss Stuart merely bowed, and stood looking at her with a composure which appeared at once to irritate and confuse the visitor, who paused for a moment, as if expecting that she would speak; but finding that she did not, gave herself a little angry shake, and added:

"I don't know as you ever heard my name, but I've no call to hide it, anyhow. I'm Madge Anderson; and I work in the mills over at Greenhill—I ain't ashamed of that, either."

"I cannot imagine anybody being ashamed of honest labor; on the contrary, it is a thing to have pride in," Miss Stuart answered, even more gently; for now the idea crossed her mind that the girl might be in some trouble, and had come to her for advice, and that her defiant, ill-bred manner was the result of her embarrassment. "Have we some mutual acquaintance who has spoken of me to you?" she asked, by way of aiding the stranger to unfold her errand.

"Ah! you had heard of me, then, for all you pretended not to know my name!" exclaimed the girl, with a kind of spiteful triumph, as if she were convicting the speaker of falsehood.

"Your name is entirely unknown to me," Miss Stuart replied, in a colder tone, unable longer to find any excuse for such persistent rudeness.

"Well, yours isn't to me," retorted Madge. "I've heard it often enough lately—a great deal too often, I can tell you."

"I must ask you to explain why you wished to see me," Elinor said, with grave politeness.

"I'll explain, fast enough!" cried the other. "If you don't know me, you know Will Hudson! There! that's what I've come about—I guess you can understand now."

The color rushed back into her cheeks in a crimson flood, her eyes absolutely blazed; she stepped forward with a gesture so threatening, that many of her sex would have been frightened by the handsome virago's look and manner; but Elinor Stuart stood still, regarding her with the same air of cold dignity.

"I know Mr. Hudson very well," she replied; "but I do not understand what connection your errand can have

with him. He has been absent from Laughton for a week. I trust he is not ill—has not met with any misfortune?"

"I don't know of none, except his getting acquainted with you!" cried Madge, violently. "He was my beau—we was engaged; and you've gone and turned his head, and drove him a'most crazy; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself—you that think you're a fine lady, just because you happen to be eddicated. There! that's what I came to tell you, and I've done it!"

She spoke with such rapidity that Miss Stuart could not have interrupted her, even if she had wished; but her look of astonishment was so unfeigned, that, blinded as Madge Anderson was by passion, it might have carried some conviction of its truth home to her, had she caught it. But Madge saw nothing. As she ended her tirade, she dropped upon the bench near, and hid her face in her handkerchief, sobbing hysterically.

Indignant as she felt at the girl's insolence, Elinor was moved by the sight of her tears, and said, kindly:

"You are laboring under some strange mistake, Miss Anderson—try to believe that. Don't cry so—please don't! Explain to me what you really mean, and I am sure we can put an end to your trouble. You have surprised me so, that I scarcely understand yet."

"Oh, you needn't think to fool me with any nice-sounding schoolma'am speeches and long words!" cried Madge, lifting her tear-stained face. "I'm a dunce to cry; but don't you go believing it's because I feel bad. I'm mad, and when I am, I always cry—but it's over now. You won't squeeze any more tears out of me, Miss Elinor Stuart, I can tell you; and what's more, I'll finish what I came to say."

"Again I assure you that you are acting under a strange error," Elinor said. "You must certainly mistake me for some other person—you have confused names, or——"

"No, I haven't!" interrupted Madge, with another fierce gesture. "It's you that ought to be confused—ready to sink down into the ground, if you've got any sense of shame!"

"Stop!" Elinor said, firmly. "Unless you can restrain yourself sufficiently to be civil, I must ask you to go away."

"I sha'n't do it!" cried Madge. "I shall free my mind, now I am here; I won't stir a step till I've said all I want to."

"Then I must leave you," Elinor replied, her voice and manner still perfectly composed. "I cannot listen to you any longer, if you persist in talking in this fashion."

She turned as she spoke, but Madge darted into the aisle and barred her passage with widespread arms, crying:

"You sha'n't stir! If you try to, I'll hold you—if it's by your hair! My temper's up, and when it is, I stop at nothing—nothing! You've got to hear me—you may make up your mind to that! I've borne enough, suffered enough! Now, if you've any right feeling or decency in you, I'll make you suffer a little, too—for all you stand there as hard as if you were cut out of stone, acting as if you was a queen, and me not fit to serve for you to wipe your feet on!"

Elinor stood looking full in the heated, furious face, with her calm eyes, in which a half-disdainful expression of pity became visible.

"Oh, you may speak or you may let it alone," exclaimed Madge, goaded by her silence to increased vehemence; "but I shall say my say! Call yourself a lady, indeed—and a beauty! Well, I never bragged about myself; but, anyhow, I ain't such a poor, washed-out creature as you. And as for your dress, why, five dollars would pay for all your duds! Han'sum, indeed! I never was so s'prized in my life!"

She stared at Elinor with a depreciation which was perfectly genuine, marveling how any human being could even have styled her pretty, and mentally contrasting that delicacy of complexion and figure with her own rich, high-colored beauty and luxuriance of form, and then glancing with scornful satisfaction from Miss Stuart's simple, neutral-tinted cotton gown to her own furbelowed raiment of blue cashmere.

"Five dollars would buy it all," she continued, "and it would need that to provide paint enough to make your cheeks a decent color—though maybe you've lost what little natur' gave you; and no wonder—if you fainted right away at sight of me it wouldn't be astonishing, when you think of all your wickedness."

Miss Stuart walked back to the platform and seated herself at the desk, and commenced arranging her books and papers, with an apparent complete obliviousness of Madge Anderson's presence.

The girl remained staring at her in baffled rage, so utterly confounded by this indifference that she was at a loss how to act, looking handsome enough in her passion to have served some painter as a model for a Bacchante. She began two or three sentences of invective, left each unfinished in turn, while Miss Stuart went on with her work.

At last Madge rushed up to the platform, and dashed her clinched hand so violently upon the desk that it tottered under her blow. Miss Stuart raised her eyes then, and again regarded her with that expression of wonder and chill disdain. The girl retreated, flung herself back upon the bench, and burst into fresh sobs; she would have been quick enough to meet any display of anger, or take advantage of any appearance of fear, but she was helpless before this impassibility, and could only take refuge in that weakest form of feminine emotion.

Miss Stuart allowed her to sob for some time unnoticed; finally she rose from her chair and moved toward the bench, saying:

"I am very sorry; I wish you would try to believe that."

"I—I don't want your pity," cried Madge, brokenly.

"If you will listen to me for a little, I think you will see that you were entirely mistaken in coming here," pursued Miss Stuart, steadily.

"I wasn't!" Madge exclaimed, lifting her head, her tear-dimmed eyes beginning to blaze again. "I know all about it; you can't fool me."

She had to pause, choked by a fresh sob, and Miss Stuart said:

"Unless you can be quiet and civil, I shall not talk with you. If you give way to any more violence I will call for help. I can easily make myself heard by the people in the shop down yonder. You would be sorry afterward to have disgraced yourself before them."

"It would be worse for you than me," cried Madge; "for if you call them I'll tell right out what brought me here, and I guess you'll find that will do your school harm enough."

"That fact would not deter me for an instant," returned Miss Stuart; and Madge, meeting her resolute glance, felt that the lady spoke the truth, and this fearlessness cowed her for a little.

"I only want you to promise to let my man alone," she said, fretfully. "I shouldn't think such a grand lady as you set up to be would demean yourself enough to take a poor girl's beau away."

"Will you tell me how it happens that so insane an idea ever entered your head?" asked Miss Stuart.

"It's true—it's true—you've just drove him wild!" cried Madge, half starting from her seat, while her voice got back its shrill ring.

"You must sit still, and you must talk quietly, else our conversation ends here," rejoined Miss Stuart, so sternly that Madge obeyed with a childish sullenness, which formed an almost ludicrous contrast to her late vehemence.

"Will you tell him he isn't to go running after you any more?" she demanded. "If you want me to believe you didn't mean any harm, you ought to be willing to promise that."

This assumption, that she could be in the habit of associating with a man like William Hudson on terms of equality, was a sore affront to Miss Stuart's pride; but she recognized the folly of yielding to anger, and, besides, she was sorry for the girl. However wrong her coming and impertinent her conduct, the creature suffered cruelly, and Miss Stuart was a woman who could not help being moved by suffering, in whatever phase it displayed itself.

"I will tell you how I came to know Mr. Hudson, and on what grounds our acquaintance rests," she said; "then I am sure you will perceive that your way of putting your request is a very wrong one."

"I know all about it! Aunt has found out—Will and me are cousins—and when she came over to Greenhill last week, she give me a hint of what was going on, and——"

"You had better allow me to explain the circumstances," interrupted Miss Stuart; "then I think you will see them in a different light."

"Oh, well, let's hear what you've got to say," rejoined Madge, crossly.

"About two months ago, a boy employed in Mr. Gresham's foundry received a severe hurt. His mother was very poor and an invalid. I used to go there as often as I could, and I met Mr. Hudson, who was very good to this little fellow——"

"Will's always good," interrupted Madge, "when his temper ain't rubbed wrong—then he's about as fiery as I am myself. But 'tain't more than once a year he ever drinks a drop too much; and he's worked his way up from being a common puddler boy, till he's under-foreman at the foundry; and if he wasn't a bit wild now and then, he'd have a lot of money laid by afore now."

"Mr. Hudson told me those things himself," Miss Stuart said, gently; "and the energy and patience he had shown made me respect him. I heard, too, that formerly the weakness of which you speak had threatened to injure his prospects, and undermine so much that was admirable in his character. This made me the more ready to help him, when I found that I could do so——"

"What did he want help of you for, I should like to know?" broke in Madge, sharply; but Miss Stuart's finger lifted in warning checked her again, though it was plain her temper rebelled against the ascendency which the lady's calm dignity exercised over her, for she frowned and muttered, and beat her foot impatiently on the floor.

"Mr. Hudson told me how much he regretted his lack of education. He had been obliged to earn his living so early and work so incessantly, that he had found very little time to improve his mind."

"He could read and write, and add up figures—so can I; and that's enough for folks like us," grumbled Madge.

"No—not for him, and he felt it," said Miss Stuart. "With more learning, he could hope for much greater advancement—that of becoming foreman, or even some day a partner in a foundry, for which position his practical knowledge of the business would be invaluable; but from such hope he was held back by lack of education."

"Oh, there's so much talk about eddication nowadays," muttered Madge, with a queer mingling of envy and contempt.

"It grows more and more necessary, if a man wants to rise in the world," Miss Stuart said. "Feeling this, Mr. Hudson wished to improve himself, and when I discovered it, I offered to help him."

"There's schools enough, professors—or whatever you call 'em—enough, if he must needs take to books, without coming to you!" cried Madge.

"Can't you see that at his age it was painful to go to these strangers until he had got further on in his studies? It was much easier to commence with a woman who already knew the state of the case; for once, when I had by accident heard him trying to read aloud to poor little Jem, he told me the whole story. So I offered to teach him for awhile—after that he could go to some professor. He has been studying very diligently, and has made great progress."

"Don't I know?" growled Madge. "He wrote me one bit of a letter since he's been gone, and it was so fine, I couldn't half make out what it meant. I hate your eddication!"

"You ought to be glad that he wishes to improve," said Miss Stuart. "This taste for study will be his greatest safeguard against dissipation."

"What's that?" snapped Madge.

"Against a taste for drink, or——"

"Oh, it don't do a young man no harm to have a spree now and then," broke in Madge; "and if eddication is going to make a feller turn his back on them that's loved him faithful, and take up with strangers, then the less he has of it, the better, I say!"

"Now that I have explained to you the grounds of my acquaintance with Mr. Hudson, you must not indulge in these insinuations," said Miss Stuart. "They are an affront to me——"

"Oh! so you think he ain't good enough for you!" interrupted Madge, again in a rage. "You've drove him wild! you've been amusing yourself, and now you've got tired and want to send him adrift! That's the way fine ladies with book-learnin' behave, is it? Well, let me tell you, honest women don't!"

Without a word, Miss Stuart walked away to the end of the room, took her hat and shawl from the nail where they hung, put them on, and moved down the aisle.

"You sha'n't go!" cried Madge, once more barring her passage. "You've got to promise me that you will let Will Hudson alone, or——"

"Madge! Madge Anderson!" called a voice from the door.

The girl's arms dropped to her sides; the fury in her countenance changed to an expression of fright, as she turned mechanically and faced the entrance. Miss Stuart looked in the same direction, and it required all her self-control to suppress the ejaculation of relief which sprang to her lips as she saw William Hudson standing on the threshold.

He was a man of perhaps eight-and-twenty, with the splendid proportions of an athlete. There was a strong resemblance between his handsome features and those of Madge Anderson, and even in her agitation Miss Stuart observed this, and recollected, as one does remember trifling things in the midst of excitement, having heard him mention that he had a cousin residing at Greenhill; his only living relative besides the aunt who kept house for him.

He came quickly forward, his eyes fixed angrily upon Madge, who braved his glance for an instant; then, in

spite of her efforts, the lids dropped over her fierce black orbs, a shiver ran through her frame; she put out her hand, and leaned heavily against the bench to support herself.

Miss Stuart passed her in silence and walked down the aisle, outwardly quite calm. As she approached the young man he took off his cap, the color mounted hotly to his face under her stern regard, and he said, stammeringly:

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Stuart. I have only just got back—I was going by, and——" He broke off; cast a furious look toward Madge, who had made a movement to advance when he began to speak; then added: "It is my cousin, Madge Anderson. I don't know what she is here for." Madge opened her lips, caught his glance, and remained mute.

"She will explain to you, and you will be good enough to set right the strange mistake which caused her to come here," Miss Stuart said, in a tone of austere reproof.

He looked as troubled and frightened now as Madge herself; but before he could find any words Miss Stuart moved on. Will Hudson stood gazing helplessly after her as she left the room, and Madge stood watching him with freshly kindling eyes.

As Miss Stuart went down the path toward the gate, her landlady's little handmaiden met her with the information that tea had been waiting for a long while, and Mrs. Mosely had begun to get anxious.

"My head aches so that I cannot eat, Joanna," replied Miss Stuart, kindly. "I am going for a walk; tell Mrs. Mosely I do not care for any supper."

She walked on, and the girl followed.

Chapter II.

THE sharp click of the gate seemed to rouse Will Hudson out of his troubled abstraction. He turned a black, lowering face on Madge, but this time he encountered a glance sullen and resolute as his own.

"Well, what about it?" she asked, sneeringly.

Hudson's hands clinched instinctively; he thrust them into his coat-pockets, and strode forward. She advanced to meet him, eyes and face aflame. Then they paused simultaneously, and stood glaring at each other. Madge's lips still curved in that sneering smile, which exasperated the angry man almost beyond endurance.

"How dared you come here?" he exclaimed, at length.

"I gave you fair warning," she retorted; "I told you I would, and I have!"

"You'll live to wish you'd cut both your feet off at the ankles rather than have done it. I give you fair warning of that, too!" he answered.

"No, I sha'n't!" she cried. "No, I sha'n't! Whatever happens, I shall always be glad I came. I've had a little revenge! I made your fine madam wince, in spite of her pride!"

"What have you been saying to her?"

"I told her the truth—that you was a fool, and that she ought to be ashamed of herself—that's what I told her!" exclaimed Madge. "What's more, I'll tell it to other people if you force me, Will Hudson! I've borne a good deal, but I don't mean to be trod on. There's something else I'll do if I'm drove to it. I'll tell things that'll make this town too hot to hold my lady. I'll break up her school, and leave her without a rag of character to cover her impudence!"

Her voice had lost its shrill virago ring; it was deep and low; with a tragic gesture she stretched out her hand, and the white heat of concentrated passion swept the red from her cheeks, and left her deathly pale.

She meant every word she uttered; there could be no doubting that. Will Hudson regarded her with a strange mingling of expressions in his face; the wrath was there, hot as ever; a puzzled look, which showed that he did not know how to act; and, besides, a certain surprised trace of respect, as if wondering at and admiring the determination she evinced.

"I would stop at nothing," she continued, "nothing! If I had to break my heart into a hundred bits and walk over the pieces, I'd not flinch! Now, what have you got to say, Will Hudson?"

"I say you have been a fool," he answered, with more calmness than one would have expected. "If I wanted to get a little learnin'—if I wanted to fit myself to be something more than a common workman, you ought to ha' been the last person in the world to try and hinder me."

"Well, you won't learn any more from that fine madam, I'll bet," she said, triumphantly.

"Don't you say a word against that lady, Madge Anderson. You see, there's a place where you've got to stop, and you've come to it!"

"She doesn't think you good enough to wipe her feet on!" cried Madge. "I wish you'd seen her face when I told her she'd been making a gull of you—if I'd said there was a worm crawling up her sleeve, she couldn't have looked more disgusted."

He writhed under this thrust. Madge saw it, and laughed.

"You told her that, did you?" he asked, controlling himself quickly, and speaking in the same slow, resolute tone.

"Just what I told her!" returned Madge, emphasizing her words with a nod, and laughing still.

"Then listen to what I tell you," said Hudson, from between his shut teeth. "Just you listen."

"Take care, Will!" she cried, in an altered voice. "Don't you say what you'll be sorry for when it's too late! Your temper's up now, and so is mine—you'd better take care."

"I'll never speak to you again, so long as we both live. I'm going to take an oath——"

"You sha'n't, you sha'n't!" she screamed, flinging herself on his breast and pressing her hand against his mouth.

He did not push her off, but he stepped backward, and let her drop on the floor, and she lay there, clinging to his knees with both arms and sobbing.

"Don't, Will, don't! For God's sake—for God's sake! Think a bit—have a little mercy! Oh, remember what I have suffered—maybe I was wrong to come—but I'd thought and thought, till I was 'most out of my senses! Will, Will, you can't say it—you won't—you must be sorry for me!"

A faint dew gathered over his fiery eyes, his mouth worked convulsively under his heavy black mustache.

"I am sorry for you, I am sorry for myself, too!" he exclaimed, striking his hands hard together.

Madge sprang to her feet as suddenly as if the blow had fallen on her.

"What do you mean by that?" she cried.

He hesitated for an instant, then said, doggedly:

"Just what I say! You've made me look like a fool—before a woman, too; 'tain't very easy to forgive that!"

"There's things, I guess, harder to forgive," replied Madge. "Oh, Will, Will! only say you don't care about her, and I'll believe you."

"I've told you times enough."

"Then promise you won't ever speak to her again, and I'll be satisfied."

"I won't promise you anything. If you think you can drive me, you have got hold of the wrong man!"

"Well, she won't speak to you; I've gained so much!"

He turned furiously upon her; she started back with a gasping moan, that was half anger, half fright.

"I sha'n't hurt you," he said; "I couldn't strike a woman."

"You are doing worse," sobbed Madge, "you are breaking my heart."

"I mean to go away from here. I'll not stay to be laughed at," he continued, following up his advantage with a relentless cruelty we usually term a feminine characteristic, though it is as common in one sex as the other. "I'll be off to-morrow for good and all—so far that nobody will find me, either."

"You wouldn't do that, Will! Oh, I know you wouldn't!" she pleaded. "Will, Will, take it back! I shall die if you don't—I shall die! Oh, my head! it seems bursting. Will, Will!"

She flung up her hands with a despairing gesture, then pressed them against her bosom and bowed her face upon a bench, sobbing as if her heart would break.

He stood for a moment gazing down at her with sullen ferocity, then a spasm of grief and remorse convulsed his features; he stooped, caught her in his arms, and laid her head upon his shoulder, whispering tender and comforting words. For a time she could not speak, but gradually the hysterical emotion passed, and she lay quiet in his embrace.

"You wouldn't leave me," she moaned—"you wouldn't!"

He placed her on the bench and sat down beside her.

"I won't, if you'll do what I say," he answered, all his dogged firmness coming back. "Take the next train home—we've just got time to walk to the depot."

"Will you go with me?" she asked.

"No, I won't!" he replied.

"Then I'll not go!"

"You'll do as you please," he said, rising. "You'll be sorry for this day's work. Good-by, Madge Anderson."

She sprang up with a shriek, and held him fast.

"I'll go, Will—I'll go!" she gasped. "You'll come to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Oh, go with me, Will—please go!"

"Not a step!" he said. "Madge Anderson, when a man and a woman come together, there's got to be a master—no woman shall be mine."

"I'll go, Will—I'll go," she answered, submissively. "Won't you take me to the depot?"

"Yes, of course. Put your vail down; you don't want everybody to see you've been crying."

She obeyed in silence. They went out of the schoolroom together, Hudson closing the door behind him, and walked down the street, neither speaking until they had turned into a lane which brought the station-buildings in sight. Then Madge nestled closer to his side, and laid her hand on his arm, saying, coaxingly:

"Won't you go with me, Will?"

"No!" he rejoined, in a voice hard as iron.

"But you'll come to-morrow?"

"Did you ever know me to break my word?"

Still the same inflexible ring in his voice. Cowed as she was, it roused Madge's spirit. She stopped short and confronted him.

"If you don't," she said, "or if you go away, as I'm a living woman, I'll come back and burn that schoolhouse, and her in it!"

He gave her another odd look—his expression was positively murderous, and yet mingled with it was that wondering admiration; then the shadow of remorseful regret chased both away. He turned his head aside, and said, with rough kindness:

"Come along, my girl; else you'll miss the train. There's nothing to be got by you and me behaving like those play-actor folks that came to Greenhill last Spring."

They hurried on to the station. There was just time to get Madge's ticket and help her up on the platform of the rear car.

"To-morrow, Will!" she whispered.

He nodded—was moving away—she gazing after him with beseeching eyes. Suddenly he stooped, and kissed her lips several times with an almost savage violence, then pushed her into the car, sprang off the platform, and stood watching the train as it steamed slowly out of the station.

He was standing in front of the open door of the telegraph-office. One of the clerks looked out, and seeing him, said to some person within the room:

"There's Hudson. He might take it up."

Then he called Will's name twice, but the young man was so lost in thought that he did not hear. The clerk crossed the platform, and clapped him on the shoulder, saying, pleasantly:

"Did that pretty girl take your ears away with her, Will Hudson?"

Will turned about fiercely.

"What's that to you?" he asked.

"Why, nothing, old man!" replied the other, laughing. "I wanted to ask a favor. There's a telegram just come for Mr. Gresham."

"Well, send one of your boys up with it. I ain't paid for doing their work, or yours, either," said Hudson.

The clerk stared at him in astonishment. Will was usually the best-natured of mortals; even at those rare periods when he allowed the demon of drink to get the upper hand of him, he was at least never quarrelsome or rude.

"The boys are both out, and it will be a couple of hours before they can get back," the clerk explained. "I'd ask nothing better than to run up myself, but we're too busy. Be good-natured, and take the dispatch, Hudson—it's sure to be important. It's not quite regular sending it by anybody outside the office, but Mr. Gresham won't mind that."

"Well, hand over your ticket," Hudson said, more amiably.

While the man was gone back into the office, a railway whistle sounded, and the express from New York arrived. There was an eating-house in the station, and the passengers crowded out of the cars in great haste. A gentleman with a valise in his hand was jostled against Hudson by the throng, and said, quickly:

"I beg your pardon. But, really, my good fellow, I should think you might find some better place for sky-gazing; you're rather in the way here."

Hudson wheeled round and confronted the speaker—a tall, elegant young man, with every evidence in face and dress that he belonged to those favored ranks who resemble the lilies of the parable, in that "they toil not, neither do they spin."

"Who are you calling good fellow, mister?" demanded Hudson.

The gentleman regarded him with an easy, good-natured contempt on his classic, aristocratic face.

"You," he said—"but I evidently mistook. I see I gave myself unnecessary trouble to apologize for what was your own fault."

"I've a good mind to knock you down," muttered Hudson.

"The occasion is favorable, if you like to try," returned the other, with the same easy contempt. "Baggage?—yes," he continued, turning to a porter who was vociferating at his side. "Just take this valise, please, and here is the check for my trunk."

The porter paused to state where the omnibus was stationed—still in that unearthly shriek, as if laboring under the impression that all mankind was deaf, or determined to do what lay in his power to bring that calamity upon every unfortunate who came within his reach—and dashed frantically off in pursuit of other victims.

Hudson had time to get his senses back sufficiently to perceive how ridiculous his behavior had been, and would have passed on, but he saw the gentleman looking at him again with that amused, scornful smile, as he might have regarded some new and strange species of animal.

"Hang you!" muttered Will, stepping forward.

"Hudson, here's the telegram!" cried the clerk, in his hurry pushing between the two. "What's the matter with you to-day? Who are you angry with?"

The gentleman laughed outright. The clerk turned, and, as he saw the gentleman's face, called out in astonishment:

"Why, Mr. Alderly! Who would have dreamed of seeing you here! I hope you are quite well, sir?"

"Quite, thanks," he replied; "but your belligerent friend there is threatening to imperil my health. He is offended because we were pushed against each other, though I begged his pardon, since he forgot to beg mine."

"Do you think I'm a man to be treated like the dirt under your feet?" cried Hudson. "I don't know where you came from, and I don't care; but you can't try them British gentry airs round these parts."

"Really, Mr. Hinds, you ought to persuade this young fellow to go home and sleep off the effects of his drinking-bout," said Alderly, in the same scornfully good-natured manner. Then he added, in a courteous tone, as if he had already dismissed Hudson and his rudeness from his mind: "I hope Mr. Gresham is well?"

"Oh, very well, indeed. That's the way to the omnibus," responded the clerk, hurriedly, still keeping his hand on Will's shoulder.

"Thanks. Good-night," Mr. Alderly said, moving down the platform without so much as a glance toward Hudson.

"What the dickens do you mean, Will?" cried the clerk. "That's one of Mr. Gresham's fine connections. I've seen him in New York. I never knew him condescend to come here before, and I can't imagine what's brought him now. He and his mother think Gresham's scarcely fit to speak to—folks say his own wife didn't, for that matter, only she wanted his money."

"Where is the dispatch?" returned Hudson, paying no attention to his friend's explanations.

The clerk gave him the yellow envelope, repeating his caution about the urgency for its being speedily delivered. Will only nodded, and put the telegram in his pocket.

"I say," the clerk half whispered, "I hope you haven't been drinking? You know, old man, if you begin that, there's no telling when or where you'll stop."

"I haven't begun yet, but I think I mean to," Hudson answered, with a laugh which had no merriment in its ring. "What did you say my tip-top gentleman's fine name was?"

"Alderly—Kenneth Alderly."

"It suits him," said Hudson; "suits him first-rate. I sha'n't forget it, either, in a hurry." He glanced down the platform as he spoke; Mr. Alderly had paused to let a man pass with a luggage-ladden barrow, and his face was turned in their direction. Will fancied that he caught again that pitying, contemptuous smile, and his insane desire to relieve the anger and mortification Madge had caused him, by fixing a quarrel upon some one, started up anew. "I'll tell him so—by the Lord, we'll have it out now!" he exclaimed.

The clerk caught his arm and held him back.

"I believe you're crazy!" he said. "Do you want to land in jail? There, the man's gone; get about your business—you've something else to do than hunt up a quarrel. I say, you haven't told me who that handsome girl was."

Hudson pushed him roughly off, but without any show of anger; his whole face changed under the influence of some new thought roused by his companion's last words.

"I have got something to do," he muttered, striding away, "and I'll do it this very night! It's all Madge's fault—I didn't understand myself how it was, till she made me—but now I'll tell Miss Stuart the truth—I'll tell her the truth."

Chapter III.

As Mr. Alderly was passing through the waiting-room, he saw an elderly gentleman enter by the opposite door, and look about as if in search of some one.

Although seven years had elapsed since Kenneth Alderly had seen that face, he recognized the grave, stern features at a glance, and hurried forward with extended hand, saying:

"How do you do, Mr. Gresham? I don't believe you remember me, but I should have known you anywhere—you have not changed in the least!"

"Alderly!" exclaimed the other, grasping his hand, while a smile of welcome softened his countenance. "I am very glad to see you. I doubt if I should have known you—why, you were a boy the last time I saw you."

"Yes; just nineteen."

"Ah, seven years make a good many alterations," Mr. Gresham said, still holding his hand and looking at him with that pleasant smile, though the expression of the keen, resolute eyes showed that he was scanning the handsome face with the penetration of a skilled physiognomist, with an interest that went beyond an effort to note its changes—striving to form a judgment of the inner man as reflected there. "Yes, I should have known you," he added, presently; "you look very like your father."

"I am glad to hear you say that," returned Alderly, with a gay laugh; "I know you liked him, and I hope, for the sake of old recollections, you will allow his son to inherit a little of the feeling."

His words were earnest, in spite of the jesting tone, and Mr. Gresham answered, seriously:

"I am sure I can promise, if you care to accept the friendship."

"And I hope you cannot doubt that my father's son will prize it highly," Alderly said.

The slight constraint which was apparent in the manner of both, cordially as they had met, disappeared completely. Mr. Gresham began asking commonplace questions about his journey, the weather he had left in town, and Alderly replied; but the mention of his father had evidently put them both at ease, and established their intercourse, at once, upon a basis which dispelled certain doubts that had mutually troubled their minds.

"You will be glad to get rid of the dust and have some dinner," Mr. Gresham said, after a little. "Come this way."

He led Alderly out to the front of the building, where his phaeton was stationed—a stylish equipage, drawn by two splendid trotters, as his guest's trained eye observed.

"James will take your checks and see to having your luggage sent up to the house," Mr. Gresham continued, nodding to the groom, who stood by the horses' heads.

"Here it comes, now," Alderly replied, looking back toward the platform, along which a porter was wheeling a truck that contained his valise and a large portmanteau. "I hope the size of that big black monster won't make you think I propose to stop all Summer. I am going West from here, and so came prepared."

"I trust you won't speak of leaving for some time yet," Mr. Gresham said, cordially. They got into the phaeton, and as Mr. Gresham took the reins, he added: "Since you have made the journey at my request, I hope to be able to make your stay pleasant."

"I am very sure I shall enjoy it," Alderly answered.

Mr. Gresham's face showed that the words gratified him. As they turned into the high road, he said:

"I have not asked after your mother and Florence, because I fancy I have later news than you. I received a letter from Florence this morning. They were both well, and apparently enjoying themselves."

"Yes; Lake George is already quite gay, and my mother writes me that Florence is greatly admired."

"Ah! I suppose no young lady of nineteen could be otherwise than happy under such circumstances," Mr. Gresham said, rather cynically.

"Well, after all, that is very natural," rejoined Alderly. "My cousin seems a very nice girl, wonderfully little spoiled, too, considering that her reputation as a beauty and heiress exposes her to nonsense enough to turn almost any head at her age."

"You have not had an opportunity to see a great deal of her since she grew up, though she has been so much with your mother," Mr. Gresham said.

"No. I have wandered about a great deal, you know, and last year, when she and the mother went to Europe, I was called home by some business matters. We have been in the house together a few weeks this Spring, since I came back; that is the longest."

"I have seen less of her than I could wish," Mr. Gresham said; "but it was her mother's desire that her aunt should direct her education, and of course it was my duty to consent, at whatever cost to myself. However, Florence promises me a visit this Summer. I hope this time nothing will prevent her."

Alderly knew very well that it was his mother's doing that had separated Mr. Gresham so much from the daughter of his dead wife, but the subject was a very delicate one, involving memories which must be so painful to the man that it was better, at least for the present, to touch upon it as lightly as possible.

"Oh, I am sure nothing will," he said; "she told me that she meant to start very soon after leaving Lake George."

They had come out near the bank of the river—in the middle distance stretched the straggling town, beyond was a range of lofty hills, the whole scene looking pretty and picturesque in the evening light. Alderly began making remarks about the place and its neighborhood. Mr. Gresham pointed to a dense column of smoke rising from some tall chimneys which marked the site of his foundry and rolling-mills, and the conversation was kept up on indifferent topics. Though the two men were agreeably prepossessed in each other's favor, both felt the necessity of further intercourse before dwelling upon matters which might hold causes for mutual embarrassment.

They reached a lane that branched off from the highway.

"This is a short cut, which will bring us out on the road to my house considerably sooner," Mr. Gresham said, as he guided his horse down the narrow route.

They were nearly half-way through the lane, when he said, suddenly:

"I'm afraid the proverb in regard to the danger of trying to shorten distances is going to be verified in our case. There's a youngster who seems to be in trouble; his horse has backed the cart right across the road."

Alderly had been gazing out over the river; he looked back as Mr. Gresham spoke, and saw, a little way in advance, the cart blocking up the track. There was not room to pass, on account of a deep ditch on either side of the road. The cart was heavily laden with barrels, and the horse, either frightened or in a bad temper, resisted all the boy's efforts to turn his head; he neither kicked nor struggled, but just stood still, with his forelegs outstretched, in a placidly triumphant obstinacy, upon which neither entreaties nor blows produced the slightest effect.

"He might be a human being, he is so deliciously stubborn," said Alderly, laughing. "If you will draw up for a moment, I'll see if I can't help the lad; he looks as despairing as if long experience had taught him the uselessness of struggling against that brute."

"It has," replied Mr. Gresham, laughing, too. "Sandy is capable of standing there for the next hour. The only way will be for Joe to wait till some of the men from the depot come along; they will have to lift the cart into the road, then the beast will trot on as if nothing had happened. He is a very remarkable character."

He drew in his horses; Alderly sprang out of the carriage and hurried toward the boy. Mr. Gresham sat watching with an amused smile as the young gentleman tried to turn the animal into the road. He only planted his forelegs a little wider apart, gave his head one disdainful toss, and stood immovable.

"You can't do it, Alderly," Mr. Gresham called. "We shall lose less time to drive back and send somebody to Joe's assistance. It would take two men to stir the dray. I can't leave my horses, and, anyway, the exertion wouldn't suit my rheumatic tendencies."

"I can manage it, I fancy," Alderly said. "Here, boy, take hold of the bridle and pull him round if you can, while I lift the cart."

He threw off his coat and laid it on the wagon; then, to Mr. Gresham's intense astonishment, placed himself at the back, and lifted the hind wheels of the heavily laden vehicle bodily round into the road.

"By ginger!" exclaimed the boy, "ef that don't beat the Jews! Except Will Hudson, I don't b'lieve there's a chap in the village could ha' done that, nohow! Whoa, you beast! you needn't run away now!"

He jumped on the cart, uttered a few hasty expressions of thanks—and, as Mr. Gresham had predicted, the horse walked on as decorously as if he had never in his whole life been other than a model of good conduct.

Alderly resumed his coat and went back to the phaeton, panting a little after his exertion, but showing no other signs of fatigue.

"Upon my word," Mr. Gresham said, "I wouldn't have dreamed such a tall, slight fellow could have done that! Why, you are a second Goliath, in the matter of strength."

"Pretty well," returned Alderly. "I rather fancy nature meant me to be one of the hewers of wood and drawers of water, instead of an idle gentleman. I am very fond,

A LATE REMORSE.—"SHE ADVANCED A STEP TOWARD HIM. SHE POINTED UPWARD. HER VOICE RANG OUT LOW AND CLEAR: 'GOD SEES YOU—YOUR MOTHER SEES YOU! I AM NOT AFRAID! YOU WOULD NOT BE ALLOWED TO TOUCH ME! STAND BACK!'"

too, of gymnastics and athletic sports of all sorts. It's not a bad thing to have physical strength," he added, smiling, as he recollected his late encounter with the rude stranger at the station, which at one moment seemed likely to require the necessity for putting forth his force and skill; but he made no remark in regard to the meeting.

The two drove on, conversing upon matters to which the late incident naturally gave rise, and at length emerged into the highroad on the outskirts of the village. They were passing a little brown dwelling that stood some distance back from the street, the lawn in front shaded by a group of maple-trees, and the porch completely covered with masses of woodbine and running roses.

"What a pretty place!" Alderly said. "It looks like a bower, or a gigantic birdsnest."

"It's a schoolhouse," Mr. Gresham explained. "It belongs to me, and I think it rather an ornament to the village. By-the-way, at present it has a capital mistress, and the girls are improving wonderfully. An extremely intelligent person, and a thorough lady, is Miss Stuart. She might be teaching a very different sort of school. However, it is a blessing for these girls, mostly daughters of my work-people, that she is willing to take charge of them."

"What name did you say?" Kenneth Alderly asked, drawing a deep breath.

"Miss Stuart. I forget her other name. Mabel—no, that isn't it. Well, no matter; she is a splendid creature. I am so busy, and she, too, that I have only seen her a few times; but she is a woman for whom I have a great respect."

Kenneth Alderly turned red and then white, but Mr. Gresham was occupied in subduing a tendency toward dancing on the part of one of his horses, and did not notice. After a little, Alderly said, with studied carelessness:

"Not young, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, she is. Two-and-twenty, perhaps—not more. She has been here four months. I hope to goodness she will stay. Ah! now you can see my house peeping out among the trees."

They had rounded a sharp corner in the road, and in the distance, upon a rise of ground, one caught glimpses of a large mansion in the midst of an extensive grove. Kenneth Alderly roused himself with an effort, and listened and replied composedly enough to his companion's remarks; but the color did not come back to his face, and his eyes wore an eager, troubled look, like that of a man to whom some sudden hope has been offered, so precious, so improbable, too, that he dares not dwell thereon.

They reached the entrance to Mr. Gresham's grounds; a little girl came out of a fanciful Swiss chalet, that served as a lodge, to open the great iron gates, and the carriage passed on up the winding road, and halted before a lofty colonnade, which extended along the front of the dwelling.

A servant appeared, to take the horses; the gentlemen descended, mounted the steps, and entered the vast corridor which divided the house. Mr. Gresham turned to his guest, extended his hand, and said, smilingly:

"Alderly, you are very welcome! This is the first time, but I hope it won't be the last, that I have the pleasure of receiving your father's son under my roof."

"I am sure it will not, if my coming depends upon me," Kenneth answered, with equal cordiality.

"Ah!" returned Mr. Gresham, stopping short and eyeing him with an altered expression.

Alderly knew that his host had misinterpreted his speech—thought that the words held some reference to his mother—and he hastened to add:

"For you may be sure I shall come whenever you ask me."

"Good!" pronounced Mr. Gresham, clapping him on the shoulder. "Now come up-stairs and see your room—you must only stop to wash your hands and shake off the dust a bit—dinner will be served immediately; we keep military time in this house. Oh, here comes my sister. Well, Anne, I have brought Mr. Alderly, you see. I don't know how he will manage with only an old maid and an old widower to amuse him; but he is here, and must put up with such entertainment as he can get. If he can't laugh with us, perhaps he can laugh at us, and usually that is what human nature likes best."

Alderly had never before met the little, timid, gentle lady, who welcomed him as quietly as if he had been in the habit of stopping in the house for weeks at a time, looking so tidy and demure in her soft Quaker-colored gown and close cap that Kenneth took a fancy to her at once; and it was evident that his handsome face and winning manner produced the favorable impression upon his hostess which they usually did on all members of her sex, young or old.

Mr. Gresham soon hurried him away to prepare for dinner; his luggage was brought up, and he left alone.

There was a whirl of swift, confused thought in Kenneth Alderly's mind, so full of possible hopes and happiness that he did not venture to dwell thereon at present. Could it be that chance or fate had suddenly led him within sight of the goal which he had sought so vainly during many long months? Just as he had told himself further search would prove a useless waste of his life, had the object thereof been brought within his reach?

But there was no leisure for these speculations; indeed, out of ten chances, there were nine that only a new disappointment awaited him—some similarity of name—nothing more.

Then a knock at the door warned him that he had already delayed too long; he hastily completed his preparations and went down-stairs, to find his host awaiting him in the hall.

The dinner passed pleasantly; twenty times, a question, which he could not find courage to ask, rose to Kenneth Alderly's lips; certain disappointment was in store—he could not bear to bring it upon himself.

The meal ended; Miss Gresham rose in order to give the gentlemen an opportunity to smoke. Alderly crossed the room to open the door for her.

"By-the-by, Anne," her brother called, abruptly, "what is Miss Stuart's christian name?"

"Elinor—such a pretty name—and it suits her perfectly," replied the spinster, in her soft, flute-like old voice.

"To be sure—Elinor! I could not remember."

Alderly closed the door behind Miss Gresham; instead of returning to the table, he walked to one of the open glass doors which gave upon a wide terrace, and stood leaning his arm against the post.

"We will go out there and smoke," Mr. Gresham said; "they shall bring us some coffee, to please your foreign taste. Elinor Stuart—yes, a pretty name—as Anne says, just the name for her, too."

Chapter IV.

Miss Stuart had a good deal of difficulty to free herself from the anxious importunities of the small Joanna, who regarded her with that adoring reverence one often sees a half-grown girl bestow upon some older member of her own sex. Joanna could not imagine any cause but extreme illness making a person refuse to eat at meal-time,

and Miss Stuart only got rid of her by promising not to remain out long, and to have her supper when she entered.

Partially satisfied by this assurance, Joanna returned home, and Elinor Stuart took her way toward the bank of the river, which skirted the village in a series of graceful curves, and flowed smoothly on through the heart of the pretty valley, that owned a stretch of several miles, guarded at either end by lofty mountain-peaks.

Elinor walked up and down beneath the row of walnut-trees which cast a pleasant shadow about, even at noonday, trying to subdue her agitation, and vainly endeavoring to forget the last hour's painful scene. She had been calm enough while the necessity for self-restraint existed; but now that she was alone, her wounded dignity and pride asserted their hurts with torturing persistency. She felt terribly humiliated, and to a proud nature no sensation can be so unendurable. Still, in spite of her shame and indignation, she was more merciful in her judgment of the ignorant, ill-regulated girl who had insulted her than most people would have been under the smart of such annoyance.

A strong sense of justice was one of Elinor's chief characteristics, and even in these first moments she could not help pitying Madge Anderson, and hoping that her lover would be lenient; though the side of his character which the young man had shown Elinor made her fear that his mortification, and the unwarrantable impertinence offered to herself, might render him very severe toward the poor creature.

Will Hudson had always proved so thoroughly respectful, so grateful for her efforts to aid his mental improvement, so mindful of the social distinction which birth, education and associations put between them, that Elinor did not, for an instant, suspect Madge Anderson's conduct to have had any other source than the instigations of the blind, unreasoning jealousy of an uncultivated woman. It seemed to her probable, also, that, perhaps unconsciously to herself, a portion of Madge's bitter resentment could be ascribed to a fear that Hudson's endeavors to rise out of his ignorance would put a bar between them; if not to the extent of militating against his affection, at least to leave her solitary and dissatisfied, from her inability to sympathize with, or even understand, his new pursuits and modes of thought.

But would it not be possible to aid the girl? Elinor seized eagerly upon this idea when it presented itself; it afforded a subject for reflection which enabled her somewhat to fling aside personal sensations of undeserved shame and insult.

It did not strike Elinor as surprising that Hudson had never mentioned the girl; their intercourse had been confined, of course, to the relations of teacher and pupil. When she saw how eager he was to learn, and how rapid his progress, she had grown greatly interested, and labored hard to help him on. He had come evening after evening to Mrs. Mosely's house, and she had gladly given up her hours of leisure to his requirements. To be of use—to feel that she was aiding those about her—was the greatest joy of Elinor's life.

Somehow she had not been able to bring herself to accept payment from the young man for her instructions; still, it did not seem right to place him under obligations, so she suggested to him that the sum which he was able to offer should be bestowed upon the poor widow, at the bedside of whose injured son they had first met.

But Jem was well now, had gone back to his work, and was receiving fair wages, and his mother able to resume her customary avocation of laundress, so that between them they earned enough to get on comfortably. Thinking of this, Elinor decided, when she should see Hudson again, to propose to him that the money should be employed to enable Madge to have such tuition from some capable person as would enable her to feel that she was not being separated from her lover by his new interests.

If the girl thought the money came from Hudson, she need not hesitate, considering its purpose, to accept it; and though even in her first glow of enthusiasm over her plan, Elinor could not help fearing that Madge had slight taste or wish for mental labor, she convinced herself that if she could talk with her she could persuade Madge at least to make the effort, in the hope of forming an additional tie upon the man she loved.

Once struck by this idea, Elinor held fast to it with her customary energy, and became sufficiently engrossed in the pleasurable anticipations of the real benefit she could prove to this young pair—in both of whom she fancied she perceived abilities out of the common—almost to forget the encounter in her schoolroom, or only remember it to pity Madge sincerely, convinced that before now the girl must bitterly regret her foolish, insane step; and to hope that Hudson had already forgiven the wrong-doing, which, after all, had been caused by her affection for him.

The sunset had faded, and the twilight came on without her being aware. She was roused from her reverie by the sound of footsteps on the grass, and looking up, saw Will Hudson approaching her.

He had come to express his sorrow for what had happened—very likely to bring Madge's regrets also; and Elinor had grown composed enough to listen without betraying that she had understood the girl's visit as having any insulting intention toward herself. She was eager to tell him at once of her plan. He seemed troubled, and ill at ease, as was natural; but he would speedily forget his embarrassment in pleasure at the proposal she had to make.

With a kindly smile she moved forward to meet him, and noticing that he carried a key in his hand, said:

"You were thoughtful enough to lock my schoolroom door? Thanks, very much, Mr. Hudson."

Her manner was exactly what it had always been to him—gentle and courteous, but the manner of a lady to an inferior when certain that his good common sense and innate refinement would prevent his ever trying to overstep the social boundary between them—influenced as well by honest self-respect, as by consideration for her and appreciation of her kindness.

She extended her hand for the key, and her fingers touched his as he gave it; a tremor ran through his whole frame, and his face flushed and paled quickly. Elinor thought his emotion sprang from an agony of confusion, which quite prevented his speaking, and she continued:

"I am very glad you have come. I have been thinking of something that I want to talk to you about."

"I s'pose you will never forgive it," he said, in a tone so hoarse and indistinct, that she could easily affect not to have heard.

She wanted, if possible, to avoid any open allusion to what had happened; and his intuitions were so quick that she hoped, by immediately beginning to unfold her project in regard to Madge, he would comprehend her meaning, and obediently follow her lead.

"I have a plan for your cousin, which I am sure can be carried out, if you will assist me," she said.

He stared at her as if unable to believe that he had heard aright. A sudden strange glow leaped into his eyes, and he exclaimed, brokenly:

"To—to—did you mean for sending her away?"

He was in a state of such dire embarrassment, that he

really did not know what he said, was Elinor's thought; and she went on as if she had not caught this second speech:

"If she could be persuaded to imitate your example, and begin to study, too—would it not be a good idea?"

"It wasn't *that*," he muttered, but this time his utterance was so low and thick that the words really escaped her.

"Only induce her to begin, and very soon I am certain she would grow so interested that she would be eager to continue," Miss Stuart said. "Don't you think you could persuade her? Perhaps you had not thought of this, and the idea takes you by surprise; but I am sure it will need little reflection to show you how much good might come out of it in many ways."

His face wore the puzzled look of a person trying to follow a remark made to him, which his mind, busy with some engrossing topic, has no room to accept. It was not until she repeated her questions that he roused himself to answer.

"I—I didn't take it in at first," he said, in a hesitating way. "Madge Anderson be got to study?"

"Yes. Her face shows that she is very quick and intelligent; she would improve rapidly after she learned to apply herself."

He gave a short, bitter laugh.

"You might as well expect to coax some wild animal up in the woods yonder to study," he replied, waving his hand in the direction of the hills. "I—I don't know how to tell you how sorry I feel, Miss Stuart, about what happened——"

"There is no need," she interrupted. "I understand. Don't think about it; let us talk a little of this plan of mine."

"I didn't believe she dare do it," he went on, unheeding, his face darkening with anger. "If I'd known, I'd have stopped her—I would. I'd have thrown her in the river here, if there'd been no other way!"

"Hush, hush!" Miss Stuart said, austerely. "You don't know what you are saying—you must not talk like that."

"I wonder I let her go!" he cried. "If anybody had told me I would let a person live that insulted you, I'd have said they lied."

The words and manner were more offensive to Miss Stuart than Madge's outrageous impertinence had been; her first impulse was to walk away in silence, but she reflected that the poor fellow did not realize how his speech sounded; and now that her indignation toward the girl had yielded before this scheme for her benefit, she was too eager to soften Hudson, and induce him to forgive his cousin, to add to his suffering by any reproof.

"I want you not to think of such things until you are calmer, Mr. Hudson," she said. "At present, try to listen to what I wish to propose in regard to your cousin. I have only a few moments to spare; it is late, and I must be going home. Now, if Madge——"

"I don't want to hear her name!" he interrupted, with a violence which made his face and voice so strongly resemble the girl's, that Miss Stuart grew shocked and indignant.

"You must remember that if she did wrong, it was her affection for you which led her into the error—that should make you lenient," Elinor said, with the chill majesty which had awed Madge Anderson, even in the height of her passion.

"She had no right—no grounds——"

"I cannot discuss the matter of your difficulty with her," Elinor interrupted. "You may be justly angry, but I am sure you are too kind-hearted and generous to visit Madge's fault severely upon her. You are not quiet enough to talk now; I will bid you good-night. To-morrow evening, if you like to come and take your lesson, we will speak of my plan for enabling her to study, also."

"I—I want to ask you something," he said, hoarsely.

"Certainly," she answered, kindly; "what is it?"

"She said you despised me—thought me no better than the dirt under your feet——"

He stopped, unable to articulate further; though every word was an impertinence, Miss Stuart felt too sorry for him to be angry; he had no intention of failing in respect toward her.

"I have shown you that I take a real interest in your advancement, Mr. Hudson; that I was ready to aid you by every means in my power—you should be satisfied," she said.

"I knew she lied!" he muttered. "I knew she did!"

"You do not mean it, I know, but your language is improper—offensive," Elinor answered, haughtily. "I must go now."

"No, no!" he exclaimed, placing himself before her. "I must say it; I'm half wild, I think, but I must say it!"

He looked so, indeed, and Miss Stuart was struck by a fear that he had been drinking; the dread filled her with a sudden horror and repulsion.

"I cannot talk to you any more, now," she said; "good-night, Mr. Hudson."

She stepped aside, and was passing him; he put out his hand and seized her gown.

Even yet she was not frightened; her indignation was too great for any fear to intrude. She found he had grasped her dress so tightly that she could not free herself without a struggle. She looked full in his face, and said, quietly:

"I am afraid your cousin was right—you have not given up that bad habit of which you told me you had cured yourself."

"I've not touched a drop of liquor for weeks!" he exclaimed. "It isn't that, you know it isn't that!"

If the man was not intoxicated, he must be mad! At this thought a cold terror shot across Elinor Stuart's heart; but she had courage and self-possession far beyond most of her sex; she knew that if her suspicion were correct, any betrayal of her fright would only render him more unmanageable.

"You do not see that you are holding my dress," she said, looking steadily into his wild eyes. "If you do not wish me to think you are intoxicated, go away at once."

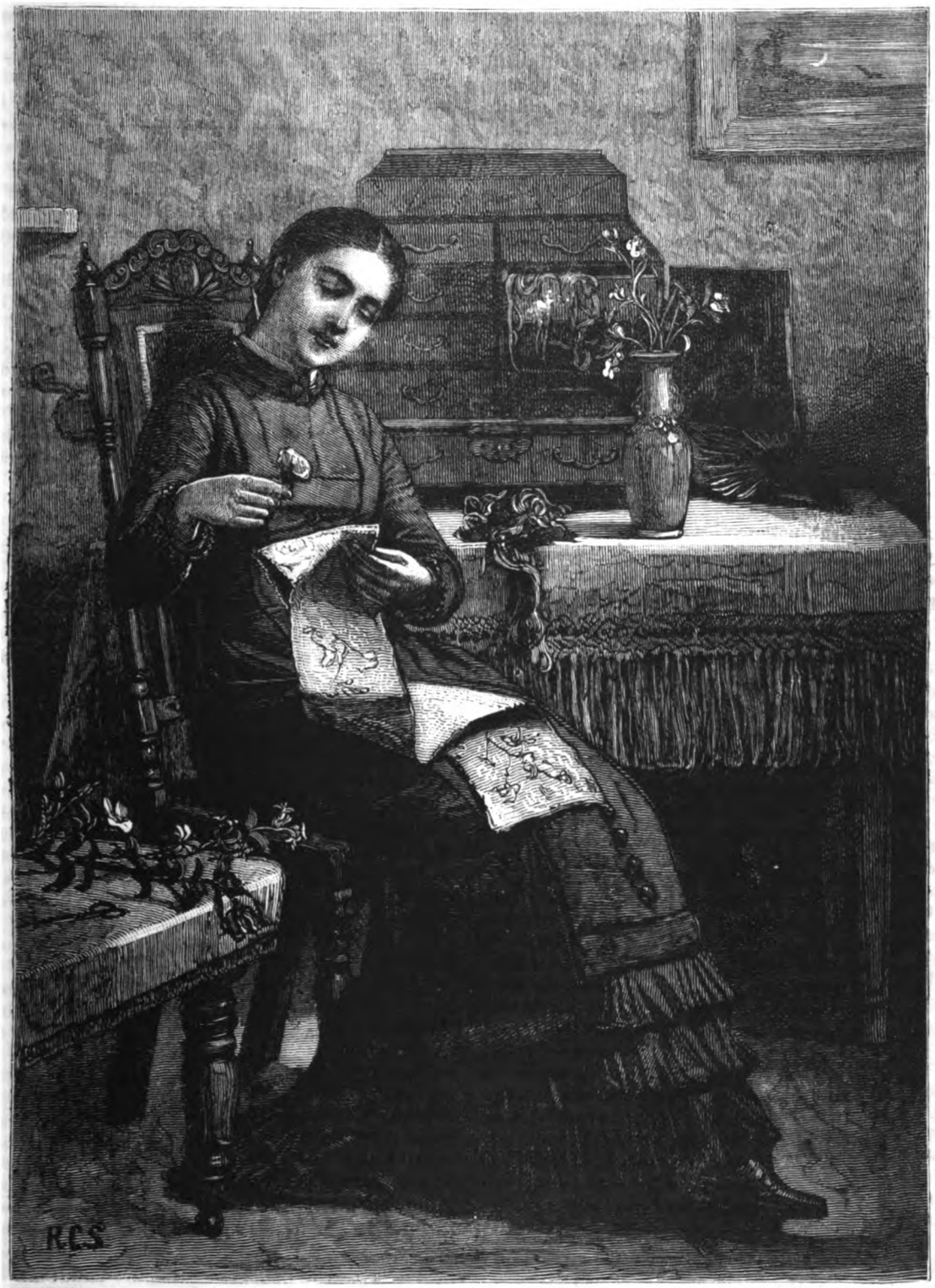
"I've gone too far to stop now; I must tell it all out—win or lose!" he hurried on, in a stifled voice, still clutching her gown. "She told you the truth—I love you, I love you!"

The agony of the most ignominious death would not have been so horrible to Elinor Stuart, as the degradation forced upon her by this creature whom she had befriended. She grew so blind and sick that she was forced to put out her hand and support herself against the trunk of a tree, near which she stood. The faintness was like the deadly lethargy a traveler in tropical forests might feel, when, without warning, some huge, noisome serpent coiled itself about his feet, and slowly reared its hideous crest.

Hudson's glazed eyes read her unutterable horror and loathing; he knew, what he must have realized from the first, weeks and weeks back, however much his insane passion deafened him to the voice of reason, that he had been utterly mad to yield to his dream; to fancy for an

instant that he could pass the gulf which separated him from this woman—bridgeless in reality as that which divides a crowned queen from her lowest servitor.

Now he had lost everything by giving way to his insan-



MATCHING THE FLOWER.

ity—the bliss of approaching her, the privilege of hearing her voice—the proud right of feeling that she trusted and respected him. Up to this day, had he asked himself if he ever hoped or dreamed the time might come when he should venture to betray so much as a hint of his secret, he would have been as astounded at his own presumption as would an ignorant Neapolitan beggar, if he found himself thinking it possible that some saint, whose image he adored in its silver shrine, might appear to him in actual presence.

But this feeling was gone now; he recognized that by his own act he had sunk to a depth so black that he would

be lost for ever to her sight. Her loathing and abhorrence roused a fury in his brain which made him reckless of all consequences; inspired him with the idea, so preposterous it was imbecile rather than insane, that he had been ill-treated, played with, led on, as a vain woman might treat some man, her equal, to gratify a coquettish whim.

"You knew it!" he cried, staring into her white face. "You needn't try to deny. I'd swear to that, if your scornful looks were so many knives, all digging into my heart! Madge told the truth; you've fooled me, cheated me! You think it's an insult for me to tell you I love you, because I'm poor and uneducated; but you didn't think you were disgracing yourself when you smiled at me, and wheedled me, and made me love you!"

The sickness and the blindness passed; the fear passed, too. Elinor Stuart's indomitable will asserted itself, and lifted her above the possibility of any such feminine weakness; only the horror remained, the disgust, the sense of undeserved and ineffaceable degradation.

She attempted no futile effort to free her gown from his hold; her eyes looked above and beyond him, as if she were addressing some invisible witness, as she said, slowly:

"I thought this man honest. I thought that in spite of his ignorance he possessed the instincts of self-respect, which make the lowest man a gentleman; but he is a coward—a coward!"

"You can't torment me into hurting you!" he cried. "I wonder I don't kill you—but I can't do it."

She remained silent, not even looking at him.

"Why don't you speak?" he groaned. "That's the woman of it—you want to make me crazier than I am."

She glanced at the hand which held her dress, still silent; but the unutterable scorn in her face, the complete fearlessness expressed in the immobility of her attitude, sent a thrill of shame shivering through the heat of his fury. He released his grasp, though still keeping his stand, so that she could not move.

"I'm not soiling you now by my touch," he said, with a savage laugh. "Why don't you say something? See here, will you swear that you didn't know I loved you?"

He got no reply, not even a glance; she was gazing straight before her, as if some creature so loathsome that she would not even let her eyes rest upon it, crouched between her and the possibility of escape.

He muttered an awful malediction through his shut teeth; the manly instincts which held a certain sway in his perverted nature struggled to assert themselves, but to yield or be beaten was frenzying to the imperious will, which, ignorant and low-born as he might be, was strong as that of some despotic autocrat, and akin to it also in its unscrupulousness. Then, too, the terrible temper, the inherited curse of himself and his cousin, flamed higher; the utterly groundless feeling that he had been injured and deceived, helped still more to paralyze the efforts of all that was decent in his soul to restrain him from further violence.

"You can't do it!" he hissed. "You want me to think you despise me too much to answer, but it isn't that keeps you from it—you don't dare to swear to a lie, that's it! You did fool me, you did want to drive me crazy, and you've done it!"

She looked at him now, saying slowly:

"It seems strange to think you could have had a mother. She is dead, you told me. I am glad, for her sake—very glad. I hope God in His mercy keeps her from any sight of her son."

The words struck home—he was ashamed, disgusted with himself: but shame had the same effect upon his ill-regulated nature that it produced on his cousin—it only increased his passion. He cursed his own folly in having sought his benefactress while under the influence of his demons; he could have bitten his tongue off in rage at having allowed it to betray his secret. He wondered, as he looked at the proud face, stern and reproachful as that of an accusing angel, how, even in the height of his insanity, he could have ventured to lift his eyes to her; and yet that hot remorse only added to his fury. Most maddening of all was the thought that he had lost the privilege of her counsels—the sense of being lifted up for the time out of the coarse realities of his common life by the spell of her presence.

Rude and unlettered as they were, imagination was powerful with Madge and him; even the girl was fond of novels and plays, and the dramatic element in both their characters had been fostered by indulgence therein.

To Will Hudson, the crossing of the threshold of Mrs. Mosely's humble dwelling, and finding himself in the company of that beautiful lady, had seemed like going from the dust and tumult straight into a fairy palace, to which, in her kindness, its queen had given him the clew; and the fact of her condescension had appeared so lofty an honor, that even to mention his blessed privilege to the companions of his everyday existence would have seemed a profanation.

He had never admitted this feeling to himself; he was so wrong-headed a radical, so full of bitterness toward those above him, that it would have chafed his soul raw to own that even the presence of this noble lady, reverence for whom had been his one religion, could produce that sensation of humiliation, that consciousness of inferiority. Even when he had only a short time before become aware that he worshiped her, he had not ventured to call his sentiment love—he loved Madge. He was not aware how much he dreamed of a life in which the girl had no part; he did not perceive how rapidly that adoration for the lady who had befriended him mixed with his thoughts, until his passionate nature lowered the feeling to its own level, and impossible incidents from unreal romances became possible events with a personal application.

And now he had lost everything—everything! the hope of elevating his life, and with it even the desire to do so. The gates of his fairy palace had shut; its queen had grown a merciless judge, and he was flung down into the dark, deprived of the guidance which had made him desire to grow better—higher; left alone, with no chance for his mind to develop, the slave of his sensuous appetites, his craving for excitement—lost utterly!

But the grief and penitence, the actual despair that smote him with the force of a tempest, only roused his wrath to a pitch which beat back these emotions, as a whirlwind might a common storm. The only recollection in his mind was that he loved this woman, and she despised and loathed him. With the selfishness of a morbid, undisciplined nature, he lost all sight of his own wrong-doing, perverted the whole into a sense of personal injury—he had been beguiled, cheated, and now he was to be cast out for ever!

"Curse you!" he cried—"curse you!"

He started forward—to kill her and himself. For an instant that one impulse seized his madness—to snatch her in his arms, and bury her with him in the flood that rolled dark and deep just at his feet—to force her with him into eternity, if he could do no more.

"I've lived long enough!—too long! So have you!" he groaned, going nearer and nearer, his clinched hands outstretched, his murderous eyes burning into hers. "You've mocked me—you've despised me; but you shall die with me, anyhow!"

"Stand back!" she cried. "I am not afraid—stand back!" Instead of retreating, she advanced a step toward him. She pointed upward; her voice rang out low and clear, with a superhuman energy in its tone: "God sees you—your mother sees you! I am not afraid! You would not be allowed to touch me. Stand back!"

He quailed before the awful majesty of her face and voice. A gleam of reason broke the cloud of his insanity, and showed him where he stood.

"You can't be a murderer; bad as you are, that is not permitted!" she said, in that same strange, inspired tone. "Your mother has prayed for you; you are to live—perhaps to repent. Stand back!"

"I'll never repent! Curse you! curse you!" he cried; but her look seemed a power exterior to herself, that paralyzed him—a volition which appeared contrary to his own, so mighty that he could not resist it, caused him slowly to retreat under the unearthly splendor of her eyes, the superhuman influence of her voice.

He dropped on his knees, digging his hands into the damp turf, and moaning:

"Go away—go away! I can't murder you—go!"

She moved backward, still fixing him with the resistless might of her eyes; his head sank to the very ground; then she turned and hurried away through the twilight.

Her strength supported her till she reached her own gate; she met her landlady and Joanna just setting forth in search of her; the consciousness of safety deprived her suddenly of her fictitious strength.

"Miss Stuart, Miss Stuart!" they cried in terror.

"Help me in," she gasped; "help me in."

The widow caught her in her arms, and between them, the pair carried their insensible burden toward the house.

(To be continued.)

A LIVING PAPER-CUTTER.

An Indian Rajah who was pleasantly disposed toward the English, and had learned their language after a fashion, frequently visited, some years ago, so the story runs, the Viceroy of Calcutta, and on one occasion borrowed of the latter a copy of the *Edinburgh Review*, which he happened to see lying on the table. When he returned the magazine the Viceroy asked him if he had found anything interesting in it.

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "many beautiful things, but also many disconnected articles."

"How so?" asked the Viceroy.

"See here," answered the Rajah; "this begins with 'Hunting the Orang-outang,' does it not? And now turn over the page, and here you have the 'History of Mary Stuart.'"

The Viceroy laughed. He perceived that the Rajah had attempted to read the book through without cutting the leaves. He accordingly took from his table a beautiful ivory paper-cutter, explained its use to his visitor, and made him a present of it. The Rajah was puzzled as to how the leaves of books could be printed before they were cut open, but this also was explained to him.

About a year after this occurrence the Viceroy saw a gay company entering the court, and in the centre of it the Rajah seated on a young elephant. No sooner did the Rajah see the Viceroy, than he cried:

"Do you happen to have an uncut copy of the *Edinburgh Review?* If so, please toss it to me."

The Viceroy threw out the magazine. It was caught by the elephant, who placed it between his tusks, which had been wrought into elegant paper-cutters, even including carved handles, and quickly cut open the leaves, after which the knowing animal passed the *Review* back to the surprised Viceroy. The Rajah then dismounted, and said to the Viceroy, as he pointed to the elephant:

"He is yours; I return you your paper-cutter alive."

OREGON'S SMOKING VOLCANO.

Says the Portland (Oregon) *Bee:* Any person observing Mount Hood could have noticed, with the naked eye, a changing cloud of smoke that hung upon the south side of the mountain, far above the snow line, and climbing almost to the summit. Observing this carefully with a glass, it was plainly to be seen that the smoke changed its form and movement constantly, apparently pouring out of the south side of the mountain from half to one-quarter of a mile below the summit. Those who have ascended the mountain fix the site of an old crater on the southwest side, some distance below the summit. They have to cross this place to make the ascent, and always find sulphurous fumes issuing from the crevices, and the rocks heated by internal fires. There is no doubt that Mount Hood at times sends forth eruptions of smoke, though such manifestations are not of frequent occurrence, or, at least, are not often reported.

We have lived within view of the mountain for nearly thirty years, and have only once before, about fifteen years ago, seen unmistakable emission of smoke, which lasted about an hour, and came from the same part of the mountain that we observed it; and each time the fact of its being smoke was not to be doubted. Fifteen years ago the phenomenon occurred upon a Winter day, when the sky was blue, without a speck of cloud to fleck it, and the smoke streamed northward from the mountain in a dense, black cloud.

We have seen the time when excitement was created, some years ago, by the rumor that Mount Hood was smoking. A crowd gathered on a high roof, and observed it with glasses; but the phenomenon was caused by atmospheric conditions that drew the mists and fogs from the lower gorges, and made them wreathe around the summit. The difference between this light-colored, enveloping mist, rising from the base of the mountain, and the black, sulphurous appearance of the smoke pouring directly out of the side of it, from among the snows, was evident to any practical eye.

One morning the sky was clear, with a slight haze and a few light, fleecy clouds hanging above the Cascade range at intervals, but the whole base and summit of Mount Hood were clear of them, while the unmistakable wreath of sulphur smoke hung just below the very summit, remaining there for over two hours, contorted by the movement of the winds. Toward noon fleecy clouds enveloped the mountain, and for a while the difference between cloud and smoke was distinctly visible; but afterward the outlines of the snowy peak were obscured, and when they were plain again, at two o'clock P. M., there was no smoke to be seen.

Talk not of music to a physician, nor of medicine to a fiddler; unless the fiddler should be sick, and the physician at a concert. He that speaks only of such subjects as are familiar to himself, treats the company as the stork did the fox, presenting an entertainment to him in a deep pitcher, out of which no creature could feed but a long-billed fowl.

A compromise is well enough sometimes, but no one should ever compromise himself.

GLIMPSES OF THE RHINE.—VIEW OF THE CITY OF MENTZ.

EVENING ON THE RHINE.

GLIMPSES OF THE RHINE.

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

Spite of all that Germans patriotically say of Lake Constance, the first sight of the lake to a stranger fresh from Italy is disappointing. A gray fog lay low upon it when I first saw it, and its flat shores, for the most part treeless, looked melancholy and cold. Historically speaking, however, it is a famous and interesting spot; but then so few travelers are antiquaries, that the first impression of the present counts for more than the slowly acquired stamp of the past. I have always thought that to appreciate foreign places, and also to enjoy a holiday journey, one should choose one or two spots, settle down in them, if possible, keep house, and allow the influence of the place slowly to permeate one's daily life. Thus you see and enjoy the real, actual atmosphere of an unfamiliar city and neighborhood; strange manners and customs have time to reach you; you come across peculiarities of person and turns of language which otherwise would be sealed books. In fact, you catch nearly all the true characteristics of a place, sometimes of a people. It is true that this would be a limited experience, but its thoroughness and its oddity would repay you for its narrowness

After all, if we rush abroad to see certain sights already half drawn to us through hearsay and pictures, and when we reach these sights do nothing but stare hurriedly at them, and pass on to the next, we learn little, and retain a blurred impression of our travels; whereas if we thoroughly examine our unknown place—and all such places are largely representative, and, by their very antiquity, novel — we acquire a knowledge intensely interesting, which we share with few, and which is sure to give zest to further reading, observation and study on kindred subjects.

CASTLES OF STERNBERG AND LIEBENSTEIN.

Perhaps this is an incongruous sermon in connection with a suite of Rhine views, representing scenes from its source nearly to its

mouth; but it is the result of personal experience in European traveling, an experience which may be of use to some intending tourist, and the remembrance of which has made me regret much time and opportunity lost during those very travels.

Of Constance and "shining Meersburg," and Heiligenberg, when I saw them, I scarcely knew anything, not even the story of the council that condemned John Huss, or the "Legend of Bregenz," which Longfellow has immortalized, or the fight on the Rhine bridge, when the Reformers were stamped out and the old faith brought back, and which reminds one in its hideous details of the causeway fight at Mexico, the "Noche Triste," which so nearly made Cortez a fugitive and the Aztecs supreme.

On the other hand, any ignorant wanderer in the streets and market-places of these old towns sees pictures ready-made in the common incidents of life: the fountains, such as that of the Cross at Schaffhausen, where the women draw water or wash their clothes in public; in the rickety, projecting balconies and bay-windows of old houses; the gateways that mark where old walls or fortifications have been; the gardens with local bands of music, and the inevitable beer-tables with carved legs, that would fetch a fancy price out here; the gables, with slopes like steps, and tiers of carved balconies; the shrines imbedded in walls; the big market-wagons, like walking hay-ricks, covered with sail-cloth; the women, with fish-baskets on their backs, tall caps on their heads and knitting in their hands.

Everywhere along the Rhine the same scenes are nearly repeated. When you get into the wine country, the taverns supply local wines at cheap rates in slender bottles; the vineyards are closed at night by order of the municipality, and a cordon of sentinels is stationed with watch-dogs and rifles, in a series of scattered huts, to protect the crop from any premature pickers; the shrines are multiplied; ruined monasteries serve as cellars and wine-presses; strings of donkeys laden with deep panniers full of grapes, obstruct the narrow paths beneath the terraced walls, on which, on slaty ground, often artificially formed, grow the dwarfed vines; and at last the vintage festival comes, to revive the Greek Bacchanalia; the prettiest girl is mounted on the last barrel on an ox-cart, and be-ribboned and crowned with grapes as well as smeared with juice; the vintagers, of all ages and both sexes, troop merrily into the village with songs and dances that scarcely recall the very laborious work of vine-picking. On the Neckar, Autumn festivals are also common; a sort of anticipated Thanksgiving, about apple-time, when the pears and plums and chestnuts are also ripe, and when families meet in the orchard for games and picnics, the children roasting chestnuts over impromptu fires, the old people looking on, and the young making love. All the confused and decaying picturesqueness of the Rhine towns is crystallized on the river-banks: within the city or village you often find modern stores, handsome stations, houses and public offices, but seldom on the banks do you see clustered any buildings but the old, ruined pigeon-holes, which are the very things that we have come so far to see. The roofs topple and lap their edges over each other; walls, green with moss, rise from the water, bearing buttressed wooden shanties leaning over the stream; fishing-boats, and gay-colored rags hung out to dry, give color to the dark mass of beams and stones; tiny windows, under hanging eaves, suggest moonlight serenades and dangerous climbs, for the sake of a stolen interview.

The women are pretty when young, and buxom and healthy when middle-aged, but even their prettiness is solid. There are no sylph-like forms, nor ethereal, consumptive-looking faces; love is sentimental, but not passionate, and wears well after the friction of married life has tried its depth.

Strasburg does not belie its German origin in this respect, and both the looks and the language of its people are far from the sprightly, wiry, spasmodic French type. Its architecture, too, shows little difference, though such is the case in many unmodernized French towns as well.

The neighborhoods of Coblentz, Mayence or Mentz, "The Golden," as it was called from its riches; Cologne the Holy, from its relics, and Düsseldorf, the traditional capital of art, as well as of municipal spirit—are historically the most German and representative. Cities naturally are the first to change; yet the spirit of nationalism, even of localism, strongly survives in the Rhine provinces of the new Empire.

Coblentz is doubly maritime and mercantile, from its two rivers, the Moselle here joining the Rhine, and the wine trade of the former being considerable. Some of the old canals look very much like Venetian or Dutch water-ways; the wonderfully clumsy barges are a picture in themselves, and the piles near the primitive wharf would delight the eye of Doré. The neighborhood is full of ruins and castles, churches and shrines; the river-banks are walled in, and the channel narrowed by high and broken rocks with masses of fine forest-trees clinging to their sides; and a few restored and still inhabited castles occur here and there, such as Rheinstein. Outside winding-stairs are a very beautiful feature of many German medieval castles—very uncommon to our eye, and perhaps in this climate scarcely imitable; but they certainly contribute a good deal to beautify many an otherwise insignificant building in Europe. Outside chimneys are another singularity, and occur often in English inns and cottages, hospitals and manor-houses; buttressed with stonework, and broadening into steps at the base, they often form an ornamental addition to the building.

Steep roofs are a thing more manageable, even with us, and I wish we could see more of them—not the mansard abomination, but the genuine German extinguisher, which often has more than the height of the building it covers. The effect is very artistic; but the principle seems almost unintelligible to our ordinary builders, who always seem bent on providing the nicest level space they can, for the snow to lay upon and accumulate.

The artists of Düsseldorf keep up the old custom of their guild, and infuse some life into the dull routine of the provincial town by their carnival *fêtes* in the gardens of the place, when they dress as mythological or allegorical or historical personages, and by their boat-tournaments on the rivers and canals. It is only the architecture that makes the scene different from those I remember in Venice. I never tried the Rhine steamboats, and so cannot vouch for the scenes upon them: we went by the railroad along the banks, and certainly lost much of the view, though we gained what we needed at the time, which was speed; but the Hudson River may serve as a kindred picture to curious students of human types, as collected on most river steamboats.

No doubt the English tourists, in poke bonnets (the cut has not hurried to catch the latest vagaries of fashion) are very much interested in the wasp-waisted students, with flowing hair and large, swinging pipes, and wonder whether or no they have fought a dozen duels. The artist tries to ignore the noisy fuss around him, and the testy old Englishman worries the eager and fat peasant, who, in a hash of two languages, tries to explain the local wonders and fix their place on the outstretched map. The lovers are of more modern calibre, and seem very little

occupied in studying the guide-book, or admiring the landscape. Yet the boat goes through the most interesting part of the "legend-haunted Rhine"—past the Mouse-tower, where the archbishop, who, in days of famine, shut up his grain and refused to give or sell it to the starving people, was himself shut up by the infuriated mob, and, so says tradition, eaten up by the mice which his treasures had attracted; past the famous and dangerous Rock of the Lorelei, where the mermaid combed her hair, and drew victims into the whirlpool; and the more pathetic scene of Nonnenwerth, where the bride of a Crusader, believing him dead, became a nun. On his coming back and finding out his loss, he built a hermitage on the opposite side, and, says the legend, languished of love till he died, watching the window of his beloved.

Among these legendary castles, the "Cat," near St. Joan, and the "Mouse," opposite, belonging of old to two courteous enemies, are conspicuous; the former is called Katzenellenbogen, or the Cat's Elbow, on account of the bend of the river. John III., count of that name, and lord of the village of St. Joan, once sent a jovial message to Archbishop Kerno, of Falkenstein, the founder of Wellmich, bidding him, with courteous greeting, take good care of his "Mouse," lest she should be eaten up by his big "Cat."

The fun of the Middle Ages was often serious in its results; broad jokes and unheard-of wagers were favorite pastimes, and after-supper speeches meant more than our roundabout and flowery harangues. Boos Von Waldeck, at a supper, one night, wagered his guest and neighbor, the lord of many manors and villages, that he could drink at one draught a messenger's bootful of wine; and if he did, he would claim a certain village in his friend's possession as a stake; and tradition says that accordingly the village changed hands, the old toper redeeming his boast amid the open-mouthed astonishment of even the seasoned drunkards of his time. The Drachenfels, or Dragon's Rock, has a more poetical legend—a story of a maiden tied by heathen to a tree where daily came a dragon to eat sheep, children, or anything he could find. The Christian girl held up a small cross before the monster, who fell back down a precipice into the river and was killed. St. George and the Dragon is only another form of this tale, which has much in common with the old Greek story of Andromeda; the dragon typifying evil and heathenism, and the weakness of the girl testifying to the power of Christianity, through even its frailest instruments.

Mentz, the birth and burial place of a love-poet of the thirteenth century, surnamed "Women's Praise," whom eight noble maidens carried to the grave, strewing libations of wine on his tomb, is known to many as the place where printing was invented. It is a modern, lively, fashionable garrison town as well, and has a capital skating-place in the old *fosse*, the great ditch round the fortifications. Mentz is a few hours' drive from Ems, the gambling and watering place, famous as a fashionable resort, but which has since become historical as the place where diplomacy and foolhardiness hatched the Franco-Prussian war. At the time I remember it, it was like Baden and Wiesbaden, a frivolous, gay, fussy, wicked place, pretty as to scenery, rather choice as to society, and a good starting point for expeditions along the Rhine and the Lahn, one of the tributaries of the great river.

Near by were the castle and botanical garden, menagerie and museum of Archduke John of Austria, who had married a subject, and consequently retired from Court. His gardens were kept in English fashion, his collections and library were open to the public, and his animals, some wild and foreign, besides rarer domestic ones, were really worth seeing. He was a scholar and an enlightened man; a benefactor to his neighbors, among whom he had lived for twenty years; but he saw few people except his poor dependents, and some stray students of various nations. The house stood at the top of a winding ascent, with terraced face-walls, covered with vines, and there was a good deal of use made of the blackish pebbles of slate peculiar to the place, in the sidewalks and pavements about the hall and garden. We drove to Mentz, also, and heard vespers chanted in its dim, beautiful cathedral, beside which the modern gardens, streets and bastions look rather bald and mean than otherwise; but there is an abundance of old houses in the poorer streets, which still keep up the ideal of picturesqueness.

Our life at Ems was a very dawdling one, concerned chiefly with health, the baths, and donkey-rides in the beech-woods and the heather-blooming commons that remind you of Scotland. In one of these expeditions we came across a church restored by an Englishman; a man called eccentric by relations with whom he did not share his money, but otherwise known as the patron of two hospitals, a theological seminary, and the restorer of this and other village churches.

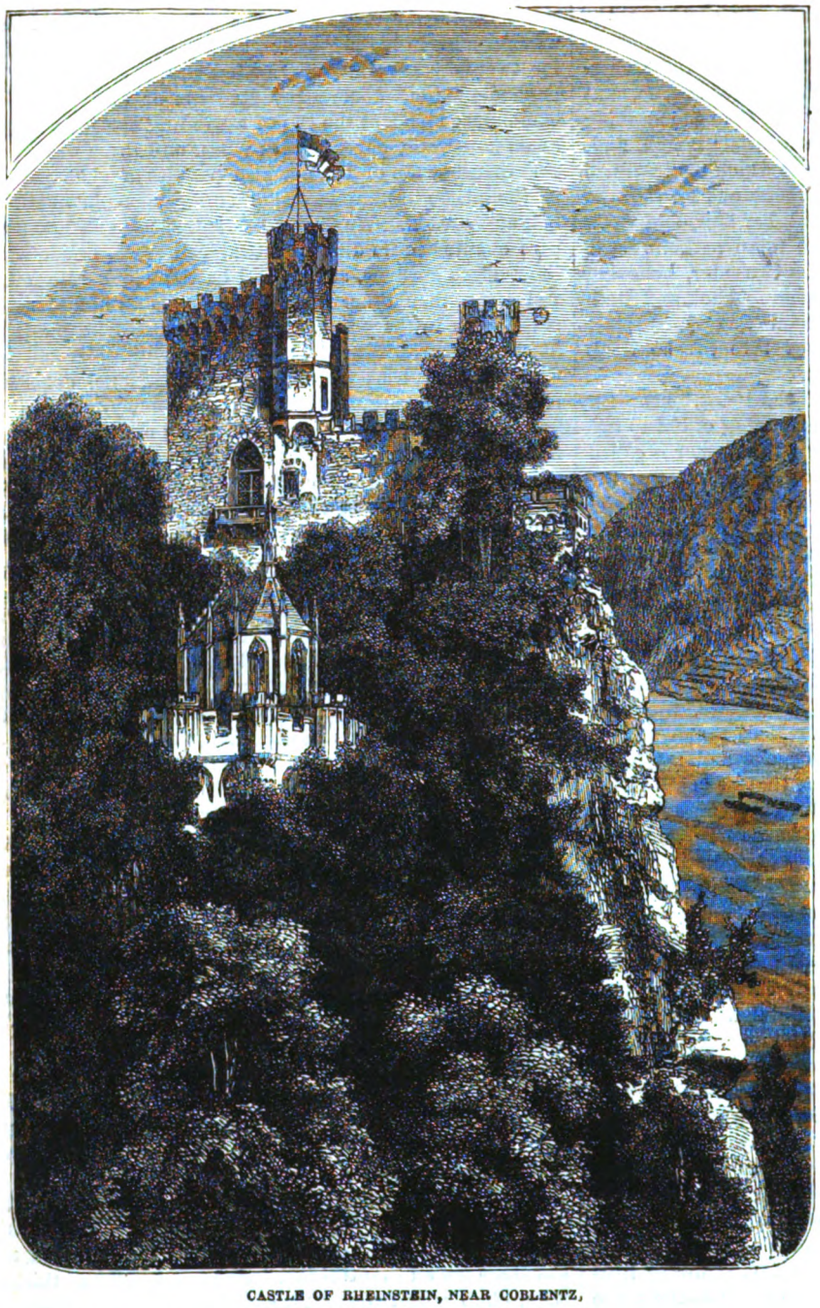
Further down the Rhine, the leisurely stroller, with knapsack on back, may rest himself at queer little village inns, dignified by the name of *café*, with balconies and straw-thatched roofs; while lumbering, barge-like boats pass up and down the banks, and the everlasting kaleidoscope of castles repeats itself as far as eye can reach.

I cannot pretend to carry the reader systematically through the whole of the Rhine country, as I did not make the journey myself; and even if I had, I have no space to repeat in detail what he will learn better from the guide-books. The smaller things sometimes make a deeper impression than the great sights; and I think, for instance, our climb up the hill behind Baden, among the stems of tall old silver firs, toward the time of sunset, and our first experience of a rude Æolian harp, cunningly wedged into a deep ruined window of the old castle whose walls partly inclose a beer-garden, are more memorable than all the stereotyped wonders of Cologne.

Baden is Ems intensified. Every one has a notion of what it is, or was, before gambling was suppressed; but some of its inhabitants were interesting in a more legitimate way. The Duchess of H——, married to a great Scotch peer (she was a widow when I knew her), lived there in Summer, in her mother's house, her father having been the Prince of Baden, who married Stephanie, the niece of the Empress Josephine. The duchess's daughter has since led an eventful life. She was a child of thirteen then, chubby and German-looking, for whom no romantic destiny seemed waiting; and yet she has been a reigning princess in a small Italian principality, divorced, and married again to a Hungarian of high rank and great riches, within the last sixteen years. Her mother, who had relations with half the royal houses of Europe by her Baden descent, and a connection with the French Empire by her mother's side, had a very pleasant small society gathered round her; and, at the evening meetings, royal personages would come and drink tea, and cut out colored figures for wall decoration, and do any easy, homely, childish thing to pass away time.

German royalty, especially, has a delightful tendency to throw off etiquette in private.

Baden brings to mind the student city of Heidelberg, its near neighbor, the most lovely spot in Germany—at least, so says my memory. The castle, belted with old chestnuts, looks down on the rushing Neckar, and its deep-red stonework and ornamented Renaissance friezes,

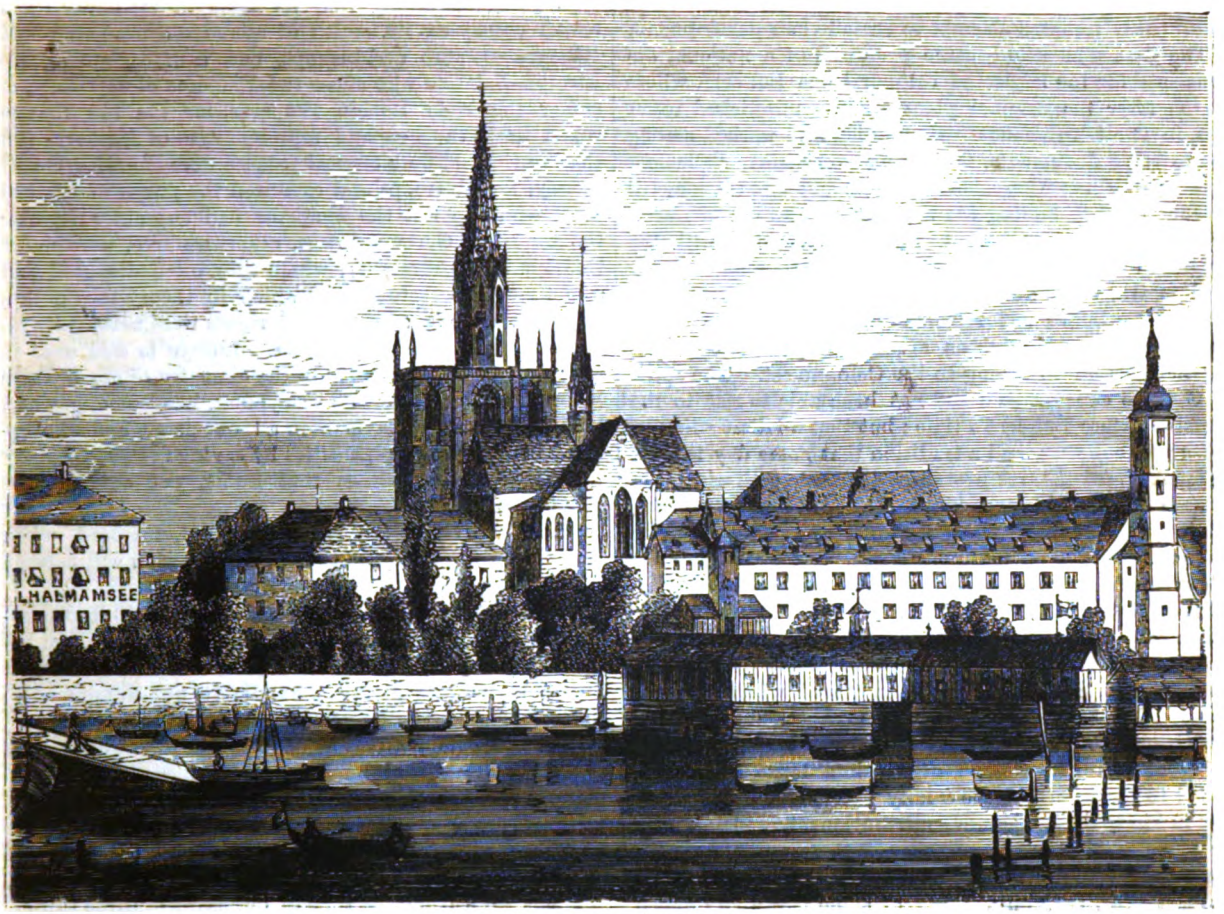


CASTLE OF RHEINSTEIN, NEAR COBLENTZ.

its inevitable garden, sanctioned by the presence of the monster tun, which exists only as a curiosity and needs a ladder to reach its bunghole—guarded by the figure of a dwarf, once the "court fool" of the castle—and the band that every evening plays in the ruined courtyard, are things that make Heidelberg conspicuous in the fancy of a tourist. The ruins look well, illuminated with Bengal fires on moonlight nights; and if a student procession, with torches and fiendish cries of half-mourning, half-revelry, passes by your window, and winds by the base of a house five hundred years old, the torches flaring into the lattice-work of the balconies and gables, you might think yourself transported to the veritable days of Faust and Mephistopheles—though it turns out that the students have been celebrating a grim festival over one of the "Suicide Society," whose members, when they quarrel, do not fight a common duel, but throw lots, and let chance decide which of the two parties shall shoot himself.

The Neckar has its own beauties, wild as is its rocky, unnavigable stream. Neckarsteinach boasts of an uncommon group of ruins known as the Four Castles, almost on a line, dominating the usual steep-roofed village below. Yesterday we were at Duisburg, where a new bridge makes, artistically speaking, a blot, but practically a convenient break, in the landscape; but inside the town illusions come thick and fast, and the story of the enchanted lover, who, after a Rip Van Winkle sleep of three generations, awoke in the same Rhine village, and, unconscious of any change, courted the granddaughter of his betrothed, mistaking her for the latter, certainly seems as if it might be true. At any rate, many streets and many markets, even the very ladders, booths, tents, baskets, etc., look as solid and antique as if they had served for at least four hundred years.

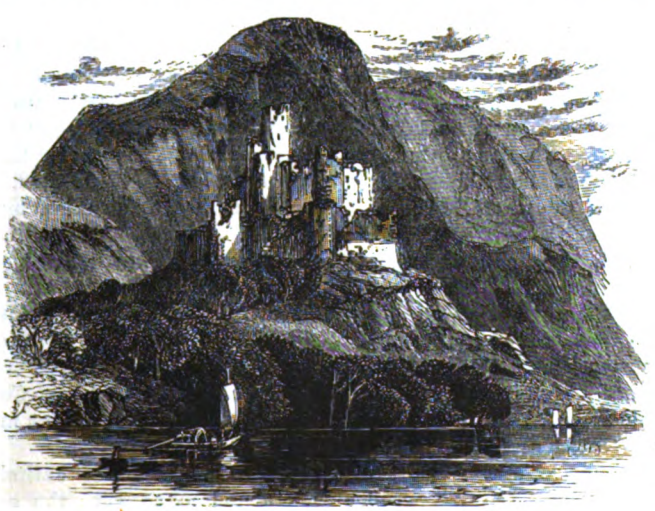
A TIMBER RAFT ON THE RHINE.



CONSTANCE FROM THE LAKE.

Among the many Cologne legends—I take it for granted that every one knows that of the architect's plan carried off by the devil, and of the door in the cathedral, still said to be indented where the devil kicked it in his flight—less known to the general tourist is that of Burgomaster Gryn, a valiant but contentious man, who had a little local dispute with one of his colleagues, and was by him decoyed into a vaulted room near the cathedral, and belonging to the church buildings, where a lion was kept, as in a den. His enemies, thinking his fate certain, returned after a few minutes to enjoy his defeat; but Gryn was found pinned up against the massive doorway, one arm thickly wrapped in his cloak, and the other hand grasping a short-sword — all men wore them at that time—which was buried to the hilt in the lion's body. The powerful beast however, might have killed the burgomaster in his dying fury, had not other spectators been drawn to the spot, and relief been had in time.

It is impossible to give an idea of the cathedral by a description as short as any in a magazine sketch must be. The building deserves to be called one of the modern wonders of the world, and, strange to say, it has had the good fortune to be restored without being injured by barbarous additions. The old plan was adhered to, and a pious and patriotic feeling grew up in Germany, pointing to Cologne as a national centre, and to its cathedral as a monument of German liberty. Subscriptions were taken up in the remotest provinces for its restoration and completion. Catholics and Protestants, Jews, Free-thinkers, even Socialists, were proud of it, irrespective of religion or politics; and last year, 1880, its final stone was set, and a national *fête* commemorated the work, which in future times will be identified with the institution of the new German Empire.



THE CAT'S ELBOW.

But, unfortunately, the same year will be also, to the minds of impartial men, associated with the foolish and suicidal confession of weakness, implied in the present fanatic outburst against the Jews. If it were not an insult to the latter to compare them with an inferior race, one could not help but speculate on the strange coincidence of the crusade against the Chinese, by the most enlightened people of the Western Hemisphere, taking place at nearly the same time that the most civilized people of

Europe is giving way to jealousy of its best elements, in a childishly frenzied attempt to curtail their development.

The first man who became possessed of a national enthusiasm for the neglected cathedral was Boisserée, whose search after the original plans for the unfinished tower was in itself a romance. He studied and worked among the existing documents, treasuring every hint or allusion, and tracing the whereabouts of this and that section, till he succeeded in finding the tower-plan at an inn in Darmstadt—the long parchment, thirteen feet long, with the detailed design upon it, having resisted the wear and tear of domestic work, and being found nailed on a stretcher. The west window was restored from a duplicate reproduced in a general work on architecture, the design having been found to belong to the Cologne set. The spirit of German conservatism had not been able to rise to the occasion before Boisserée's time; but that a latent pride in the great building, and a tradition that some day it must be finished, existed, was proved by the haste with which the citizens replaced the four-hundred-year old crane in 1800, when it fell to pieces, by a new one in exactly the same position. All the engravings after the year 1500 represent this crane as crowning the tower and proclaiming the unfinished state of the "Dom."

The only disfiguring things about the cathedral now are the crude colors and clumsy shapes of some of the Munich figures in stained glass—an "art" which has its questionable side, as I know from experience in Glasgow Cathedral. Munich contributed these specimens, as Stuttgart did hewn stone, of which a large ship came loaded to the wharf of the "holy" city, and other treasures in kind, besides money contributions, flowed in freely for years.

A rather ludicrous incident happened at the Cologne *fêtes* last year, the non-working of some machinery above having prevented the display of a two-headed eagle, carved in wood and attached to a long wire rope—which bird of imperial renown was to have swooped down upon the deed of completion, and carried up the document to the top stone of the newly finished spire, where it was to be sealed in. Some say that the popular expectation invented this arrangement, and that the Emperor and other authorities never had such a preposterous plan; the people, however, whether with or without foundation, were foolish enough to have reckoned upon it as a crowning sight, and were proportionately disappointed when the tomfoolery "fell through," the means having, as it was buzzed about, given way! The story of Napoleon III.'s Boulogne eagle has also been denied and explained, one of the followers of the prince having accidentally bought the bird a few moments before sailing; and, unable to stow him away anywhere on land, having necessarily taken him on board.

One never gets to the bottom of such tales, the very stuff of which old legends and myths were made. Who knows but what, a hundred years hence, some apparently authentic stories may not be taught in the public schools as true incidents of a stirring time, the whole having in reality arisen from an impression on the minds of a few imaginative men, of what might, should, ought, or was intended, to have happened? We are not very likely, with our prosaic tendency, to increase the number of legends; but such things grow almost of themselves, and we may be indirectly responsible for some such fancies in the future. Even our own past becomes rather legend than history to us. We remember general impressions, but seldom fixed dates, exact words or details; we could scarcely swear to the very words we used, or to the color of a man's hair, or the kind of clothes he wore.

Cologne is an appropriate place in which to moralize on legend-making, seeing that its fame in medieval times rested chiefly on its wealth of sacred shrines and relics. Its princes were archbishops, and counted among the Electors-Palatine who chose the Emperor of Germany, or rather the Holy Roman Emperor, for the old Empire called itself the heir and representative of Augustus and Constantine. These clerical princes were supreme, coined money, levied troops and exercised the power of life and death—no one but the Emperor had any authority over them. Many German towns, otherwise free, were under this kind of sovereignty, which they often disputed, and sometimes successfully, but which in theory they always accepted, as long as municipal rights were reasonably respected by the prince-prelates. Luther is said once to have made a clever answer to the casuistry of one of these ecclesiastical princes, who was young, handsome, gay and fond of hunting—a layman in all but name, and who excused his sporting propensities by saying:

"Oh, it is the prince that hunts, you see—not the bishop."

"Ah!" answered the Reformer, "but, my lord, when the prince dies, and goes to hell, maybe, what will become of the bishop?"

These anomalous sovereigns had much to do in preparing the way for the Reformation. Abuses under them became too flagrant and obtrusive not to shock simple Christians, besides giving a handle to nobles inclined to lay their hands on ill-gotten goods. But long after such abuses were common talk among the pilgrims who flocked to "Holy Cologne," the miraculous shrines of the "Three Kings" and the "Eleven Thousand Virgins" continued to draw pious crowds together. The printing-presses were busy with illustrated pamphlets telling the story of the relics, and of other miraculous remains handed down, so it was said, from the time of our Lord. These things, too, were explained by word of mouth from the pulpit during the time dedicated to the veneration of these relics; but gradually, during the seventeenth century, this custom ceased.

Church festivals were then almost the only holidays of the people, fairs were timed according to them, and business contracts followed the divisions of the Church calendar. Pilgrimages were often used simultaneously as business journeys, and no one was shocked. A good deal of this feeling still remains among the uneducated, especially in Catholic and Southern Germany; they are simple-minded, and scarcely know what it is to be scandalized, except at a breach of the Church rules, such as fasting on Fridays and hearing mass on Sundays. The Tyrol is especially conservative in the former respect, and some few years ago even the bill of fare at country inns followed the Church rule.

I think a day's journey from a railroad station and a tourists' hotel might, even at present, unearth a similarly primitive inn and village; for the path of travel, and almost that of the Alpine Club men, is still conventional and groove-like, leaving unvisited many fossil nooks of ancient civilization. The Rhine itself has lost its freshness in this regard; its ruins are lionized, and its hotels perverted to modern standards; even its villas are evidently cosmopolitan. One of these I remember, belonging to the Sayn-Wittgensteins, one of the families which, two generations ago, were sovereigns of a miniature principality, the size of a Minnesota or Colorado farm. They were rich, and spent their Winters in Rome, where I met them first.

The Rhine villa was entirely modern, the furniture French and much gilt; the gardens formal, stately and brilliant with red and yellow flower-beds. Room after

room *en suite*, with parquet floors, satin curtains and inlaid cabinets, looked quite princely, while at the end of the many large *salons* was a boudoir, opening with steps on the terrace, and furnished in the Alhambra style, the ceiling honeycombed and brightly painted, and the low, small tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl. From this you walked into a conservatory with a fountain, goldfish, camellias, palms, everything summery and Oriental. I forget what the dinners were like, but one evening some Prussian royalties were entertained at an excellent tea-dinner, and a walk in the garden followed till moonlight.

The Wittgensteins' two sons had both been fine duelists at Bonn, and were then in the army. When I remember them at Rome they were boys, and one of them reigned for one night as *King of the Bean* at a "Twelfth Night" festival given to the children of the English, Russian and French residents. Princess Wittgenstein herself was a Russian, and a handsome, matronly woman, with the stately and engaging manners of that "old school," which, at its best, is the model most worth following.

Though Frankfort is not on the Rhine, it is a city which is connected with all the national memories which make so large a part of the romance of the Rhine, and it is the birthplace of Germany's greatest poet, Goethe. Its *Judengasse*, where the foundation of the Rothschilds' fortune was laid, and where the original home of that family is still pointed out to the tourist, is a peculiar street, even among such streets as the crooked, darkened lanes of Frankfort; but not far from it now, on another more modern thoroughfare, stands one of the most elaborate synagogues in Germany, rich and dazzling with goldsmiths' and fresco work. On the Römerberg, a side space traditionally claimed as a Roman work, were held tournaments and carnivals in medieval times, and on the bridge over the Main stands the founder of the ancient German empire, Charlemagne, a gilt statue, with the apple-shaped ball surmounted by a cross in his hand, denoting universal dominion, but whose suggestive form gave rise to the innocent belief in the mind of an unlearned countryman, that "Yon must be the man who invented the appelwei," *i.e.*, a drink like cider, much prized in this neighborhood. This bridge has another story attached to one of its ornaments—a gilt cock on an iron rod, said to commemorate the passage of an unlucky rooster, which was hunted over the bridge by the wary architect, in fulfillment of the usual pact with the devil, namely, that he should have the "first living thing" that crossed over.

One would think, from the frequency of these devil legends, that Satan found it hard to people his realm in those days; and yet that would be an undue compliment to pay to the merry wickedness of our forefathers.

Of course we went to see the old parchments and modern frescoes of the Imperial Hall, where electors used to sit to choose the Emperor; but the memories of famous men and women, who in the last century made the city an intellectual centre, seem of more sterling and lasting interest. Bettina Von Arnim, Goethe's correspondent, Clement Brentano, Klinger, the poet, Feuerbach and Savigny, scientists and philosophers, were either born at or settled in Frankfort, where they gathered round them brilliant circles of kindred spirits. Goethe's friends—Lavater, the chemist; Lila, one of the ladies of the Landgrave of Hesse-Homburg's Court; Hölderlin, the poet, and his lady-love; Sinclair, Stilling, and hosts of courtly or learned French refugees, lived close by, in the principality of Homburg, whose little capital, since so famous as a gambling rendezvous, was then a sort of social suburb of the great capital of commerce. Fashion has now made the two almost one city, and regattas of all kinds turn the sober Main into a fantastic German Neva. If you want shade, solitude and instruction combined, you step across into the botanical and zoological garden, where gazelles are feeding beneath clumps of carefully nurtured Oriental trees, and palms and camellias bloom under glass roofs; and if you are still inclined for more knowledge, there is the museum named after its merchant founder, the enlightened Bethmann.

The Bourse, after this, seems a pandemonium, as most money-making places do; but here, and in the solid, narrow, frowning houses, or the more modern villas of the town, is centred a mass of no little enviable—and generally well-spent—wealth. A very old and beautiful corner house, with three tiers of bay-windows supported by a huge carved pillar (the corner of the ground floor being thus entirely cut off), tells a tale of Luther's stay in Frankfort, on his way to Worms, besides being of itself a lovely specimen of medieval architecture.

On the Rhine, one hears so much of "castled crags," that stay-at-home people would be apt to imagine that nothing existed between castles and hovels, villages of tumble-down appearance, with pigeon-holed roofs, and inaccessible robber strongholds; but there was in Germany and the Low Countries an important middle class of rich citizens and merchants, jealously watchful of their liberties or privileges, and always on the alert to assert their independence. The power of money was at their back, which explains much of their success; for the nobles, as a class, were poor, and the higher clergy, though pretty wealthy, still had less ready money to spend, a large part of even their revenues being paid in kind by their feudal dependents. The rich citizens of the little mercantile republics kept up the ideal of municipal freedom which the old Roman system had always fostered, and their halls or council-houses, as well as their magnificent exchanges, form, to this day, special features of most large German, Swiss and Flemish cities. Many towns were practically under no local lord, and acknowledged no authority but the shadowy and distant one of the Emperor; their mayors and aldermen were supreme, and enjoyed the consideration of royal personages. A Queen of France, *fêted* by the wives of the Bruges citizens, wondered enviously at their costly robes and jewels, fit for crowned heads. At Basel, the *Rath-haus*, or City Hall, is as stately a building as the cathedral. Holbein helped to decorate the Council Chamber, and the hall and staircase would be scarcely sufficiently praised were we to call them princely.

Frankfort has a hall supported on a row of massive pillars, like the Palace of the Doges, at Venice and intricate carvings of human heads and arabesques between the tall windows. Constance has an exchange somewhat on the same plan, where the Papal council that condemned Huss sat for several weeks. Rotterdam has a beautiful carved town-house; and the inside of some of these buildings, even in small and remote cities, such as those of Friesland and Groningen,* show wonderful paneling of foreign woods, stamped and gilt Spanish leather, treasures of embossed metal, chairs of delicate workmanship, with whole histories and legends patiently wrought out in the dark, polished wood; floors of marble and alabaster, and grotesque doorways, each as carefully carved, and each different from the other, as if they had been the life-monument

* The city fathers of these smaller places were, perhaps, not quite so splendid in their notions of display. In one of these beautiful town-halls are yet kept one or two modest little metal pails, called in Dutch *lauddagemmer*, and used by state members, when going to council, to put their lunch in, just as our workmen use tin cans at present.

and chief pride of the fanciful carver; the deep window-frames and seats, little rooms in themselves; the chapel seats and stalls, and the chests in which documents were kept; the presses and great tables where deeds and resolutions abounded as waste paper: every corner and every individual thing was artistic, rich and varied.

The exasperating monotony of our present ornamentation was an unknown evil to those old artists; they did not run crazy over one idea, and wear it threadbare for lack of living invention on their own part; and they never hesitated at improving upon a model, even in making things by pairs, or dozens—witness the Venetian glass, which, even in its modern specimens, never exhibits two pieces identical with each other. Almost every one had artistic ingenuity, which was not so much the attribute of a trade as it is at present; and, indeed, trades overlapped each other, so that most of the art-needing ones merged into one fraternity, though the branches of this brotherhood were sufficiently jealous and emulous of each other. Michel Angelo was only one among a thousand who combined many art-pursuits, though few ever attained to his proficiency in all.

The Rhine in Holland loses its picturesqueness, and forms a sluggish, canal-like stream, running among flat meadows and sand-banks; but a few of the Dutch cities on its shores are well worth visiting, as commercial centres still active and enterprising; and even some of the sea cities beyond the outflow of the Rhine current keep up a semblance of trade in dairy produce and vegetables, much of which goes to feed old England.

But Father Rhine, in his world-wide renown, is neither Swiss, French nor Dutch, but foremost and essentially German.

ON A RHINE STEAMER.

It is good to be deaf when Slander begins to talk.

THE VINTAGE ON THE RHINE.

IN THE BASTILLE—1750.

By Etta W. Pierce.

Across the ditch of Saint-Antoine
The ghastly moonbeams fall;
The black towers stand against the sky,
Like evil ghosts—on rampart high
The grim guards pace and call.
Oh, God! pent in this cage of stone,
With but the loophole glimmering there,
The day and night they are as one
Long horror, full of curse and moan,
And madness and despair.

Eight towers, a drawbridge and a fosse,
Of all foul things the den;
Courts, where unholy shadows cling,
Hell-pits of dungeons, echoing
With groans of dying men—
These girt me—make my living tomb,
Where spirit faints and senses reel:
With clinched hand, and brow of gloom,
And blood-wet lip, and gaze of doom,
I pant within this dread Bastille.

And here, upon the loathsome dark—
Ah, heaven!—by day and night,
Her maddening face doth ever rise,
Like some white star, before my eyes—
God keep me from the sight!
Her maddening face, set in the gold
Of jeweled hair—it smiles on me,
Limned 'gainst the Gobelin arras old,
That hangs in tawny fold on fold,
From my own halls in Brittany.

Adown the long clipped alleys there,
I see her softly glide—
A shining shape in stiff brocade,
A sunbeam, moving through the shade
Of chestnut branches wide.
I smell the almond-blossoms blown
About her feet—my thoughts of her
Are like the pangs of soul undone,
Or rack, that parteth flesh and bone,
In torture-chamber sinister.

It was at royal Fontainebleau,
Upon the marble stair,
His silken courtiers by his side,
The King looked on my dove-eyed bride,
And saw that she was fair—
Looked with the baneful eyes that blight
Pure things, like breath from lowest hell;
The rest came swiftly—Love's delight
Poisoned and slain by cruel might,
And then, for me, this Bastille cell.

Once more at royal Fontainebleau,
Would God that I could stand
Unfettered, as I stood of old,
And face the Bourbon there, and hold
My good blade in my hand!
I trow, no guards in brave array,
No pomp and pride of kingly state,
Nor prince nor peer, should turn away
My trusty rapier then, or stay
Its work of vengeance and of hate!

Last night a strange dream came to me—
My prison walls seemed riven,
And leveled in the dust of earth;
The world groaned 'neath some new, great birth,
And raised red hands to heaven.
Black seas of men, in frenzied mood,
Surged round these bastions, fierce and strong—
Avengers, called through fire and flood,
With garments dyed in sweat and blood,
To strike for ages foul with wrong!

'Twas but a dream. Pardieu! The guards
Still pace the ramparts tall;
The gray rat plunges in the moat,
The loophole gleams, the moonbeams float
Along the outer wall.
The Bourbon rules at Marly fair,
And Fontainebleau—his silken ring
Of courtiers wait with servile air
Upon the long, gray marble stair,
And fawn, and shout, "God save the King!"

NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF A TRAGEDIENNE.

I am a lady—born and bred, but I have nevertheless occupied the position of housekeeper in a family neither rich nor great, for the space of one year.

Suggestive as the name is of portly dignity and matronly importance, I feel bound to add that at the time I applied for the place (situation, of course, I mean), I was but twenty-three years old, and not deficient in the attribute which women prize so much—personal beauty.

I cannot deny that it was consciousness of the "effect," as we artists call it, afforded by the contrast between position and breeding, that influenced me in deciding upon the humble calling, which appeared to me calculated to give bold relief to my personal advantages and refined education. I could not make up my mind to become either a governess or a companion, when a large family of us, reared in affluence, were compelled by untoward circumstances to go forth separately into the world to earn our daily bread.

I had a few hundreds of my own; I was of age, and of a fiery, self-reliant nature, that scorned dependence and delighted in rule. I apprenticed myself for a year under a *chef*, who initiated me in the mysteries of his art. At the expiration of that term I assumed a matronly dress and air, and applied for the situation of housekeeper in the family of Squire Arden, of Arden Hall.

Mrs. Arden had been dead six months, and the only daughter of the house, a young and beautiful girl of eighteen, was not likely, I thought, to interfere with a determined housekeeper, who fully intended, as soon as she set foot in the house, to take the reins of government, at once and for ever, into her own hands.

I had not wasted my time or abilities during my year of apprenticeship; and as I was a first-rate *artiste*, the squire, I knew, would be my humble slave. I despised no wheel, however apparently insignificant, in the works of the machinery of power. I ruled my master by the agency of such finished dinners as had never before appeared upon his hospitable, but hitherto simple, board.

The establishment of which I was thus placed at the head was by no means a large one. Mrs. Arden had been her own housekeeper, aided and abetted by a hard-working but very mediocre cook. The good squire was a sincere mourner for a gentle and affectionate wife; but I am sure, notwithstanding, that the *recherché* dinners which I caused to be served up to him solaced his honest heart not a little. This is not said in malice. Is it not a material world? Has not man's nature been truthfully described as "half brutal, half divine"?

A late well-known author burst into tears over the cold cutlets served up to him on his return from his wife's

funeral. "If she had been here ——" he began, and the rest of the sentence was drowned in his rising sobs. She had kept the little wheel which I spoke of well oiled and in constant use; and to this circumstance she owed the posthumous burst of conjugal emotion.

Women in general, and wives in particular, if you wish to retain not only the romantic and shadowy, but also the genial and material, good-will of fathers, husbands and brothers, I recommend you, on the strength of experience, to do the same.

I was quite happy in beginning my new life. As I combed back my long, thick hair, and tucked it with difficulty under my matronly cap, I did not for a moment regret the Grecian plaits into which it had once been woven by my own maid. At the same time, I would not have parted with one tress, or given up a tithe of my natural advantages, to have been reinstated in the position from which unkind fortune had ousted me.

Independence, and perhaps novelty also, had great charms for me. I was young, full of health and energy. I wished to rule, and manage, and govern; and I was installed in a post where I foresaw that I could do all to my heart's content.

Arden Hall is a moderately-sized house, proportioned to the income of its owner, which does not exceed two thousand a year. The obvious antiquity of the edifice gives it a picturesque and interesting, but rather sombre, appearance; and the park by which it is surrounded is studded with trees, which are most of them centuries old. The family, at the time of which I write, consisted of Mr. Arden, the "squire," as he was always called; Captain Arden, a youth of two-and-twenty, in a cavalry regiment; and the only daughter, Margaret, who was then one of the most beautiful girls that I ever saw. Pretty, fair and daisy-like, she was fragile and timid to a fault.

Mine was the master mind in that household; I ruled. On the strength of my folded hair and my stiff cap, my imperious spirit held its sway. When I took off that stiff cap at night, and shook down my hair almost to my feet, I looked like a mere girl; but a girl can rule, if such be her will; and at that time the love of power was the strongest passion in my breast. It had not yet yielded to the master passion of all, which had, nevertheless, once had possession there.

My master was a quaint, old-fashioned man, and his establishment did not belie its owner, for it was quaint and old-fashioned too. His family traced their origin back to an ancient date; but neither himself nor his progenitors had ever risen above mediocrity, either in the matter of fame, fortune or rank. The country squire of moderate means—not the princely possessor of hundreds of thousands, who smiles superior to mushroom lords, the *canaille* of the aristocracy—is a genus not much before the notice of the public. He lives and dies the centre of his small orbit, unknown to the world at large, although a little monarch on his own soil. Squire Arden, separated from the hall and from the estate, would have been almost a nonentity; but in the old house where his forefathers lived before him—in his own park, where the oldest oaks had been acorns when the Arden family were centuries old, he was a patriarch and a king.

And no one envied him or despised the simple dignity which comes naturally to a man to whom all his world looks up. It is opinion that makes or that crushes us—that raises us up or that casts us down—not the in-dwelling consciousness of a superior or an inferior nature. But although it is the mainspring of human power, it has a narrowing influence; and to "see oursel's as ithers see us," is not so great a "giftie" as the immortal Scotchman would make out. We all do this, and not only see ourselves as others see us, but judge of ourselves by the judgment of others, and assert or condemn ourselves as we go up and down in the great balance of popular opinion.

When farmer Powell or farmer Hayes proposed the squire's health on the annual rent-day dinner, a cynic would have seen much to despise in the dignity, in the royal condescension, of the good man's reply, in his simple belief in the importance and magnitude of the occasion; but to more lenient eyes it would be apparent that his honest heart was but echoing the popular cry—that he was only reflecting back the impression which his own position made in the minds of those by whom he was daily surrounded.

Mr. Arden never aspired to move in a wider sphere than that in which he was born and bred. He never went to London, and it did not seem probable that his beautiful daughter would ever have the opportunity of displaying her attractions to an admiring town, as the matronly housekeeper had done before her. Opinion, in the country circles in which she moved, is a thing of slower growth than that which the thousand-tongued clamor of popular applause matures in a day in town.

Thus one of the loveliest girls in the world had been simply "pretty Maggie Arden," at the archery meetings and town-hall balls (to which her mother had taken her, as in duty bound, when she came out), until one of the demigods of fashion had pointedly noticed and admired her. This made her, in the estimation of her world, and she would have reigned and ruled triumphantly on the strength of her chance of becoming a peeress, if her mother's death had not intervened, and plunged her into such sincere and heartfelt sorrow that visions of triumphs and coronets had faded alike from her mind.

It did not appear, however, that her own sweet image had been effaced from the memory of her patron and admirer, for she surprised me one morning during the last week in August, by entering my room and saying, in some confusion (for she was never in the habit of giving me orders):

"Oh, Mrs. Anderson, I thought I had best tell you that Lord Thoriston is coming here on the 1st, to shoot. And don't you think," she added, with an effort, "don't you think the hall chamber wants doing up?"

"Certainly," I replied, not over-pleased with this very mild suggestion concerning what I considered my own peculiar province. "I must send John with the pony-carriage into Warwick, this afternoon; and I will see that the room is properly prepared."

Miss Arden did not go, or turn the subject, as I expected, but went on:

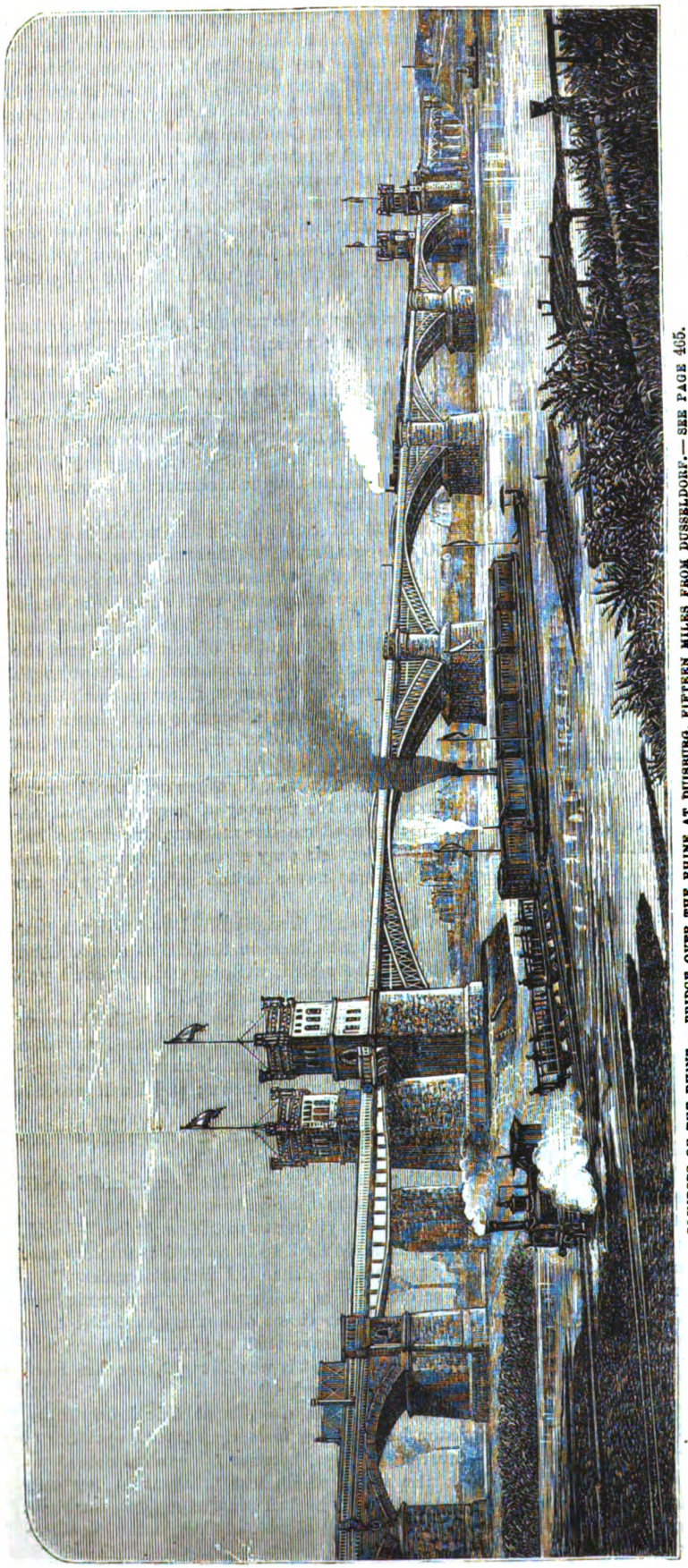
"He will bring his valet, too. But I am afraid he will be fine—it will not do to ask him to wait, I mean."

"Oh, pray leave everything to me, Miss Arden," I said, with the proud, humble air I knew so well how to assume. "I can easily procure assistance if I find it necessary."

"You are so clever, Mrs. Anderson," my young mistress answered, while a slight cloud of anxiety vanished from her lovely brow. "I'll leave it all to you. But papa told me this morning to see that it was all right, because Lord Thoriston is so very particular."

I could scarcely restrain a smile at this information, Lord Thoriston having been formerly a favorite partner of my own—favored, perhaps, because his cynical nature reflected back the scorn which was inherent in my own breast—perhaps because he had singled me out, during a whole season, as the object of his insidious, flattering attentions.

It was wrong of me and bad for me, but I did not try to



GLIMPSES OF THE RHINE.—BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT DUISBURG, FIFTEEN MILES FROM DUSSELDORF.—SEE PAGE 465.

restrain my thoughts from dwelling on this man's intended visit to Arden Hall. I encouraged my memory to reproduce, one after another, scenes and conversations which we had enjoyed together.

I remembered that at one ball in particular he had been more than usually satirical and bitter in his remarks, and that I, in my keen enjoyment of them, had led him on by judicious contradiction. We were passed at the moment by a very beautiful woman leaning on her husband's arm.

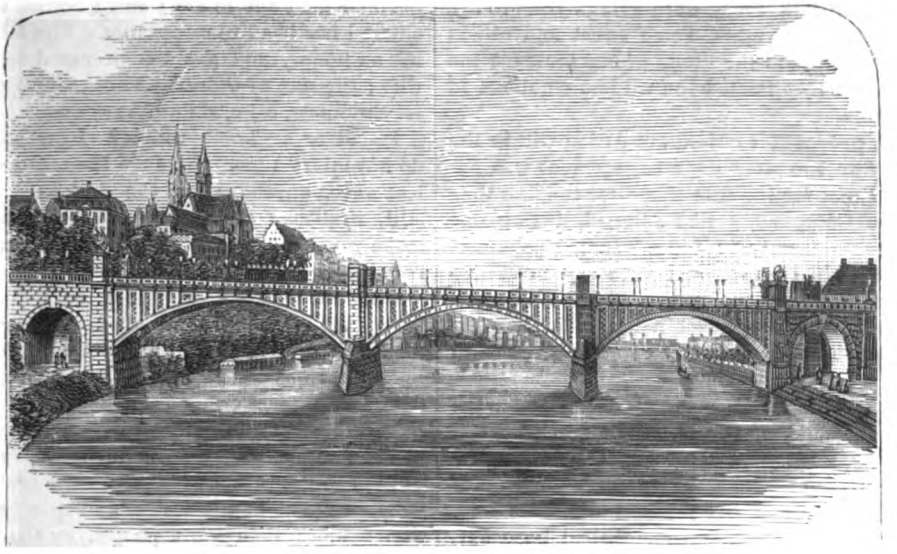
"There goes my *beau idéal* of a wife," he remarked. "There is rest in every feature of her passionless face. I should lead but a turbulent life with a woman I worshiped or loved. If ever I marry, it will be some lovely fool like that."

These were among the last words that I had ever heard from his lips. Soon after our crash came, and I entered on my new life. Now I should see him again. This man, whom time and circumstance would most probably have confirmed in his cynical views of life, was about to enter a little world totally different from any in which he had had any experience.

"Was it," I asked myself, "in search of the 'lovely fool' whom he had determined to make his wife?" I wearied myself in speculations on this, to me, all-engrossing subject. Miss Arden was the sort of girl I knew that he would call a fool. She was simple, matter-of-fact, and devoid of imagination. That she was lovely there was not a doubt. Whether he would marry her? was a question which I asked myself a hundred times a day—much oftener, I regret to add, than whether my French dishes, blanc-manges and creams would do honor to the establishment of which I was the recognized head.

On the appointed day his lordship arrived at the hall. It was soon evident to me that partridge-shooting was not the object of his visit. The squire, who had fidgeted for a week before, and to whom the first shot fired on a dewy September morning was the sweetest music in the world, regarded with rather contemptuous amazement the indifference with which he listened to the praises of the satin-coated pointers, Max and Don, Di and Flora. I could see from the window of the housekeeper's room that his lordship's attention was engrossed by the personal attractions of my young mistress, who was sleeking down the glossy heads of her pets, her eyes sparkling with delight at the praise which her father, in his innocently pompous way, was bestowing upon them.

"Will you bring us luncheon in the pony-carriage, my dear?" I heard the old man say to his daughter as the gunners moved off, and I knew that the morning's penance in the heavy swedes and the



THE BRIDGE OVER THE RHINE AT BASLE.

clay stubbles was only endured through the hope that that sentence held out. Men are certainly, in some things, more single-minded and unsophisticated than we are. The least designing mother in the world would have been alive to the possibility or the probability of the young lord's being attracted by the beauty of her daughter; but the "squire" would not have missed one of Juno's points, or shirked a half-acre of stubble, to have secured for Margaret an opportunity of becoming intimate with all the coronets in Christendom.

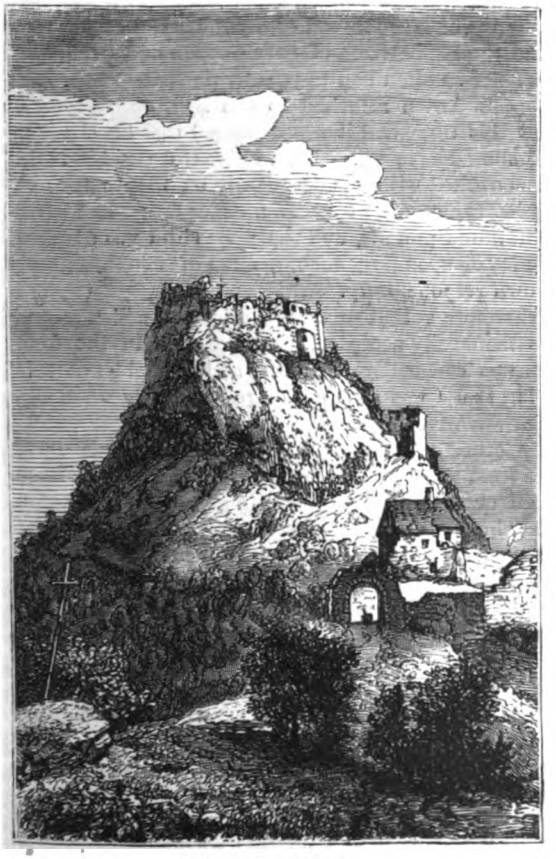
She had waited some time with her gray pony, the "Busy Bee," in the basket-carriage, before her father and his guest worked their way round to the place of meeting. So, at least, I was informed by Lord Thoriston's valet.

"We," he said to me that evening, "we kept your young lady waiting some time, I am afraid. She is a rare pretty girl, too; and so I expect my lord thinks."

I had, of course, to check this man's remarks in their unpromising bud. I could keep aloof from the other servants, but ladies'-maids and valets I was obliged to tolerate. So, much more than I ever did before, I began to feel the incongruities of the situation in which, by my own free will, I had placed myself. Perhaps it was the sound of his master's voice on the lawn that made me sicken in the valet's society.

I gathered, however, from the latter, what it suited me to know, and found that Lord Thoriston intended to remain at the hall for the remainder of the week; and as I knew that he had been expected for a night only, I drew my own conclusions from this fact. I was not so single-minded, or so dense, as the pompous, worthy, blundering old squire.

The space I have given myself will only allow me to glean from the mass of notes which I have at this moment



RUINS AT HOGAU.

MEERSBURG.

before me. And although every word brings back to my remembrance burning thoughts, some sweet and others very bitter, I will reduce to the limits of one sentence the description of events that stirred the wildest emotions in my breast.

Lord Thoriston proposed to Margaret Arden within the week; and, a day or two after their engagement was announced, he and I met for the first time—for the first time since, as Florence Campbell, I had reigned, during one season, a fashionable beauty in town. In my primmest cap, my stiffest starched gown, and with my most matronly air, I determined to come across him. He had always boasted that he never forgot a face which he had once seen. Here was an opportunity of testing the truth of the assertion.

He and Margaret Arden were standing together on the lawn. I had my message, of course, ready cut and dried. It was a long one. It was natural that after it was delivered I should raise my eyes to gaze upon my young mistress's affianced husband. I did so, and our eyes met. His, I observed in that momentary glance, had been surprised by mine, for it was the steady gaze of awakened curiosity with which he was regarding me.

I did not lose my self-command for a moment. I am innately an actress; and I verily believe that it was the mere love of acting a part that induced me to become a servant, instead of choosing a vocation in which I could have appeared in my former character, but on an inferior stage, and in tarnished draperies. I liked to inspire interest, and the contrast which my personal appearance and highbred manners presented to the humble position which I occupied was sure to do that when I came in contact with minds refined and educated enough to perceive it.

As I walked away, after listening with dignified composure to the rather embarrassed orders which, contrary to my usual custom, I had almost forced from Miss Arden, I heard Lord Thoriston say, in an undertone (which, however, was intended to reach me):

"Who, in heaven's name, is that woman? I know her face—I know her voice—and for the life of me I can't remember where I have met her before."

I did not hear the reply, but doubtless it was the same which I knew she often gave, when questioned with reference to me:

"We can never find out who she is. But is she not handsome? and does she not look as if she had a history?"

A history! Oh, Margaret! a history I have now—and you and your lover have darkened the pages not a little. But in the first instance I must admit that she was the sinned against. We, Lord Thoriston and I—that accomplished and haughty nobleman and the housekeeper at Arden Hall—were kindred natures, and for some weeks carried on a tacit flirtation, which I was determined should soon rest upon a firmer basis. I had no premeditated design, but I delighted in exercising the powers of fascination which my proud, self-asserting character made me feel that I possessed. I knew that Lord Thoriston had once loved me, and that (as I admitted to myself now for the first time) I had once loved him. My rival, it was true, was very beautiful; but she was not a girl that a woman bent upon power and conquest would fear much. She allowed herself to be loved very amiably, but she did not care about adulation; and a woman who despises it will scarcely ever inspire or retain it. She had not the fire, or the ambition, or the animation to make her the object of passionate devotion to such a man as Lord Thoriston. Neither was she as much attached to him as she could have been to a man whose nature was more in harmony with her own. She was dazzled with the prospects which his offer held out to her; and I do not believe that it ever entered her head to refuse him. She felt that he had done her an honor, and she was prepared to make him a good wife; the sort of wife he had once told me he would marry—passionless, calm, dull.

Placid or stagnant, which? I care not. Such natures do not interest me. Give me the rapid stream or the restless wave, anything but the duckweed and slime of the still, rippleless pools. It is a bitter mistake that men make when they imagine that in monotony they will find rest.

I had at that time a difficult part to play, for I had to keep in the background all the commonplace and unromantic attributes of my thraldom, and to bring into strong light what was picturesque and interesting.

"If you please, missus, will you give I the key of the beer-cellar?" as an interrogative address from one of the squire's hinds, would have quenched for ever the tender passion in the breast of his cynical lordship, who was artificially refined in his tastes, and who judged of men and things more than most people, by the measure of their standard, in the critical opinion of his own fastidious set.

On the other hand, I had only to leave my Goethe or Dante and Miss Arden in the room alone together, on the specious pretext that my presence was required elsewhere, to be quite certain that her womanly curiosity would lead her to investigate the nature of my studies, and her womanly love of gossip to publish her discovery to her lover. All the coquettish arts which I practiced I need not recount here; I will only say that I so far succeeded in attracting Lord Thoriston's attention, that a day seldom passed without our meeting by mutual and premeditated, but still tacit, consent.

But my arts and skillfully-woven designs were as nearly as possible rendered futile by a circumstance which, however derogatory to myself, I am bound to relate, because through it runs the thread of my life, and because it awoke in me the vindictive and fiery passion of hatred, which I have since so often had to portray upon the stage.

Captain Arden returned to the hall, on his long leave, about this time, and it was arranged that his sister's wedding should take place before his return to his regiment. She consulted with me frequently on the, to her, all-engrossing topic of her trousseau. Her father had given her five hundred pounds, and the poor child was dismayed at the idea of spending such a mine of wealth, entirely on her own responsibility.

I therefore volunteered my advice and assistance, which were thankfully accepted. My presence in the drawing-room was constantly required, and I could not help observing that I was sent for more frequently when Captain Arden was with his sister. He was but a youth, and, like many others, impertinent and reckless in his remarks; more from the exuberance of animal spirits than from any design or intention of wounding the feelings of those whom he considered beneath him. Not all my natural and assumed dignity, nor the influence of my stiff cap and starched gown, were of any avail to keep his bold black eyes off my face on those occasions. I avoided him with the avoidance of hate. I looked upon him as a reptile in my path. But he was one of those ubiquitous people whom it is impossible always to shirk.

One day I had seen him pass my window, with a gun on his shoulder and his dogs at his side. Lord Thoriston was at the hall, and I had not seen him for two days. I thirsted for some token of recognition, for some sign that I was not forgotten. It was the hour in which he always indulged in a cigar, and on that account kept aloof from Miss Arden, who hated tobacco in every shape. Lord

Thoriston never offered to give up the indulgence of the pursuit (as it may be called in these days), but he paid her the compliment of avoiding her society when he indulged in it.

I knew the hour well, and I also knew that he looked for me—that he expected me at my window at that hour. I did not always appear, and for two days I had refrained from doing so, under the impression that the youth to me so offensive might at any moment join him, and his very presence inspired me with a feeling of ungovernable loathing and disdain.

That morning, as I said before, I had watched him out—that morning, for the first time, I laid aside my cap of office, and displayed in their glossy abundance the coils of auburn hair, which I well knew formed one of my principal charms. I stood at some little distance from the window, with my head in a position to display the classical contour and artistic arrangement with the best effect; an actress at heart, I had studied it unconsciously all my life.

I soon heard the well-known step. It was such music to me that I was not likely to forget it. My heart throbbed with pleasure, but I did not move from the *pose* which I had intentionally assumed. As I continued the occupation in which I feigned to be engaged, a harsh, hateful voice broke on my ear, and sent me quickly to the other end of the room.

"By Jove, Thoriston," it said, "you have stolen a march on me! But you are a clumsy stalker, old fellow. You have scared away the game." And passing under the window, he half said, half sung, "For it must be a lovely head that has such lovely hair."

Senseless, idiotic, overgrown booby! My castles in the air to be overthrown by such hands raised all the ire of which I was capable; and that was not a little. Lord Thoriston was the very man to be scared by the slightest breath of ridicule, by the merest *soupçon* of coarseness; and he had witnessed the degradation to which I had been exposed by the first unfledged popinjay that came across my path.

I wept with vexation. I do not know what I hoped, or what I thought would be the upshot of the flirtation which I was carrying on. It is enough for a woman like me to know that a thing is to all appearance impossible, to strain every nerve to accomplish her purpose. That Lord Thoriston should break off an engagement with one of the prettiest girls ever seen, on the eve of their marriage, to engage himself to her father's housekeeper, did not bear the stamp of probability on the face of it. But in my romantic imagination (and I was still young) the case stood thus: A man of a powerful and cynical frame of mind engages himself to an artless, simple girl, whom he chooses from among others, because he has said to himself that such a wife he will have, and because he is of a determined nature, and acts up to his intentions.

A woman of equally, or, perhaps, of more, determined character, thrown by circumstances in the way of a man over whom she once possessed great influence, determines to regain her influence, and, if possible, to augment her former power, by bringing into strong contrast the position in which fate has cast her, and the beauty and refinement of her mind and person.

And if the reader will charitably remember, that in moments of passion and excitement we invariably choose to live in the present and shun the shadowy image of the future, he will, perhaps, acquit me of criminality, however glaring my faults may have been. The subtle difference between the blindness and recklessness of passion, and the forethought and calculation of crime, none should understand better than I.

That I have told the simple truth throughout, I have no greater token to prove than the blackness and hardness of the lines in which, with a steady hand, I have traced my own character, and photographed, as it were, my own mind.

Soon after the day of which I have spoken, the curtain fell for ever on the scene of the poor life which, in its buoyant vivacity, had given me such deep offense.

The young soldier—the idolized son, the tender brother—was among them in the evening, and the next morning he was—gone!

Gone! but not bodily. On the camp-bed, on which as a stripling he had once lain wounded, after a glorious charge on the battlefields of the East, he now lay dead—shot through the heart—one of his own pistols the weapon—the hand unknown. There was nothing taken; there had been no resistance; it was and will ever remain a most mysterious murder. His window was wide open; but this was always the case. I remembered with a shudder that mine (which was in the opposite wing to Captain Arden's, and also on the ground floor) had been open also. Long before Miss Nightingale published her invaluable "Notes," it was my habit to sleep with it thus, Summer and Winter. Ever since that time, however, when the shady wings of death flapped in so mysteriously, leaving no sign behind but that of the motionless corpse upon the bed, I have bolted and barred not only my windows, but my shutters also, every night of my life.

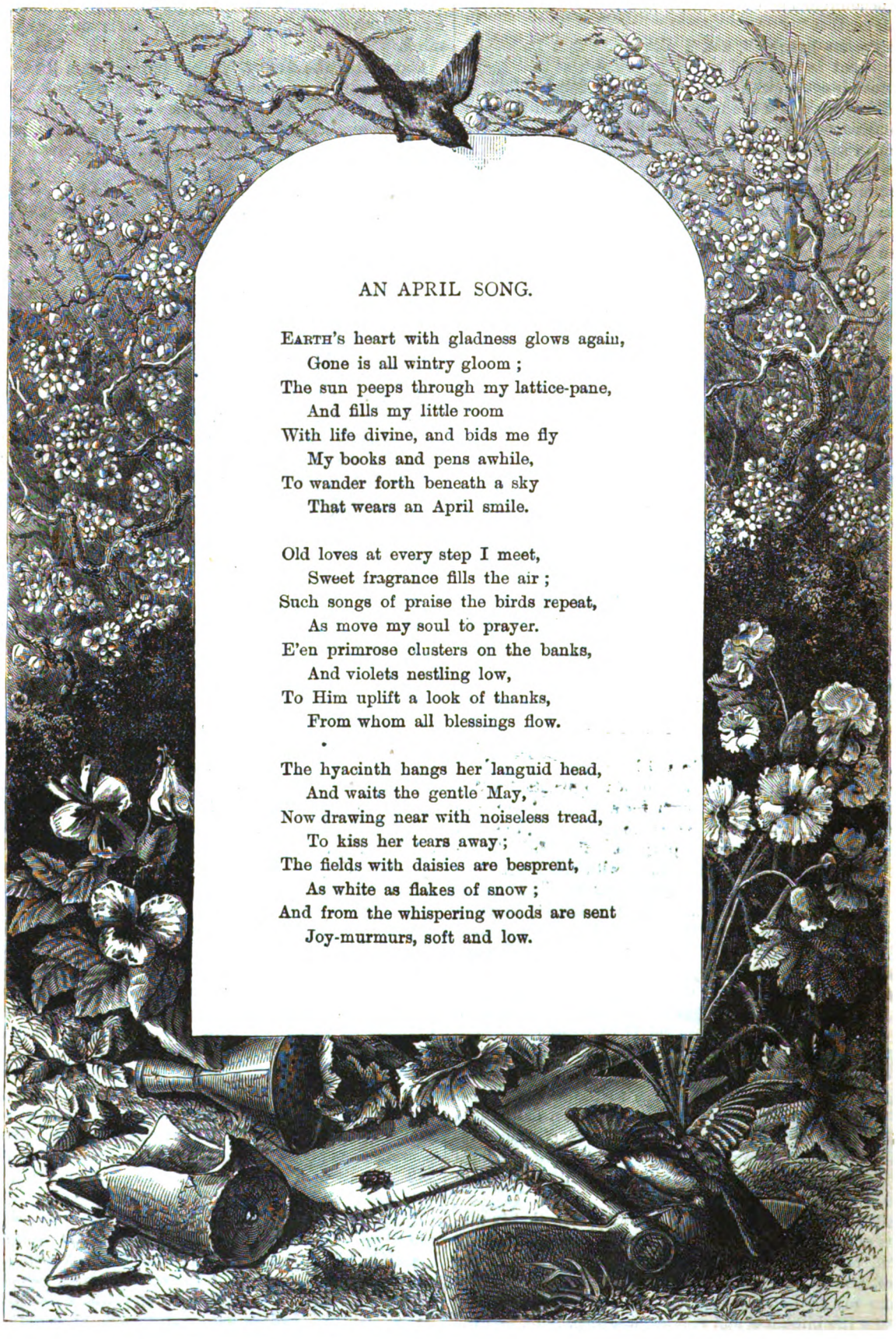
What a household it was! The squire wrung his hands and wept with the affecting imbecility of a great, irremediable sorrow; Margaret, shrieking and horror-struck, could not be torn from the dead body, but loaded with passionate caresses the cold, slightly smiling lips. Lord Thoriston, with the stern reticence with which natures like his shrink from a scene, avoided after the first the little room upon the ground floor, and busied himself in taking means to discover the perpetrator of the deed.

My own feelings were those of unmitigated sorrow. The hatred which I had felt for the poor youth, in the insolence of his happy, careless nature, was distilled into threefold pity for his untimely end. Contrast again—how it speaks to the artist mind! It was the pitiful contrast, presented by his nature and his end, that made his violent death doubly awful to me. What had death to do with him? The brave, light-hearted boy! He had passed him by a hundred times in the serried ranks of battle, and in his fiery harvest-time of disease. Why did he enter like a thief in the night, and stamp that mournful smile with his cruel seal the last?

No clew to the murder was ever discovered. A poacher, who had been heard to vow vengeance against the whole family, was suspected and apprehended; but he was able to prove an undoubted alibi; and suspicion itself could take no other shape.

As I mentioned before, it was one of his own weapons that had been turned upon him; which he had been in the habit of boasting that he always kept loaded by his side. I had myself heard him say to his sister, who had nervous fears about burglars: "If the rascals come here I will give them a taste of my twins. I have always slept with them loaded, since my campaigning days."

I was the only person likely to have heard the shot, as the wings of the house occupied by Captain Arden and myself had been recently added to at the back; and I preferred appropriating one of the small isolated rooms thus gained, to sharing an apartment up-stairs with Miss Arden's maid. I had a faint impression of having been startled that night by a noise, and of turning to sleep again, if, in fact, I ever awoke.



AN APRIL SONG.

EARTH'S heart with gladness glows again,
Gone is all wintry gloom;
The sun peeps through my lattice-pane,
And fills my little room
With life divine, and bids me fly
My books and pens awhile,
To wander forth beneath a sky
That wears an April smile.

Old loves at every step I meet,
Sweet fragrance fills the air;
Such songs of praise the birds repeat,
As move my soul to prayer.
E'en primrose clusters on the banks,
And violets nestling low,
To Him uplift a look of thanks,
From whom all blessings flow.

The hyacinth hangs her languid head,
And waits the gentle May,
Now drawing near with noiseless tread,
To kiss her tears away;
The fields with daisies are besprent,
As white as flakes of snow;
And from the whispering woods are sent
Joy-murmurs, soft and low.

There was a circumstance, slight in itself, which I could never account for, and which I always shudder to think of, which was, that my own door was a little ajar on the morning of the murder, although I distinctly remember locking it the night before. It is therefore my own impression (sanctioned, certainly, by no proof, for there was a fierce mastiff within a chain's length of my window) that the murderer had first entered my room by mistake, and, in the hurry of a perturbed conscience, had sought to make his way to the opposite wing through the house, unlocking my door for that purpose. This he may possibly have effected, as there was a passage of communication, and Captain Arden's door was unlocked in the morning.

The silence of the house-dogs was an unaccountable fact in any case, and would have attracted suspicion to the inmates or habitués of the house, but for the fact that there was no member of that household whom the most envious suspicion could have charged with the crime. The one man-servant was an old retainer of the family, whom this event had laid prostrate with unmistakable grief; and the maids were one and all of the timorous nature common to female servants, whose nerves are shaken by the squeak of a mouse or the sight of a spider.

I must confess that, although a stranger to fear before, after that night an indescribable horror took possession of me; and I was glad to vacate my room, and to take up my quarters in a mere closet on the second story. It was necessary for me to be near my poor young mistress, whose nerves had received such a terrible shock that the doctors for some time despaired of her recovery.

At this time the affection which she had had for Lord Thoriston was decidedly weakened, if not altogether extinct. He had no sympathy with her in that wailing mood, and she dreaded the meetings which, under these circumstances, imposed so much mutual restraint. She was too glad to employ me to take and receive messages; and, on one of these occasions, after I had delivered some

NOTES FROM THE LIFE OF A TRAGEDIENNE.—THE HOUSEKEEPER AND THE LORD.

THROWING OFF HER DISGUISE.

commonplace, and received another in return, Lord Thoriston said in an undertone, while he leaned his head on his arm and his arm on the mantelpiece, his keen gray eyes fixed not on me, but on the fire before him:

"Florence, do you ever think of old times?"

My heart gave a throb and went out to meet his words—the spell was broken then; I had conquered—his proud spirit had succumbed to mine. I forgot old times in the triumphant present, and answered, half scoffingly:

"Not often, my lord. Natures like mine are more apt to paint a possible future than to retouch the background of the past."

"What line does your ambition take?" was the taunting reply, which awoke me to the conviction that the circumstances of my present position galled him. He was in my toils, and I was a servant. I determined to tame his pride, and to meet scorn half-way.

"Not the line of becoming great enough to insult misfortune," I said; and, with an inclination of the head, I left him, with an answer on his lips.

For two days after that, I never went near him. On the third, his valet came to me, with the request that I would speak to his master, who had a message for Miss Arden.

"My lord is in the library," he added.

"I will speak to Lord Thoriston in the drawing-room," was my reply.

I would not be sent for as a servant by him. The man stared, and went to deliver my message.

Before I kept my appointment, I went deliberately to my own room and gazed upon my own face in the glass. I arranged my dress and cap with the most scrupulous nicety, and saw, with triumphant satisfaction, that never in the "old times" of which Lord Thoriston had spoken, had my beauty been so striking as at the present moment.

The first words with which he greeted me were, "How is your mistress?"

"The same as usual, my lord," I replied; "she is unequal to seeing you to-day."

"Poor fool!" I heard him mutter between his teeth; "she brings it on her own head. And the squire," he added, with an open sneer, "how is he? Imbecile, *ad libitum*, I presume."

"Mr. Arden is very ill," I said, angrily; "it must be a hard heart that can scoff at such sorrow as his."

"What a platitude! What commonplace—from your lips, too, which were formed for better things! Can you explain the meaning of the words 'a hard heart'? Hardness implies strength. Would you rather have a nature hard and strong, or soft and weak? Which is your own, Florence?" he said, in the same half shy, half arrogant manner in which he had questioned me about old times.

"Mine is inscrutable," I said.

"Not to me, for I have studied it long. I will not say to admire, because you are self-opinionated to a fault. I will not say to love, because you are as arrogant and haughty as my poor little dove up there is contemptibly weak and unself-asserting. But if you will grant me an unrestrained interview, perhaps I may tell you all this, and more. Where can we meet?"

"Scarcely here," I replied. The ire of my nature was kindled by the word *my* with reference to his intended bride. "Scarcely under Mr. Arden's roof. Hard and strong as our natures are, let us have some little respect, if not feeling, for those whom we injure."

"Do not sentimentalize, Florence," he said. "I cannot stand it from you. It does not become your style of beauty. I tell you, as a soft truth from a hard nature, that I love you—that I loved you from the first moment I saw you—that my passion rekindled when I saw you again, in the disguise which I did hate, but which I love now as I do everything belonging to you. You must meet me this evening—say where?"

"In Miss Arden's retreat," I replied, alluding to a garden, or rather lawn and shrubbery, which Margaret called her own, and which was therefore hallowed ground to the inhabitants of the hall.

"I will be there."

"Four hours hence."

"Four hours hence," he repeated after me, and we parted.

And day after day, Miss Arden's continued illness gave us the opportunity of meeting; and I drank of the intoxicating cup of adulation from the mind that I loved. Day after day my position grew more hateful to me, and at last I told Miss Arden that in a month (the menial's month!) I must leave her service.

She received the communication with sorrow—even with tears; but she was weak and ill, and clung to me, as she would have clung, under the same circumstances, to a mother or an elder sister. I could not bear this—my nature is strong, but not hard. I had some natural generosity left, which even my blinding passion could not extinguish.

I thought Lord Thoriston would have received my news gladly; instead of this, however, a cloud came over his countenance, and he said, gloomily:

"Why did you take this step without consulting me? it was well as it was."

"Not well for me," I answered. "I cannot bear her tenderness and affection. Without sentiment, I assure you I could bear anything from her but that."

After a pause, he said, abruptly:

"Will she live?"

"Who? Margaret?" I said, to gain time, but knowing, of course, to whom he referred.

"Margaret," he repeated. "If she lives, I must marry her. I am bound in honor to do so."

"She will live," I replied, bitterly; and, holding out my hand to him, I added, with concentrated coldness and scorn, "We part, Lord Thoriston—thank you for opening my eyes."

Oh! the bitterness of the humiliation which I experienced at this moment. Margaret's wrongs were avenged threefold. With words of passionate love for me on his lips, he dared to talk of marriage with another! Was my triumph over my rival to end thus?

He must have quailed before the passion which was expressed in every feature of my face, for, seizing my hand, he said, with a voice full of emotion:

"We do not part thus, Florence." And then he poured out such a passionate appeal to me not to forsake him, that I parted with him loving him as well as before, but firm in my determination to leave Arden Hall and Lord Thoriston, for ever, on that day month. I would sacrifice myself and punish him, by leaving him to my rival. In that shaken, frail, weak nature, I felt that I should be avenged. He could never love her as he loved me; but since those words of his, "If she lives I must marry her," she had assumed her old importance as a rival in my eyes. I thought about her constantly—calculated the possibility of her recovery—was present in imagination in the sick-room night and day; and once, when the doctor said, "Be careful of this draught—a few more drops than prescribed may prove fatal—keep it in your own hands," such a fearful feeling took possession of me, that I carried the phial to Lord Thoriston, and repeating the doctor's warning, I added, "Pour it out yourself—you have a steady hand;" and as he raised his eyes to my face with an expression of startled inquiry, I added, with forced calmness, "I advise you to keep this bottle. You are the person most concerned in Miss Arden's welfare."

He made no answer, but I thought he turned rather pale, and I went my way, with a passionate feeling of hatred in my heart for the helpless rival who stood between me and the object of my affection.

I avoided him and the sick-room scrupulously all day, and at night Lord Thoriston's valet brought me a note, which he said contained a prescription for Miss Arden; but there was a hateful leer on the man's face which filled me with contempt for myself and the part I was acting.

When I gained my own room I tore open the note, and found in it renewed professions of the most tender, passionate love. But this determined man made no offer of giving up Margaret for me—he said nothing of breaking off his engagement with her; and I tore his letter into a hundred fragments and burnt it bit by bit in the candle. I went to bed, and, contrary to my expectations, fell into a heavy, deep, untroubled sleep, such as nature with merciful caprice sometimes bestows upon those most racked and torn upon the wheel of distracting thought.

I was awakened in the morning by a housemaid, who had the evening before taken my place in Miss Arden's room, but who had so illy filled my post that she confessed to having slept soundly herself during the greater part of the night, and only to have been roused by the shrieks and cries of the patient, whom she declared was raving mad.

I rose hastily and went to the sick-room; but Margaret no sooner caught sight of me, robed as I was in a white dressing-gown, with my hair in disorder, than, not knowing me, I suppose, she set up a series of piercing screams, and gibbered and chattered at me in a way that chilled my very soul.

How often since have I awed a crowded house with the acted representation of that scene!—a feeling of superstitious dread filling my own heart at the same time.

I withdrew quickly, and dispatched a man on the fast-

est horse in the stable (the late Captain Arden's favorite) for the nearest doctor. Lord Thoriston, alarmed by the shrieks of Margaret, which struck even him with awe, galloped to the station to telegraph for another from London. The old squire, awakened from the torpor into which his former grief had plunged him, crawled to his daughter's side, and repeated over and over again, mechanically—"Another! and so soon. Another! and so soon!"

All that day the fever raged; the doctor from London arrived at ten at night, and pronounced Miss Arden to be in the most imminent danger. The housemaid who had passed the night in the room was severely cross-questioned by him. He believed that some sudden fright must have produced the excess of fever and delirium, of which the country practitioner affirmed that not the slightest premonitory symptom existed the night before. The housemaid, however, denied having heard or seen anything; but declared that when she woke in the morning, Miss Arden's eyes "were staring at her, glazed and fixed like"; and nothing more could be elicited from her by me.

Four days Margaret continued in great peril, and then the fever left her as suddenly as it came. When she awoke, her eyes rested on her father's gray head, who was kneeling beside her in thankful prayer; and, putting out her hand, she said, calmly:

"Yes, dear father, I am restored to you, and I will never leave you. I have been deceived in all but you."

This was her constant theme. By the intuition of disease, she appeared to have discovered her lover's inconstancy; and her suspicion must have fallen on the right object, for she would not see me, or speak to me, and when comparatively recovered, turned away her head in real or affected horror if I attempted to approach her side.

She lay prostrate and weak for days—her slight frame had been shaken to the very centre. But the danger over, Lord Thoriston did not even pretend much interest in his affianced bride. He continually urged me to grant him interviews, which I as steadily refused; and I know that he awaited with anything but hopeful expectations his summons to Margaret's room.

It came at last. She sent for him one day when she had persuaded her father to go out for a drive with her quiet pony, the "Busy Bee," in the basket-chair. Lord Thoriston was in the room two hours, and came out of it a changed man to me.

The rival I had despised had proved too strong for us—too strong for him, for in that interview she gave him up; too strong for me, for by some wicked and premeditated lie, of which I could not have believed her capable, she changed the current of his passionate affection for me into bitter and vindictive hate. I believe now that she was delirious, or mad, when she uttered it; for it was not like her coolly and deliberately to invent.

Whatever it was, it imposed upon the cynical nature that doubted only when things good or godlike were concerned; but was credulous as a child when the dark side of the human mind was presented to his gaze.

He sought me—actually sought me—from whom he had parted with words of the tenderest love, to heap upon my head reproaches and words of contemptuous scorn, which have, perhaps, built up the fabric of my present fame; for I have since lived to be revenged on him. He closed his harangue in these words:

"You have murdered her, to all intents and purposes, as far as I am concerned. She is lost to me. Your pride and malignity have dared a greater crime than that which your pretended passion so successfully resisted."

Was not this a training-school for the profession which I have adopted? What mimic stage could be more rife with incident, effect, passion, revenge, than the stage of my real life? How my heart burned in my breast to portray these things to the living crowds, whose answering emotions would assure me that this was not mere acting, but the overflowing of a powerful current into its own channel!

> "Imprisoned force that can but break at length,
> Engenders power and concentrates strength."

My gift of beauty, my stormy nature, my love of sway—was not their proper sphere the stage? From that day, my profession has been my all in all; I have attained fame, wealth, splendor. I have rejected destinies as far exceeding that which Lord Thoriston could have offered me, as my present one, in my own estimation, exceeds them all; and I have crowned my triumph by rejecting Lord Thoriston himself. The successful tragedienne, enthroned on the pinnacle of popular opinion, is a different being to the housekeeper in an obscure family. No man is more influenced by popular opinion than this captious, caviling, cynical nature.

The night I received his letter, offering to reopen negotiations with me (based now upon an unmistakable footing, the footing of marriage), he occupied a stall opposite me, and I acted at him. In the person of the actor, who took a part not unsimilar in its details to that which Lord Thoriston had acted in earnest, I inundated him with scorn. I singled him out by one well-directed glance, and that glance was the answer to the proposals which he had presumed to address to me—that glance trampled his coronet under foot and laid his pride in the dust.

That night, I was afterward told, I surpassed myself; and truly the plaudits which resounded as the curtain fell bore witness to the power with which my acting had spoken to the hearts of the audience. With one voice the assembled crowds repeated my name, and when I appeared before the curtain, the ovation was complete. At that moment I glanced at one pale, passion-lined, hard face, and I saw that I had not acted in vain.

Many such nights as that would have killed me. As it was, I terrified my maid by acting my part over again in my sleep. She tells me that I often do it—when I have been more than usually carried away, when I have entered body and soul into the spirit of the author, I have been known to go through a whole part without missing a word or gesture. And this circumstance proves to me more than ever that I am an actress at heart—that the depths of my nature are stirred, in proportion as I feel the power within me to stir the hearts of others—that the ruling passion of the moment can sway me like a reed; and that, if the light of conscience or the strength of principle were by any fatality asleep in my breast, I should be at the mercy of the headlong current.

As it is, however, I have a will which can conquer all—which has been my stepping-stone to fame—the secret of my success, and which has, I firmly believe, more than once been my safeguard from crime.

THE FRIGATE BIRD.

"I SEE," says Michelet, "a small, blue point in heaven. Happy and serene region, which has rested in peace above the hurricane! In that blue point, and at an elevation of 10,000 feet, royally floats a little bird with enormous wings. A gull?—no, its wings are black. An eagle?—no, the bird is too small. It is the ocean eagle, first and chief of the winged race, and daring navigator who never

furls his sails, the lord of the tempest, the scorner of all peril — the man-of-war, or 'frigate bird.' We have reached the culminating point of the series, commenced by the wingless bird. Here we have a bird which is virtually nothing more than wings; scarcely any body—barely as large as the domestic cock—while his prodigious pinions are fifteen feet in span. The great problem of flight is solved and overpassed, for the power of flight seems useless. Such a bird, naturally sustained by such support, need but allow himself to be borne along. The storm bursts; he mounts to lofty heights, where he finds tranquillity. The poetic metaphor, untrue when applied to any other bird, is no exaggeration when applied to him—literally, he sleeps upon the storm. When he chooses to soar his way seriously, all distance vanishes; he breakfasts at the Senegal, he dines in America."

GEORGE ELIOT.

By Janet E. Ruutz-Rees.

Materials for a biography of Marianne C. Evans, better known by her pseudonym of George Eliot, are not plentiful. It is always pleasant, in reviewing the life of a celebrity, to trace a sort of connection between the life and the efforts of the genius we are considering; and very often our interest in an author's books is doubled and trebled, because we find reflected in them so much of the life-history of the individual. But in the case of the author of "Adam Bede," we have to lay aside all such consideration, and centre our thoughts rather upon the work done than upon the worker.

NO. 4 CHEYNE-WALK, CHELSEA, THE LAST RESIDENCE OF THE LATE GEORGE ELIOT.

THE LATE MRS. CROSS (GEORGE ELIOT).

A very few words suffice to sketch her life.

Mary Anne C. Evans was born on the 22d of November, 1820. She was the youngest child of Robert Evans, a land agent and surveyor, who had the superintendence of five distinct estates in the County of Warwickshire. His position implies much. A man so trusted was likely to possess characteristics of no mean order, and must have been respected and influential; his position was one which necessarily brought him into close connection with persons of every class, and little Mary Anne, from her earliest childhood, was familiar both with those ordinary village characters whose portraiture is one of the greatest evidences of her genius, and the more cultivated "county" people, whose social peculiarities have found a lasting record in her observation.

In the year 1820 Mr. Robert Evans came to reside at Griff, a hamlet of Chilvers Coton, near Nuneaton, and Griff House, where the earliest childhood of George Eliot was passed, is a pleasant country home, half-way between Nuneaton and a mining district. The surrounding country is not unlike that which has been immortalized in the "Mill on the Floss" as the "Red Deeps," the scene of so many meetings between Maggie and Philip.

There is a suggestion of Mr. Evans in the strongly-marked character of Adam Bede, but possibly his more real prototype was Caleb Garth, in "Middlemarch," and there are not wanting critics who imagine Marianne herself to be the original of Mary Garth.

George Eliot's earliest impressions were thus those of varied country life, for she in turn associated with the farmers and miners of the neighborhood, and again, through her father's position, obtained glimpses of the old aristocratic family life of the landed gentry.

One of the earliest friends of the Evans' was the owner of Arbury Park, the entrance to which was close by Griff House. Sir Roger Newdigate was an enthusiast in architecture, and his mansion was continually undergoing repairs and receiving additions, which he superintended personally, with a grim determination to have the home of his inheritance perfect. To her memory of Sir Roger's

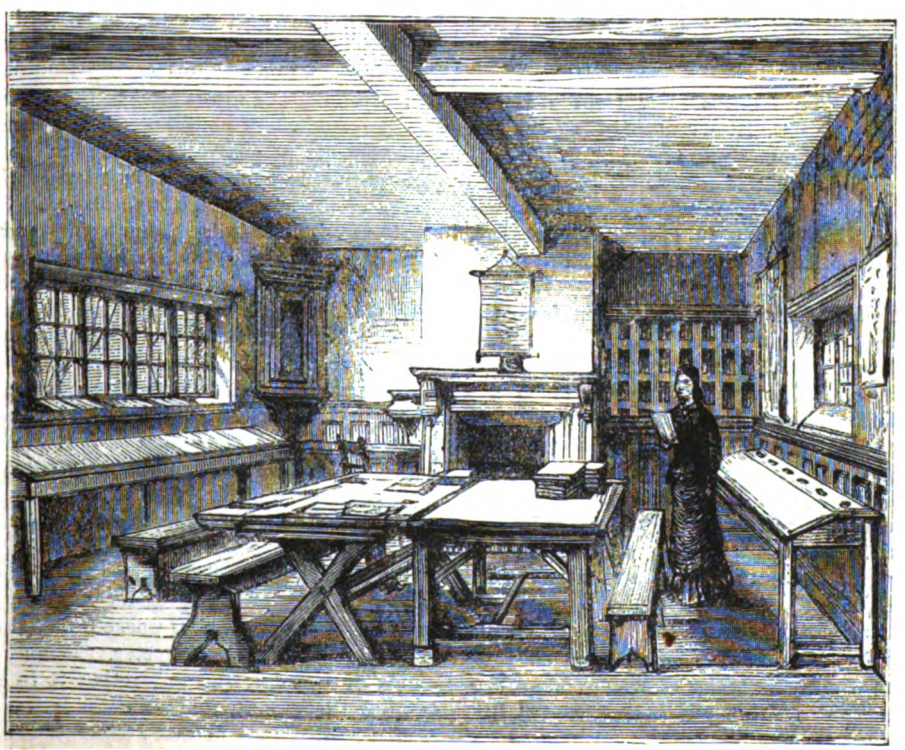
GRIFF HOUSE, WHERE GEORGE ELIOT WAS BORN.

family Marianne Evans owed the materials of "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," and in that sketch there are many evidences of the effect produced upon her mind by the earliest surroundings of her life.

At twelve years of age Marianne Evans was already teaching in the village school; when she was fifteen her mother died, and as all her elder brothers and sisters were married, she was her father's sole companion.

Such education as laid the foundation of her scholarship she gained at a school kept by a Mrs. Wallington, The Elms, Nuneaton; but, as is universally the case, her true education commenced after she had left school behind. Her religious convictions in her early life were strictly Evangelical. We cannot but reflect how strong her character must have been, when we find her, in spite of all the narrowing influences of a life lived near a country town, so broad in sympathy and appreciation, that from first to last there is no indication in her writings of any sectarian feeling whatever.

Many of her contemporaries remember her as a plain, reserved girl, with strongly marked features, and curly hair, which was a continual source of vexation to her, and with awkward manners, due to great diffidence and shyness. She was not popular amongst her companions, because she avoided games or participation in the amusements of the other boarders; but she was marked out at once by her teachers as possessing not only ability of a very high order, but devotion to study, and conscientious persistence in duty, which were remarkable.



INTERIOR OF SCHOOLROOM, THE ELMS, NUNEATON, WHICH GEORGE ELIOT ATTENDED.

It must have been after her school days were left behind that she commenced the study of Greek and Latin, while her knowledge of German, French and Italian began somewhat earlier. Hebrew she

taught herself, and music was so far inherent in her nature that such instruction as she received was only the foundation of her skill as a player.

If we stop to analyze the wonderful genius which has delighted the world for the last quarter of a century, we shall find the keynotes in her profound sympathy, and in a wonderful memory, which stored up every detail once observed or acquired.

Through a friendship with a family living in Coventry, she was thrown into literary society of a high order; there she met men of liberal opinions, of wide range of thought; there subjects of philosophy came up for consideration, and there, no doubt, she first grappled with many of the problems which meet every profound thinker on the threshold of life. Through the same introduction she later met the editor of the *Westminster Review*, and long before her name was known to the world had contributed to its columns. Through this connection she became associated with writers of the greatest breadth of thought, amongst them with George Henry Lewes, a man the brilliancy of whose intellect commanded admiration, and who was at once philosopher, poet, dramatist and novelist. The influence he acquired over Marianne Evans's mind requires no comment; for his sake she took a step which must have entailed upon her no light sacrifice, and until his death occupied the position of a devoted and faithful wife, at a cost to herself which no one who reads her books can doubt, for it was taken in full knowledge and acceptance of the censure of a world which she understood as, perhaps, no other mind in our age has done.

For this step she will be variously judged, according to the minds that pass judgment upon her. From the time that she first assumed her place as mistress in George Lewes's household, until his death, which took place two years before her own, her life was lived so quietly that few records of it remain. In the literary world she occupied a position that no one can fill; and as a writer her influence upon our age will never be sufficiently estimated during this generation. The portraits she has drawn of the men and women of the nineteenth century will gain a greater worth as the years roll on; and the spirit of the great mind that recognized them can but shine more brightly as time passes.

In May, 1880, eighteen months after George Henry Lewes's death, Marianne C. Evans married again, Mr. John Walter Cross, a man many years her junior.

Their wedded happiness was short. Seven months later, on Sunday, the 19th of December, Mrs. Cross was taken ill; alarming symptoms set in, and on Wednesday, the 22d of December, she died, painlessly and quietly, aged sixty years.

The first effort of her pen was a translation from the German, of Strauss's "Life of Jesus"—an abstruse theological work. Its successful rendering into English is sufficient evidence of the translator's acquaintance not only with colloquial German, but with the nicest and most subtle distinctions of the language. George Eliot (it is pleasanter to speak of her by the name by which she is familiar to us) was twenty-six years of age when this first undertaking was completed; seven years later, a still more abstruse German work was given to the English reading world by her industry. This was Feuerbach's "Essence of Christianity."

After its appearance, Marianne Evans first turned her attention to the writing of fiction. A series of "Tales from Clerical Life" were sent to the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, who eagerly accepted them, and they appeared first in that periodical, anonymously. Later they were issued in book form, and to their title-page was affixed, for the first time, the name of the author as "George Eliot," in 1858.

These tales were at once recognized as of a high order of merit, but gave no suspicion of the brilliancy of the genius which was so soon to delight the world. They were graphic in description, and lifelike in their delineation of character. Of them all, the most touching is perhaps that which recounts the troubles of the Rev. Amos Barton. The scene in which the story is laid is identical with the surroundings of Chilvers Coton; the description of Shepperton Church recalls the original, of which we give a sketch, where George Eliot came week by week in her girlhood, and in connection with the rectory life at the time, heard much gossip about the fine lady who had descended upon the curate's family, and who was destined, in her hands, to bring such endless sorrow to poor Mr. Barton. In the country churchyard is the grave of poor Milly's prototype, and in the village one still hears of faithful Nanny, the energetic and devoted maid-of-all-work, who remained with her master till the last of the well-loved children was grown up. There is no lovelier character in fiction than faithful Milly, with her self-sacrificing love—a love so natural in its devotion, that the reader, carried away with it, is almost forced to find something lovable in the awkward Amos, with his blind dependence upon her, and his selfish acceptance of her devotion as a matter of course.

In "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story," stormier passions are portrayed. Tina, with her Southern temper, her sensitive and imperious nature, and the tragic ending of her love story; the sad blighting of the little blossom when sheltered in her husband's home, and the faithful memory in which that husband treasures her—are as touching in their way as Milly's sorrows; while in "Janet's Repentance," the author has conceived the saddest degradation of an unhappy wife, and her ultimate rescue, and places her heroine in the scenes familiar to herself at Nuneaton.

In 1859, "Adam Bede" appeared, and all the world knew that genius of the highest order was abroad. From the opening scene in the carpenter's shop, where we seem to hear the saw and see the flying chips, to the closing chapter, in which Adam is happy in the love of Dinah, there is not a line which does not teem with interest and life. None of her works have been more widely read. Its life-like characters placed it at once among the highest achievements of genius, not only for the grandeur of its conceptions, but for the knowledge of the most minute shades of character which it displayed. Simple, childish, empty-minded Hetty, with her vanity and love of admiration—with absolutely no quality whatever but the indescribable attribute of fascination, which she exercised over all her little world—is such an admirable foil to Dinah. Perhaps one of the happiest touches in the book is at the scene of the farm supper, where some little trouble has put Hetty out of temper; and she sits pouting her pretty lips, looking so charming in the sulks, that Adam gazes in delighted admiration of her, while Dinah reflects that if only she had been plain, he would have thought such conduct wicked. But as the drama goes on, and time tests the characters in the play, we feel the earnest truth underlying the fiction, the deep lesson which it seems as if every one of George Eliot's novels was meant to teach. In them all, under various guises, she sets before us a problem to be worked out—the influence, viz., of circumstance upon character. It is as though she took some raw material, and subjecting it to certain agencies, awaited the result; and so deep is her sympathy with human nature, that in every separate character we realize as we read that so it must have been, that nothing else

was possible as the result of such a character under such an influence.

Again, if, in reviewing the works of George Eliot, one by one, we seek some keynote or guide to the development of her plans, it seems to be in this: that duty only brings with it a sure reward. Love, like a will-o'-the-wisp, flies into each life; but, unless it comes with weighted meaning, unless it calls out the highest and the deepest life of the soul, it is a false god, to be worshiped only to certain destruction; whilst when hand in hand with it is the self-sacrificing spirit of duty, it ennobles and irradiates a life, no matter how forlorn.

In the preface to "Romola," a sentence pregnant with meaning brings this home to us. Speaking of the changes that have passed over Florence, our author goes on to say what still remains the same. "*These things* have not changed; the sunlight and the shadows bring their old beauty, and waken the old heart-strains at morning, noontide and evening; *the little children are still the symbol of the eternal marriage between love and duty.*"

Critical writers on George Eliot speak of her as a teacher of Spencerian principles, as a disciple of what some one calls the principles of evolution applied to character and social life; and she was, no doubt, one of the broadest and deepest thinkers of the age. Many subtle difficulties are met with in her books, difficulties created by her for the satisfaction of overcoming them; theories which she advocated are there, too; epigrams concealing double-edged thoughts abound; but—no matter; deep within the kernel, if we reach it, is, after all, the simple old lesson of every age: that the one thing only which can make life beautiful is self-sacrifice at the call of duty.

If we take up the "Mill on the Floss," we find ourselves in the thick of the fight at once. From first to last the bent of each character is plain. Maggie, with her deep passionate nature, her enthusiasm, her ambition, above all, to be first with those she loved; her notions of truth and justice; "awkward," as her mother thinks her—has in her the making of a grand character; but from the opening chapter we feel certain that any victory she may gain will be at a heavy cost. From the first her impetuosity places her at a disadvantage with Tom, who, with a far less highly-strung nature, has his own notions of duty, both to himself and others, and is as sure to win respect and approbation as poor Maggie the reverse.

Life, as it meets them, tosses Maggie like a shuttlecock before the wind, leads her into scrape after scrape, and only by fitful glimpses does she learn that not until every aspiration, and every enthusiasm, has acknowledged duty as its law, can she win peace. Poor Maggie! hard as it was to read of the waters closing over the bright head, it was an easier fate than a longer battling with the inharmony of her life would, under any circumstances, have been.

Years ago I heard George Eliot make a remark, as, watching a sunbeam breaking through the fog, she reflected upon the influence of some such analogous brightening in life. In "Silas Marner" it almost seems as if she had more especially worked such a thought out. This novel, which must have followed the "Mill on the Floss," was in one volume only, and is certainly one of the most perfect in construction of any of her productions.

Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloe, the down-trodden, disappointed, embittered miser, living his solitary, loveless life, in the midst of the lonely plain, is, when we first make his acquaintance, as pitiable an object as can well be conceived. His sole hope in life is to add to his horde of golden guineas; his very intellect is warped, and he passes as a half-witted fool when he makes his way round the village with his accomplished work. The neighbors shun him, the children hoot at him; he himself considers that he is an outcast and an alien. The fog of mistrust, suspicion and dislike surrounds him, and every evil is likely to be increased tenfold when he loses his gold, the treasured guineas which have been hidden under a board near his hearth. For they are gone; lost for ever, as he imagines.

Now watch how this "fog" is overcome, vanquished, dispelled. Silas, always hoping that by some mysterious agency he may recover his gold, leaves his door open. One evening in the gloaming, as he sits by his hearth, he sleeps, and waking, sees something golden shining on the boarded floor. He rises in surprise; in delight, thinks that he grasps his gold, and finds—what? A little, sunny-haired, lisping child! Here the influence begins, and ends only in the closing chapter of the book. We trace it step by step. The first faint waking recognition of some duty to this little waif; the growing dread lest some one may claim her; the clumsy attempts to meet her baby needs; the acknowledgment of his own ignorance; his acceptance of neighborly help—one by one, are so many links in the chain of his recovery. Then, as he admits that Dolly Winthrop knows what is for the little one's comfort in matters temporal, as he gives over to her the mysteries of buttons and strings, so she leads him by her simple trust in "Them above," to consider making his newly-found treasure a member of the church. Little Eppie soon has a Christian name; and so we go on with him, till, little by little, he stands before the world, reclaimed, respected, beloved; and thus we leave him: happy in the grateful love of the adopted daughter, whose father would have claimed her had he dared. Side by side with this character growing upward to the light, is the sadder spectacle of Geoffrey, whose willful deafness to the call of duty blunted his senses; and although his wife's influence keeps him pretty straight, we are made to feel that he has entirely lost what might and must have been his, if love had only first clasped hands with duty.

In "Romola," apart from all the genius which illumines every page; apart from all the deep knowledge it contains; and above and beyond all interest of incident, we have the self-same lesson. Romola, in all her nobility, in the highest effort of a high nature, in the saddest struggle of a gifted soul, allied by marriage bonds to a mean and groveling spirit, answers only to *one* call—the call of duty. That which she conceives the highest, she follows; and as the story closes, we leave her teaching the boy at her knee how to make life glorious.

The four novels already mentioned will probably always be more popular than those that followed. "Felix Holt" shows a decided falling off in the humorous touches, which brighten every page of "Adam Bede," and "The Mill on the Floss"; while in "Middlemarch" the scope and interest of the drama are so diversified and so sparsely interwoven, that it is more like reading a succession of scenes or tales, than one compact novel.

It is a life-like panorama of the country life of England, in our century. Every one familiar with the social surroundings and elements of country magnates, recognizes at once the many subtle suggestions and influences of the book. Necessarily, too, it will acquire a greater interest as time goes on, and social revolutions are affected, which nineteenth century progress will no longer leave unmade; then it will have all the value of a chronicle, true to life in the minutest particle.

In "Daniel Deronda," the writer was face to face with problems of race and nationality, and the increasing earnestness of her style is still more marked. It is written

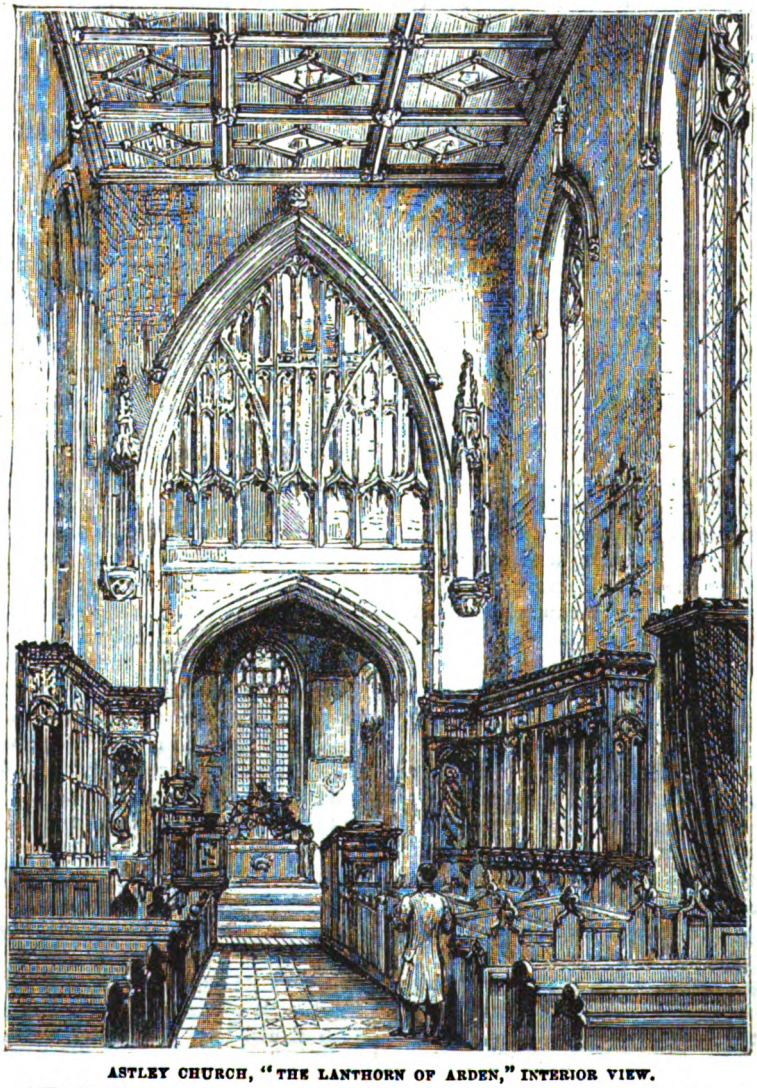
ARBURY HALL ("CHEVEREL MANOR").

"The castellated house of gray-tinted stone, with the flickering sunbeams sending dashes of golden light across the many-shaped panes in the mullioned windows."

—*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, Chap. II.*

rather by a philosopher than a novelist; and it is too deep in its teachings, and too broad in its suggestions, to suit the universal taste. It might almost be said with truth of George Eliot in this novel, and in the latest production of her genius—"The Impressions of Theophrastus Such"—that she was weighed down with her own learning. There is a heaviness about them which is entirely foreign to her earlier works.

We miss the quaint sayings, the humorous references and suggestions, which brighten up her first novels like daisies on a hillside, as we find ourselves led on from depth to depth, until the weight of the problems she is solving overpowers us. One has to grow up to Theophrastus, or else admit that he is quite beyond one; whereas the earlier inspirations of her genius fitted every one, as truly as they charmed and delighted.



ASTLEY CHURCH, "THE LANTHORN OF ARDEN," INTERIOR VIEW.

"Knebley . . . . a wonderful little church, with a chequered pavement, with coats of arms in clusters on the lofty roof, marble warriors and their wives without noses occupying a large proportion of the area."

—*Mr. Gilfil's Love Story, Chap. I.*

A collection of "The Wise, Witty, and Tender Sayings" of George Eliot was published a few years since in London. Almost every one is familiar with it, but those who are not will find within its two covers something to meet almost every need.

In mourning the loss of this great writer, one cannot but admit that it is well, both for her and for the world, that her labor is ended. She has passed away while her honors are still fresh; and we feel that any later work could have added nothing to the esteem in which she is held, and might have detracted much.

After her death, some discussion arose as to the possibility of her remains finding a resting-place within the precincts of Westminster

CHILVERS COTON CHURCH AND VICARAGE.

"Shepperton Church as it was in the old days, with its outer coat of rough stucco, its red-tiled roof, its heterogeneous windows patched with desultory bits of painted glass, and its little flight of steps with their wooden rail running up the outer wall, and leading to the schoolchildren's gallery."— *Amos Barton, Chap. I.*

Abbey; but such intention was relinquished, and on the 30th of December, 1880, she was buried in Highgate Cemetery. Not being a member of the English Church, she rests in the "unconsecrated" portion of the graveyard; and service was read over her body by Dr. Sadler, a Unitarian divine. The vault opened to receive her remains is near that in which George Henry Lewes lies buried. Her coffin bore the simple inscription, "Mary Anne Cross, 'George Eliot,'" with the date of birth and death, and an Italian quotation. She was followed to the grave by a large number of distinguished men; and her loss will be increasingly felt in the literary and social circles which can "know her no more."

LET us not listen to those who think we ought to be so angry with our enemies, and who believe this to be great and manly. Nothing is more praiseworthy, and nothing more clearly indicates a great and noble soul, than clemency and readiness to forgive.

MARKET-PLACE, NUNEATON.

"Milby . . . . was a dingy-looking town, with a strong smell of tanning up one street, and a great shaking of handlooms up another, and even in that focus of aristocracy, Friar's Gate, the houses would not have seemed very imposing."
—*Janet's Repentance, Chap. II.*

THE YELLOW DWARF.

ONCE upon a time there was a Queen, who had only one daughter left out of a very large family. She was so much afraid of losing her that she never corrected any of her faults; so that this marvelous creature became so proud and vain that she despised everybody. The Queen confirmed her in the belief that there was nothing in the world worthy of her; and finally, to pamper her vanity to the utmost, the Queen gave her the name of Toutebelle; and having had her portrait painted, sent it to several kings, with whom she was in alliance. Every one, without exception, yielded to the power of her charms. No sooner did they behold the fair original, than the poor princes became her devoted slaves.

There never was a court more gallant. Twenty kings vied with each other to please the Princess; and after having spent millions upon a single entertainment, would feel more than repaid if they could only draw from her an admission that "It was pretty."

The Princess had already reached the age of fifteen. Nobody ventured to pretend to the honor of being her husband, though everybody desired it. But how was it possible to touch a heart of that description? Her lovers complained bitterly of her cruelty, and her mother, who wished her to be married, saw no means of inducing her to decide in favor of one of them.

Not knowing what she ought to do, she went to consult the Fairy of the Desert. But it was not easy to see her, for she was guarded by lions. The Queen knew she could appease these beasts with some cake made of millet, sugar, and crocodiles' eggs. She made one of these cakes, and put it into a little basket.

As she was tired with walking so far, not being accustomed to it, she lay down at the foot of a tree to rest. She fell asleep, but on awaking she found her basket empty. The cake was gone! and to complete her misfortune, she heard the great lions coming, roaring tremendously, for they had smelt her.

"Alas! what will become of me?" she exclaimed. "I shall be devoured!"

She wept, and not having strength to fly, she clung to the tree under which she had slept. At that moment she heard, "Hist, hist! ahem! ahem!" She looked all about her, and raising her eyes, she saw up in the tree a little dwarf, eating oranges.

"Oh, I know you well, Queen," said he, "and I know the fear you are in."

"I must die!" said the Queen, sighing. "Alas, I should do so with less pain if my dear daughter were but married."

"How?—you have a daughter?" exclaimed the Yellow Dwarf. "Truly, I am delighted to hear it, for I have sought a wife by land and sea. Come, now, if you promise her to me, I will save you."

The Queen made no answer.

"What! do you hesitate, madam?" cried he. "You cannot be very fond of life."

At the same moment, the Queen perceived the lions running toward her. Then she cried out, with all her might:

"My Lord Dwarf, Toutebelle is yours!"

"Oh!" said he, with a disdainful air, "Toutebelle is too much of a belle. I will have none of her. You may keep her."

"Ah, my lord," continued the afflicted Queen, "do not refuse her! She is the most charming Princess in the world!"

"Well," said he, "out of charity, I accept her; but recollect the gift you have made me!"

The trunk of the tree immediately opened. As the Queen sprang in, it closed, and the lions were balked.

The Queen did not notice a door constructed in the tree. At length she perceived it, and opened it; it opened on a field of nettles and thistles, surrounded by a muddy ditch. At a little distance stood a cottage, thatched with straw. The Yellow Dwarf came out of it, with a mirthful air. He wore wooden shoes, and a jacket of coarse yellow cloth; had large ears, and no hair, and looked like a thorough little villain.

"I am delighted, my Lady Mother-in-law," said he, "to show you the little chateau in which your Toutebelle will reside with me. She may keep an ass upon these nettles and thistles to ride about on. This rustic roof will shelter her from the weather; she will drink this water, and eat some of the frogs that fatten in it; and she will have me day and night beside her—handsome, gay, and gallant, as you see me—for I should be very sorry if her shadow followed her closer than I."

The unfortunate Queen dropped insensible to the ground, without being able to utter a word in reply; but while in this state she was transported to the palace, and placed in her own bed.

When the Queen awoke, she thought it all a dream. Finding herself in her palace, amidst her ladies, and her daughter by her side, there was little to show that she had been in the Desert, that she had encountered such great dangers, and that the Dwarf had saved and preserved her from them on so hard a condition as the gift to him of Toutebelle.

In her anxiety, she fell into a melancholy, so that she could scarcely speak, eat, or sleep. The Princess, who loved her mother with all her heart, was very uneasy. She implored her frequently to say what was the matter; but the Queen evaded answering.

Toutebelle, unable to control her anxiety, resolved to seek the Fairy of the Desert. She took care to knead the cake herself, to appease the fury of the lions, and pretending to go to bed early one evening, went out by a back staircase, her face covered, and all alone took the road to the grotto in which the Fairy resided.

But on arriving at the orange-tree, she was seized with an irresistible desire to gather some fruit. She set her basket upon the ground and plucked some oranges, which she ate. When she looked again for her basket and cake, they had disappeared. Suddenly she sees beside her the frightful little Dwarf.

"What ails you, fair maid? What are you weeping for?" said he.

"Alas! who would not weep?" replied she; "I have lost my basket and cake necessary to insure my arrival at the abode of the Desert Fairy."

"Ah! and what would you with her, fair maid?" said the little monkey. "I am her kinsman, her friend, and at least as clever as she is."

"The Queen, my mother," replied the Princess, "has lately fallen into an alarming despondency, which causes me to tremble for her life. I fancy I am, perhaps, the cause of it; for she wishes me to marry, and I confess to you that I have not yet seen any one I think worthy of me. It is for this reason I would consult the Fairy."

"Don't give yourself that trouble, Princess," said the

Dwarf; "I am better fitted than she to enlighten you on such subjects. The Queen, your mother, is sorry that she has promised you in marriage."

"The Queen promised me!" cried the Princess. "Oh, you must be mistaken. She would have told me, and I am too much interested in the matter for her to engage me without my previous consent."

"Beautiful Princess," said the Dwarf, suddenly flinging himself at her feet, "I flatter myself that her choice will not displease you, when I inform you, that it is I who am destined to enjoy such happiness."

"My mother would have you for her son-in-law!" exclaimed Toutebelle, recoiling; "was there ever any madness like yours?"

"I care very little about the honor," said the Dwarf, angrily. "Here come the lions; in three bites they will avenge me for your unjust disdain."

At the same moment the poor Princess heard the roars of the monsters.

"What will become of me?" she cried; "must I end my young days thus?"

The wicked Dwarf looked at her, and laughed contemptuously.

"For mercy's sake, be not angry," said the Princess, clasping her hands; "I would rather marry all the dwarfs in the universe than perish in so frightful a manner."

"Look at me well, Princess, before you give me your word," replied he.

"I have looked at you more than enough," said she. "The lions are approaching; my terror increases; save me! save me! or I shall die of fright!"

She had scarcely uttered these words before she fainted, and on recovering from her swoon found herself in her own bed, and a little ring, made of a single red hair, which fitted her finger closely.

The Princess fell into a melancholy, which surprised and pained the whole Court. Her mother was more alarmed than anybody; but the Princess persisted in concealing from her the adventure.

At length the grandees of the kingdom, impatient to see the Princess married, petitioned the Queen to choose a husband for her daughter as soon as possible. She answered them that she desired nothing better; but that her daughter evinced so much repugnance to marriage that she advised them to go and talk to the Princess herself.

Toutebelle saw no better way of getting out of the dilemma than by marrying some great King, with whom the little monkey would not dare to contend. She therefore returned answer that she consented to marry the King of the Gold Mines, a very powerful and handsome prince, who had loved her passionately for several years.

Everything was prepared for the celebration of one of the grandest entertainments that had ever been given in the universe. The King of the Gold Mines sent home for such prodigious sums of money that the sea was entirely covered with the ships; and thus upon the eve of happiness, he never left the side of his charming Princess.

She discovered in him so much merit, so much sense, such deep and delicate feeling—in short, so fine a mind in so perfect a body, that she began to return in some degree his affection.

At length the day so long wished for arrived. Everything being ready for the marriage of Toutebelle, the trumpets and musical instruments announced throughout the city the commencement of this grand festivity. The streets were strewed with flowers; the people flocked in crowds to the great square in front of the palace. The Queen, in a state of rapture, had scarcely gone to bed before she got up again, long before daybreak, to give the requisite orders and to select the jewels which the Princess was to wear. She was all diamonds, down to her very shoes, which were made of them.

The Queen and Princess were advancing to meet the King and proceed with him to the altar, when they saw entering a long gallery through which they were passing, two large turkey-cocks, drawing a very clumsy box. Behind them came a tall old woman, whose great age was as remarkable as her extreme ugliness. She leaned on a crutch. She wore a black taffety ruff, a red velvet hood, and a farthingale all in tatters. She took three turns round the gallery with her turkey-cocks before she spoke, then brandishing her crutch, she cried:

"Ho, ho, Queen! Ho, ho, Princess! Do you fancy you can break with impunity your promises to my friend the Yellow Dwarf? I am the Fairy of the Desert! But for him and his orange-tree, know you not that my great lions would have devoured ye? We do not put up with such insults in Fairy Land. Consider quickly what you are about to do; for I swear by my coif that you shall marry him, or I will burn my crutch."

"Ah, Princess!" exclaimed the Queen, bursting into tears, "what do I hear!—what promise have you made?"

"Ah, mother," cried Toutebelle, sorrowfully, "what promise have you yourself made?"

The King of the Gold Mines, enraged at this interruption, and the attempt of the wicked old woman to oppose his marriage, advanced upon her, sword in hand, and placing the point to her throat, cried:

"Quit this palace for ever, or with thy life thou shalt atone for thy malice!"

He had scarcely pronounced these words when the lid of the box flew up with a terrific noise as far as the ceiling, and out of it issued the Yellow Dwarf, mounted on a large Spanish cat. He placed himself between the Fairy of the Desert and the King of the Gold Mines.

"Rash youth!" said he to the latter, "think not of assaulting this illustrious Fairy; 'tis with me alone thou hast to do! I am thy rival, thy enemy; the faithless Princess who would give thee her hand has plighted her troth to me, and received mine. Look, if she have not on her finger a ring of my hair. Try to remove it, and thou wilt learn by that little exertion that thy power is inferior to mine."

"Miserable monster," said the King to him, "hast thou really the audacity to declare thyself the lover of this divine Princess, and to pretend to the possession of so glorious a treasure? Know that thou art a monkey, whose hideous figure is painful to the sight, and that I had ere this dispatched thee, hadst thou been worthy of dying by my hand."

The Yellow Dwarf, stung to the very quick, struck his spurs into the sides of his cat, who set up a terrific squalling, and flying hither and thither, frightened everybody but the brave King, who pressed the Dwarf so closely that he drew a large cutlass with which he was armed, and defying the King to single combat, descended into the courtyard of the palace, amidst an extraordinary uproar. The enraged King followed him with rapid strides.

Scarcely had they confronted each other, the whole court being in the balconies to witness the combat, when the sun became suddenly as red as blood, and it grew so dark that they could scarcely see themselves. It thundered and lightened as if there was to be an end of the world, and the two turkey-cocks appeared at the side of the Yellow Dwarf like two giants, taller than mountains, casting out flames from their mouths and eyes in such abundance that each looked like a fiery furnace. All these horrors were unable to shake the magnanimous heart of

the young King. The intrepidity evinced by his every look and action reassured all who were interested in his preservation, and perhaps somewhat embarrassed the Yellow Dwarf; but his courage failed when he saw the Fairy of the Desert rush upon his dear Princess, and strike her so fierce a blow that she fell into the Queen's arms, bathed in her own blood. The King's courage at that sight abandoned him altogether. He ran to rescue the Princess, or perish with her; but the Yellow Dwarf leaped into the balcony, snatched the Princess from the arms of the Queen, and then jumping on the roof of the palace, disappeared.

The King, motionless with astonishment, was gazing in utter despair on this extraordinary adventure, which unfortunately he had no power to prevent, when, to complete his misery, he felt his eyesight fail him, and that by some irresistible power he was hurried through the vast expanse of air.

The wicked Fairy of the Desert, who came to assist the Yellow Dwarf, no sooner set her eyes upon the King of the Gold Mines, than her heart was touched by the charms of that young Prince. She bore him off to a frightful cavern, where she loaded him with chains which she had fastened to a rock. She hoped that the fear of death would make him forget Toutebelle, and induce him to do whatever she desired.

As soon as they had arrived there, she restored his sight. Assuming by fairy art the greatest graces and charms, she appeared before him like a lovely nymph.

"What do I behold?" she cried. "Can it be you, charming Prince? What misfortune has befallen you, and driven you to languish in this miserable abode?"

THE YELLOW DWARF. —"WHEN THE PRINCESS LOOKED AGAIN FOR HER BASKET AND CAKE, THEY HAD DISAPPEARED. SUDDENLY SHE SEES BESIDE HER THE FRIGHTFUL LITTLE DWARF."

The King, deceived by her appearance, replied:

"Alas, fair nymph, I know not the object of the infernal Fairy who brought me hither; for, although she deprived me of sight when she bore me off, and has not appeared to me since, I know from the tone of her voice that it was the Fairy of the Desert."

"Ah, my lord," exclaimed the false nymph, "if you are in the power of that woman, you will not escape without marrying her."

But he caught sight of the nymph's feet, which were like those of a griffin. The King pretended not to notice it, and continuing to talk to her as in perfect confidence:

"I do not," said he, "entertain any dislike to the Fairy of the Desert, but I cannot endure that she should protect the Yellow Dwarf, and keep me in chains like a criminal. What have I done to offend her? If the Fairy restores me to liberty, I feel that gratitude will induce me to love no one but her."

"Do you say that sincerely?" asked the deceived nymph.

"Doubt it not," replied the King; "I am unacquainted with the art of dissimulation."

The Fairy of the Desert, deceived by these words, resolved to transport the King to a spot which was as beautiful as the cavern he now inhabited was horrible.

But what was the Prince's emotion, whilst thus traveling through the boundless regions of air, at beholding his dear Princess in a castle of steel. She was reclining in a bower beside a stream. One of her hands was beneath her head, and with the other she appeared to be wiping away her tears. As she lifted her eyes toward heaven, imploring its aid, she saw the King pass by with the Fairy of the Desert.

"How!" she exclaimed; "I learn by this extraordinary way the infidelity of the King? He has supposed that once out of sight, he was absolved from all the vows that he has made me! But who is this formidable rival, whose fatal beauty surpasses mine?"

The King, who had his reasons for saying sweet things to the old Fairy, was not sparing of them, and by degrees obtained permission to take a daily walk by the seaside. She had, by the exercise of her art, rendered that coast so dangerous, that no pilots were sufficiently adventurous to approach it—so that she had nothing to fear from the favor she had granted her captive. It was, however, some comfort to him to indulge in solitary musings, uninterrupted by the presence of his wicked jailer.

After having strolled for some time on the sands, he stooped and wrote Toutebelle's name on the sand. As he finished writing, a voice attracted all his attention, and, as he looked rapidly around him, he saw a female of extraordinary beauty, whose body to the waist was covered only by her long hair, which, gently agitated by the breeze, floated upon the water. She held a looking-glass in one hand, and a comb in the other. Her form terminated in a long fish's tail, furnished with fins.

As soon as she was near enough to speak, she said:

"I know the sad state to which you are reduced by the

A BUFFALO ATTACKING A HORSE.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

loss of your Princess, and by the extravagant passion which the Fairy of the Desert entertains for you. If you are willing, I will convey you from this fatal spot, where you may otherwise languish for more than thirty years longer."

The King knew not how to reply to this proposal—not that he wanted any temptation to escape from captivity, but that he feared the Fairy of the Desert had taken this form to deceive him.

But she immediately cut some sea-rushes, and making a large bundle of them, blew three times upon them, and said:

"Sea-rushes, my friends, I order you to lie stretched on the sand, without motion, until the Fairy of the Desert comes to take you away."

The rushes became covered with skin, and so like the King of the Gold Mines, that he had never seen so astonishing a transformation. They were dressed in clothes exactly resembling his, and the countenance was pale and wasted, as if he had been drowned.

The friendly Siren then made the King seat himself upon her tail, and thus they plowed the sea together.

They arrived at the Steel Castle. The side that faced the sea was the only part of it that the Yellow Dwarf had not fortified with those formidable walls which burned everybody who approached them.

"I know well enough," said the Siren to the King, "that Toutebelle is beside the same fountain that you saw her seated near when you passed over the castle gardens; but as you will have some enemies to contend with before you can approach her, here is a sword, armed with which you may dare any encounter, and brave the greatest dangers; but beware that you never let it fall. If you need my assistance to convey you and your dear Princess any further, I will not fail you; for the Queen, her mother, is my best friend, and it was for her sake that I came to seek you."

So saying, she presented the King with a sword, made of a single diamond.

The King, unable to express his gratitude to the Siren, implored her to supply his deficiency by imagining all that an honest heart was capable of feeling.

When the Fairy of the Desert found her lover did not return, she hastened in search of him. When she discovered his fictitious body, she threw herself on it; she wept, and she howled. After this, she invoked the presence of eleven of her sister fairies, and requested them to aid her in the construction of a superb mausoleum, in which she might deposit the remains of the young hero.

Meanwhile the King, guided by his love, strode on rapidly, narrowly examining every part of the castle in hopes of discovering his adorable Princess. Four terrible sphinxes surrounded him, and, flying on him with their sharp talons, would quickly have torn him in pieces, if the diamond sword had not proved useful. He had scarcely flashed it in the eyes of these monsters before they fell powerless at his feet. He dealt each of them its death-blow; then advancing again, he encountered six dragons, covered with scales, harder to pierce than iron. Alarming as was this adventure, his courage remained unshaken, and making good use of his sword, there was not one that he did not cut in half at a blow. He was in hopes he had surmounted the greatest obstacles, when a most embarrassing one presented itself. Twenty-four beautiful nymphs advanced to meet him with long garlands of flowers, which they stretched across his path to impede his progress. "Whither would you go, sire?" said they. "Would you stain your victorious hands with the blood

of twenty-four innocent maidens, who have never done anything to displease you?" The King at this sight stood amazed and irresolute. But he heard a voice which instantly determined him. "Strike, strike!" said this voice, "or thy Princess is lost to thee for ever!"

At these words, without reply to the nymphs, he rushed upon them, broke through their garlands, attacked them without mercy, and scattered them in a moment. This was the last obstacle he had to encounter. He entered the grove in which he had previously seen Toutebelle. She was seated beside the fountain, pale and suffering. He accosted her tremblingly. He would have thrown himself at her feet, but she fled from him as hastily and indignantly as if he had been the Yellow Dwarf.

"Condemn me not unheard," said he; "I am neither faithless nor guilty of any intentional wrong."

"Ah, cruel Prince!" she exclaimed, "I saw you sail through the air with a lady of extraordinary beauty; was it despite yourself you made that voyage?"

"Yes, Princess," replied he, "it was despite myself; the wicked Fairy of the Desert wafted me in a car to one of the ends of the world, where I should still have languished in captivity, but for the assistance of a beneficent siren who brought me hither. I come, my Princess, to snatch you from the power of him who holds you a prisoner. Do not reject the aid of the most faithful of lovers!"

He flung himself at her feet and caught the skirt of her gown to detain her, but in so doing he unfortunately let fall the formidable sword.

The Yellow Dwarf, who had lain hidden beneath the leaves of a lettuce, no sooner saw it out of the King's hands, than, being aware of its power, he sprang upon and seized it.

The Princess uttered a terrible shriek at the sight of the dwarf; but her anguish only exasperated the little monster; with two cabalistic words he conjured up two giants, who loaded the King with chains and fetters.

"Now," said the Dwarf, "I am master of my rival's fate; but I will spare his life, and give him liberty to leave this place, provided you consent to marry me immediately."

"Oh, let me rather die a thousand deaths!" exclaimed the King.

"You die!—alas, my lord!" said the Princess; "what can be more terrible to me than such a calamity?"

"You becoming the victim of this monster," replied the King; "can any horror exceed that?"

"Let us die together, then," continued she.

"Nay, Princess," rejoined the King, "grant me the consolation of dying for you."

"Sooner than that," said the Princess to the Dwarf, "I consent to your wishes."

"Before my eyes!" exclaimed the King. "Before my eyes will you make him your husband? Cruel Princess! life will be hateful to me!"

"No," said the Yellow Dwarf. "You shall not see me become her husband—a beloved rival is too dangerous to be endured!"

With these words, despite the tears and shrieks of Toutebelle, he stabbed the King to the heart, and laid him dead at his feet. The Princess, unable to survive her lover, fell upon his body, and her spirit quickly fled to join his.

The friendly siren, overwhelmed with grief at so great a misfortune, could obtain no other favor from Fate than the permission to change the two lovers into palm-trees.

To know how to listen is a great art; it is to know how to gain instruction from every one.

BUFFALO ATTACKING A HORSE.

The ferocity of a buffalo when thoroughly aroused is really appalling. Professor Thunberg, when he was traveling in Caffraria, Cape of Good Hope, Africa, witnessed a scene which he says left a profound impression upon him, accustomed as he was to adventure.

He and his companions had just entered a wood, when they discovered a large old male buffalo, lying quite alone, in a spot that for the space of a few square yards was free from bushes. The animal no sooner saw the guide, who went first, than, with a terrible roar, he rushed upon him. The fellow turned his horse short round behind a large tree, and the buffalo rushed forward to the next man, and gored his horse so dreadfully in the belly that it died soon after. These two climbed into trees, and the furious animal made his way toward the rest, of whom the professor was one, who were approaching, but at some distance. A horse without a rider was in the front; as soon as the buffalo saw him he became more outrageous than before, and attacked him with such fury, that he not only drove his horns into the horse's breast, but even out again through the very saddle. The horse was thrown to the ground with such excessive violence that he instantly died, and many of his bones were found broken. Just at this moment the professor happened to come up, but, from the narrowness of the path, having no room to turn round, he was glad to abandon his horse and take refuge in a tree. The buffalo had, however, finished; for after the destruction of the second horse he turned suddenly round and galloped away.

RUNNING AFTER AN ACTRESS.

In the year 18—, there appeared on the stage of one of the New York theatres a brilliant and beautiful actress. Her name was Emily Mountjoy. Her age could not have exceeded eighteen or twenty years, though she looked much younger. Slight in stature, her face, with its splendid dark eyes, faultless oval and perfect mouth, set all the world of fashion raving.

To read descriptions of her in the daily papers, one might have thought her an angel of grace and beauty.

Her personal appearance, her charming manners, her graceful and lifelike impersonations, were spoken of, written about, and raved over, till people who had no interest whatever in theatrical amusement felt called upon to go and see if the charming Emily appeared all that she was represented to be.

Among her most ardent admirers was a young man, by name Walter De Haas, the son of a wealthy, retired judge, and the representative of an old aristocratic family, whose ancestors, if they did not come over in the Mayflower, enjoyed great and distinguished advantages in the Old World. He was practicing law, and was considered to be possessed of shining ability. He had long supposed himself willing to marry a young lady of large fortune and varied accomplishments, one of the belles of the great metropolis, to whom he had been for some years engaged.

Miss Hattie Fulsom was the daughter of one of the oldest and wealthiest merchants of New York. She was a very handsome girl, though, artistically considered, more

like a perfect and beautiful statue than a veritable woman of flesh and blood. Since their earliest childhood, it had been understood that they were intended for each other, and until the hour he first saw Emily Mountjoy, young De Haas had considered himself the most fortunate man in the world. He thought he loved Hattie. Her style suited him, and she was always pleased to see him, though there certainly was not much warmth in her manner toward him.

All this was now changed, however. Her stately beauty palled upon him. Night after night found him at the theatre, watching the wonderful acting of the new favorite. How innocent, how pure she looked! how near to nature was the low, exquisite laugh—the pictured passion—the tender sigh!

De Haas was enchanted. How to see her nearer—to speak with her? They said she was most jealously guarded by her father, who was also the manager of the theatre—that he intercepted all *billet-doux*, looked carefully through all her bouquets, never allowed any one to speak with her behind the scenes. What could De Haas do but express his devotion in his countenance? This he did so effectually, that in a little time she began to look for him. Now and then he fancied that her eyes sought his box, as they did. There was nothing brazen in her appearance, however; her manner was always modest, reticent, full of womanly delicacy.

It began to be noticed by his friends that De Haas was becoming moody and irritable in general society. His constant presence at the theatre was also observed, and he could not see that people were laughing at him—lovers are so blind! Could he but have signified his preference in some way—by giving a hint of his feelings! He sometimes threw her flowers—choice little bouquets for which he paid fabulous sums, but he never was consoled by seeing that she wore one of them.

Meantime the day for his marriage was drawing near—what could be done? He began to think of it with horror. Before him was for ever that glorious face, its innocent eyes looking pleadingly into his. He scarcely paid his future wife decent attention, and she as a matter of course grew colder and colder. Her color failed; she seemed at times very wretched. Only in society was she the proud, beautiful, some said gifted, Miss Fulsom. She possessed a voice equaled even by few of the best singers.

Professor Bury had been her music-master for years. A distinguished-looking man was the professor—tall, dark, slender, with abundance of silky whiskers, and an exceptional mustache. He had fought with the world for a place, and conquered. No one was quite the thing, among the best musical people, who could not secure the services of Professor Bury. His prices were fabulous, and many fine ladies would have given hundreds of dollars a year merely to have the privilege of saying that they studied under his instruction.

So the professor had become famous, and was rapidly becoming a rich man. The fairest girls in the city smiled on him—it was a wonder his head was not turned. He loved, this paragon of professors; and he was constant, though at times half despairing, and heaven only could tell whether he should ever marry the object of his love.

One day, De Haas had been to call on Hattie Fulsom, and found her with traces of tears in her eyes. This was a new experience, and smote his heart with compassion.

She was murmuring in secret over his coldness—she, the stately beauty. It was most cruel in him to treat her so; yet what could he do? How could he nerve himself to say to her that he did not love her? No, he must go on to the bitter end—marry her, and strive after that to do his duty, and forget the girl, the sight of whom set all his pulses throbbing.

"Is there anything I can do for you down-town, Hattie?" he asked, as he lingered by the door, pitying her.

"If you would be so kind as to call at Demson's music-store, and leave a note from me for Professor Bury," she said. "You will be sure not to see him at this time, I think. I wish to dispense with the day's lesson. I am not well."

"I will do the errand with pleasure," he responded, in a tenderer voice than she had heard for months. "And, Hattie, take care of yourself; it is only a little while now, and then I shall care for you."

She smiled, but when the door was closed, flew up to her room, and threw herself down like one in the frenzy of despair.

"Oh, that hateful, dreadful marriage!" she moaned; "and he so cold, and I so wretched! What shall I do? Papa is so happy—so fond of Walter, I cannot tell him what I am suffering! No, no; he would never hear of it—never! but I cannot sacrifice my happiness and his. Oh, Philip, dear Philip! and your heart would be broken, too! God help me, for I know not what to do!"

While Hattie, distractedly walking to and fro, made herself as miserable as she could well be, Walter De Haas proceeded quickly to Demson's with the pink, sweet-scented billet in his hand. He inquired for Professor Bury, and, with a nod of his head, the clerk intimated that the great teacher was present, and Walter found him seated at a superb grand piano; and standing near, one delicately gloved hand resting on the frame of the instrument, was Emily Mountjoy, who was talking with the professor.

"Then you think this piano the better one?" she said, in her peculiarly musical voice.

Just then she looked up and met De Haas's gaze, in which he could ill conceal the passion he cherished. The blood crimsoned her cheeks, for she recognized him, and her beautiful eyes fell beneath his glance.

The professor, as he took the note, seemed suddenly self-conscious and awkward as he drew on one side to read it. De Haas felt that now or never was his opportunity.

"Pardon me," he said, "for the liberty I take in speaking to you. I have seen you often, and permit me to say how much pleasure this meeting gives me."

She looked up again, this time with a smile. It was very unusual for her to speak or be spoken to by a gentleman, she was generally so strictly guarded; and this one, who followed her so indefatigably, was so handsome, so high-bred, so earnest, that his voice even trembled. She had noticed him always, and thought of him often.

"I have seen you at the theatre," she said, simply; "I have very few acquaintances."

"And may not I be added to the list?" he asked, eagerly. "I will promise not to trouble you—I only wish to feel assured that you are willing to count me one of your friends;" and he laid particular emphasis upon the last word.

"Oh, thank you; you are very kind," she said, with a glance of her beautiful eyes that nearly turned Walter's head; "but"—and a look that was almost terror chased the color from her face—"please not to notice me; papa is coming."

Her words, her manner, her glance, revealed the subjection in which she was constantly kept. De Haas rapidly moved in another direction, but so that he could still see the manager, who looked equal to taking the part of the most desperate villain in a tragedy.

"Well, Em," he said, in curt tones, "what have you

decided upon? I'm in a confounded hurry—didn't mean to stay away so long, but I was beset by a deuced bore of a reporter. You made a hit, my dear, in 'Beatrice'—a decided hit. Well, how do you like this piano—what does Bury say? This is the one I chose, isn't it? Yes, and the professor thinks it as good as the higher-priced one. Well, I'll take it—come along;" and the girl followed her father, not without receiving one passionate glance from De Haas, as she went by him.

"I care not if she is an actress," he muttered; "she has one of the sweetest, purest faces I ever saw. If I go on I shall love the girl to distraction, and here I am, bound hand and foot. I never wronged a woman in my life, and I never will; but I love that girl — can I give up everything for her?"

Meantime Prof. Bury had read the note, folded it again with trembling fingers, and placed it away in his waistcoat-pocket. He, too, as he passed out of the store, carried a perplexed countenance. De Haas followed him for some distance, and then, as he had reached his home, he went in, and turned to go to his own room, when he heard his name called. It was the judge, his father, who stood just within the door of the library. "I have something to say to you, Walter," he began, speaking in his slightly pompous manner.

"Pray go on; I am all attention," was the response.

"You will please be seated," said his father, motioning him toward one of the heavy crimson chairs, at the same time taking one himself. "I think it right to tell you that Mr. Fulsom has been here to-day."

"To complain of me!" said Walter, impulsively.

"Well, since you put it in that way," said his father, slowly, "yes—though I did not mean to be abrupt; it is not my manner of doing things. He tells me that his daughter seems of late very moody and unhappy, and fears that certain rumors——"

"Go on, sir," said his son, his face flushing guiltily.

"Certain rumors," continued the old judge, "may have reached her ears. You are not in the habit of spending your evenings with her?"

"Not all of them, certainly, sir," was the response.

"Very few of them," responded his father, sternly. "Perhaps the conviction that you are to spend them all with her by-and-by may govern your present inclination. I hope it is not true that you are running after a girl of low character—a——"

"Father!" exclaimed Walter, his brow flushing, his usually pale cheeks turning crimson.

"Well, well, I meant no offense, only you know how I detest and abhor everything of that sort. I believe I could find room in my heart for the lowliest woman you might bring to my house as your wife, but to know that you were acting dishonorably toward any person would be a shame to me that I could not survive. You have been engaged for years to Hattie, and I love her as if she were a child of my own. You must know that to hear your name associated with that of an actress is sufficient to distress a girl of her character. If I were you I would not go to the theatre quite so often."

"I really don't think Hattie cares," said the young man; "if she does, she knows wonderfully well how to conceal her feelings. And you are aware, sir, that the match is a made one. Before ever we were old enough to know the meaning of the word "love," our names were always coupled together, and we have been thrown in each other's way as much as possible ever since."

"Good heaven! Walter, don't you love her?" asked

BOSH!

CHEAP SWELL.—*"Ah, madame, you have no idea how different everything looks after one's been in Europe."*

RUNNING AFTER AN ACTRESS.—"'I NEED NOT SAY HOW DELIGHTED I WAS WITH YOUR "JULIET" LAST NIGHT,' HE SAID, IN A LOW VOICE, HIS EYES KINDLING AS THEY MET HER GLANCE."— SEE PAGE 494.

the judge, speaking with strong excitement; "don't you love the poor girl?"

Walter was silent for a moment, during which the muscles of his face worked, and the flush faded out of his cheeks. Then he said:

"I had rather say nothing about it just now, father."

"But your honor, boy—remember that is pledged. Why, Fulsom has got the wedding-cards all printed, and she, I suppose, has nearly finished all her preparations. What's to be done?—what's to be done?"

"This is to be done, father: We shall be married at the appointed time," said Walter, quietly, though he was very pale as he spoke.

"But she, poor child!—what a bitter disappointment it would be did she know the truth! She adores you."

"I shall try to make her happy," said Walter, with a faint smile.

"You can't help loving her," said the judge, impulsively. "Why, she's the most beautiful girl I know."

"Very lovely, certainly, very proper and very cold; but then, no doubt we shall get on together."

"My son," said the judge, stopping short and fixing his keen blue eyes on Walter's face, "why did you not make this revelation in time?"

"What revelation, sir?" asked the young man.

"Certainly you have said, or I have understood, that you do not love her."

"I have not said it in so many words; and I dare say when we are married she will be very different. At present I think—I think we are both changed."

"Not she, Walter. I would not like to repeat to you the strong terms in which Mr. Fulsom spoke of the matter. I tell you Hattie's breaking her heart because she fancies you are changed."

Walter recalled her manner of the morning. Certainly she had been shedding tears, and could they have been for him? His heart softened toward her. Perhaps he had been mistaken, and the seeming coldness was the result of some rumor she had heard, or fancy she had taken, that he did not love her.

"She shall not break her heart, if I can help it," he said, with another smile. "I'll see her this evening, and make it all right."

He did call that night, but Miss Hattie was not to be seen. She had complained of headache, the housekeeper said, and retired early.

Having nothing else to do, Walter went to the theatre. Never had little Emily been so captivating in any *rôle* before. Poor Walter sat and gazed, supremely happy when once or twice she turned her smiling face toward him.

"Heaven help me!" he said to himself; "I am getting deeper and deeper in. Life seems nothing worth to me away from that child; and yet, what do I know about her?"

Somebody touched him on the shoulder. It was Hugh Orcut, one of his friends.

"Suppose you spare me one glance, De Haas?" Hugh asked, lightly, seating himself beside him; "or have you eyes only for *Juliet?* Well, I confess I am taken that way myself sometimes. She's a bewitching little creature. Have you ever tried to see her?"

"No," said Walter, moodily.

"You had better not. I did once, and I can tell you her dragon of a father made me beat the hastiest retreat I ever heard of. Do you know, they say he is killing the child by inches?"

"How?"

Walter turned round, unwontedly interested.

"Why, training her just as one would a prize-fighter, only he don't give her so much air. He evidently intends to make his fortune with her. She is very beautiful—no sham about it, either—never paints, or very seldom. He keeps her at it seven or eight hours a day, right straight on. She never is allowed to go out by herself, and according to all accounts he is a cruel tyrant."

"And how old is the girl?"

"Old enough to have her own way, if she did but know it. She is nineteen, though she looks only sixteen. That man has no right to coerce her and make her an unhappy drudge."

"I should think not," said Walter, his passion increasing tenfold as he listened to the man beside him.

"By Jove!" was the next exclamation, "if I was rich I'd run off with her."

"That is, supposing she would go with you," said De Haas, his face flushing.

"Oh, she'd go fast enough—run away with anybody, I guess, to get out of such a life. You needn't glance at me that way—fact is, she don't like the stage."

"Who told you so?"

"Williams, the old man of the company, and a deuced fine actor, too. She is sometimes allowed to go out with him."

"I used to know Williams well," said Walter, "when I was a boy."

"Nice old fellow, Williams—everybody respects him. Well, good-night. I see you have no eyes but for the pretty Emily. I wish you success," and he went laughing out of the box.

On the following day Grisi sang. The concert was held in the theatre. Walter, finding that his box on the second tier had not been taken, lounged in there, as he had been accustomed to do at night. He had scarcely seated himself when the door opened, old Williams appeared, and, oh, joy! at his side was Emily.

The man drew back at sight of Walter.

"Pray, do not go, Mr. Williams," said De Haas. "I generally sit here, but if you wish to occupy the box with your party I will go. I've no special right here to-day."

"Oh, keep your seat. I have only a young lady with me. You seem to know me. I have not the pleasure of remembering your name."

"Walter De Haas."

"What, the son of Judge De Haas? Well, well, I'm sure I'm glad to meet you; haven't seen you for years. Emily, this is an old friend of mine. I remember he used to be bewitched to get behind the scenes. Miss Mountjoy, Mr. De Haas. The little girl wanted to hear Grisi. A packed house—a brilliant house!"

Walter said "Yes," absently, as Emily took her seat very much in the shadow of the curtain. He had attention only for her. There was a look of weariness in the large eyes, a pathetic movement of the lips, that enlisted all his sympathy after what he had heard the night before, and he was quite sure that she was not happy. It is needless to say that he improved his opportunity, and Emily's shy, sweet nature—for, actress though she was, it was both—stirred with the first impulses of a genuine affection. Williams left the box during the intermission. Walter took his place beside her, screened by the curtain and facing the stage.

"I need not say how delighted I was with *Juliet* last night," he said, in a low voice, his eyes kindling as they met her glance.

"Were you?" she responded, her cheeks glowing, then paling. "I believe I did as well as usual, but I am very tired of the *rôle*. Suppose you had practiced it almost daily since you were six years old?"

"Is that possible?"

"Yes. I was then called the infant prodigy. I believe I took pleasure in it then—but now—well, you hear there are some authors who do not like to talk of their books; some, even, who never read them after they are in print, or care to see them. I feel very much like that with regard to my impersonations."

"Then the life is distasteful to you?"

"Since my mother's death, yes. She died five years ago."

Her lips quivered, as if the loss had been a recent one.

"But you must have a decided genius for it."

"Perhaps I have, but I think it was worked out of me long ago. Ah, hear that beautiful singing! That is something to love, something to be proud of," she added, with shining eyes. I think I should like to have been a singer."

"I think you would like to be a sweet, domestic little wife, and would play that *rôle* to perfection," thought Walter to himself, more and more enchanted with her grace, beauty and gentleness.

Subsequent knowledge of her character only deepened his impression of her domestic qualities—and his love.

And how did Miss Hattie Fulsom regard her recreant lover? Suppose we introduce a little home scene here?

It was the time Miss Fulsom generally met her music-master. She had closed the inner blinds to shut the sun's glaring rays from the drawing-room interior, opened the splendid grand piano, and now fluttered restlessly back and forth, always pausing as she passed it to give a glance in the long panel mirror, to adjust a ribbon or a curl. Looking in her face, one would have wondered that Walter

De Haas could ever pronounce it cold. The cheeks and eyes were bright with some beautiful expectation, and the whole face looked very different from the tearful, care-worn countenance with which she had last met Walter.

At length came the sound of the door-bell, and in another moment appeared Professor Bury, with shining eyes and eager gesture. Little like pupil and teacher they met, for she flew toward him with outstretched hand, and he, bending down, gave her a lover's kiss.

"I have found just the place, darling," he said, walking with her toward the piano.

"I am so glad!" she responded.

"A small cottage, charmingly furnished, which, if you like, I shall buy just as it stands."

"I shall be sure to like it if it suits you; but it won't do to neglect business. You shall talk while I sing."

She seated herself with a laugh at the piano. He stood beside her, making little running comments. Presently he mentioned De Haas. Miss Fulsom colored violently.

"Much he cares for me," she said, her lip curling. "Do you know, I think he will be pleased when he finds himself released? He never loved me; and if he did, do you think I would tolerate him now? No, no; it is only papa I care for—poor papa! His heart has been set on this marriage for years, and he is very fond of Walter De Haas. Nobody will care but poor papa; and sometimes, do you know, I have been very near sacrificing everything for his sake? I felt so the day I sent you that note."

"But it would be most cruel to yourself, if you do not love the man," said the professor. "Please sing that line over again, and remember the *crescendo*. Ah, that is better! How magnificent your voice is to-day! And besides," recurring to the former subject, "De Haas is making himself ridiculous and notorious. You don't want people to pity you?"

"No, no—of all things," shuddering. "There's only one way out of the trouble," she added; "I cannot and will not marry him! And yet, poor papa—will he ever forgive me? He is an old man now, and I tremble for the consequences."

The professor moved uneasily.

"When he finds that I am well able to support you," he said, "and that you could not love De Haas, he will be very glad that you did not sacrifice yourself."

"Perhaps; he is very fond of me"—the girl passed her fingers over the keys—"but he is proud, and you know everything is in preparation for the wedding. I feel such a hypocrite! It would have been best to be frank."

"And the consequences—do you realize what they would have been? He would forbid me the house, and insist that the marriage should take place immediately—a loveless marriage—think of it!"

Hattie's hand fell from the ivory keys, and she shuddered from head to foot.

"Yes, it would be terrible! He would lock me up, perhaps," she added, with a nervous laugh; "but still——"

"My darling, let us not talk about what might have been, but what must and will be. We have gone too far to turn back, and I know you do not wish it. Once in our happy home, you will never look with longing to the past. Our marriage will be a nine-days' wonder, and then the world will cease to talk. It is a choice between a magnificent wedding-dress, a splendid marriage, a man whose heart is not yours, and one who loves you to distraction—one, too, who can afford you as beautiful things as any woman could desire. And, by-and-by, you shall give a bridal party in your own way. So, now all is settled, we will turn to the lesson."

Williams, as the old actor was familiarly called, gave De Haas frequent opportunities of meeting Emily Mountjoy.

"It's a shame the girl should be cheated out of her happiness," he said to Walter one day. "She is much too sensitive for the stage. I can speak from experience, for I have known her for fifteen years; she is one of the sweetest, loveliest creatures in the world. Her father will kill her, as he did her mother, I fear; she, poor soul, slaved herself to death."

"What would you advise me to do?" asked De Haas. "I love Emily as I never loved a woman before—I wish to win her honorably."

"You might go to her father," said Williams; "he will bluster and swear, but you must be firm. The girl is quite old enough to choose for herself, and he can't run her off just at present, with all the season before him."

Walter acted upon his advice. The manager was in his own private room, or den, as he called it—a dark, slight, sinister-looking man, and, as Walter was announced, came forward slowly. Walter stated the object of his visit.

"Great God! do you know what you ask?" queried Mountjoy, growing white to the lips. "That girl is worth ten thousand dollars to me in the next six months."

"But you certainly would not stand in the way of your child's happiness! Emily loves me. I am able to give her a luxurious home, having a fortune in my own right."

"Come, come, you don't mean that you would *marry* an actress?" said the manager, with a strange expression.

"I wish to marry Emily Mountjoy," said Walter, wincing a little.

"You are really a very peculiar young gentleman," responded the other, with a half-smile. "But, you see, I must look upon this matter in the light of a business transaction. If you marry my daughter, understand, you take a cool ten thousand out of my pocket. Now, I don't feel disposed to lose that money; in fact, I don't mean to do so."

"In other words, you wish me to reimburse you for the loss?"

"It might bear that interpretation," said the manager, coolly.

"Or, in plainer language still, you wish to sell your daughter to me—sell your own flesh and blood for so much money!" said Walter, his voice growing stern, his forehead contracting.

"I want to make myself good, call it what you will," was the coarse answer.

"And for how much are you willing to part with Miss Mountjoy?"

"Oh, as to that, make your own terms; I'll decide whether I can accept or no."

"She is of age—I'll run off with her."

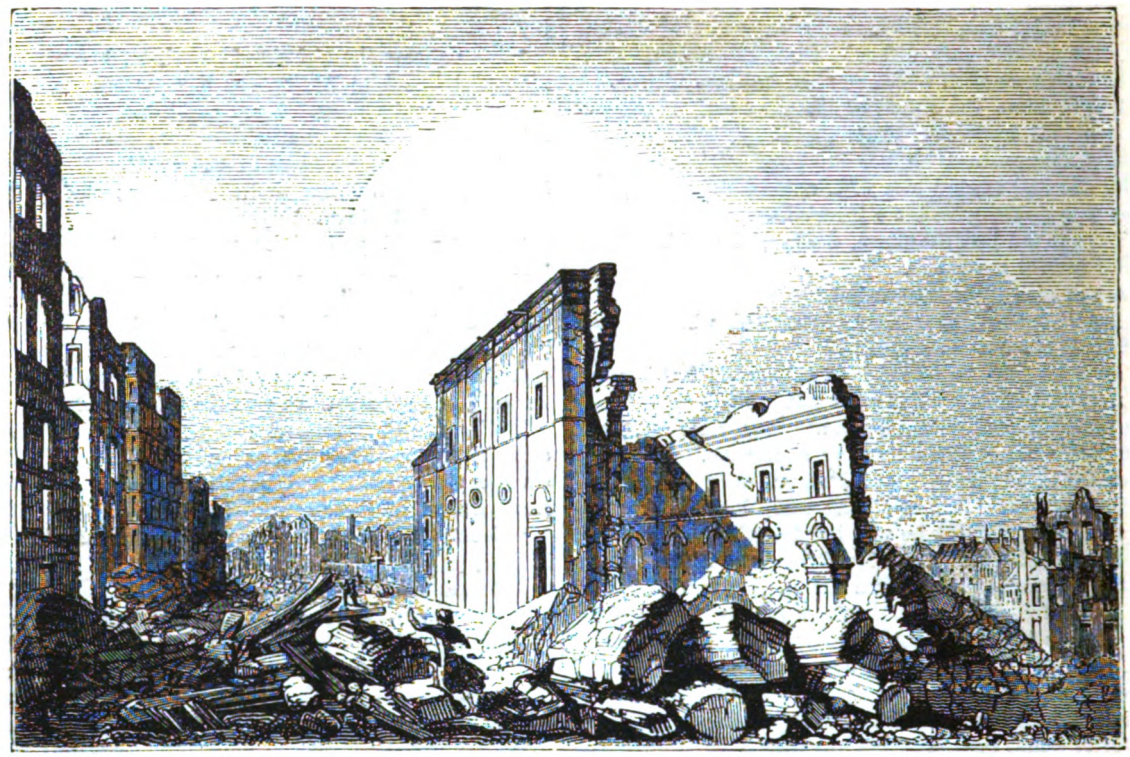
"I'll make New York too hot to hold you, if you do. There'd be a thing or two in the papers you wouldn't like."

Walter looked at him steadily, flushing to the roots of his hair.

The man was capable of anything. For a moment Walter stood irresolute.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Mountjoy," he said, after a little thought; "I will agree to pay you five thousand dollars as soon as I am married, if you will give up all claim on Emily. If she wishes to see you, she can call where you are, but you must never recognize her in any place, at any time. Provided you are willing to do this, and signify it in writing, I will give you my check for five thousand dollars, to be paid you the day we are married."

"Draw up the papers, sir," said the manager, scarcely able to conceal his delight, "and the girl is yours."



SCENE IN LISBON AFTER THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1755.—SEE PAGE 503.

Disgusted with his utter heartlessness, the young man readily complied with the manager's request; and after everything was settled in a thorough business manner he looked the man in the face steadily as he said:

"I suspect, sir, that Emily is not your daughter."

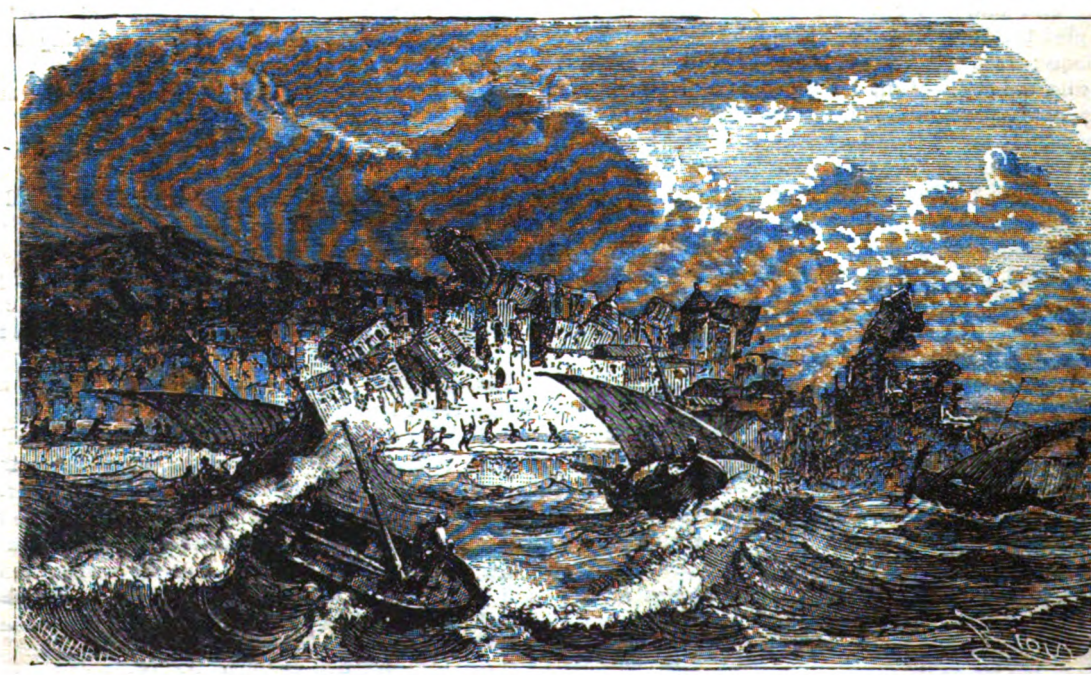
The man turned white, and actually retreated a few steps, while from his almost powerless lips the words fell incoherently:

"You—you—I—suspect—Emily—Mountjoy!"

"You might as well tell me the truth," continued Walter, coldly; "it can make no difference in our plans. You take notice, I have not once spoken of you in these papers as her father. Now, had you really been her father, you would have resented the omission; or, at least, have noticed it. Having my suspicions before, I did so purposely, and I am now convinced that this young lady is no child, no relative even, of yours."

The man stood aghast; then he folded up the papers and laughed in a reckless manner.

"Well, the truth will hurt nobody, I suppose, as these little documents make us all right. Emily's mother was a widow when I first met her, and in decidedly destitute



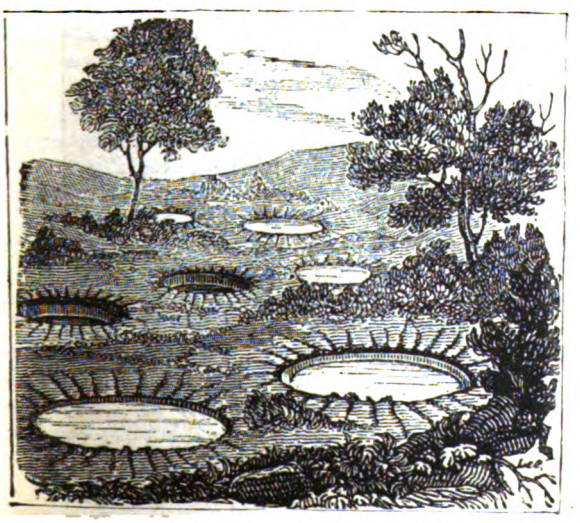
EARTHQUAKE AT MESSINA, 1783.

CALABRIAN PEASANTS SWALLOWED UP IN CREVASSES, 1785.

circumstances. Her husband was a physician, of good family, too—first-rate—and his relatives were quite too nice to have anything to do with her after she married me. She was a beautiful young creature, and her child, this Emily, only three years old, gave promise of more than ordinary ability. When I married her the woman consented to call the child by my name. I did my best to make the girl a great actress, but it isn't in her. Her unusual beauty draws good houses; I have kept her up to work, but it has made a deuced slave of me. Once let go on by herself, and she would be a failure. There, now, you know all. Her real name is Valiere."

"I feel almost as if I could shake hands with you," said Walter, in a low, changed voice. "No, on second thought, I don't think I could. Let me tell you, I consider this information I have just gained cheap at the price."

The thought that this man was really no kin to his peerless love filled him with exultation. There was now no need of secrecy, or of dread on account of this relationship.



POOLS FORMED AT ROSARIO BY EARTHQUAKE.

"But then, you see I have given her a home all these years," whined the man, not one whit abashed.

"And does Emily know of this?" asked Walter.

"No; she thinks herself my daughter."

"There shall be no concealment now," said Walter, as he left the theatre. "I will work fairly and aboveboard."

Remembering his interview with the sensation of

VIEW NEAR THE NORTH END OF THE GORGE, BELLA.

having been closeted with some hideous reptile, he went straight to the house of his affianced bride. The maid who opened the door had evidently been indulging in tears to an unlimited extent. She started back at the sight of him, with an exclamation of dismay.

"Yes, Mr. Fulsom is here," she said, in a low voice, but in great trouble.

"What has happened ?" asked Walter.

"Oh, you poor soul !" blubbered the girl, and ran away, sobbing. He knocked at the door of the library, vaguely alarmed. A quavering voice bade him enter.

"My dear boy !" exclaimed Mr. Fulsom, rising, his whole appearance indicating disorder and wretchedness, "have you come only to witness my misery ? Oh, this is too much." And, his voice failing him, he turned to the window.

"Pray tell me what has happened ?" cried Walter.

"Bear it like a man, my boy—it has nearly broken my heart. That wicked, faithless girl has gone !"

"Do you mean Hattie ?" and he paused, bewildered.

"For God's sake, don't give way ; bear it like a man !" moaned Mr. Fulsom, turning toward him. "Hattie has gone off clandestinely—eloped with her music-master—disgraced herself." And he hid his face.

"Bury is a very good fellow," said Walter, in a loud voice. The man looked up in utter astonishment.

"*You* can say that !" he exclaimed.

"I certainly can, and wish them both joy in the bargain. Bury has an enormous income ; he will be very rich yet."

"Well, well, I never——" murmured the bereaved father. "I thought you would have raved and stormed ; but, De Haas, it's really a great misfortune—a terrible scandal. She ran away night before last ; that is, she went to visit a friend. This morning comes a note written from her own house, in which she informs me that she was married yesterday. And here are cards out, and the wedding-breakfast ordered, and I made a confounded fool of—and I thought so much of the girl ; and she has made my name a byword and a jest. By heaven ! I'll never forgive her to my dying day !"

"And then you'll wish you had," said Walter.

"I see, I see ; you didn't love my girl, Walter De Haas," half sobbed the stricken man.

"How much did she love me ?" asked Walter.

"Surely, surely I thought she was breaking her heart over you, because you were——"

"Running after the actress," laughed Walter. "Let me tell you all about that ; it is what I specially came for." And in a few words he told his story.

Mr. Fulsom listened, first indignantly, then with sympathy.

"By heaven, I wish you'd bring her here ! I'd take her in the place of Hattie, and give her everything as it stands ; and we'll have a wedding after all, eh, Walter ? What do you say ?" and the poor old man, almost in his second childhood, rubbed his hands like a boy.

But Walter had other plans, and, though he would have preferred to carry them out with the strictest secrecy, the matter got abroad through some agency, and in one of the morning journals, some little time after, appeared the following :

"MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE.—Last night, at the residence of the bridegroom, Mr. Walter De Haas to Miss Emily Valiere. Miss Valiere has astonished and delighted our citizens for months past, under the name of Miss Emily Mountjoy."

And then followed the lady's history, embellished with many fanciful additions, as a matter of course, but all reflecting credit upon her.

It was some time before Mr. Fulsom could feel reconciled to the step his daughter had taken ; but as the months sped on, he longed to hear her voice, to feel the touch of her hand ; and so one day he sent for her, and a week from that time the pretty cottage was let, and the Burys, at his request, took up their abode in the grand old house, that the father might not miss those attentions so necessary to the aged and feeble, while he lived.

Emily and Hattie are great friends, and consider themselves the happiest wives in all the world.

USE OF OIL IN STORMY SEAS.

ALLUSIONS to oil calming troubled waters are common. In practice it is seldom done, yet now men begin to recognize the use of oil in allaying tempestuous waves at sea. Mr. Andrew Low, of London, writes to *Chambers's Journal* as follows on the subject :

'I was much interested in reading, some time ago, several articles in your *Journal*, about the use of oil in calming water, and preventing it from breaking over a ship exposed to a stormy sea. I mentioned what I had read to Captain Nicoll, of the bark *Lieutenant*, of Dundee, before he sailed from London last year for Mauritius, whence he sailed to Adelaide, then to Wallaroo, where he loaded a cargo of wheat in bags, with which he has just arrived at Falmouth for orders. I put an extra quantity of oil on board, that Captain Nicoll might have an opportunity of trying its effect ; and I inclose an extract from a letter from him giving the result of his experience, which I think may be interesting ; and it quite sufficiently proves the benefit of using oil in this way to induce me to try it again, recommending the captain to use two bags instead of one, and fish-oil instead of vegetable. The oil used in this case was colza oil."

The following is the extract above referred to, from the letter of Captain Nicoll : "As I wrote you, we had no occasion to try the oil on the outward passage ; and on trying it after leaving Wallaroo, I found it would require three—or two at the least—bags while lying to, one forward and one aft ; the reason of which is easily seen by any one using them, but might scarcely be credited without a trial.

"I used only one, which I had over the fore-part of the mizzen rigging. The one kept the water from breaking over the ship aft, but seemed to have no effect forward ; in proof of which, a sea broke over forward, starting five of the bulwark stanchions, the oil-bag being then half full, and not long pricked with a needle. From the middle of the ship aft, the oil could be plainly seen, the water not breaking in the least.

"My reason for using only one bag was, I found it required more oil than you mentioned. The weather was very cold ; and on first putting the oil over, it got into a hard lump ; but after pricking the bag once or twice, the water seemed to get into it, when it went away very fast. The bag contained about three gallons, and was empty in about eighteen hours. I think by having three smaller ones it would require no more oil, last as long, and be much more effective ; also fish-oil instead of vegetable."

Another correspondent, dating from Karpura, New Zealand, sends us a copy of a letter on the subject, which appeared in the *Auckland Weekly News*, written by Captain Champion, who, in the months of January and February, 1880, encountered two severe hurricanes in the South Pacific Ocean, off the coast of New South Wales.

"Enough," says the writer, "has been written about the extreme violence of the storms, so I need not speak

thereon. Suffice it to say that my schooner, *Ephemey*, would undoubtedly have been swamped had I not had recourse to oil-bags, which so successfully did their work, that I feel compelled to publish my method, thinking it may be of some benefit to others when similarly situated. I made five small canvas bags, each containing about three pints of paint-oil, and placed them in the following positions—namely, one on the weather taffrail, one abaft the main-rigging, one abaft the fore-rigging, one at the weather cat-head, and one at the flying jib-boom end. Each of these was securely attached to twelve or fifteen fathoms of line, and put afloat; the result being more than satisfactory. The schooner, at the time, was under a balance-reefed mainsail, all the other canvas stowed. Instead of anticipating a heavy sea, every moment sufficient to smash in our deck, we were able to ride tranquilly in water comparatively smooth, without shipping a bucketful; nor was it necessary to keep all hands on deck during the remainder of the storm. The quantity of oil mentioned above is sufficient to last forty-eight hours."

With such testimony to the properties of oil in allaying broken water, and thus perchance saving the ship from being swamped, we would again seriously call the attention of owners of vessels and of captains to the all-important subject. Hung over the sides, or over the bow or stern of a ship or boat, and allowed to wash alongside, a few bladders of oil, pricked by a knife or needle, will effectually prevent the "crest of the wave" from breaking, thus permitting the craft to outride the storm in comparative safety.

EARTHQUAKES.

By Professor P. Martin Duncan, F.R.S., etc.

Fortunately, in the United States, if we except California, only very slight shocks of earthquake are felt. Slight as may be the shake, if one is felt it is never forgotten, for the body is very slightly lifted up, or moved forward, and returned to its original position, and the mind is impressed with the energy existing within the earth which performed the unusual operation.

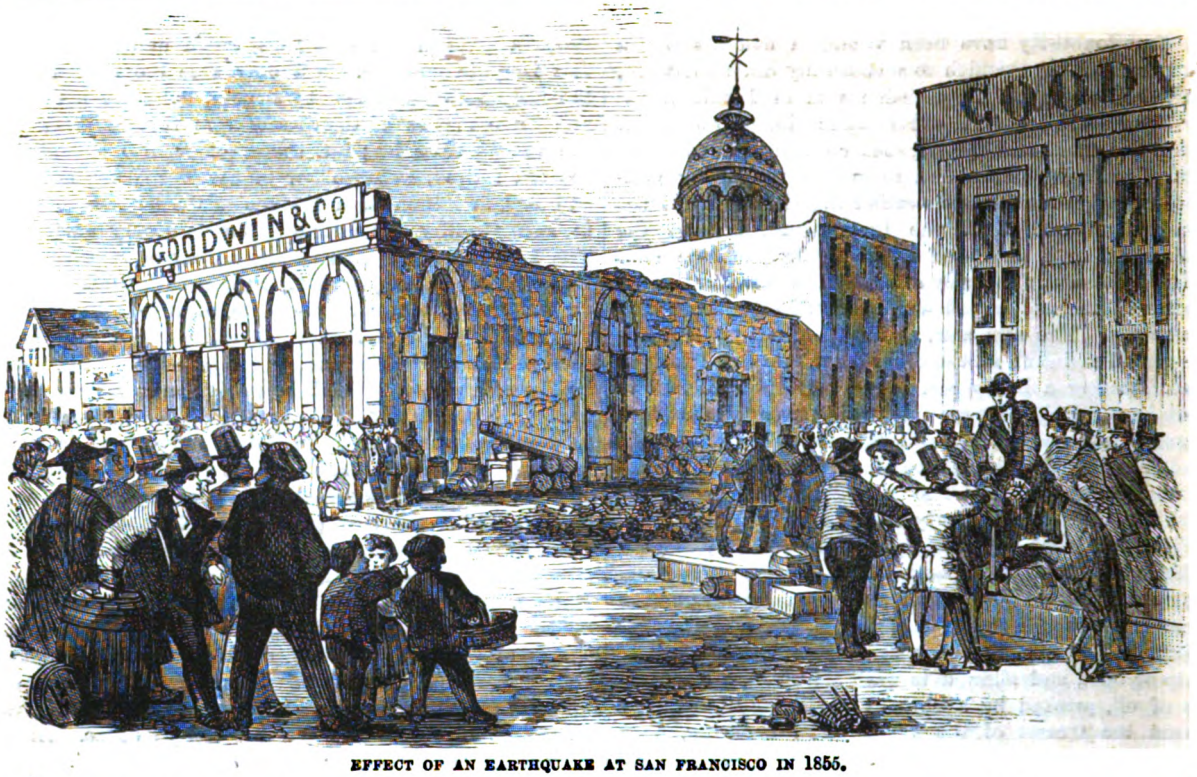
In other countries, and especially in those in, near, or between volcanic districts, the earthquake has always been a terrible natural phenomenon. Causing much loss of life, great fear, and loss of property, they were, and in some countries still are, considered especial evidences of divine vengeance. Producing marked results in the face of nature, and having been felt during every age of the earth, and even where there are no men, the scientific consider them as inevitable occurrences, produced according to natural law in the divine scheme of nature. The subject of earthquakes can only be considered reasonably by accumulating accurate histories of them and of their results, and then, by applying reasoning to the phenomena, to attempt an explanation of them. Hence its division into a descriptive part, which is now under consideration, and into a theoretical study, termed seismology, the main facts and doctrines of which will be explained hereafter.

One of the most awful earthquakes of modern times occurred without any premonitory indications, and it was most intense in a district which had hitherto been nearly free from them. On November 1st, 1755, the town of Lisbon presented its usual appearance, and the ordinary routine of life and business was being carried on, when suddenly, and without the least warning, a violent shock of earthquake threw down the greater part of the place. Houses fell in, streets were filled with the wreckage, and it is believed that 60,000 people lost their lives in the course of a few minutes. It is said that just before the shock a noise as of thunder was heard underground, and this is quite possible. Not only were the mountains in the neighborhood of the city shaken, but some were split, and huge masses of their rocks were thrown down into the valleys close by; but the sea-floor also suffered, for the sea retired, and the bar of the Tagus was left high and dry, and then in a few seconds a vast wave rolled in, rising to fifty feet, at least, above ordinary water level. The alarm caused by the falling buildings impressed the frightened crowd of people that the beautiful marble quay on the riverside was a safe place, as it was beyond the reach of falling ruins. A great concourse of people assembled there, but suddenly the structure sank down bodily with all on it, and no vestige ever appeared. A number of boats and small vessels, which were anchored near the quay, and many of which had people in them, were carried down in the whirlpool produced by the subsidence. The quay is said to have sunk, according to the level on which the new quay was erected, at least thirty feet. The amount of the surface of the earth which was affected by this earthquake was at least four times that of Europe. The shock was felt in the Alps, Pyrenees, and on the coast of Sweden, in the small inland lakes on the shores of the Baltic, in Central Germany and Northern Germany, and in the British Isles. The hot springs of Töplitz became dry and again began to flow, but in vast quantity, and the water was discolored by ochre. Alterations in the springs of the Pyrenees also occurred.

In the far-off West Indian Islands of Antigua, Barbadoes, and Martinique, the usually small tide rose above twenty feet, and the water was discolored and inky in blackness. The movement was sensible in the great lakes of Canada, which had been convulsed by earthquakes also in the year 1663. At Algiers and Fez, in North Africa, the agitation of the earth was as violent as in the Spanish Peninsula; and many people lost their lives in Morocco, it is said, by the earth opening and swallowing them up. The shock was felt at sea, and captains of ships off the coast thought that they had touched ground. One, Captain Clark, when off Denia, on the east coast of Spain, between nine and ten in the morning, had his ship shaken and strained as if she had struck upon a rock, so that the seams of the deck opened, and the compass was overturned in the binnacle. Another ship, forty leagues west of St. Vincent, experienced so violent a concussion that the men were thrown up from the deck. The agitation of many of the lakes, rivers, and springs in England and Scotland was remarkable. At Loch Lomond, in Scotland, the water, without the least apparent cause, rose against its banks, and then subsided below its usual level. The greatest height it reached was two feet, four inches. A great wave swept over the coast of Spain, and it is said to have been sixty feet high at Cadiz. On the African coast the wave rose and fell eighteen times, and at Funchal, on the distant Island of Madeira, the water rose full fifteen feet above high-water mark, although the tide, which ebbs and flows there about seven feet, was then at half-ebb. Besides entering the city and committing great havoc, it overflowed other seaports in the island. Kinsale, in Ireland, had an irruption of water into the harbor, which whirled the fishing-boats about, and poured into the market-place.

The earthquake shock was felt at Madeira twenty-five minutes after it destroyed Lisbon, and the great sea-wave appears to have traveled from the coast of Portugal to that island in two and a half hours.

About four years after this sudden and solitary earthquake shock, a series occurred in Syria; that is to say, during three months shock after shock occurred over a



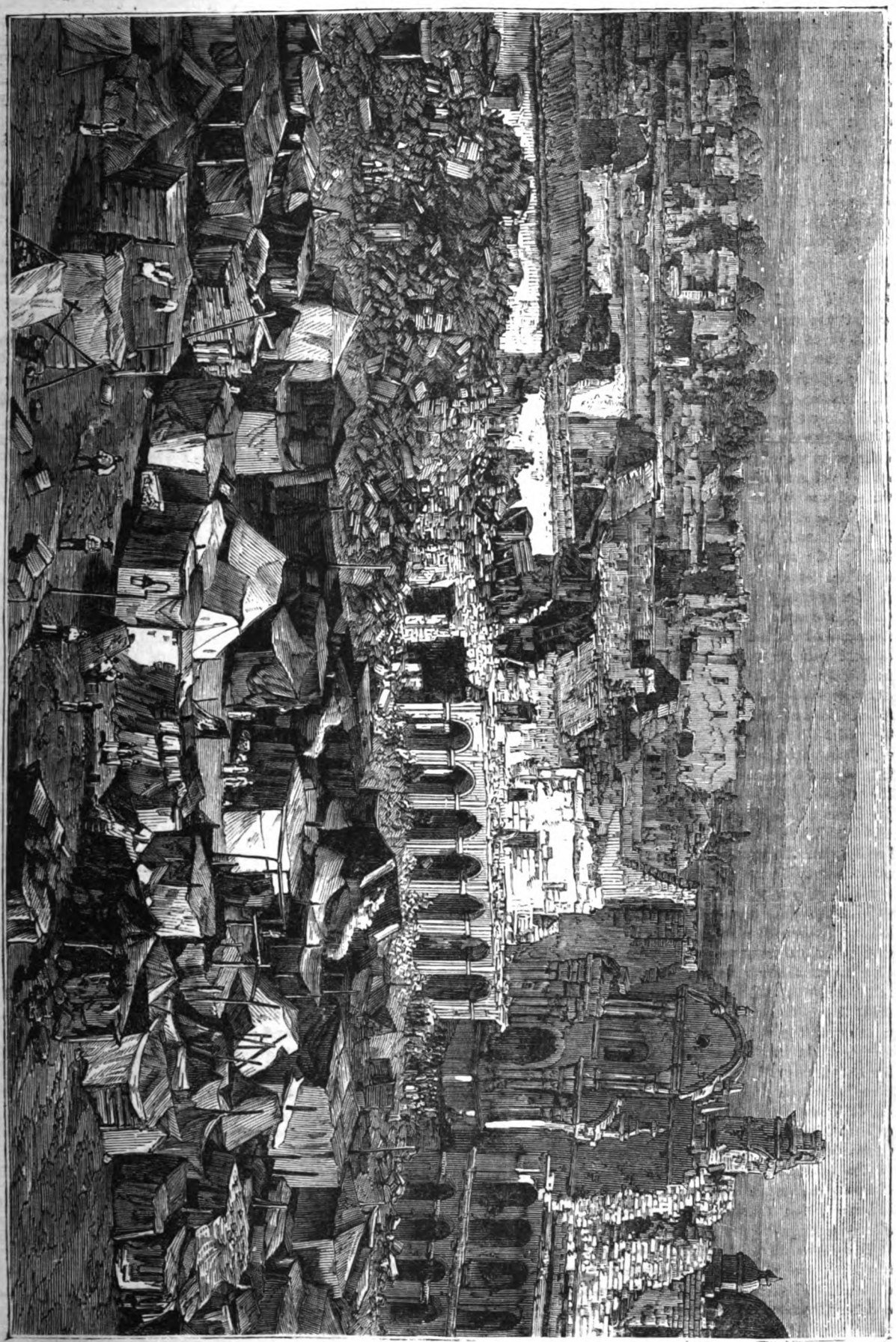
EFFECT OF AN EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO IN 1855.

space of some 10,000 square leagues. Damascus, Sidon, Tripoli, and many other towns, were wrecked, and great numbers of people perished, and it is said that 20,000 were killed in one valley alone.

Chili, on the western coast of South America, has been celebrated for its severe earthquakes, and for their remarkable results on the physical geography of the district. On November 19th, 1822, a shock was felt there and elsewhere throughout a space of 1,200 miles from north to south; and when the country round Valparaiso was examined subsequently, it was found to have been permanently upheaved between three and four feet. The whole coast appears to have been irregularly lifted up beyond its ordinary level above the sea. The shocks continued at intervals—forty-eight hours rarely passing without one—up to the end of September, 1823, and the total upheaval of the coast was from two to four feet, and inland to five, six, or seven feet—this change of level taking place over 100,000 square miles.

Another severe earthquake happened in 1835, whilst that accurate observer of nature, Charles Darwin, was in South America. On February 20th, he writes: "This day has been memorable in the annals of Valdivia, for the most severe earthquake experienced by the oldest inhabitant. I happened to be on shore, and was lying down in the wood to rest myself; it came on suddenly, and lasted two minutes, but the time appeared much longer. The rocking of the ground was very sensible. The undulations appeared to my companion and myself to come from due east, whilst others thought they proceeded from south-west; this shows how difficult it sometimes is to perceive the direction of the vibrations. There was no difficulty in standing upright, but the motion made me almost giddy; it was something like the movement of a vessel in a cross ripple, or still more like that felt by a person skating over thin ice, which bends under the weight of his body. A bad earthquake at once destroys our oldest associations; the earth, the very emblem of solidity, has moved beneath our feet like a thin crust over a fluid; one second of time has created in the mind a strange idea of insecurity, which hours of reflection could not have produced. In the forest I felt only the earth tremble, but

EARTHQUAKE AT MITYLENE IN 1869.



RUINS OF AREQUIPA AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1868.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

saw no other effect. Captain FitzRoy and some officers were at the town during the shock, and there the scene was more striking; for, although the houses, being built of wood, did not fall, they were violently shaken, and the boards creaked and rattled together." Soon after he heard the terrible news that not a house in Concepcion or its port was standing, that seventy villages were destroyed, and that a great wave had almost washed away the ruins of Talcahuano. "Of this latter statement I soon saw abundant proofs, the whole coast being strewed over with timber and furniture, as if a thousand ships had been wrecked. During my walk round the island I observed that numerous fragments of rock, which, from the marine productions adhering to them, must recently have been lying in deep water, had been cast up high on the beach. The island itself as plainly showed the overwhelming power of the earthquake as the beach did that of the consequent great wave. The ground in many parts was fissured in north and south lines, perhaps caused by the yielding of the parallel and steep sides of this narrow island. Some of the fissures near the cliffs were a yard wide. Many enormous masses had fallen on the beach; and the inhabitants thought that when the rains began greater slips would occur. The effect of the vibration on the hard primary slate which composes the foundation of the island was still more curious; the superficial parts of some narrow ridges were as completely shivered as if they had been blasted by gunpowder."

Mr. Darwin states that this convulsion has been more effectual in lessening the size of the Island of Quiriquina than the ordinary wear and tear of the sea and weather during the course of a whole century. He landed on the next day, and visited Talcahuano, and afterward Concepcion, and was impressed with the awful yet interesting spectacle he beheld. He writes: "The earthquake commenced at half-past eleven in the forenoon. In Concepcion each house, or row of houses, stood by itself, a heap or line of ruins; but in Talcahuano, owing to the great wave, little more than one layer of bricks, tiles and timber, with here and there a part of a wall left standing, could be distinguished. The first shock was very sudden. The Major-domo of Quiriquina told me that the first notice he received of it was finding both the horse he rode and himself rolling on the ground, and on rising up he was again thrown down. Innumerable small tremblings followed the great earthquake, and within twelve days no less than three hundred were counted. In the town of Concepcion, which was built with all the streets running at right angles to each other, the ruin was caused by a shock or vibration coming from the southwest. This upset all the houses placed northwest and southeast, and fissures opened in the ground along the direction of the houses. Some buildings, such as the cathedral, stood in part, and were often found twisted; but the rest were thrown down, and the stones rolled away."

Three hundred and sixty miles to the northeast the Island of Juan Fernandez was violently shaken, so that trees beat against each other, and a volcano burst forth into activity close to the shore. Moreover, Chiloe, about 340 miles southward of Concepcion, was shaken, and two existing volcanoes in the Andes, close by, burst forth. Vast, indeed, was the land surface shaken, and a corresponding earthquake seems to have occurred beneath the sea. The wave already alluded to was its result. For, shortly after the shock at Concepcion, a great wave was seen from the distance of three or four miles approaching with a smooth outline in the middle of the bay; along shore it tore up trees and houses as it swept onward with irresistible force. At the head of the bay it broke into a perfect line of white foaming breakers, which rushed up to a height of twenty-three feet above the highest Spring tides. Their force moved a gun with its carriage, weighing four tons, more than fifteen feet. In one part of the bay a ship was pitched high and dry on shore, and was carried off, again driven on, and again carried off. The great wave traveled slowly.

Terrible as was the loss of life, and vast as was the loss of property, the permanent effects of this earthquake on the surface of the earth were indeed remarkable. The land round the bay was upraised two or three feet, and about thirty miles off the elevation was greater, and the inhabitants got shell-fish off the rocks which they had to dive for previously. Finally, the space of the earth along which volcanic matter was cast forth that day was 720 miles in one line and 400 in another line, at right angles to the first. This catastrophe was a grand repetition of one which occurred in the same locality eighty-four years before (1751). The ancient town of Penco was then totally destroyed by an earthquake, and the sea rolled in over it. The ancient port was rendered useless, and the inhabitants built another town about ten miles from the seacoast, in order to be beyond the reach of similar inundations. This was Concepcion.

The west coast of South America appears, indeed, to be the land of earthquakes, and of the accompanying sea wave. Thus, Lyell records that in 1746 Peru was visited, on October 28th, by a tremendous earthquake. In the first twenty-four hours two hundred shocks were experienced. The ocean twice retired, and returned impetuously upon the land; Lima was destroyed, and part of the coast near Callao was converted into a bay. There were twenty-three ships, great and small, in the harbor of Callao, of which nineteen were sunk, and the other four, among which was a frigate called *San Firmin*, were carried by the force of the waves to a great distance up the country, and left on dry ground at a considerable height above the sea. The number of inhabitants in this city amounted to 4,000, and only 200 escaped, twenty-two of whom were saved on a small fragment of the fort of Vera Cruz, which remained as the only memorial of the town. Other portions of its site were completely covered with heaps of sand and gravel.

Earthquakes are common on the other side of this region, and occasionally affect the West Indian Islands severely. An old, yet well-recorded, instance, is that of the earthquake of Jamaica, in 1692. The ground swelled and heaved like a rolling sea, and was traversed by numerous cracks, 200 or 300 of which were seen at a time, opening and then closing rapidly again. Many people were swallowed up in these rents; some the earth caught by the middle and squeezed to death; the heads only of others appeared above ground; and some were engulfed, and then cast forth again with great quantities of water. Such was the devastation, that even in Port Royal, then the capital, where more houses are said to have been left standing than in the whole island besides, three-quarters of the buildings, together with the ground they stood on, sank down, with their inhabitants, entirely under water. The large stone houses on the harbor side subsided so as to be from twenty-four to forty-eight feet under water; yet many of them appear to have remained standing, for it is stated that after the earthquake the mastheads of several ships wrecked in the harbor, together with the chimney-tops of houses, were seen just projecting above the waves. A tract of land around the town, about 1,000 acres in extent, sank down in less than one minute during the first shock, and the sea immediately rushed in. The *Swan* frigate, which was repairing in the wharf, was driven over

the tops of many buildings, and thrown upon one of the roofs, through which it broke. The breadth of one of the streets is said to have been doubled by the earthquake.

Lyell states that he was informed by the late Admiral Sir C. Hamilton that he frequently saw the submerged houses of Port Royal in the year 1780, in that part of the harbor which lies between the town and the usual anchorage for men-of-war; and that Lieutenant Jeffery, R. N., saw the remains of houses in four or eight fathoms in clear water. Out of the town the ruin was vast. Some plantations sank, and were covered in after years by a lake of fresh water; several tenements were buried in landslips; and one plantation was removed half a mile, by a slide from its place—growing crops and all. Between Spanish Town and "Sixteen-mile Walk" the high and perpendicular cliffs bounding the river fell in, stopped the passage of the river, and flooded the latter place. The Blue Mountains were much shattered, fissured, and their soil set loose in landslips.

A friend of the writer of this notice was residing on a small island near the principal town of Martinique, in a house built mainly of wood. Early one morning, whilst dressing, he felt a slight shock of an earthquake, and, taking up his watch, he and the rest of the family ran out into the grounds. Immediately afterward a second shock was felt, and he looked at his watch, and on raising his eyes saw the building collapsing as if it had been made of cards, and also a great dust over the town in the distance. In three seconds all was quiet underground, but parts of the house kept falling. An hour or two afterward, when the dust and smoke were carried off by the wind, the town on the island opposite was seen to be a mere wreck. On landing there as soon as was possible, and on inquiring of the people the nature of the shock, it was generally stated that it lasted at least twenty minutes—so great, under the influence of terror and danger, was the discrepancy.

The late Mr. David Forbes was residing at Mendoza, a town on the flanks of the Andes, close to the great plains running for many miles to the east—a quiet, lazy town, where life passed easily and where men's wants were not very great, was this very enjoyable city. Forbes rode out one day with some friends, and when some miles from the town they saw a long line of dust, and then a rolling motion of the ground threw them down, horses and all. They had been accustomed to earthquakes in other parts of the district, and knew that something terrible must have happened at Mendoza. Galloping there, they found the city destroyed, some thousands of its inhabitants killed, and for days they worked at extricating the wounded. The city on the hillside had felt the shock from the plain, and this moved, but the mountain stood still or suffered comparatively little movement; the push of earth against the unyielding hills threw down nearly every house.

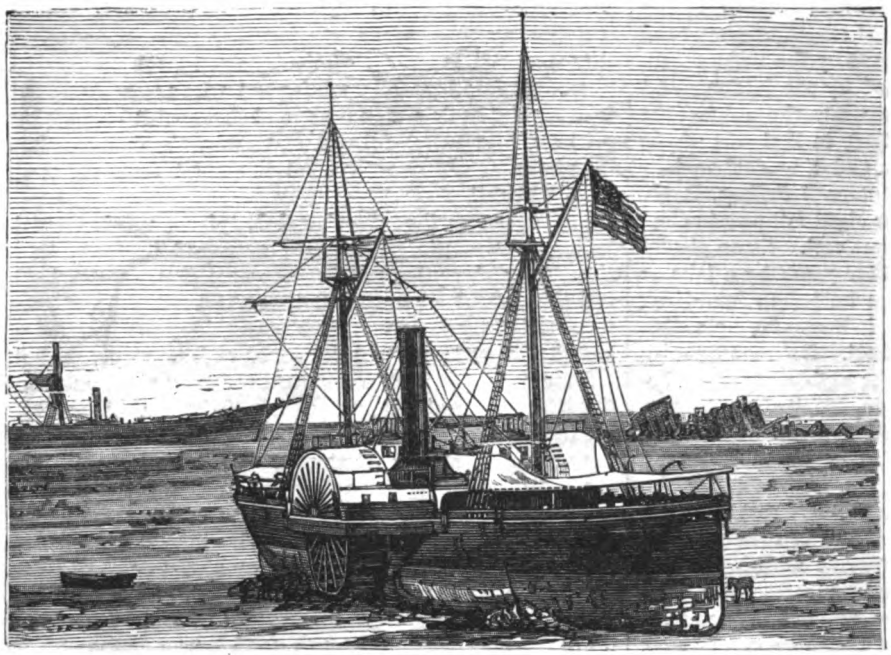
The years 1811 and 1812 were terrible for their earthquakes, and in the first of them the ground of South Carolina and the Valley of the Mississippi, from New Madrid to the mouth of the Ohio in one direction, and to the St. Francis in another, was convulsed in such a degree as to produce new lakes and islands. Old lakes were drained, water was forced out of the ground, and the trees were bent down and got their branches interlocked with others as they were restored to their position. Lyell visited the scene years afterward, and noticed the lakes, the rents in the soil, and the great fissures, and was struck with the grand vegetation of cotton-trees on the district once occupied by a piece of water. These results were the product of a succession of shocks, which occurred during several successive months, and they seem to have stopped in 1812, after a most destructive earthquake took place far south, at Caracas. The whole of that city and its splendid churches were in an instant a ruin, and 10,000 people perished. A few days afterward great rocks were detached from a neighboring mountain, and Humboldt states that the hills, consisting of hard, solid rocks, shook more than the plains. Subsequently a volcano burst forth far away in St. Vincent.

In 1869 an earthquake visited Mitylene, and in the following years similar phenomena appeared in South America. Arica, Arequipa and Iquique were destroyed in 1868, and the sea was so convulsed that the U. S. Ship *Wateree* was carried far inland at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and the Court House was destroyed at Independence, Cal.

Even so late as 1879, earthquakes of great violence shook the highly volcanic district of San Salvador. More than six hundred shocks were felt during the last ten days of the year, and were heaviest near the Lake Ilopany. On the last day of the year a shock came that broke the telegraph wires, and made the ground on which the observer stood a perfect network of cracks. It opened great springs, increased the water supply of the rivulets to ten times its former amount, and muddied the waters of the lake. In many places thousands of tons weight of earth were rolled down the hills or slipped into valleys. The end of all this disturbance was the sudden appearance of a volcanic cone in the lake.

That part of Southern Italy which is called Calabria Ultra, and also part of Sicily, a district situated between the volcanoes of Vesuvius near Naples, and Etna in Sicily, respectively, suffered from a great earthquake in 1783, and a second in 1857. A careful examination of the last terrible visitation enabled Mr. R. Mallet to form a theory and explanation of the shock. It, moreover, together with the examination of the history of the former catastrophe, enabled the results of the earthquakes to be noticed, and their peculiarities employed in reasoning upon some of the great geological changes which have occurred in the earth. The greater part of the towns of Calabria were built on isolated hills, for the sake of security and defense, during the Middle Ages. The sides of the hills were often precipitous on three of the sides. The district began to suffer shocks in the February of 1783, and Pignatoro, a physician who resided at Monteleone, a town placed in the very heart of the disturbed locality, kept a register of the tremblings, distinguishing them into four classes, according to their degree of violence. There were 949 in that year, of which 501 were great; and in the following year there were 151, of which 98 were of the first magnitude. They lasted until the end of 1786.

The greatest amount of damage was done at Oppido, and in a radius of twenty-two miles around that town. The first shock, on February 5th, 1783, threw down in two minutes the greater part of the houses in all the cities, towns and villages from the western flanks of the Apennines, in Calabria Ultra, between the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallel of latitude, to Messina, in Sicily, and convulsed the whole surface of the country. The shock was felt with less severity over the greater part of Sicily, and as far north as Naples. Thus the extent of the catastrophe was not nearly as great as that of many of the South American earthquakes; but it happened in a highly civilized country, and at a time when men like Sir William Hamilton and Dolomieu were at hand to investigate the results, and during that ferment of scientific thought which distinguished the last years of the last century. Hearsay and traditions were therefore not included in the history of the earthquake, but careful and trained observers noted and delineated the phenomena.



THE "WATEREE" CARRIED ASHORE NEAR ARICA IN 1868.

The loss of life was not less than that of 40,000 individuals, and at least 20,000 died subsequently from the results of injuries, fright and exposure. By far the greater number were buried under the ruins of their houses, and many were burnt in the conflagrations which followed on the falling in and destruction of the buildings. Dolomieu, who visited Messina after the shock, describes the city as still presenting, at least at a distance, an imperfect image of its ancient splendor. Every house was injured, but the walls were standing; the whole population had taken refuge in wooden huts in the neighborhood, and all was silence in the streets; it seemed as if the city had been desolated by the plague. But he writes, "When I passed over to Calabria, and first beheld Polistena, the scene of horror almost deprived me of my faculties—my mind was filled with mingled compassion and terror. Nothing had escaped—all was leveled with the dust; not a single house or piece of wall remained; and on all sides were heaps of stone, so destitute of form that they gave no conception of there ever having been a town on the spot."

EFFECT OF EARTHQUAKE AT ST. THOMAS IN 1868.

One of the most gigantic results of this earthquake was the disconnection of the strata consisting of softer substances from the granite and hard rock, which they flanked, along the Apennines. Thus the earth on the granite of the mountains Caulone, Esope, Sagra and Aspromonte slid over the solid and steeply inclined hard rock, and descended bodily into the plains lower down, leaving almost uninterruptedly from St. George to beyond St. Christina, a distance of from nine to ten miles, a chasm between the soft and hard rock. The formation of longitudinal valleys in relation to mountain chains may therefore be the result of earthquake in the first instance. A whirling movement was exerted in some places, and the upper stones of obelisks and pillars were displaced, the

RUINS OF THE COURT HOUSE, INDEPENDENCE, CAL., IN 1872.

EARTHQUAKE AT BALD MOUNTAIN, N. C., IN 1874.

lower retaining their usual position, and the displacement was that of turning round more or less. Masses of earth were cast upward, and the pavement-stones of some towns were found lying with their lowest sides upward, whilst there were well-authenticated instances of the upward casting to the height of some feet of loosely-lying structures. The rending and fissuring of the ground at Messina were remarkable, and the formerly level shore was slanted or inclined toward the sea, and the water was found to be deeper; moreover, the quay sank down fourteen inches below sea level, and the houses close by were much fissured. In the territory of Soriano faulting of strata occurred, and one part became some ten feet lower than the rest. On the other hand, in the town of Terranuova some houses were seen uplifted above the common level, and in some streets the soil appeared thrust up and abutted against the walls, and a circular tower of solid masonry had part of its foundation heaved out of the ground.

Men and cattle were engulfed in the fissures which opened as the shock proceeded, and at Ferocarne the fissuring could be compared to the cracks in a starred and half-broken pane of glass in their number and direction. Deep abysses occurred, and at Cannamaria four farmhouses, several oil stores, and some dwellings were so completely lost in a chasm, that no vestiges have ever appeared. Some of these cracks and rendings led to subterranean cavities which had existed before. Some plains were covered with circular hollows, for the most part about the size of carriage-wheels; and when they got filled with water, they resembled shallow wells. Usually they were funnel-shaped, and the tube part went into the earth for a greater or less distance. On the other hand, cones of sand were thrown up with water, and especially on marshy lands. The landslips crossed many a river and blocked it up, causing a lake to form in the valley; and the Government reporters gave 218 lakes as having this origin.

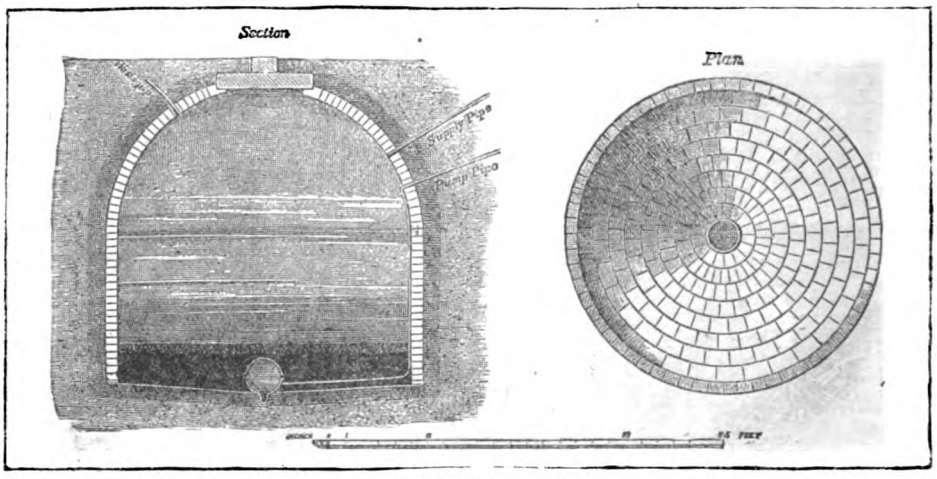
Along the coast of the Straits of Messina, near the celebrated rock of Scylla, the fall of huge masses from the cliffs overwhelmed villas and gardens; and the Mount Jaci was so shaken that a great mass of it rolled down. Immediately afterward, the sea, rising more than twenty feet above the level of the district, swept away men, cattle, and boats, destroying the Prince of Scylla and 1,430 of his people.

A violent earthquake occurred in Cutch, in the delta of the Indus, on January 16th, 1819, and the movement was felt over a radius of 1,000 miles to the northeast, east, and southeast. Deepening of the estuary and sinking of the fort and village of Sindree, and the inrush of the sea covering 2,000 square miles, were the principal results; but an extent of country fifty miles long and sixteen broad was permanently elevated ten feet.

It will have been noticed, during the study of these descriptions of earthquakes, that both land and sea are affected; and it is equally true that meteoric phenomena are also frequently observed. The movement progresses from a certain spot, and is more intense in some places than in others, and acts differently on certain places on the plain, hill, and coast. The repetition of shocks, of greater or less severity, week after week, is to be noticed, and also their extension over great spaces; their relation to other and distant earthquakes, and to the outburst of volcanoes, must have been noticed. The earthquake often precedes the volcanic eruption, and these last have been called safety-valves, but really they are both part of a grand phenomenon. The results of the shock—a movement from within, at a greater or less angle to the surface—must impress everybody with the grandeur of the occurrence. The upheaval and subsidence of land, the fissuring of the earth, the slipping of land, and the fall of rocks, are most important in their relation to permanent changes in the aspect of nature. The great waves of the sea, produced by upheaval or subsidence of parts of the coast line, or even of the deep sea floor, are terrible. The inrush and reflux wear the land, and do more in the way of change in a few minutes than can be performed during centuries of ordinary wear and tear. Often distant countries, like New Zealand, learn of South American earthquakes by the sudden arrival of waves, which have crossed the thousands of miles of the Pacific hour after hour in their destructive voyage.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

A WATER-FILTERING TANK.—The figures illustrate the plan and section of a filtering-tank designed for storing water collected from the roofs of villas and other buildings for domestic purposes. Mr. Thomson, knowing the rainfall of the Glasgow district to be about 6 inches per annum, and finding the roofing of his villa to be about 50 feet square, readily ascertained that the roof in question could collect about 46,0 0 gallons of rain-water in a year, or on an average 125 gallons per diem. Experience has also taught him that a tank 12 feet in diameter and the same in depth is capable of storing this amount of water, when it is being used for household purposes at the same time. A desirable position for the tank being chosen, a cylindrical cavity should be dug to the depth and diameter of 15 feet, thus affording 9 inches of thickness for puddle, 9 inches for brick-walling, and 12 feet for water. The wall should be formed of well-burned bricks, 9 inches long, 6 inches broad, and 3 inches thick, built on the arch principle for strength. The expense of the whole, including pump,



A WATER-FILTERING TANK.

need not amount to more than $100. The tank is fitted with supply-pump and waste-pipes, and a man-hole for cleansing purposes. The filter is prepared by spreading a 12-inch layer of fresh wood charcoal, broken into lumps about 1 inch across, over the bottom of the tank; over this is laid a stratum of very fine animal (or wood) charcoal dust intimately mixed with pure sand; and over this is again a 12-inch layer of pure sand only. The water, when filtered, is very limpid and free from impurities, and is, moreover, as cold as well-water in the sultriest weather.

JEWISH LONGEVITY.—Some remarkable statistics have lately been published, concerning the Jews. It appears from the most careful German estimates that there are twelve millions of this race in the world, or one Hebrew to one hundred and sixteen of all mankind. In Frankfort the comparative longevity of Christians and Jews was as follows: One-fourth of all Christians born died

in seven years; the same proportion of Jews lived above twenty-eight years. One-half of the Christians died in thirty-six years and a half; of the Jews one-half lived more than fifty-three years. The remaining fourth of the Christians were dead at sixty years, and of the Jews not till seventy-one years. In Prussia, forty-four per cent. of the Christians lived to be fourteen years old, and fifty per cent. of the Jews. Twelve per cent. of the Christians endured till their twentieth year, but twenty per cent. of the Jews. In 100,000 of the Christian population there were 145 deaths, and only eighty-nine deaths among the same number of Jews. Long life is in the Jewish faith their evidence of the Divine approval. These statistics prove, so far as they go, that they have it more than the Christians around them. Or else they prove that Christians are not as faithful to the laws of life as the Hebrews. A difference of one-fourth and more in the average duration of existence is certainly remarkable. Is it not actually true that Jewish children are better brought up and cared for than the children of Christian populations?

INTERESTING TESTS MADE BY THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST.—Dr. Edward G. Love, the present Analytical Chemist for the Government, has recently made some interesting experiments as to the comparative value of baking powders. Dr. Love's tests were made to determine what brands are the most economical to use. And as their capacity lies in their leavening power, tests were directed solely to ascertain the available gas of each powder. Dr. Love's report gives the following: "The prices at which baking powders are sold to consumers I find to be usually fifty cents per pound. I have therefore calculated their relative commercial values according to the volume of gas yielded, on a basis of fifty cents cost per pound."

Name of Baking Powder.	Available Gas—Cubic Inches per each Ounce Powder.	Comparative worth Per Pound.
"Royal" (cream tartar powder).....	127.4	50 cts.
"Patapsco" (alum powder)	125.2	49 "
"Rumford's" (phosphate) fresh.....	122.5	48 "
" " old.....	32.7	13 "
"Hanford's None Such".....	121.6	47¼ "
"Redhead's".....	117.0	46 "
"Charm" (alum powder)...	116.9	46 "
"Amazon" (alum powder).....	111.9	44 "
"Cleveland's" (short weight ¾ oz.)..	110.8	43 "
"Czar".....	106.8	42 "
"Price's Cream".....	102.6	40 "
"Lewis's" condensed.....	98.2	38½ "
"Andrew's Pearl".....	93.2	36¾ "
"Hecker's Perfect".....	92.5	36 "
Bulk Powder.....	80.5	30 "
Bulk Aerated Powder.....	75.0	29 "

"NOTE.—I regard all alum powders as very unwholesome. Phosphate and tartaric acid powders liberate their gas too freely in process of baking, or under varying climatic changes suffer deterioration."

LUMINOUS PAINTING.—*Nil novi sub sole.*—The Japanese, nine hundred years ago, seem to have been practically acquainted with the art of luminous painting, and thus to have anticipated Mr. Balmain. In looking through the article "ye" (pictures) in the Sinico-Japanese Encyclopædia, "Wakan san sai dzu-ye" (Illustrated Description of the Three Powers, *i.e.*, heaven, earth and man), I recently came upon a passage, of which the following slightly condensed rendering may, perhaps, be of some interest to your readers: "In the Rui-yen (Lei-yuen, Garden of Sundries—a sort of Chinese Collectanea) we read of one Sü Ngoh, who had a picture of an ox. Every day the ox left the picture-frame to graze, and returned to sleep within it at night. This picture came into the possession of the Emperor T'ai Tsung, of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 976-988), who showed it to his courtiers, and asked them for an explanation, which none of them, however, could give. At last a certain Buddhist priest said that the Japanese found some nacreous substance within the flesh of a kind of oyster they picked up when the rocks were bared at low tide, and that they ground this into a color-material, and then painted pictures with it which were invisible by day and luminous by night." "No doubt," adds the author of the encyclopædia, "when it is said that the ox left the picture-frame during the day to go a-grazing, it is meant simply that during the day the figure of the ox was not visible."

WELL may men speak of "old" Norway. Even as regards human records, its antiquity goes back far enough to merit that appellation. But if we pass to the earlier history of Europe the fitness of the epithet becomes singularly impressive. To that northern region of tableland and valley the geologist looks as the cradle of the continent. The plains of Russia and Germany are formations but of yesterday. The Urals, the Alps, the Pyrenees, the high grounds of Bohemia, Saxony and Central France have appeared at various widely separated epochs, and have undergone many vicissitudes in a long course of ages. But the uplands of Scandinavia, though they, too, have not been without their mutations, already existed as land almost at the beginning of those ages which are chronicled in the rocky records of the earth's crust. From the sand and mud washed down from these uplands the formations have been derived out of which, for example, most of the highlands of Scotland, Wales and Ireland have been built up. So far as we can tell, the earliest land of Europe rose in the north and northwest. The subsequent growth of the continent has been over the tract of shallow sea by which the first land was bounded. There is thus a peculiar interest in the study of the geological structure and history of Scandinavia. It is in that region that by far the largest fragment of archæan Europe exists, and that the data are chiefly to be sought from which the earliest chapters of European geological history must be written.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

SHOW us the man whose waist has ever been encompassed by an arm of the sea.

IS THERE a soul living who has heard a sentiment emanating from the breast of veal?

IF a man sitting on a chest is shot at, he would prefer, if hit at all, to be hit in his chest.

WHEN a man speaks to a lamppost, and cautions it not to "bob round so," it shows that the *post* is getting irregular in its habits, and needs looking after.

A WRETCHED old bachelor suggests a "model wife" as a supplement to the "steam man"—a fixture in the house, speechless, and able to do the work for a family of fifteen.

AN organ-grinder, suspecting that his monkey was in the habit of "knocking down" a portion of his receipts, now compels the quadrupedal collector to use a bell-punch.

A YOUNG gentleman recently at an evening entertainment was asked by a number of gushing and music-loving ladies if he would play. "Certainly," he said; "bring on the cards."

BLINDMAN'S BUFF is supposed to come nearer to genuine human sympathy than any other amusement known to the children of men, because *it is a fellow feeling for a fellow-creature.*

A SCHOOLMASTER had a great deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally he succeeded, and remarked: "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey in the town."

"WHY," asked a lady of an old judge—"why cannot a woman become a successful lawyer, I'd like to know?" "Because," answered the judge, "she is too fond of giving her opinion without pay."

WHENEVER you find a house with a motto "Welcome!" hung so that it catches every eye, you needn't be surprised at a cold dinner, and a hint that keeping a boarding-house doesn't pay in these times.

A FRENCH paper gave an account of a fatal duel, near Paris, and a wit, on reading the paragraph, exclaimed: "This will never do! There are fatal railroad and steamboat accidents enough, without such distressing casualties in duels!"

A GERMAN newspaper lately gave its readers the following interesting piece of information: "The Rev. Pelham Dale has been committed for contempt of court to the prison of Holloway. Holloway is a town near London, famous for its pills."

THE WAYS OF GOOD SOCIETY.—A man who had suddenly acquired great wealth recently attended a dinner-party at which there was the usual fillet of beef with mushrooms. While engaged upon the beef he whispered to his neighbor, "Do you eat the clothes-peg heads, too?"

CRITICISM.—"Well, what do you think of X——'s new five act tragedy?" "Hum! There were five of us in our box, not bad judges of a play as judges go, and we all agreed that one act should have been omitted." "Indeed! Which act?" "Well, no two of us agreed on that point."

MISS FLIRTINGTON: "Yes, I like the place very much, major; you have such a jolly set of men down here." *The Major:* "Yes, awfully jolly. You'd better steel your heart, Miss Flirtington, in case of accidents." *Miss F.:* "Well, while I'm about it, major, I'd rather steal somebody's else's, don't you know!"

THE POET.—"Why is it," said a bore to a friend, "that you call on me, yet are never at home when I call on you?" "Well, you see," replied the other, "it is because when I come to your house and you bore me, I can take my hat and go; whereas, if I were at home to you, and you bored me, I couldn't very well turn you out, you know!"

THE DIFFERENCE.

WHEN ladies meet
Upon the street,
With kisses every time they greet;
But men, more mild,
Go not so wild:
They meet, and part when both have "smiled."

FOILED.—A husband, who had been very unhappy in his wedded life, left a will giving his widow thirty thousand a year as long as she remained a widow, and all his fortune if she married again, for, he maliciously added, "I want another man to know how wretched she made me, and he may find some consolation in my money." The widow was not long in finding another husband, and out of spite to her former spouse, makes the present husband supremely happy, and the wealth of the deceased is an immense factor to that end. Women are contrary creatures, and men don't understand them.

WAITING AT THE DOOR.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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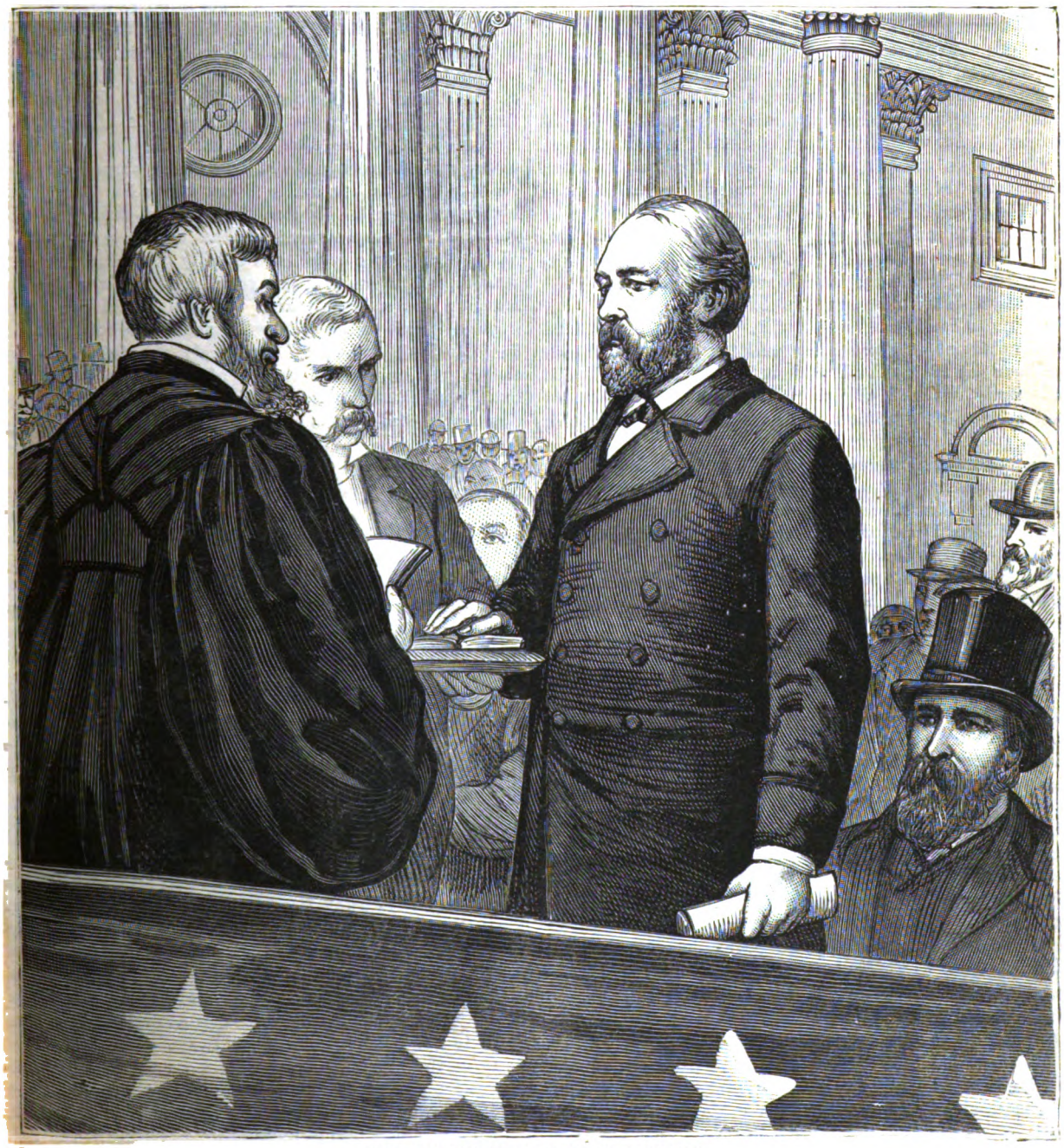
PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.



THE INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET.

By George Alfred Townsend.

The writer of this contribution was walking toward the White House, at Washington, about three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, March 5th, when he came upon Senator Blaine, soberly crossing the avenue from the White House gate. Mr. Blaine bent out of his course a little, put out his hand, and said: "You like early information? Walk up toward my house a short way, and I will tell you the Cabinet." He had the minute before received the full news himself, which was, perhaps, already on its way to the Capitol, to be laid before the Senate. I turned about, and this remarkable man, with the openness of a father or guardian, repeated over the list. I had not been on pleasant terms with him for several years, but he had closed the gap in an instant.

"Windom," said he, "for the Treasury; Kirkwood, Interior; McVeagh, Attorney-General; Hunt, Navy; Robert Lincoln, Secretary of War; Mr. James, Postmaster-General; and your humble servant, State."

As he pronounced these names we were passing the old Rogers house, where Secretary of State Seward had been stabbed by an assassin, and had, with the foxiness of an old diplomatist, though an invalid and with a broken arm, rolled out of his bed immediately, and rolled under it. Where, in the annals of personal resources, did any minister at sixty-four ever beat this? Yet my friend, the new Secretary, could, I believe, have done it twice as well.

"How does it strike you, Mr. Blaine?"

"This, at least, can be said of it," replied the new head of the Cabinet—"there is not another man upon it who has been for Blaine for President." He then added, still reflectively, walking along: "But, regarding statesmanship to be wise concession, as I have always done, I think it is a good Cabinet."

The man who thus gave me, unsolicited, what everybody in Washington was yearning to learn, has probably filled the most popular niche in American politics since Henry Clay. Without the least imitation, he is probably as successful, as real, and as attractive as Clay. An affectionate, graceful nature, competing in the cold upper pastures of ambition, must needs yield a little too much, produce hatreds, make missteps, and fall far, oft and again. But a man who, at the age of fifty-one, has already been Speaker of his Legislature, three times Speaker of Congress, seven times elected to Congress, twice put in the United States Senate, and twice nearly nominated President, and only defeated in convention by the concurrent jealousy of all the other candidates, and who is now the head of the Cabinet, as he was on the floor of Congress the leader of his party and the most attractive Senator as well, surely has had no superior in this country among politicians. He has never been befriended by such memorable accidents as elevated Lincoln to the Presidency, or raised Chase, between parties, to the Senate. He never wielded the war patronage of a State Governor, like Morton and Kirkwood. Yet no man ever so thoroughly controlled the politics of a State to which he was alien by birth, and both his colleague and successor in the Senate, and the venerable Mr. Hamlin, who leaves Washington at the moment Mr. Blaine ascends into executive life, owed their elections to his friendship. He went eastward and captured the Pilgrim Fathers and their children, and turned westward from them and nearly captured the whole nation.

Mr. Blaine is now as gray as a badger, to use the trite expression, but his powerful frame and erect head, and bright black eyes as round as marbles, and ready laugh, shake of the hand, and sympathetic response to any man of modesty and respect, betray the heart of youth and the mental and physical athlete. In any village or town of the country, he would have been the most popular man. Born in southwestern Pennsylvania in 1830, of highly respectable family and connections, all Scotch-Irish, he went to the college of "Washington and Jefferson," in the same county—through which passed the National road—and there distinguished himself on the playground and in the debating society. It was very near Ohio, separated only by the thin pan-handle of Virginia, and Blaine came that near being an Ohio man. Ohio is the one State of great population and enterprise which has had no political "boss," and therefore presents a free group of available men, instead of some one pampered and spoiled favorite. Our three Presidents past have been from Ohio, and Blaine appears only to have missed the Presidency by the jealousy of the bosses of his native State. Yet there he is the idol, as in his adopted State of Maine he has been the hero.

Graduating at "Little Washington" in 1847, he set out to teach school, and naturally drifted down the tide of the Ohio. At Georgetown, Kentucky, while a fresh and popular teacher, he fell in love with his wife, Miss Stanwood, of Maine, also a teacher in that educational town; and she, seeing the fullness of his temperament, led the way back to her native State, where her family were highly considered. He was then twenty-three years old. He obtained employment on the newspapers; became editor of the State organ, and rapidly made his way up in politics, and in less than five years' residence was elected a member of the Legislature. He thus repaid the obligations of Pennsylvania to New England in sending Franklin. By 1862, known to everybody in Maine, he was elected to Congress, at the age of thirty-two. There he rapidly walked to the head of the body, and in 1869, when Grant was made President, Blaine became Speaker of Congress—perhaps the most popular Speaker Congress has had in forty years. He was a generous foe, a hospitable friend, a bold yet magnanimous Speaker, and watchful at every point of his behavior and resources. His business ability grew with his reputation. He neglected nothing that could equip him for the great battle of life. Before the older politicians knew it well, he was upon them for the Presidency. But, of course, such rapid success made numerous and great enemies. Yet, turning aside to forgive many of these, his career has been strengthened, and he is to-day as vigorous, as beloved and formidable as ever. He has missed nothing in the battle of life but the Presidency. That he may yet receive; but he is loyally devoted to President Garfield, and the duties of the State Department stand out before him to be grappled with.

The most difficult office President Garfield had to fill was the Treasury. It not only required a man who would have the confidence of our financiers and merchants, but who could be a firm, well-acquainted politician, who would not drive away the President's political support, nor yet weakly distribute it. The people often forget that government is not merely administering our institutions, but has its party relations, as necessary to be attended to as the machinery of a factory which is to produce a certain fabric. More than eighty years ago Alexander Hamilton wrote to a friend in Scotland: "In the office of the Secretary of the Treasury I met with many intrinsic difficulties, and many artificial ones, proceeding from passions not very worthy, but common to human nature, and which act with peculiar force in republics."

Those organic peculiarities of our politics remain little

chastened, and probably they never will be. The labor and sacrifice of keeping up our political organizations has led the successful Senators and party-managers to demand that some reference to their deserts and future be kept in filling the highest offices. Consummate as Hamilton was at the head of the Treasury, the better politician, Jefferson, drove him out, even by resigning himself. A similar sacrifice for a jealous end was the resignation of General Jackson's Cabinet, after it was found that half of them were the friends of Calhoun. The publishers of reviews and amateur essays must go to Washington to see our government operate as it is. It never will operate as it ought to do, and no government ever did.

There was no pre-eminent man for the Treasury Department after the resignation of Secretary Sherman. He had the diploma of a most successful administration, and, besides, had a good address, midway between the mercantile and the political. He had assisted to make nearly all the laws entering into the government of the Treasury Department. This is the advantage of keeping a capable man a long time in public life, because, when he comes to Executive position, he is merely applying the very laws he has made or debated. Mr. Windom fills the latter qualification, at least. He has been in Congress and the Senate since the Civil War. Not a man of the most active temperament, nor, perhaps, of the most intellectual type, he has been superior to most of his associates in his close attention to his duties, his constant supervision of his appearance and manners, and his thorough caution, yet without any cunning in it. He has no love of appearing smart, nor of speaking when there is a desire to hear him. Probably an ambitious man, he has never allowed it to incite him to vanity, nor make him offensive to the humblest of his constituents.

He comes out of that cradle of office-holding talent, Virginia, which supplied both Northward and Southward the most available men for affairs in the history of our country. The Virginia temperament is cool, yet acute, based on courage, and with a fine natural address. In social intercourse or on horseback, in hunting or in battle, they have preserved to this day a temperament apparently begotten of their soil, and old and settled as their ancient dominion. Their government was something analogous to the English monarchy, with a landed aristocracy, yet with powerful rebellious elements in it, such as Fairfax and Cromwell headed in England, and therefore, while the Commonwealth was closely administered, the spirit of party in Virginia was ever fierce. Good politicians make good government.

Senator Windom's name is English, and was probably spelled at one time "Wyndham," in which form it will be at once recognized. His people were of the ordinary respectable type of frontier Virginians, and had been brought up in a cabin in the forest. They crossed the Ohio into what was formerly Belmont County, immediately opposite Wheeling, and it is to be said that in the same county lived Colonel Kirkwood, the Delaware veteran, whose namesake and connection is also in this Cabinet.

William Windom was brought up on a farm, and learned the value of money and of labor. Undesirous of this hard work, without time for mental cultivation, he got his parents to apprentice him to a tailor, after the style of Andrew Johnson. The Windoms were Quakers, of the Hicksite or Unitarian branch, and large numbers of them were settled in this part of Ohio. They regarded it as more honorable to be a tailor than a lawyer, and a positive moral disadvantage to a good man's son to become a lawyer. He was a short time on the tailor's bench at Fredericktown, in Central Ohio, not far from Mount Vernon, a pleasant village with an old Presbyterian population. In the vicinity was Kenyon College, where David Davis and Henry Winter Davis—both to become eminent men—were about that time completing their educations. Hezekiah Windom and Mercy, his wife, worshiping at Owl Creek meeting, heard with sorrow and wonder that their bright boy, who still preserves the Quakerly form and feature, was bent on going to the law. He persisted, and at Mount Vernon, in the same county where he had been a tailor, finished his readings, and in 1849 he was admitted.

His good appearance, expressive eyes and very gentlemanly address, made him speedily the victor in a contest which all young lawyers try to make—to be the attorney of their county in the courts thereof, on behalf of the people. Windom ran as a Whig in a Democratic district, and was easily elected. Columbus Delano was then living in Mount Vernon, and was a prominent lawyer and an aspirant to be Governor. Windom pressed forward, and when the Whig party expired was one of the first to hail the Republican organization, and his friends pushed him for a place on the ticket with Governor Chase, for Attorney-General of Ohio. Failing in this, and hearing that his friends who had gone West were all doing well, he removed, in 1855, and settled at the town of Winona on the Mississippi River, where there is now a great bridge and a railroad across the State. He was but twenty-eight years old, clean and wholesome-looking, and he took a little house and sat down to practice at Winona. Near the commencement of the Civil War his neighbors sent him to Congress, and kept him there until the Governor appointed him to the Senate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Norton—who had voted to acquit Andrew Johnson. The people confirmed the Governor's choice by keeping him in the Senate, and he was twice elected. There has been no change in his general appearance since that period, except that he has been gradually growing more fleshy. He probably weighs two hundred pounds and more.

His public life has never been distinguished by any loud quarrel, yet he has had his enemies, and acquitted himself well in conflict. I visited Winona about eight years ago, and saw Mr. Windom's residence, a pretty yellow cottage in the best part of that now flourishing town. Since Mr. Windom has been in Congress almost every kind of public question has come from his State to be pressed by him. The Indians have had successively to be removed, and they once broke out into a massacre and desolated all the western part of the State. The streams have required improvements to carry off the grain, and the Mississippi River itself has required constant legislation, both to improve its navigation and to allow the proper kind of bridges to be put across it consistent with water transportation. Mr. Windom has taken a prominent part in all these questions, and was the most active advocate of a jetty improvement at the mouth of the Mississippi, which he has lived to see fulfilled. His State has become the largest wheat-producing State in the Union, and contains one of the happiest populations. The Northern Pacific Railroad, of which Mr. Windom was an undiscouraged advocate through all its dark days, is again revived, and during his term of Cabinet office will be finished from the Lakes to the Pacific. As a Whig, he could consistently promote all forms of internal improvements, and in this way, not by oratory, but by minute attendance to his committees, to the departments, etc., the people of Minnesota found him one of their greatest factors.

Minnesota was a Territory when Mr. Windom went there, and was admitted to the Union in 1858. He has been a

HON. WILLIAM WINDOM, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

HON. WILLIAM H. HUNT, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

citizen of the Territory and State for twenty-five years, and Minnesota's population is now about 800,000.

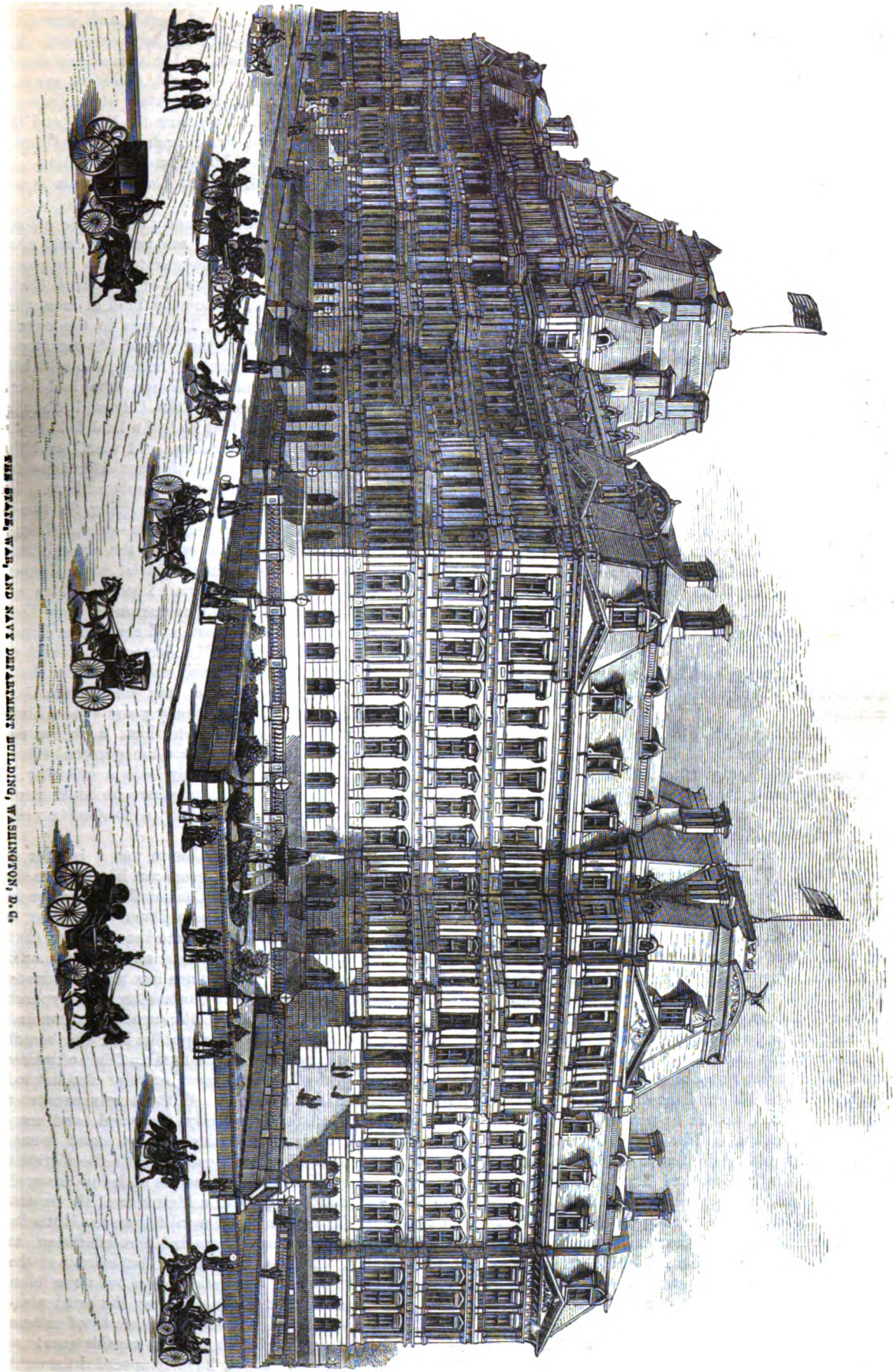
In the Cabinet of Hayes the first territorial Governor of the State, for whom the metropolitan County of Ramsay is named, was Secretary of War. He is immediately followed by his former colleague in Congress in the proud position of Secretary of the Treasury.

In what country can such development as this be seen? The man who landed at St. Paul when there was not a tavern to receive him, and the Indians were living all around the city, in holes dug in the river-banks, is yet alive and hale, and he steps out of the Cabinet while one of his associates administers the finances of over 50,000,000 of people.

Robert Lincoln is Secretary of War. It is said that this appointment arose out of the sensibility of General Garfield to the obligations of the Republican party, now nearly a quarter of a century old, to the great memory which attended its first national success. The State of Illinois, too, occupying a metropolitan position in the West, with a powerful newspaper press and the rich resources and communications of Chicago, required some recognition; and on account of factional differences there, no name shone with equal lustre among Grantite, Washburnite, or Blaineite, but that of Lincoln.

HON. ROBERT T. LINCOLN, SECRETARY OF WAR.

The wearer of this name—the only living child of the great President—has been diligent, modest, yet public-spirited. A moderate fortune was left by his father, and he has well maintained himself at the bar, in society, and in affairs, like a man of great descent. There were some hypercritical objections to Lincoln, on the ground that his appointment would be in deference to his father, and not to his own performances; yet the race from which we are descended has been wont to respect the sons of great and useful men. William Pitt was the son of Chatham, and his services, though of a different character, have almost buried his father's reputation. To him fell that department which wielded the thunders of England against the Continent; and to the son of Lincoln has fallen control of the army.



THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY DEPARTMENT BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

He sits in the chair of Stanton—that Stanton who has left no living son.

Robert Lincoln was born in Sangamon County, near the centre of Illinois, in which is situated the City of Springfield, where President Lincoln is buried. About the time of his birth, his father was living at the Globe Tavern in Springfield, paying four dollars a week, according to Ward Lamon, for board for himself and wife. Lincoln had already been a Presidential Elector on the Whig ticket. There is a letter extant of his, in which he says:

"We have another boy, born on the 10th of March. He is very much such a child as Bob was at his age—rather of a longer order. Bob is short and low, and, I expect, always will be. He talks very plainly—almost as plainly as anybody. He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear that he is one of the rare ripe sort, that are smarter at about five than ever after. He has a great deal of that sort of mischief which is the offspring of much animal spirits. Since I began this letter, a messenger came to tell me Bob was lost; but, by the time I reached the house, his mother had found him and had him whipped—and now, very likely, he has run away again."

Such is the mention of the present Secretary of War by his father in 1846.

Mr. Lincoln was sent to Congress when "Bob" was a few years old, and sat there with Stephens and Toombs and Cobb of Georgia, all living men now. When his father came to the Presidency, "Bob" was a young man, under age. Notwithstanding all the temptations of Washington life, when the city was full of officers and contractors, and corruption and extravagance reigned on every hand, the young man kept the plain, genial course that might have been expected of such an honest and humorous father; and he had been educated at the best schools, and had finished at Harvard Law School. An infinite amount of pleasant gossip could be written about this young man, but the principal fact of his Washington life was his marriage.

Senator and Secretary Harlan of Iowa, a man of great executive ability, and a native of Illinois, had a beautiful daughter, whose bright complexion and rich, loving eyes stirred all the fine young men around Washington. It is told there that "Bob" was deeply in love with her, and amidst many tempting offers, some from rich and gallant young men, she was somewhat in doubt where she ought to bestow her hand. It is said that Mrs. Lincoln, feeling for her son, made his father lay down the load of State for a little while, and consider the question of his son's happiness. Miss Harlan accepted the young man, and is to-day the mother of his three or four children.

Robert Lincoln always had his father's full confidence, and in the delicate treatment of his mother, arising out of her afflictions and disease, he acted the part of a true son. He worked hard at his profession, and has founded a law firm which has not only had a large practice, but has had the dispensation of great sums of money from the East. For a considerable time Robert Lincoln paid slight attention to public questions, but as he was approaching his fortieth year the instincts of public life, inherited from so great a sire, began to stimulate him to expression, and he appeared in Chicago as the friend of Grant. Garfield was in the Convention, and took a prominent part in asserting the claims of individual delegates as opposed to any dictation from their State. One of the results was the retirement of that part of the delegation led by Robert Lincoln. It was possibly this scene of the son of the great President leaving the Convention which had nominated him, that made Garfield glad to consider representations from Illinois, that Robert Lincoln was qualified for an Executive place. Therefore, without incurring the familiarity and strain of intermediate public life, young Lincoln has advanced to a seat in the Cabinet. He is now a strong-looking young man, with plenty of beard, and grave yet prompt of movement. On both sides he is Southern. His father was born in Kentucky, and his mother's family came from the same State. We must, therefore, say that in this Cabinet the parents of the Secretary of the Treasury and of the Secretary of War were from the South, and the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of the Interior were personally from below Mason and Dixon's line. In the temperament, at least, of this Cabinet, there is nothing sectional.

A distinguished politician, formerly one of the officers of the Port of New York, told me recently that after President Lincoln had been inaugurated, he happened to be at a small town in the interior of New York State, and was met by a cordial, welcoming kind of man, who published the village organ. This was in the county south of Utica. Pleased with the journal, the gentleman asked some particulars of a mutual friend, who told him that the editor was Thomas L. James, who had been raised to the printing business in Utica City, and schooled in the Utica Academy, and that he had a hard field to occupy in this little town of Hamilton. "I wish," said the citizen to the guest, "that something could be done for James, because his talents are surely misplaced here. He has a partner, and there is a very small living for two of them." "I'll tell you," said this gentleman—who, although holding office in New York, was one of the abused Ohio men, raised in the Congressional district with General Garfield—"what I can do for him. I can have him appointed to something under the Government in New York City." He was as good as his word, and consulting Hiram Barney, Collector of the Port, Mr. James was offered an inspectorship, at $1,500 a year, and was put on the wharf, to look into baggage, freight, etc., and see that the Government got its dues. There, twenty years ago, a European passenger might have beheld him, a well-made, modest, dark-eyed man, looking over the personal effects of the traveler. He had previously been a collector of canal tolls in the town of Hamilton, where he could never have been accused of want of stability, as for twelve years he had published a newspaper.

For about thirteen years Mr. James was a laborer in the Custom House, and not for years was he raised to the place of "weigher"; and in our Centennial year, when he was forty-five years old, he became Deputy Collector of the Port. After Grant had been some time in office, Civil Service Reform was brought forward as a problem, and, in the experiment with it, Mr. James was made chairman of the examining board. The Postmaster of New York having retired, the question of his successor arose, and Mr. James was appointed. The public had the benefit now of this long experience in the humble fields of public labor. Our post-office had been loosely administered under several administrations. Without any parade or notification, its efficiency rapidly increased, and merchants and others having business there found a man always in his seat, always acquainted with the slightest function of the office, rather desirous of being annoyed than not, and conveying to all a high idea of the capacities of our public service under a willing man. Little by little it crept into the newspapers and through the prints of the country, that the New York Post-office was the model one of the country—something that had never been heard of before. Under Colonel James, the great post-office building was completed, and the post-office business transferred from an old church to more capable quarters. The numerous reforms which have happened in several years past found their earliest exponent in the New York

Post-office. Finally, as the fact of another Republican President was manifest, the public, without suggestion, began to mention Colonel James's name for the new Postmaster-General. It did not look probable that it would be adopted; but the whole country, desirous to see New York State get out of the clutches of factional politics, took up the cry of "James!" It gratified Garfield, and, though there were many competitors for Cabinet positions, among them the Chief-Justice of the State of New York, it was happily given to this untiring, simple gentleman, with the assent of Mr. Conkling, and by the particular request of Governor Cornell and Senator Platt, who had been his most faithful friends from the outset.

The new Attorney-General is a decided exponent of the school of reform in politics, though the son-in-law of the celebrated Senator Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania. Wayne MacVeagh came from the old manufacturing town of Phenixville on the Schuylkill River, where Bayard Taylor first published a country newspaper. MacVeagh was born in 1833, was named for General Wayne, the distinguished soldier of Pennsylvania, and he is said to be of some family connection with that hero. He went to school in the beautiful old town of Pottstown, among the Blue Mountains, and was sent to Yale College, and graduated very high in his class. At school he was a fine debater, and was particularly strong in satire and irony. His disposition to take the unpopular side of things was shown by a celebrated debate in his college society, where he declaimed against the recognition of Hungary by the United States. He went to study law at the county seat of old Chester County, near the battlefield of Brandywine, and entered the bar there.

In the year 1860, when Mr. Lincoln was running for President, the writer, then a boy, went to a great mass-meeting at West Chester, with a torchlight procession from Philadelphia. John Hickman, the Member of Congress, made a speech, and Bayard Taylor, I think, presided; during the meeting a young gentleman with red beard, blue eyes and blonde skin came out, and was introduced as the Prosecuting Attorney of the county. He delivered a speech which made one of the greatest impressions on the hearer's mind he ever remembered to have received; and after the lapse of more than twenty years, that speaker is now the Attorney-General of the United States, nominated by the President without the request and against the counsel of his distinguished father-in-law, but as a concession to a formidable independent spirit in Pennsylvania, which had but recently asserted itself in Philadelphia, and in other parts of the State, and even in the election of a Senator.

For a time during the war Mr. MacVeagh was in the Cavalry service, and when Grant ran for President the first time, he managed the party politics of Pennsylvania, as Chairman. He served as Minister to Constantinople, and on his return from that place threw down his gauntlet against what he considered the abuses of the majority party, even though represented by his connection, Simon Cameron. There are various criticisms upon Mr. MacVeagh, which may as well be mentioned. The following is one of them: "He searches," says a newspaper, "all his friends for defects of character, and never gives up the job until he has found them unworthy somewhere. Instead of attacking some distant enemy, or some common enemy, his eye falls upon something to dissect or oppose within the short radius of his intimacy. Consequently he seems to have slight belief in those parts of the world with which he is absolutely familiar, and looks to ideal places, provinces, men and circles, to which he has not yet come, but which, whenever he comes to them, he will likewise turn the microscope on, and prove his faith unfounded."

The Interior Department consists of a number of bureaus aggregated under one Secretary. It was not created until about the time of the Mexican War, when our large conquests from the Mexican people and our settlements on the Pacific Ocean greatly increased the area of the Indian question, made us a mining nation, and gave us a vast domain of public lands. The Patent Office was put in with these relations, and the Pension Office added, and next the Bureau of Agriculture. To be the Secretary of the Interior effectively, one requires to have been interested as a Member of Congress, or Senator, or pioneer Governor, in the real concerns of such a loose, large department. Thomas Ewing, a relative of Mr. Blaine, and father-in-law of General Sherman, was the first Secretary of the Interior, appointed by President Taylor. He was succeeded by Alexander Stuart, of Virginia. President Pierce put Governor McClernand, of Michigan, in the office, and the notorious Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi was Secretary all the time of Buchanan's Presidency. Under Mr. Lincoln there were two Secretaries successively from Indiana—Smith and Usher. Then followed Mr. Harlan of Iowa, and Mr. Browning of Illinois. Under General Grant, Governor Cox of Ohio, Mr. Delano of the same State, Senator Harlan of Iowa, and Zachariah Chandler, were the Secretaries of this department. Mr. Hays brought in General Schurz, of Missouri. It will thus be seen that never but once has the Interior Department been administered by any Secretary from the Atlantic coast States.

General Garfield has given it to Senator Kirkwood, of Iowa, one of the most successful States in the Union, its population being from the earlier Western States, but greatly reinforced by New Yorkers, New Englanders and Kentuckians. This State gives the largest and steadiest Republican majorities. It has no great city nor general railroad centre, and therefore the agricultural population, supporting a series of beautiful towns, controls the political destinies of the State. It is a pleasing observation that this very radical Northern State, which was never behind during the war in its *quotums* of troops, intrusted its military and political destinies to a man born in a slave State, and who had passed all his youth in unprotesting familiarity with a milder form of slavery.

Samuel J. Kirkwood, the War-Governor of Iowa, is now the Secretary of the Interior. He is by far the oldest man in the Cabinet, and was born about the time the British under Cockburn were devastating the coasts of the Chesapeake and of his native county, and were burning the town of Havre de Grace, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, which is in the county of his birth. Harford County, Maryland, is named for an illegitimate son of one of the Lords of Baltimore, proprietors of Maryland. It was a wild county until after the Revolutionary War. Immense hills there abut upon the broad and brawling Susquehanna River, and behind these, during the Revolutionary War, the army of Lafayette stole its way from the North to the South in order to foil Cornwallis and his depredating army. A beautiful stream called Deer Creek winds through Harford County, and on this was born Mr. Jewett, President of the Erie Railroad, who had respectable mention for the Presidency at the hands of the Democratic party. Not far from the headwaters of this creek, where it bursts through very picturesque rocks, Kirkwood was born, in 1813. He came of a family, probably Scotch, which landed at Newcastle, Delaware, and furnished during the Revolutionary struggle the commander of the Delaware line—the gallant fellow, who

fought on Long Island and through all the Southern campaigns, and was finally killed by the Indians at the defeat of St. Clair. Previous to the Revolution, Harford County had been the seat of many a border foray into Pennsylvania when Mason and Dixon's Line had not been surveyed; and the Marylanders, being very aggressive, undertook to locate the best lands among the good old Pennsylvanian Dutch about York and Gettysburg. Harford County had no large towns, and much of the land was poor. Kirkwood's father was a farmer; and, having to choose between Baltimore and Washington, sent his son to Washington, and put him in a good academy there. Washington had for a schoolmaster about that time the future Chief-Justice Chase, and among its great men was the German tavern-keeper's son, William Wirt, a native of the country parts of Maryland. Kirkwood, the only man of his name who has been in Congress, was a plain boy with some of the Scotch traits—observant, obstinate, but not aggressive. After some little schooling, he was apprenticed to a druggist in Washington, and served his full term, most of the time as a clerk. This was during the administration of Andrew Jackson. Governor Kirkwood has remarkably full recollections of the old General riding and walking about the capital, who was the most popular President the people of Washington ever knew. In those days, Washington was a little place of perhaps 20,000 people or less.

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Recalling this period of Kirkwood's life, the reader may remember another druggist's clerk, also from Maryland, who died on the scaffold for being an idle apprentice. This was the boy David Herrold, who accompanied Wilkes Booth on his flight from Washington and was found in the barn where Booth was killed, and after being tried was hanged in the City of Washington, where he had for so many years enjoyed the same chance in the drug business as Kirkwood. But the one was steady, regular, reliable; the other was a vagrant, and whenever he could get an excuse was off gunning and fishing in the old slave parts of Maryland, where his familiarity with the by-roads and hiding-places recommended him to Booth for the uses of his plot and flight. The coincidence is recalled because Booth was born in the same county with Kirkwood. At the county seat of Harford, called Belair, Edwin, Junius and Wilkes Booth made their amateur appearance in theatricals; and while Kirkwood was a boy coming to Belair to buy groceries and household necessaries, old Booth, the actor, and his father, Richard Booth, were familiar people to the villagers. The elder Booth, almost immediately after he came to America, bought a sterile old farm near Belair, and there he raised his family. So the same county which brought forth Lincoln's assassin also produced one of his most trusted associates at the head of a State to restore the Union.

Looking on at public events, the tall, thoughtful boy Kirkwood made up his mind that most of the successful men he saw in Washington were lawyers. There were Henry Clay and Thomas Benton and Martin Van Buren, Calhoun and Webster—all lawyers. Many young fellows from his native county had gone to Ohio, among them Mr. Jewett, who was the son of a tanner and farmer in Harford. The National Road was then open from Baltimore to Wheeling, and through Ohio; and in 1835 Kirkwood set his face West, thenceforward for ever to be governed by new neighbors and new influences. The change was most advantageous. Ohio already possessed in their adolescence the magnificent spirits which were to develop on the great theatre of Civil War, twenty-five years later: the Grants, Shermans, Mitchells and McCooks.

Garfield was then a child of four years of age; his father dead, and his good mother bringing up the household by the work of her own hands. President Hayes was thirteen years old, supported by his young uncle, who afterward left him his fortune, and who was taking care of the Widow Hayes's family. Sherman, the future Secretary, was a boy of twelve. Salmon P. Chase, the law student of William Wirt of Maryland, was writing law books in Cincinnati, having preceded Kirkwood to Ohio by about five years. General Harrison was running for the Presidency about the time Kirkwood went to the new State, but was not elected for four years more. Wilson Shannon, afterward the docile pro-slavery Governor of Kansas, was about that time the principal Democratic politician in the State, and Thomas Corwin was his rival on the other side, though a native of Kentucky. Thomas Ewing was in the United States Senate. The population of Ohio was already rising one million.

Kirkwood settled in Richland County, of which the centre was the pleasant town of Mansfield, now the home of Secretary Sherman. Most of the people were of Pennsylvania Dutch stock, and there was a considerable Connecticut admixture. There Kirkwood buckled down to work and read law, having saved enough money to give him a partial independence as a student. In 1843, after the death of President Harrison, he was admitted to the

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE, SECRETARY OF STATE.

bar, and such was his affability, dignity and natural magistracy, that in two years he was elected the county attorney. Re-elected to that office, he acquitted himself well as a friend of justice and a man in every way reliable. He was not a man of striking talents, nor apt to press himself forward, unless he knew the way and felt his utility. He has emphatically been one of the men whom the people have called to his post, recognizing in the man a person fit, yet not anxious, to rule. Whatever he knew he knew well, and the people liked to come in contact with him as a friend. Besides, his genial Maryland manners and neighborly address were much in his favor, while his recollections of Washington and the instruction he had received there gave him a good, wholesome tone.

About 1850 a new constitution was demanded for Ohio, and the convention called to make it was composed of the best lawyers in the State. Kirkwood went there, took a leading part in the debates; and he spent twenty years in Ohio, highly considered. There were, however, many brilliant men in that State, which was settled from all parts of the Union, and by the best stock of Pennsylvanians, Connecticut men, Virginians, and even North Carolinians. The Maryland element and the New Jersey element were also strong in Ohio.

Iowa had been made a territory after Kirkwood went West, and was admitted to the Union in 1846. Friends of Kirkwood from Ohio who had gone on there wrote back that there was a great opening for such a man as he, and that he was really needed. Many of his best neighbors were taking their departure for the rich lands of that pleasant State, and in 1855 he also took his departure from Ohio, and settled at what was then the State capital, Iowa City.

His reputation had preceded him, and he was immediately elected to the State Senate as a Republican. So rapidly did his character and services show out, that in four years he was made Governor of the State, and two years afterward they gave him a more rousing majority. The war now came on, and it is a matter of record that the first company in all the Union which tendered its services was Kirkwood's own Light Guard, commanded by Francis J. Herron, afterward the distinguished general in Arkansas. There is not space to describe the arduous duties of a War Governor of an enthusiastic State like this, situated immediately north of the great slave empire of Missouri, and obliged to furnish troops for the war on the borders of Kansas to the west, as well as to the great armies of the South. Kirkwood took rank with Morton, Andrew, Curtin, and the best War Governors of the period. Lincoln was so delighted with him that he nominated him to a foreign mission, and he was at once confirmed; but the Governor was now fifty years old and overworked, and he declined. For three years he practiced law in his methodical, painstaking way, and in three years was sent to the United States Senate. The people took him up again in 1875, and made him Governor, and in our Centennial year sent him back to the Senate. He had two years to serve when he was put into the Cabinet.

Governor Kirkwood has never desired to make an exhibition of himself. He is a tall man, of that grave, almost melancholy countenance common in Maryland. His face expresses his nature, which is to be right and do his duty. A religious man, not fond of quarrels or displays, he has never had one word breathed against his character, nor been underrated by any one. He knows the whole story of the West, and is a good lawyer; and while he accepted his place in the Cabinet, he made no personal endeavor to get it, not having the passion for riches nor the lust of power. Nearly seventy years of age, he presents no slight resemblance to President Harrison, who also came to national politics late in life.

The new Secretary of the Navy is one of the family curiosities of our country. About fifty years ago, the State of South Carolina was thrown into a paroxysm of political and military passion on the subject of nullifying the laws of the United States concerning the payment of import duties. Mr. Calhoun, a man of great talents, had been Vice-President of the United States, a member of the Cabinet, and a very efficient Senator; but, after the election of General Jackson, he saw a Northern man, Mr. Van Buren, preferred to him for the Presidency, and he set on foot an agitation—that the North was outgrowing the South, that the balance of power was not respected, and that the laws were partial. His choleric people, many of whom were of the Irish race like himself, took up his views, and they revived an old vagary of Thomas Jefferson, who, when a jealous aspirant for the Presidency, found his political opponents making laws to the probable injury of his own party, and he secretly got the Legislature of Kentucky to pass resolutions claiming the right to "nullify"—that is, to reject any law of the country distasteful to them, by the Act of the Legislature. Scarcely had Jefferson been dead, when this mischievous doctrine was revived in South Carolina, and the Legislature of the State nullified certain revenue statutes passed at Washington. Foreseeing a conflict with the Federal Government, some of the greatest people in South Carolina, such as Legare, Grimke, and Pettigrew, opposed this rash action. The nullification party triumphed, and made Hayne, the old opponent of Webster, Governor of the State, and sent Calhoun in his place to the Senate. Thereupon Hayne began to organize his militia to resist the enforcement of the National laws. General Jackson issued his proclamation against the rebellion, and prepared to carry into the State the same fierce military tactics he had shown in Florida and Louisiana. The rebellion expired from the consciousness of its leaders that they did not have a harmonious State—and, besides, their Senator Calhoun feared that he would be personally tried for treason. But the victorious nullification party revenged itself socially on many of the Unionists of the State, and several of these removed to more distant Southern States. Among them were the sons of Thomas Hunt, an English gentleman, who had held a commission under the British crown on some of the islands near our coast; but, marrying in South Carolina, became a citizen of distinction there. His wife was of the Gaillard family, which had furnished a United States Senator from South Carolina for a part of twenty-two years. The Gaillards, like most of the Carolinians of French descent, were also Unionists and patriotic people. In the lapse of time, the names of the Union South Carolinians of that period have passed out of public notice; but they will one day be revived, and their biographies written.

The sons of Thomas and Louisa Hunt were remarkably fine-looking, and all talented. The youngest of them, William Henry Hunt, resembles the large English figure and hospitable manner of an English gentleman. His brother, Dr. Theodore Hunt, became a Congressman from Louisiana; his brother Randal Hunt, the lawyer, obtained nearly a national reputation. The Congressman in the war became a Confederate general. William H. Hunt, however, turned a deaf ear to all talk of quitting the Union, and held at all periods the view that a division of the United States could produce no compensation for the calamity to the happiness of the people, and the welfare of mankind. These sentiments, perfectly understood by his fellow-citizens, and spoken at the bar and in the

social circle, he maintained through all the early reverses of the Union armies; and when the fleet of the United States occupied New Orleans he immediately stood ready to assist any effort to compose his fellow-citizens and raise the Union flag. General Butler, notwithstanding the aggressive part he played in New Orleans, was always honored by William H. Hunt. When peace returned, Judge Hunt resolved to take his part with any Union party that could be formed. Notwithstanding there were many crude new arrivals in the State, and the great bulk of his fellow-citizens held off or resisted reconstruction, he, eminent at the bar, made no compromises whatever. The Republican Party was delighted that a man of his position should be on their side, and they asked him to stump the State. Senator Kellogg says that when he appeared through all the upper parishes preaching the Union in obedience to the new laws, his manner was so beautiful, and his arguments so strong, that his opponents said: "There is no way to answer this man except to shoot him."

Although the fortunes of the Republican Party wavered, Mr. Hunt held with them to the end. Nothing was breathed against his public character; he recognized the fact that there were personal wiles in his party, but not greater, perhaps, than in the other. At last, when at the close of Grant's term Louisiana was abandoned by President Hayes, he appointed Judge Hunt on the Court of Claims. As soon as he came to Washington his social ability, clear head and good *bonhomie* were discerned. It had not been expected that a Southern man would be put in the office, because it was not believed that a native Southern man of sufficient popularity in his section, who had been a Unionist, could be found. As soon as Judge Hunt was mentioned everybody wondered that he had not been canvassed before. In point of fact, he had sent word to the President-elect, who had inquired of him, that he would be glad to be useful anywhere, but solicited nothing. "Put me anywhere," he said, "if I can do you or the country any service." It is noteworthy that both in South Carolina and Louisiana, even by the extremest reactionaries, this appointment has been applauded; and thus, by one happy selection, another step has been made toward closing the gap that ought never to have been opened.

PRACTICAL JOKES.

A SMART verbal joke that—

> "Like a razor keen,
> Wounds with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen,"

may be appreciated, and even enjoyed by the individual at whom it is leveled; but the victim of a practical joke, however admirably devised and executed, never sees the fun of it.

If there should be any exceptions to the rule, they are not to be found among the perpetrators of such witticisms, who cannot abide others doing by them as they delight in doing by others.

In the time of the elder Lorenzo de' Medici, there lived in Florence one Neri Chiaramontesi, who was much given to playing off his wit upon those who dared not give vent to their resentment, a certain Master Scheggia being his especial butt. Chiaramontesi, Scheggia, and his friends Monaco and Pilucca met one day at the table of Mario Tornaquinci, Knight of the Golden Spur, and over their wine the first-named offered Scheggia a gold crown if he would besmear his face and hands with ink, and going to the house of La Pellegrina, present her with a pair of gloves without speaking a word.

"No," answered Scheggia; "but I will give you two crowns if you will go in white armor, with a lance on your shoulder, to Ceccherino's shop (the rendezvous of Florentine gallants), and threaten to make mincemeat of everybody you may find there."

Thinking to ease Scheggia of money he could ill spare, Neri accepted the challenge, donned a suit of his host's armor, shouldered his lance, and departed on his graceless errand; unaware that Monaco and Pilucca had left before him, one bound for the mercer's shop, the other for Grechetto's fencing-school, to spread the news that Neri Chiaramontesi had gone mad, attempted to kill his mother, thrown all his household gods into a well, and now, clad in mail, was driving everyone before him with his lance as he made his way to Ceccherino's place, intent upon giving that worthy a tremendous thrashing. As the conspirators hoped, there was a general stampede for the scene of action, and, sure enough, Neri was there, crying, "Ye are all dead men!" and laying about him right and left.

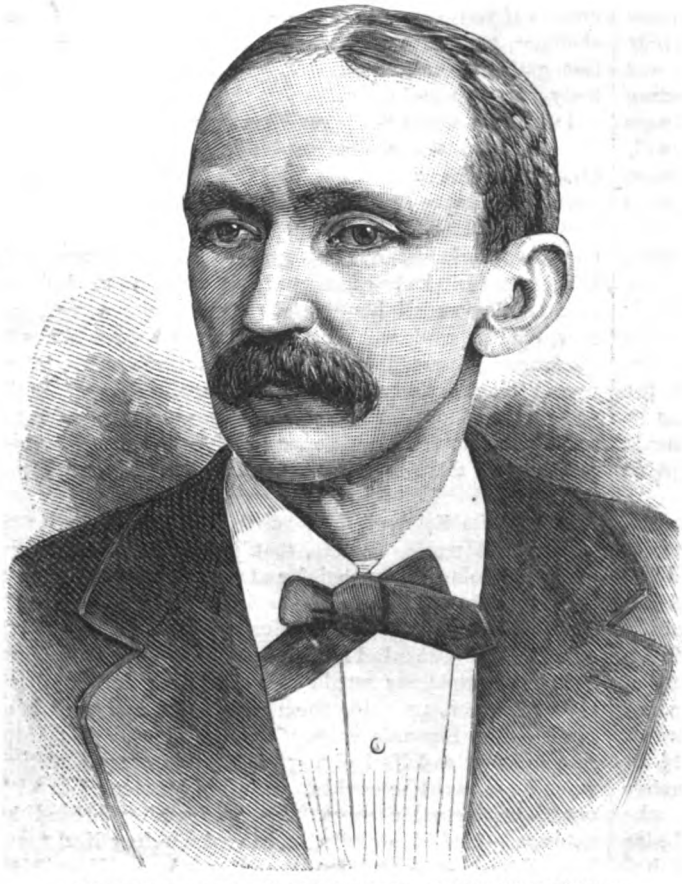
Meanwhile Scheggia had run off to Portarossa, to apprise Neri's uncle, Agnolo, that his nephew was raving mad, and doing sad mischief, and entreat him to hasten to Ceccherino's and secure the madman; who, if put in the dark, with nobody to speak to for two or three days, would come to his right mind again.

The unsuspicious wool-comber, calling half a dozen stout workmen, provided them with ropes, and went in all haste to the mercer's shop, where they found everything in confusion, and Neri plying his lance in every direction, when he thought he could increase the consternation without doing actual damage. Agnolo, coming behind his nephew, seized his weapon, and in a twinkling Neri found himself on the floor bound hand and foot. Despite his angry expostulation, he was tied on a litter, a cloak thrown over him, and so carried through the crowded streets to Portarossa; when, thanks to Monaco's thoughtfulness, his weeping mother waited his coming, ready to help in removing her hapless son to the best room, to be laid out, bound as he was, upon a bed, and left to himself until the morning.

Alone in the dark, Neri thought matters over, and arriving at the conclusion that Scheggia was paying off old scores, became nearly mad in reality with rage and vexation. Growing hungry, he shouted lustily for his mother to bring him meat and drink, but a deaf ear was turned to his frantic appeals. When, next morning, Angolo entered with two physicians, Neri was as gentle as a lamb from sheer exhaustion, and instead of uttering reproaches, quietly told his visitors of the wager he had made, and asked them to send to the house of Tornaquinci, where they would find the two crowns held by the knight, as stakeholder. Agnolo acted accordingly, and finding his nephew's tale true, and that Scheggia and his friends had celebrated the success of their joke with a good supper, relieved poor Neri from bondage, and begged his pardon for his part in the affair.

There are practical jokers yet to be found in Florence. On a certain day last year a gentleman, whose loose gray overcoat, checked trousers, white hat, double eyeglass and leather satchel left no doubt as to his nationality, might have been seen at the railway-station, waiting the arrival of Captain Webb, who, according to an announcement in one of the newspapers, intended next day to perform in the Arno. The famous Channel swimmer was soon shaking hands with his countryman, and the pair paraded the city, that all Florence might know what was in store for it.

At twelve o'clock the next day the quays were blocked



PRESIDENT GARFIELD AND HIS CABINET.— HON. WAYNE M'VEAGH, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.— SEE PAGE 514.

with vehicles, the bridges thronged with spectators, and, when a little boat appeared carrying a man in swimming costume, the air was rent with shouts of welcome. The boat was rowed to the middle of the river, the swimmer dropped overboard, and the boat made off, to be seen no more. To everybody's surprise, the captain had disappeared too, and after waiting anxiously and vainly for him to rise to the surface, the perplexed multitude dispersed. Some few, however, followed the course of the stream for some distance, and were both rewarded and disgusted to see the figure of the swimmer floating quietly along, bearing on his straw-stuffed breast a huge placard, inscribed: "1*mo Aprile—regalo ai Fiorentini !*" (April first —a gift to the Florentines !)

Very rarely, indeed, is there any tenable justification of practical joking, but it has existed in some cases. An English officer, determined to explore that forbidden land, Chinese Tibet, slipped across the frontier one dark night, only to be overtaken at daylight by the guard. Instead of making a prisoner of him, they politely informed the intruder that, as he was resolved to go, they would go with him to protect him from robbers. After journeying pleasantly for some hours, the party came to a deep river, crossed by a rope bridge—one of those bridges in which the passenger is placed in a basket slung from a rope, and pulled along that rope by a double one, allowing the basket to be worked from either side. To show their new friend that the conveyance was safe, some of the Tartars went over first ; then the Englishman got into the basket, and presently found himself exactly half-way across the river, when there came a sudden stoppage. His protectors sat down, lighted their pipes, and looked at him as if he were an interesting object provided for their contemplation. "Pull !" cried the officer. They nodded their heads, but still sat and smoked. He exhausted his stock of equivalents for "pull," but the more he cried out the more furiously the Tartars puffed and nodded, stopping their performance now and again to prevent his pulling himself one way or another ; and it was not until he had been kept suspended until nightfall, and was well-nigh frozen, that they agreed to pull him back, on his promise to recross the frontier, and trouble Chinese Tibet no more.

It is useless for one man, however obstinate, to pit himself against numbers equally determined. Napoleon the Great found this out. Hearing that a new tragedy by Lemercier had been vehemently damned by the students, he ordered it to be played again, with the same result. The nettled Emperor thereupon commanded a third performance of the obnoxious play, and went to the theatre with a regiment of soldiers. The first and second acts passed off in utter silence. When the curtain rose on the third act, Napoleon, leaning over his box to see if the students would dare to show their displeasure in his presence, beheld a vast assemblage of night-capped heads, nodding apparently in slumber. He left the tragedy to its fate.

Thinking his chase at Chantilly marred for want of a farm belonging to La Roye, one of Louis XIV.'s secretaries, the Prince of Condé offered its owner treble its real value ; but the secretary would not sell at any price, and Henri Jules resolved to be even with him. To that end he ordered the keepers of his many estates to devote their energies through the Winter to trapping foxes, and sending them on to Chantilly. By the eve of Shrove Tuesday more than four hundred were there. That night every one of them was

HON. SAMUEL J. KIRKWOOD, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

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bagged, carted to the high wall surrounding La Roye's property, and dropped over it. Next morning the secretary was disturbed at his breakfast by laborer after laborer rushing in, crying: "The foxes! the foxes!" Leaving his meal unfinished to see what it all meant, La Roye thought that all the foxes in creation had come to pay him a visit. Foxes were tearing across his grounds, fighting in his cornfields, barking in his orchard, playing havoc everywhere; and he bewildered his brains trying to account for the strange irruption, until somebody let out the secret. He lost no time in complaining to his royal master, who laughed heartily at the carnival jest, but made amends for his merriment by commanding Condé to catch every fox within twenty-four hours, and to make good the damage they had done.

Mischief is not always brought so quickly home. Years ago Professor Holland gave an evening party at his house, adjoining Hartford College. All went merrily enough until the guests were going down to supper, when their ears were startled by the sudden tolling of the college bell. The host sent for the old negro janitor, "Professor Jim," who soon mounted the tower stairs, to find all quiet there; but no sooner had he returned to Mr. Holland than the bell tolled again, sending one lady into a fainting-fit, two into hysterics, and breaking up the party most effectually; and when the professor died, three months later, the mysterious tolling was remembered, and its meaning made palpable to the meanest comprehension. Professor Jim, however, put the ringing down to "the boys," or rather to one in particular, but unable to fathom how the thing had been done, kept his thoughts to himself.

Forty years afterward a gray-haired bishop of the Episcopal Church attended Hartford "Commencement," and Jim, drawing the prelate to a quiet spot, said: "Bishop, I never was beat by the boys here but once, and I think you did it. I never found out who rung Professor Holland's bell, but I think you did it." The bishop owned up, explaining that he had got up into the tower, tied a stout black-silk cord to the clapper of the bell, passed it out through the oaken bars of the tower window, and conveyed it to the umbrageous recesses of a maple behind the chapel, from whence he could see every movement of the janitor's lantern, and the lights in the professor's house, and regulate his proceedings accordingly. "I know'd it was you," was Jim's comment. "But I couldn't fix it on you, nohow. Couldn't see how that bell'd ring if nobody catched hold o' de ropes. But I won't tell. Guess de colored folks down your way'd think it queer if dere bishop tole all he know'd. I never tells nuffin' on de boys, bishop; you know dat, easy."

A gentleman returning home from the Gilroy hot springs by coach, was asked to exchange seats with a lady who found riding inside disagreed with her. As he was making his way to the inside berth, she bade him take especial care of two bottles of the Gilroy water, which she was carrying to her husband. As it happened, the lady had contrived to make herself very disagreeable to her fellow-visitors at the springs, and the passenger she had ousted from his seat determined to have his revenge. Opening each of the bottles, he poured out half the contents, and filled them up with whisky. Before many days elapsed the proprietors of the Gilroy Springs received the following epistle, dated San Francisco, August 30th, 1869: "Sirs: You are a precious lot of scamps, you are! My wife paid a visit to your confounded place, and brought back some spring-water. I drank about a bottle of the miserable stuff, and went to the Good Templars', and had not been in the hall more than fifteen minutes before I was as drunk as any man you ever saw; disgraced myself and the lodge; and this morning I am on a sick-bed. My impression is that any set of men who will run an institution of this sort ought to be soused into hot-water springs until life was extinct."

Says the Watertown *Times:* "A rather ludicrous sight was witnessed awhile ago on the top of an incoming freight train. The conductor of the train ordered a brakeman, a very green hand, to the head of the train, there to repeat all signals to the engineer as given by him—the conductor—to the brakeman on the back of the train. The last brakeman was a comical genius, so he determined to have some fun with the greeny. The first few signals necessary to the running of the train were all right, but soon the end brakeman commenced his fun. He lay down on the top of the car and rolled over. Greeny on the other end of the train, thinking it was a signal, did likewise. The end brakeman's leg went up in the air, then the other leg, then both legs together, then a yell, then both legs commenced to kick, and a grand kicking match began. Greeny, taking all this manœuvring as signaling, repeated it accordingly. Thus they were drawn into town, flat on their backs, and kicking in the air."

There is one instance upon record of a practical joke proving as enjoyable to the victim as to the victimizers. Writing of his friend Offenbach, Mr. Albert Woolff relates that he and some of his companions, hearing the popular composer would stop at their hotel at Etretat, got up a mock triumphal reception. Half a dozen halberdiers worthy of figuring in one of the maestro's opera-bouffes, were drawn up in battle array in front of the hotel; a grotesquely-dressed lad was mounted on a donkey to act as herald, and arrangements were made for a salute from two small cannon. When Offenbach's carriage drew up, the halberdiers presented arms, the drums beat, the trumpet sounded, the guns boomed, and Mr. Woolff, advancing with the keys of the hotel on a plated salver, presented them to the delighted composer, who, embracing his friend, said, wiping the tears from his eyes: "Oh, this is indeed too much! These good people are too kind!" and Mr. Woolff felt he was well rewarded for his pains.

THE CAT'S FUGUE.

FANCY a small house, half hidden in dark-green myrtle-bushes, fringed with vines, surrounded and shaded by roses and orange-trees. In the background, on its glorious site, Naples, the queen of all cities; and over-arching all, the ever-laughing Italian sky. A scene so rich in color as this is—really an enchanting one for eyes half blinded by Winter snows and ice, makes our longing souls dream over all this luxuriance of beauty until we at last get to speak of Italy's clear, dark-blue sky as if we, too, had felt the inspiriting, gladdening sun's kiss, and had gazed with our own eyes upon the strange, bewitching splendor of the South.

And now that you have refreshed yourselves for a moment by the contemplation of this picture, turn your eyes toward an old, negligently dressed man, who sits before the door of the house, and gazes, lost in thought, into the distance. An orange-tree strews now and then a few fragrant blossoms over him, but he doesn't notice it; roses coquettishly kiss his forehead; gayly colored butterflies flutter sportively around him to no purpose; the signs of life and stir make no impression upon him; and still there was passion and sensibility in his dark, nobly cut features, and the burning Italian eyes contrasted strangely with the Northern snows on his head.

It was the maestro, Alessandro Scarlatti. A harp was

leaning upon his chair, in front of which, with an indescribably earnest mien and inimitable dignity, sat a large black cat. He was occupying himself with flourishing the tip of his tail, which, as well as his left ear, was of a dazzling whiteness, gently over the chords—which singular experiment very naturally brought forth all manner of strange sounds. It was his habit, in fact, since his lord and master never took his musical studies amiss, to abandon himself every morning, with utter recklessness, to his genius, accompanying the movement of his tail with the most absurd gestures; and sometimes, in the overflow of his feelings, he sang one of the ancient melancholy strains of his forefathers, which, as has been asserted, have power to soften the hardest stone, and drive the calmest of men to madness.

All this caused not the least disturbance to Master Scarlatti; on the contrary, he laughed good-naturedly whenever the cat fell into his musical ecstasies. In the evening, however, the cat always sat in a corner of his beloved master's room, with an expression like that of a sentimental privy councilor, and then it was the master who played the harp; and that must have been gloriously worth listening to, for all the little birds who sang among the orange-trees and myrtles came flying to the open window to hear it, and the roses crowded in their little heads, one after another, in such haste and impatience that many a tender bud lost its young life.

The master on these occasions looked like that wonderful old bard, Ossian, only not so shattered by pain and grief. What wonder if these magic tones caused the sensitive soul of the cat, who was still mourning, withal, for the death of a beloved bride, to melt, and his green eyes to overflow, like the King of Thule's? Whenever Scarlatti perceived this, he took up his faithful four-legged companion into his lap, and stroked, caressed and kissed him until he had recovered his mad romping humor. On the whole, the cat led a perfectly charming life with his gentle master, to whom he was all in all—friend, wife, and child, whom he never left by day or night. When the old master was engaged in composing something, Ponto sat quietly upon his left shoulder, and brushed his forehead softly with his famous white-tipped tail. Sometimes Scarlatti would get impatient and vexed, when an idea was not clear, when his hand got wearied, or the malicious ink spread out upon the paper in a shapeless blotch. At such times, at a sudden angry shrug of his master's shoulders, the cat would spring down from his lofty seat into the middle of the room. He never took offense at this rough treatment, but continued placidly affectionate, like a sensible wife with a scolding husband, and always stole quietly back, after a few minutes of grievous banishment, and mounted again, with a comfortable purr, upon the forsaken throne. For this, too, he got a thousand caressing words, when his master at length thrust pen and paper and other things aside, which put him into a state of boundless ecstasy.

All this was very nice and comfortable, if it had not been for the Sunday; for on that day a jovial mad fellow was in the habit of beating up Master Scarlatti's quarters, and staying with him until night. The Sunday guest was a favorite scholar of the master's, who had come a long distance from Germany, and was named Hasse. Now, there could not possibly be in the whole wide world a bolder, jollier fellow than this same German, who tormented and insulted the venerable Ponto in every imaginable way; now he would fasten a little bell to his tail, now put baby shoes on his feet, now crown him with a wreath of roses, or strew orange-blossoms over him, whose strong scent the cat's nasal organs could by no means tolerate, and against which he struggled with incessant convulsive sneezing. To cap the climax, the young German possessed a little frolicking dog, of whom even Ponto, his sworn enemy, had to confess that he was enchanting, dazzling white, nimble and graceful, with intelligent brown eyes. This splendid pet was, if possible, more mad, wanton and reckless than his owner, and the cat grieved, almost to tears, over his impudence.

And it was Sunday, as the cat, springing up and down, was drawing forth wild, fantastic strains from the harp, and his master was gazing so full of thought into the distance, as I have described him; and behold! the dreaded visitor appeared. With a light, joyous step he drew near—this youth with the beautiful locks and fresh cheeks, at whose side was springing and dancing his darling companion.

"Good-morning, Master Scarlatti!" cried the newcomer, with a friendly tone and look; "how I rejoice to see you again!"

Scarlatti nodded and smiled, half in kindly reciprocation of the affectionate greeting, and half in mockery at the queer German accent of the speaker, and replied:

"I am but a sorry companion and friend to-day, Hasse. I have a great deal in my head—all sorts of tones are buzzing confusedly in my ears, and I can form no melody out of them. I am searching for something very especially original, and that I can't find—it throws me into despair. I beg of you to leave me at peace, with your nonsense, or I shall twist off your little spoilt puppy's head."

"Hold, hold, Master Scarlatti!" cried the guest—"not so fast. You are in a bad humor—that I can well see, but you shall not lay a finger on my little Truelove; you know he was the parting gift of my German sweetheart, and accompanies me always, like her love and truth."

The master turned toward the young man with a tender smile, and gazed at his clear and almost childlike countenance. There stood the young enthusiast, leaning against an orange-tree, shaded by its luxuriant foliage, his eyes directed to heaven. He seemed to be dreaming of his beloved home, with her clear sky and snow-capped mountains; or were his thoughts given to his distant bride—the loveliest of all flowers? But the clouds which had gathered over his brow soon vanished—Truelove jumped upon him and kissed his hand. The master lost himself again in deep thought, and left it to his pupil to take measures for the preservation of peace and order in his little commonwealth. This the young man did for a time, preaching a most excellent and reasonable sermon to both animals, at the close of which, however, he drew out of his pocket a little wig and pair of spectacles, with which, in spite of all resistance, to decorate the silently indignant Ponto. This seemed to cause especial delight to the little Truelove; he barked loudly, and sprang about the despairing sufferer with the agility and elegance of a ballet-dancer.

Scarlatti cast a glance at the group, and could not help secretly smiling, though he took good care not to betray this sign of weakness to his mad pupil; but, on the contrary, he growled out something in no very gentle tones, so that Hasse, dreading an outbreak, snatched up both animals, and carried them into the next room.

The old piano stood open, the young man's hands glided over the keys; he played a furious Witches' Dance. Truelove jumped about as if possessed, and at last, in the excess of his excitement, threw himself, with a yell of joy, upon the wretched Ponto's back, clinging with his forepaws to the cat's neck. Then, at last, the tough thread of patience in the cat's soul was broken. He began, with the

THE CAT'S FUGUE.—PUSSY ON THE PROFESSOR'S SHOULDER. SEE PAGE 526.

light burden on his back, to race—nay, to fly around the room, trying to run up all the walls; sprang, spluttering and squalling, over chairs and tables, till the master's papers were scattered about like chaff.

Hasse started up, but his calls and scoldings were to no purpose. At length Ponto was exhausted. Shame at the disgrace which had been inflicted upon him, anger at his own weakness, inspired him with a sublime idea. He wanted to summon his master to the rescue. Without hesitation, he sprang upon the keys of the piano, whirled about, ran twice wildly up and down, at the same time he sounded his tribe's piercing cry for help. Truelove tumbled half senseless from the back of the inspired cat; a hollow accord marked his fall. The cat's spectacles followed; only the wig remained. The confused tones grew into a melody. Hasse looked around—the master's face appeared at the open window, in the midst of the grape-leaves and wild roses, illumined with the most passionate joy, while he cried: "Come to my heart, puss, *thou* hast found it!" And Ponto threw himself, almost fainting, into his master's arms.

Scarlatti sent off his mad pupil straightway until the following morning.

When the young man appeared the next morning before his master, Scarlatti showed him, with a brilliant, triumphant look, a sheet thickly covered with notes, over which was printed, in large letters, the title "Katzenfuge." Master Scarlatti placed himself at the piano, and played. In the artistically woven and beautifully constructed theme, the youth recognized with joyful astonishment the singular cries of distress, and the infernal melodies of the wild hunt, which had rushed over the keys of the piano the day before, in the form of a despairing cat. When the performance was ended, master and pupil laughed as if for a wager. The cat sat upon Scarlatti's left shoulder; and the latter maintained, to the day of his death, that Ponto had laughed with them like any human being.

LOVE is king wherever he elects to plant his throne. He is as potent among the lowliest as in the palace of the mightiest emperor, and his sceptre is wielded with as much despotism as though it were studded with precious stones and held over the devout heads of prince and archduchess.

THE CROSS FROM THE TOMB OF MLLE. VIRGINIE CAILLOU,

THE ORIGINAL OF THE HEROINE OF BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE'S "PAUL AND VIRGINIA."

BERNARDIN DE ST. PIERRE laid the scene of his famous story in Mauritius, and the heroine was taken from a real personage, Mlle. Virginie Caillou, the incidents of whose life were treated simply with a poet's license. She was interred in her native isle, and above her grave the hand of affection had reared a beautifully carved ironwood cross, simple, beautiful, and almost as enduring as iron itself. A few roses wreathing and clustering around the cross were its only ornament.

The grave was naturally the resort of the thousands from all lands who had read with emotion the touching pages of the French author. The simple cross was one of the great points of interest in the island. Yet—will it be believed?—the authorities, some thirty years since, suppressed the ancient cemetery; but, instead of making it a park or public resort, cleared everything away, putting up the monuments for sale at auction! The commander of a French vessel—Captain Avril—secured the cross, and took it with him to his native place, St. Malo, France.

Here it remained in his house, almost forgotten, till his sister, the Superior of a house of Hospital Nuns, appreciating the memento, induced her brother to add it to the treasures of Mr. Edward Montague, a famous collector.

The cross is about a yard and a half in height, and two feet across. A figure of Christ was once evidently attached to the cross, but there is no trace of any inscription.

COMPARATIVELY few people enjoy fine weather for its own sake. They take a practical view of the matter. The weather is "good" when the farmer can secure his hay or plow out his corn; when my lady can go down town without her waterproof, etc. But weather that is good simply to live in, and be happy, is not much thought of. We are too thoroughly accustomed to the free gifts of nature to value them as they should be valued.

THE CROSS FROM THE TOMB OF MLLE. VIRGINIE CAILLOU.

"PEG."—"THE GIRL HAD, WITH ONE GRAND, SILENT GESTURE, POINTED TO THE DOOR. PAUL HAD NEVER SEEN HER LOOK LIKE THAT. SHE STOOD IN MAJESTIC, HAUGHTY SILENCE, AN OUTRAGED, INSULTED WOMAN—NO MORE A GIRL."

"PEG."

CHAPTER I.—SWEET BELLS JANGLED.

I SHOULD describe Peg's father as a beery being. Life contained but one duty to him: to get through with a certain amount of imbibing, malty, alcoholic, or vinous, within the twenty-four hours. This duty fulfilled, Crofts slept the sleep of the unrighteous as soundly as though his spirit knew no guile. Indeed, I doubt whether, however guileless his conscience, a man with less beer in him could have snored as soundly.

Odd! that Peg should have such a father. For Peg, commonly called in the unpicturesque alley where she abode by the euphonious title of "Crofts's gal," was a creature so strangely beautiful, that not to have seen her to be so argued the absence of that which thrills at such sights—the *art-nerve*.

A Psyche? Yes. There was not a line in a form all delicate symmetry upon which the art-eye would have failed to rest with pleasure. A fair, pale skin, lustreful, but colorless. Indeed, there was little sun in the alley; and flowers, to be brilliant, must have that. Large eyes, of a dark, deep gray, with ever-dilated violet centres.

The features, from the low but wide brow to the rounded chin, had a symmetry purely Greek, if, perhaps, a trifle attenuated; and to a rare intellectuality of expression a mass of golden hair gave something angelic.

Yet Peg, to judge by her actions, and again by her words, was fast proving herself, not only "of the earth, earthy," but of the alley, naughty.

Close observation, indeed, might almost stagger the looker-on into the belief that Peg was "weird," or what the Scotch call "uncanny," for she had—her age being now twelve years—developed an elfishness of behavior that was perfectly startling to any but the residents in that elegant retreat—said alley.

How she escaped in all her *escapades* became a question. Explosions of badly managed fireworks, with which she feloniously provided herself out of Crofts's shop, on the plea that "Pop won't never miss 'um," had left her unscathed as the "pious Æneas."

Crazy men and intoxicated ruffians, provoked by her to more than maniac wrath, had cooled down, passed her by, and flung stones at other people.

Once she appeared to be run over. A vain illusion! The carriage, which seemed like a sentient being, bewildered in the unknown precincts of the alley, bounded, as it were, over her, and not a hair of her glorious head was touched; and Peg, in a state of high revival, requested the beliveried coachman to inform her whether he "warn't 'shamed to be runnin' over poor gals in that sort o' way?"

Also did our heroine remark to that astonished individual that he "hadn't better call round that way no more."

But Peg, the tricksy appropriator of her "pop's" fireworks and popguns, had the instinct of honesty. For a lady, calling upon a poor but artistic lace-mender—a Frenchwoman, resident next door to Crofts's candy-shop—dropped her portemonnaie, which Peg, finding in the muck and moil, and threatened by the weirs and lashers of a gutter-current that formed a mimic waterfall over rocks of garbage, handed to her, with something resembling politeness, on her coming forth. The lady, startled, stared at her, and, selecting it from among the contents of the velvet and gilt affair, gave her five dollars.

"I'm afeared yer can't spare this 'ere, nohow," remarked Peg, with a certain degree of sarcasm; for, be it known to my readers, Peg had examined the portemonnaie, which contained something over a hundred and fifty dollars.

The lady—one of the loftiest of the *haute-volée*—mildly remarked:

"You are a good, honest girl, and I shall see you again;" after which she took down the number of Crofts's candy-shop, where, invested with that sleepy dignity with which beer clothes languid manhood, its proprietor had contemplated Peg's unprecedented "foolishness," as he deemed it, with a sneer.

But Crofts never "interfered," as he called it, with Peg. Mysterious hints as to a possible future to dawn upon Peg had more than once fallen from him.

"There was to come," said Crofts, in moments of lucidity, such as flash upon even the beeriest of men, "a golden time, when Peg should come into her own, if I can ever find——"

And here mumblings and mutterings would cast his meanings once more into the uncertain void.

Peg had a friend, an invalid girl, thought to be "deficient," and afflicted by a painful distortion.

"Liz"—in Christian parlance, Elizabeth Meeks—was hunchbacked. Gleams of light, however, flashed brilliantly over that somewhat darkened spirit. She worshiped Peg. A poet-artist tells us that the "real superiority of one being over another is in the greater capacity for love." According to that, Liz was no imbecile, but an empress.

The same teacher tells us that women "are born to be Love made visible." *Then* Liz was a true woman. To her dim perception Peg shone like a star.

So, alone with Liz, Peg often wondered and speculated as to what might be the secret that her often oblivious "pop" held as to that shining, far-off future—the goal of many dreams in that densely "ignorant present."

Oh, guilty soul!—degraded fellow man! If, in that Slough of Despond, that low alley, that abode of shameful, because shameless, poverty and degradation, this bright, untutored but peerless creature, "breeding her future wings"—the Psyche—is dragged into the mire because of your inertness, will God hold you guiltless? Wake! Wake from your drunkenness, man! Time passes! Peg is fast growing into womanhood! Rouse yourself! Be not too late! Let not that soul be stained—its earthly tenement is too lovely!

But Crofts hears no inner voices. Their sound is whelmed—in beer! Meantime, let us pluck out the heart of his mystery.

Six years before, failing to find those whom he sought, a man of some forty years, a Greek by birth, had died in the miserable "lodging" perpetually announced to let, but seldom tenanted, over the candy-shop of Crofts, the inebriate. This man had with him a little girl, six years of age—to wit, "Peg."

Dying, Perdecaris had implored Crofts to take care of Zoe, his daughter, until such time as—Crofts having presented certain letters which he handed him—she should be under the care of a brother whom he, Perdecaris, had been seeking in vast New York when the Death'Angel had met and struck him down. *Then* Zoe would be rich. With the letters, he had given to Croft's care a cameo bracelet.

It was at this time that Mrs. Crofts, the corpulent spouse of Peg's "pop," had found out that she had accomplished all the living that she intended to do. Nature had given Sarah Crofts more fat than any one human being is justified in accumulating, and to that illegal amount she had added by years of persistent over-feeding.

It would appear that the human stomach gives up the contest, and goes the way of all flesh, when cabbage, beans, pork, sausages, corn, etc., etc., are thrust into it three times a day by an individual whose sole exercise consists in getting into clothing in the morning and out of it at night, the rest of her time being passed seated in an easy-chair in a candy-shop.

Mrs. Crofts was sufficiently well-to-do to maintain a "white slavey," whose existence and appearance resembled that of the "Marchioness," and who saved her from "housework," Mrs. Crofts's favorite aversion.

Had Sarah Crofts lived, however, it may be supposed that Crofts himself would have been urged into serious action, and Peg's condition changed. He did, after the sudden death of his wife, seek, during three comparatively sober days, for the brother of Zavella Perdecaris; but failing to find him, did not take the pains to advertise, secreted the letters, and selfishly made up his mind that the "little gal" cheered his widowed home, and that "if them as she belongs to comes after her, well an' good; if not, why, she ain't in my way, nohow." And, adding insult to injury, Crofts dubbed Zoe "Peg."

CHAPTER II.

PAUL ELVERSTON.

Time passed, as time has a way of doing, even in alleys. Peg grew up. The flower expanded.

It was four years after that date at which my story began. Peg was sixteen. She had never again seen that

"grand lady" whose money she had handed to her, though she had vaguely, vainly and often hoped that she might seek her out according to promise, having remembered that promise, and taken her, perchance—that delicious dream!—as lady's-maid, or to do her plain sewing—for Peg could sew.

Yes, and read. She went to Sunday-school; could write, after a fashion; "do sums" such as enabled her to keep the paltry accounts of the candy-shop, and had dim visions of meanings in her geography and history books.

What she loved was what she called "books of poetry." Crofts had, with a half-consciousness that he was wronging the "gal," insisted upon regularity at school, which Peg, after a week's playing at what the alley boys called "hookey," made no further demur about consenting to it.

After that, there was no more being run over, no more fireworks, no more provoking of delirious dogs to turn and rend her. A poet soul awoke! Peg could read!

There was a fate in it, alas! Peg, out of a dingy, low, poorly kept "circulating library"—*stagnant* would have been a better word—got for her perusal sundry love-stories of a commonplace order. But love, love! what did it mean?

One day—by this time she had fallen upon an old Byron, the lassie!—she sat in the candy-shop, scarcely raising her head to look at such lads as demanded penny-worths of peanuts and Everton taffy, or such other Heliogabalian delicacies as Crofts's elegant establishment held forth as temptations to the fastidious, when there entered—Peg thought he lighted up the place into a kind of glory—"heaven save the mark!" a gentleman!

Now Crofts, having always been, as he phrased it, "down upon gadding," Peg's peregrinations had ever been confined to church and Sunday-school, and at neither of these had she seen any but that class which she had been taught to consider—tacitly taught, if I may use contradictory terms—her own.

The gentleman had seen, in an equipage that had passed him, a person whom he wished to avoid, and had slipped into the by-street where the classic Crofts held forth, simply that he might remain unseen.

Passing the window, he had seen the seraphic face of Peg, whom Liz was wont to call "a shiny star."

It would have puzzled the *élégant* to have said what he intended to purchase when he had fairly entered the candy-shop. Peanuts and Everton taffy were things of which even his childhood had been ignorant. The cigars would have poisoned if not killed him, and marbles would have been of little service to an individual of some twenty-eight or nine years.

"Can you tell me how far I am from —— Street?" demanded he, in mellifluous accents, of Peg, who was drinking in the consciousness of a realization of her poetic visions, outgrowths of her "beautiful Byron."

The street he named was a fashionable one, and one where Peggy had never set foot. She stammered out a few words to the effect that she "could not say."

"A sort of *Fanchon le Criquet*," thought our gentleman within himself; "probably 'a sleeping consciousness to be awakened,' a 'Margaret waiting for Faust.'"

And he apologized for disturbing Peg, and, staring most undisguisedly, withdrew.

Of course, he returned a day or two after. Paul Elverston had traveled too much, read too much, not to know that the beauty of this "shop-girl" was a sight such as men see but two or three times in a lifetime. He returned. His—

"Mutable loves and loves perverse"

might be set aside—for a time, at least. Here was "metal more attractive."

And Paul Elverston again and again, cautiously and meanly—in the absence of Crofts, its master, at the beer-house—stole in upon the solitude of Peg, the waif, to whom he began to tell "the old, old," but ever-thrilling, ever-tempting story—*love*.

Peg, perfectly and utterly innocent, with the innocence of the lamb, the bird, the little child—was shy, hard to win, even to listen. Without cunning, she did not, like Juliet, lack "cunning to be strange."

Unable to define her own sensations and perceptions in this "new matter," utterly unconscious of danger, Peg had, however, instinctively chosen "Liz," her elder, to talk of her grand and lovely hero. Liz, hearing of this idyl in an alley—this strange tale of an unusual courtship—had, in her quaint way, suggested what to Peg had little meaning—caution.

"'Tain't likely a gentleman's come to a by-street for any good, Peg. He ain't asked you to *marry him*, have he?" demanded Liz, one day.

Peg started. Marry him! Ah! that was what had been wanting!—that was what her spirit had yearned to hear. She was but sixteen, yet girls *did* marry at that age.

Peg grew paler, more thoughtful. The Corsair—she told Liz that her hero must be like *that* one—had never said a word of marriage. He had praised her "marvelous beauty," a gift which even in that poor street a girl learns that she possesses; and well it is with her if she does not learn it fatally. He had told her that she had a "fairy gift of imagination," too; for Peg had talked of dreams—her language had vastly improved with reading—in a way that startled the *blasé* man of the world into admiring perception of her fairest gift—*genius*. But he had said nothing of any fitness she might have *to be his wife*. Indeed, with a sickening heart-pain, it dawned upon Peg that the meaning of some of his words must have been *sneers at marriage*.

Poor Peg! Was it about to be her fate to become, like many—

"Adrift and afloat,
The barren waif of a heart"?

One day—Peg had marked it with a mental white stone; for she had on a new gray alpaca dress, the gift of Crofts on her birthday, a few days before—a lady alighted from her coupé at the lace-mender's, next door.

Peg saw and remembered her. Paul Elverston, leaning over the counter, and making love to his fair inamorata, had his back to the shop-door, and did not observe the lady, who, returning from her long visit—much lace had accumulated since she had visited, two years ago, the *raccommodeuse de dentelles*, as Mademoiselle Natalie called herself—saw his back through the open door, saw Peg's exquisite face, started, stared, and entered.

In another moment a small, gloved hand was laid on the "Corsair's" arm, and a voice said:

"Paul! brother! what are *you* doing *here?*" Then the beautifully attired and handsome lady had given Peg a look of mute reproach, as though there could be no mistake as to her being the culpable cause of her brother's misconduct, and had added: "This shop is no place for you. Come home with me *now*, Paul."

Paul Elverston was not given to blushing, but he was crimson now. His olive cheek and colorless brow bore a flaming flag of shame, as, with a half bow to Peg, and no apology, he—a man never awkward—shuffled out of the shop into the coupé, and, with his sister, vanished.

Vanished from Peg's life for a long, long month. During that weary month he was as completely lost to her

as though they had never met. He had never told her his residence, and Peg, though a "shop-girl," was too proud to have written, had she known it. Paul did not write.

Meantime Mary Greyson —Paul's sister was married, and had a son as old as Peg's self — had, honestly and in good faith, done all she could to trample out and destroy the only pure and good impulse that woman had ever awakened in her brother's mind; for, strange to say, in that shabby shop, illuminated by Peg's young and poetic soul, and by her exceptional and angelic loveliness, Love the master, Love the god, Love the angel, had for the first time come to the man of the world.

Startled, touched to the very soul by the holy innocence of Peg, Paul Elverston *had* thought of marrying her! Who among his gay friends would have believed this? On them Paul, in his dreams, "stole a march." He would educate Peg in some distant place when he should have made her secretly his wife. Then, in the blaze of her perfected beauty, and when study should have shown her the meaning of her soarings after the infinite and plungings after the "unfathomable," and her gift of genius be patent to all—all such as can recognize it, the heaven-given!—he would announce his marriage, and she should take her place as Mrs. Paul Elverston. She would grace his home on the Hudson, and shine at his table on the avenue.

THE LAST CONQUEST OF PERU.— ANIBAL PINTO, PRESIDENT OF CHILI.— SEE PAGE 535.

Mary Greyson, proud of her handsome and accomplished brother — talented, too, though Paul had not Peg's gift, *genius*—had bitterly wept over his "infatuation."

"I thought it strange when I found that neither Ida Sheldon, nor Maude Lafarge, nor Kate Wilton, had seen you for weeks, and that none of them had borrowed your Shelley and your Tennyson. I suppose all your elegant books are in that creature's possession? You might have remembered that some of them are *my* gift."

Mary was almost angrier for remembering that the "creature" was the beautiful girl who had handed her back her lost portemonnaie, and whom she promised to see again.

It matters not to tell by what worldly-wise, and, to Paul, incontrovertible arguments Mrs. Greyson brought her brother to "a sense of his folly"—she conquered.

HILARION DAZA, PRESIDENT OF BOLIVIA.

MARIANO PRADO, PRESIDENT OF PERU.

He would see Peg once more, though he promised his sister that he would not do so, and say farewell. He would never wrong the girl. Here he thought how certain of his friends would have laughed at that resolve They must part.

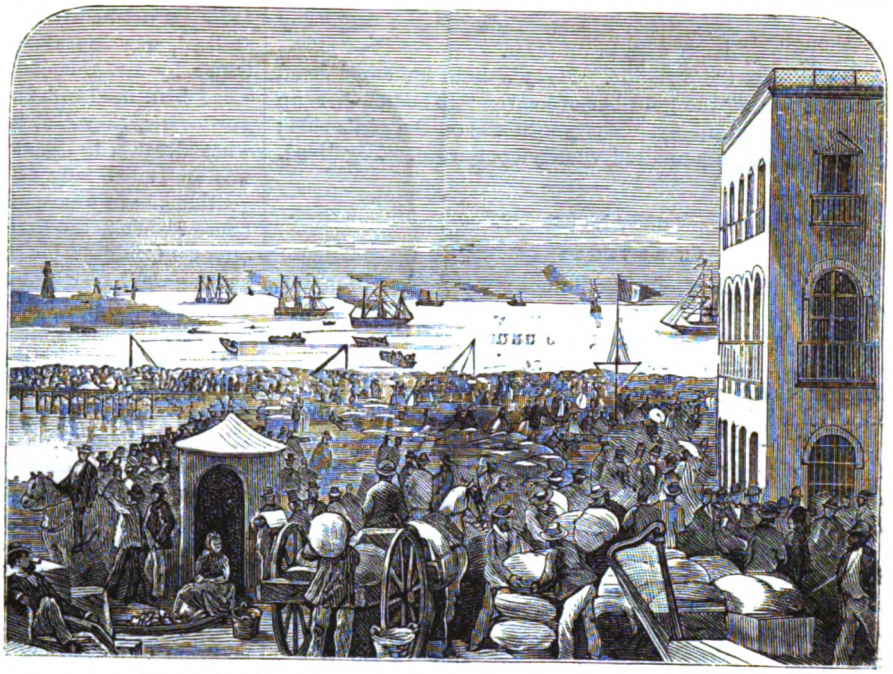
They met.

Peg—how Paul thrilled and yearned toward her at that sight!—had grown paler, thinner; but, oh! how unalterably beautiful!

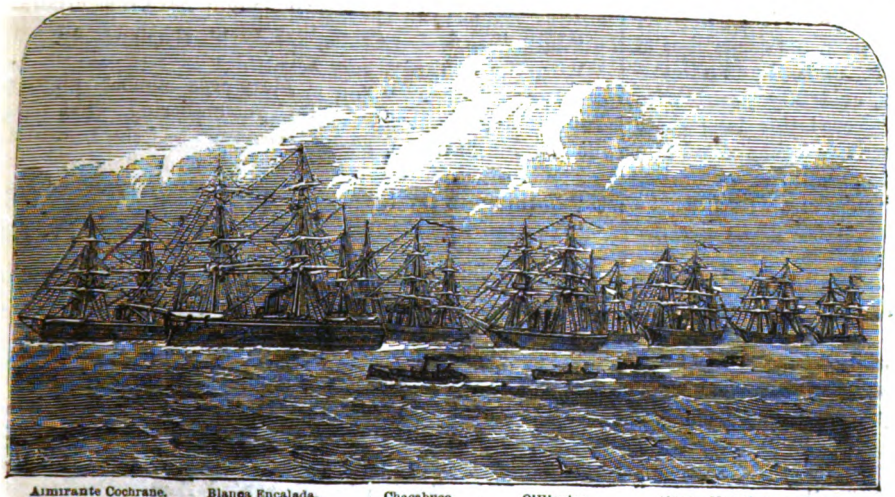
Renounce her—how could he?

The girl's face, her pallor, her start on his entrance—she almost swooned—everything told Paul Elverston that he was master of her soul—her pure, unblemished soul.

In five minutes more he had told her at once his love, and the "impossibility" of



DEPARTURE OF CHILIANS FROM IQUIQUE ON THE DECLARATION OF WAR.



Almirante Cochrane. Blanca Encalada. Chacabuco. O'Higgins. Abtao. Magallanes. Covadonga.

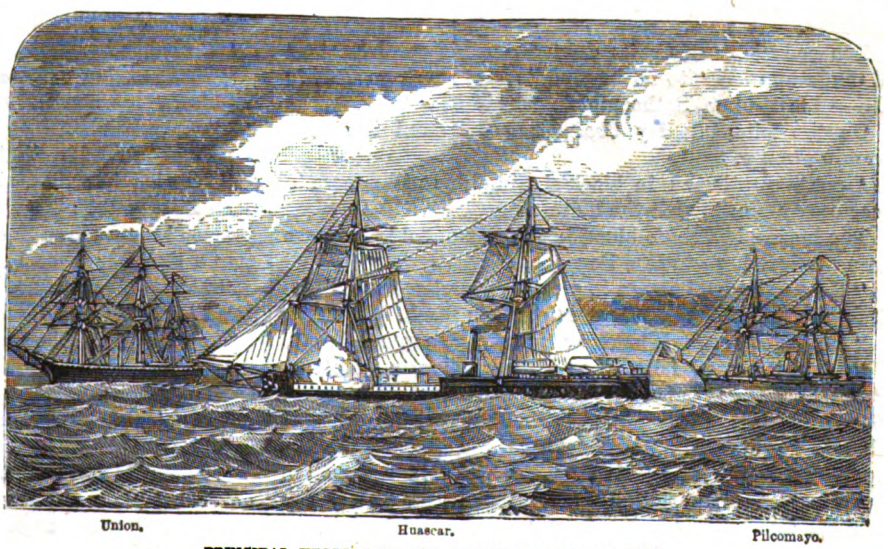
CHIEF VESSELS OF THE CHILIAN NAVY IN 1879.

their marriage. Peg had sunk back in her chair with a choking, heart-broken sob.

She rose now, and walked feebly into the small, dark sitting-room, and, with trembling hands, strove to pour out a glass of water to take away strange, deathlike feelings that she had never known before. Paul followed her and, in a moment more, when words had been uttered that he should have shamed to speak, and he had proposed to her flight from her home—anything, that she might be his, *all his, only his*—the girl had, with one grand, silent gesture, pointed to the door.

Paul had never seen her look like that—like some terrible, angry goddess. Her lovely eyes never quailed. She stood in majestic, haughty silence, an outraged, insulted woman, no more a girl; and pale as she, but shrinking, trembling, he obeyed, and left her.

That was Paul Elverston's one approach to a happy life, a happy home. He might have won Peg in honor. Such was his chance, and—he lost it! And while, pale, languid, listless, aimless and wretched, he strove to find some interest in a life that had begun to be to him as a burden of lead, Peg, tended by Liz and



Union. Huascar. Pilcomayo.

PRINCIPAL VESSELS OF THE PERUVIAN NAVY IN 1879.

Crofts—who, during her illness, drank not one drop—lay at the gate of death with brain-fever.

It was a fierce struggle. Many a time an angel hand reached over "the gold bar of heaven" to snatch her up into seraph company. But youth was on the girl's side; a magnificent, unimpaired vitality conquered. Peg lived.

CHAPTER III.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Peg lived. And—for heretofore my story has been but that of many an obscure life led into temptation—I will now relate its stranger and more unusual portion.

Crofts, sober for six weeks, awoke to the knowledge that this dying girl—he thought her so—was dearer to him than himself; and that he had wronged, bitterly wronged her in suffering her to believe herself his daughter. Liz, frightened at Peg's delirium, had told him all; and he, so she phrased it, "had flashed up red and angry-like," and said:

"No puppy wouldn't 'er dared to have kim after her in that mean, sneaky way ef he'd 'er knowed as she was sumbody. *She* was, an' none of yer 'riff-raff.' Why, Liz, he thinks she's *my* daughter. Likely as a queen like you"—pointing to the bed where, whelmed in the glory of the golden locks that Crofts had dared the doctor to cut off at his peril, *Zoe*, Peg no more, lay convalescent—"would be the daughter of a shabby old hoss like *me!* Look here, Liz, look here!" continued the old man, his conscience at last aroused; "this is hers!" Here he displayed a bracelet containing several fine cameos, evidently portraits of real, not ideal, faces. "And look here! this tells where her uncle—the old gentleman as was her father called him Demetri Perdecaris" (impossible to render the pronunciation of this name as *per* Crofts!)—"an' I'm a wretch, that's what I am, never to have found him an' given her her own!"

Here, with a wild outburst of sobs and tears, the old man sank upon his knees at the foot of pale Zoe's bed, and wept his remorseful heart out.

The light came in the dingy windows upon the gray-haired, prostrate man; the hunchback girl, who had started to her feet and stood leaning upon her crutches; and upon the glorious being on the bed. It was a strange picture.

Poor Liz! things looked as though "the shiny star" would pass out of *her* poor, beclouded sky—the firmament of the alley, the atmosphere of degradation—into other horizons.

Zoe convalescent, Crofts carried out his resolve. One of the letters was "to be handed," so its envelope said, to B—— the banker, Rothschilds' agent in New York.

On the following day Crofts had delivered it at the banking-house.

A polite gentleman in black signified his willingness to accompany him to visit the heiress.

The heiress! Croft's blood began to run cold. He was going to lose her—to lose Peg—no, *Zoe!*

"How did you happen to see the advertisement?" politely demanded the affable gentleman in black.

"Advertisement? What advertisement?" replied Crofts.

"Why, my good fellow," said the gentleman in black, "you hold the proofs in these letters of the existence of Zoe Perdecaris, niece of Demetri Perdecaris, brother of Zavella Perdecaris. Demetri Perdecaris died six months ago, leaving her everything he has made in a splendid business—the importation of foreign wines. They say that the father, Zavella Perdecaris, owned an island in the Archipelago, and that among his papers, if they can be found, must be a will leaving *that* to his daughter. Such, at least, was the statement made to me in our banking-house by Mr. Demetri Perdecaris, not eight months ago. The island used to be a poor sort of place, and Mr. Zavella Perdecaris, they say, had a fever there, and became somewhat deranged. That was after his wife's death. She was an Italian lady of high family—a Genoese. The old gentleman must have come here and died—you say at your house? Well, the island turns out to be rich in superb olives. Couldn't be better than that, and Miss Zoe is worth—well, I should say nearly, if not quite, a million, even now. Ugly, I suppose? Heiresses always are."

Crofts chuckled, but did not reply.

"Been quite like a daughter to you, I suppose? But why didn't you claim the property? Better than keeping a candy-shop, I should say." The carriage containing the affable gentleman in black and our Crofts had by this time entered the obscure alley, and stopped at the door of his by no means palatial abode. "Well, people can't have everything."

"Ugly!" thought Crofts, chuckling again.

And, opening the door, he let Zoe shine out in all her radiance of soft loveliness upon the gentleman in black.

Pale, the golden hair wrapped about that Greek head, and the oval face defined against an old horsehair arm-chair, she shone just as Liz said she always did, like "a shiny star."

The gentleman in black started.

"Ugly," chuckled Crofts, again, this time audibly.

"On the contrary, very beautiful," said the gentleman in black, smiling. "You are quite convalescent, miss? Your—ahem!—guardian informs me that you have been ill. Nothing serious, I trust?"

Zoe blushed.

"Nothing—a fever."

"You must be careful. Life's worth having to enjoy a—ahem!—million or so."

Liz—the poor hunchback had hidden herself in a distant corner—burst into tears, half of joy, half of sorrow. Zoe opened her violet eyes.

Paul—it flashed across her brain—was a proud, great gentleman, but she, *now*, was a great, a rich *lady!*

Crofts now laid before the gentleman in black—whose name I may as well state, lest you should begin to think him a *diable, à la Frederic Soulie*, was Vinton—all the documents left by the half-demented Zavella Perdecaris. Mr. Vinton carefully examined the bracelet, and noticed the likeness in the female head which formed the centre, to Zoe.

"Probably her mother," remarked he.

"Yes, yes, her mother," replied Crofts; "I mind how he kissed it when he was ill. An' it's like Peg—like the gal."

"Peg?" said Mr. Vinton.

"I called her that, sir, because I had a pretty sister named Margaret; Peg, we called her. I can't pernounce yer gran' names like Zoe; but that's what the old gentleman called her when he'd stroke her over the hair."

"You won't have to keep that shabby shop now, will you?" said Zoe, suddenly, to Crofts.

That was all. She never reproached him for her dark, degraded life in the alley. She never, in the aftertime, spoke of her neglected, untaught childhood. She never did aught but strive to make the last days of the old man happy.

"Ef she'd 'a' bin the chile of my own blood she couldn't never ha' bin no different, nor no better to me," the remorseful Crofts was wont to murmur, when Zoe "came into her own."

CHAPTER IV.

THE ISLAND.

In the aftertime, amid "the isles of Greece!—the isles of Greece!"—where in splendor rose the villa she caused to be built, and Zoe reigned in a manner over the hearts if not the rights of the denizens of the little island her father's will had left her, memories *would* come of Paul.

What then? Did she, could she cling to that memory? Did Love's young dream powerfully assert itself again, and did she yearn for him, as, trammeled still by his sister's stronger will, and unaware yet of her rise to fortune, Paul Elverston's weak, vacillating mind and tortured heart still yearned, and, with a feeling that was almost frenzy, still longed for her?

No. Coming to womanhood, Zoe realized, as many a woman, nay, *most* women, do, that her girlhood's ideal had little to recommend it. That Paul's had been a weak, a *mean* nature. That to give herself in wealth would be but to reward a bygone and cruel insult offered to her in poverty.

At last Paul heard the strange story of "Peg Crofts's luck." It had got into the papers. Peg's was now the "coigne of vantage"; she could look down upon him.

He spent four years in seeking her over all Europe. By this time his passion for Zoe Perdecaris had become a sort of monomania, which provoked first the remonstrances and then the jests of his friends. It was thought that his reason was becoming unsettled in the disappointments of his fruitless search.

At last he found her—found her the object of the love of as noble a being as kind Heaven ever sent to fill the void of an unoccupied heart. Antonio Vasselli, a young Italian physician, was at once a patriot and a man of science. Ever ready to lay down the scalpel to grasp the sword, Vasselli was one in whom the best of his kind had faith. He was young, handsome, too, and devoted. He had found Zoe when called in to attend Elizabeth Meeks—the "Liz" of old—who was fast becoming consumptive. Zoe learned his worth, and they became betrothed.

At this juncture Paul Elverston fell in their way. He endeavored, though received by Zoe, with whom lived both Crofts and an American widow who was her *chaperone*—with courtesy, to quarrel with Signor Vasselli. The Italian, with dignity, refused to notice his evil behavior.

Unaware of their quarrels, Zoe still received Elverston. One day, seated at table—Zoe was courteous though cold to her unwelcome guest—Mrs. Gleason announced that the occasion on which they and some eight or nine other guests had met was to celebrate the betrothal—a custom in Italy and modern Greece—of the Italian and her fair young patron.

It was afterward supposed that Paul must have indulged in wine before appearing. Certain it is that no sooner were these words uttered, than, with a horrible oath and a look scarcely human, he stigmatized the Signor Antonio as "a coward who had refused to meet him in a duel," and grasping a heavy *carafe*, hurled it at the head of his rival. It missed, and struck the invalid girl, Elizabeth, inflicting a ghastly wound upon her brow, and prostrating her. The terrified guests rose with one accord to their feet, and in a moment more Vasselli had pinioned, despite his struggles—he was foaming at the mouth—the now evidently insane Elverston.

Yes, the man in whose life of thirty-three years there had been no good act, had, under the influence of thwarted passion and frustrated ambition—for is it to be supposed that, with such a man, Zoe's wealth had no weight?—lost his reason. For an entire year Paul Elverston was the inmate of a madhouse, and had not Vasselli promptly and skillfully attended Elizabeth, who shall say that he might not have found a scaffold?

Zoe and Antonio are married. They inhabit the beautiful island, and have ever been—

> "Twain halves of a perfect heart, made fast
> Soul to soul as the years flew past."

THE LAST CONQUEST OF PERU.

In one of its issues during the month of December, 1879, the *Nacional*, of Lima, thus aggregated the results to that date, of the war of Peru and Bolivia against Chili:

> "We have to record the loss of our territory to the nineteenth degree of latitude; the loss of more than 1,800 square leagues of Peru's area; the loss of nearly 200,000 souls of our population; the loss of our railroads and telegraphs for over 200 miles, worth more than twenty millions of hard dollars; the loss of the three ports of Patillos, Iquique, and Pisagua, and their corresponding inlets and smaller ports; the loss of $20,000,000 worth of nitrate factories, and 2,800 miles of nitrate lands, amounting to 140,000,000 hard dollars; and the loss of our guano and nitrate revenues, netting 10,000,000 hard dollars per annum."

In consequence of these immense losses, the editor was led to observe:

> "Through all the pores of our organization, there flows the blood of our shame and of the opprobrium which a handful of incompetent officials have cast on the Republic."

As the effects of a war that had then been waged for a period of forty days only, this was certainly an appalling summary. How much deeper must have been the humiliation a little over a twelvemonth later, when a faithful chronicler would have added to this extraordinary report the details of the forced flights of two Presidents; the loss of the victor of the sea, the renowned *Huascar;* the wonderful march of the Chilian general, Baquedano; the fall in succession before the invader of Chorillos, Miraflores and haughty Lima itself; the supplication of the populace, abandoned by all forms of legislative organization, for a merciful settlement; and the appeal to England, France and Italy for friendly intervention.

Brief and active as this tripartite war was, its progress was characterized by feats of amazing heroism, of wonderful strategic skill, of indomitable perseverance, no less than by evidences of the grossest incompetency.

The cause of the war is found in a struggle for the possession of the vast nitrate beds in the narrow belt or territory lying between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth parallels of south latitude, at the foot of the Bolivian Andes.

This territory, which was once a part of Peru, was claimed both by Bolivia and Chili, and had been the subject of many treaties; but one signed in 1866 renounced the Bolivian claim to that portion of the Desert of Atacama lying southward of the twenty-fourth parallel, and stipulated that Chili should share equally with Bolivia the valuable guano deposits, as well as the export duties on minerals extracted in that desert between the twenty-third and twenty-fifth parallels. That a partnership of this character should be the occasion for endless disputes is apparent. After the fall of the Dictator Melgarejo, the Bolivian Government repudiated the treaty agreement, on the ground that it contained unconstitutional provisions; yet, in August, 1874, it negotiated another by which the joint ownership was abrogated, the joint share in the guano products reaffirmed, and permission given by Bolivia for Chilian companies to work the deposits for the term of twenty-five years, without an increase of export duties.

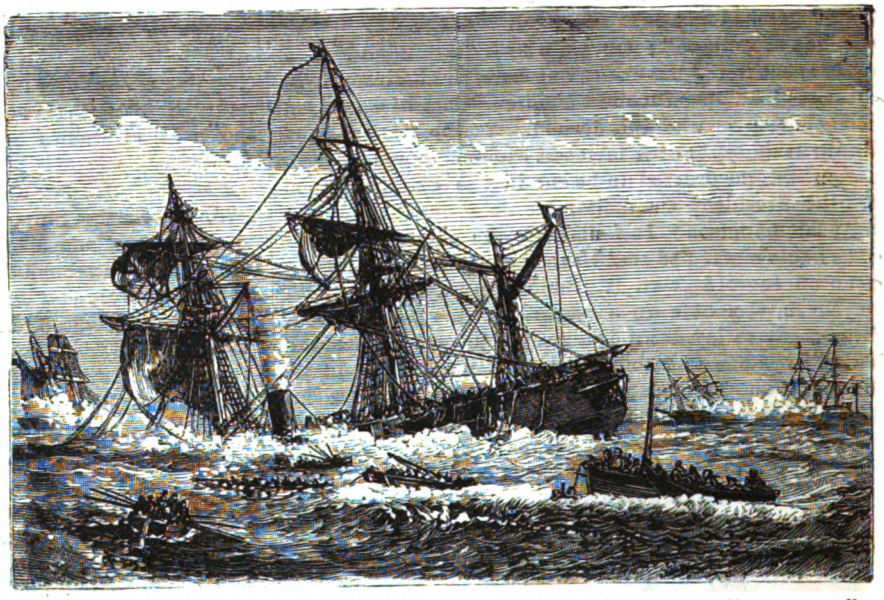
CHILIAN ARMY REACHING CALAMA.

of soda also exist between that town and the port, and the earth is likewise taken to the port for treatment by another Chilian firm, and made to yield its valuable constituents, including, besides the soda, salt and iodine. As much as 5,000 tons of nitrate are produced at these works in a single month.

On the alleged failure of Chilian companies to comply with the terms of their amended agreement, in February, 1878, Bolivia laid an export duty upon all the nitrate taken from Atacama. This action is said to have been taken without any warning or notification to the companies or to the Government of Chili. When the subject of the imposition of the tax was brought to the attention of the President of Chili, he caused a remonstrance to be sent to President Daza, and instructed the companies not to pay the tax.

It was also stipulated that at the end of the term all improvements connected with the works, and the ownership of the nitrate beds, should revert to the Bolivian Government.

The ratification of this treaty was followed by an immense emigration of Chilians of wealth and enterprise into the Desert of Atacama, where their thrift soon gave birth to railroads, storehouses, wharves, the port of Antofagasta, and the towns of Mejillores and Caracoles. From the vicinity of the latter town, large quantities of silver ore have been and still are extracted, and taken to the port for amalgamation in the extensive reduction works of a Chilian capitalist. Vast deposits of nitrate



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT OFF IQUIQUE, APRIL 21ST, 1879.—SINKING OF THE CHILIAN "ESMERALDA" AND LOSS OF THE PERUVIAN "INDEPENDENCIA."

CHILIAN AMBULANCE CORPS.

It is at this point that the interests of Peru become actively involved. It appears that, in February, 1873, a treaty was negotiated between Bolivia and Peru, that was originally designed to include the Argentine Republic as well, but the Government of the latter, by a large majority, rejected the proposals. The basis of this treaty, it was alleged, was the refusal of

Chili to accept the offers made by the Peruvian Government, which was anxious to secure a monopoly of the nitrate industry, for the purchase of the various works that had been erected at Antofagasta by Chilian capitalists. When the Chilians admitted possessing a knowledge of the existence of the "secret" treaty, they set up the claim that it was in consequence of that refusal that the Bolivian Government, acting as the ally of Peru, had imposed the tax on the export of the product.

So, when the Chilians refused to submit to the taxation, the Bolivian authorities attempted to collect it by armed force, and soldiers were placed over the works. The appeal of the companies to the Chilian Government for protection was answered immediately by the dispatch of a superior force of troops, who not only recovered the works, but drove the Bolivians from the port of Antofagasta and the mining town of Caracoles.

GENERAL PIEROLA, PRESIDENT OF PERU.

When the news of this formidable occupation reached the Peruvian capital the intensest excitement was aroused. The militia was ordered to be enrolled at once for service, and the President announced his determination to take the field in person. In Chili there was much less excitement, because war had seemed inevitable, and preparations had been made to meet it. With her army under arms and her naval vessels under steam, Chili demanded from Peru an acknowledgment or denial of the existence of the secret treaty with Bolivia. The Peruvian Government refused to make any direct statement, referring the entire matter to its ambassador to Chili. When he was approached officially for an explanation he promptly disclaimed all knowledge of the instrument. He was shown a verbatim copy of the treaty, but he still professed ignorance of it. The Chilian Government then cut the diplomatic business short by sending him his passport, along with a declaration of war against his country. This was on the 6th of April, 1879. The cables were immediately cut, and the Peruvian Government heard, almost by the same mail, of the declaration of war and the dispatch of a Chilian squadron to the seaport of Tarapaca.

Before proceeding with the narrative of the war, let us glance at the chief executives of the three Republics at this date.

Don Anibal Pinto, the President of Chili, was born in 1822, and educated at the National Institute. After spending several years in diplomatic service in Europe, he returned to his hacienda and devoted himself to literary and political studies until 1860, when he re-entered public service, accepting the portfolio of Minister of War and Marine. During his candidacy for the presidency, in 1876, he had the support of the administration of President Errazuriz, and this great influence doubtless secured his election. He believes in the doctrine of the independence of Church and State, in civil marriage and free public schools, and although known as a strict Roman Catholic in religious matters, he is credited with being a man of liberal mind and conservative action. His official term expires this year, but in view of the overwhelming success of the Chilian arms, a grateful country can do no

MIGUEL GRAU, PERUVIAN COMMANDER OF THE "HUASCAR."

GEN. BAQUEDANO, CHILIAN COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

less than demand his services for a second term, in spite of any party issue that may arise.

General Mariano Prado, who succeeded General Pardo as President of Peru in 1876, was born in 1826, and laid the foundation of his military fame in the campaign of 1854, as the head of the celebrated column of "Sagrados." In 1864 the Spaniards seized the Chincha Islands, belonging to Peru, and war was at once declared by the Republic, but in the January following President Pezet concluded a peace by agreeing that upon the surrender of the island his Government would pay a war indemnity of $3,000,000. The publication of this treaty aroused the indignation of the Peruvians, and led to the downfall of Pezet and the elevation of the Vice-president. General Prado, placing himself at the head of the popular and indignant party, was proclaimed Provisional Dictator. His first official act was to reject the obnoxious treaty. This was done in November, and within thirty days he had concluded an alliance with Chili, on which he felt justified, in January, 1866, in declaring war against Spain. In the memorable contest of May 2d the allies defeated the powerful Spanish squadron, and eight days later the surviving vessels were withdrawn from Peruvian waters. At the end of 1867 a revolution broke out against Prado, and he took refuge in Chili, but in the following year his successor, Colonel Baller, was assassinated, the Gutierrez brothers were executed, and their bodies suspended from the towers of the cathedral at Lima, and Don Manuel Pardo was declared President. His reign was liberal, progressive, beneficent. An attempt to assassinate him was made in 1874, and a little later on he was shot down by the soldiers in the very corridor of the Legislative Hall. In August, 1876, General Prado was recalled from Chili to resume the Presidency. On the declaration of the late war he placed himself at the head of the national army, and assumed the supreme direction of military affairs. We shall hear of him again.

In Bolivia, General Hilarion Daza occupied the Presidential chair. He was born in Sucre, the capital, in 1840, of poor parents. He volunteered into the army when seventeen years old, and was rapidly promoted, gaining the rank of sergeant in 1860, lieutenant in 1861, and major in 1864. In 1868 he attempted to conduct a scientific expedition to investigate the course of the Pilcomayo River, and though he failed in his object, he succeeded in gathering about him a swarm of half-breeds, which, at the beginning of Melgarejo's administration, was recognized as a regiment, with himself as colonel. On the night of November 24th, 1870, Daza, backed by his regiment, broke into the bedchamber of the President, drove him therefrom, and declared Morales President. For this he was made a general. Melgarejo was killed in Lima by his son-in-law, in November, 1871, and Morales was killed by his own nephew a year later. Daza became Minister of War under Ballivian, who was also murdered; and in 1875 assumed the dictatorship. He promptly placed the national troops at the service of Peru, and took the field in person at their head. More will appear of him also.

As before stated, Chili declared war on April 6th, 1879, and at once sent vessels to blockade the important Peruvian ports, particularly Iquique. This blockade was raised for a few days in May by the withdrawal of the *Covadonga* and *Lamar*, and the destruction of the corvette *Esmeralda*. The struggle opened with the combat in the harbor of this port, on May 21st; the Peruvian vessels being the famous *Huascar* and the *Independencia*, both ironclads. The *Huascar* rammed the *Esmeralda* three times, the last blow taking her fairly amidships with such violence as to send her to the bottom in a few moments. Her commander, Captain Arturo Prat, leaped upon the *Huascar* with some of his crew as his ship was sinking, but was killed as soon as he reached the deck. While the duel between these vessels was in progress, the *Covadonga* escaped from the bay, and made southward at full speed; the *Independencia*, seeing the manœuvre, started in pursuit, and after steaming a distance of eleven miles, overtook her, and began preparing to ram. Just as she was got into position for a dash she suddenly stranded on a sunken rock. Signaling to the *Huascar* for assistance, that vessel put off under all possible steam. Her commander reached the spot only to witness the wrecking of that model ironclad; and taking off her men, started after the *Covadonga*, which, however, escaped in the darkness, after an exciting race of two hours.

For several months in the early part of the war the Peruvians had a manifest advantage over the Chilians by reason of possessing the *Huascar*, although the fleet of Chili was considered, in naval circles, superior to that of Peru. The chief vessels of Chili, as shown in our illustration, were the *Almirante Cochrane*, the *Blanca Encalada*, the *Chacabuco*, the *O'Higgins*, the *Esmeralda*, the *Abtao*—all iron-clad frigates; the gunboat *Magallanes*, and the swift schooner *Covadonga*. Opposed to these by Peru were the *Huascar*, the corvette *Union*, and the gunboat *Pilcomayo*.

It is impossible at this time to give even an approximate idea of the military forces of the belligerents, for the various statements of the number of men in the field that appeared in the press from time to time were doubtless over-estimated in the interest of some one of the parties. In August, Señor de Lavalle, the Peruvian Minister to Brazil, then in the United States, placed the force of Chili at 15,000 men, while he credited the allies with 45,000. Details of the decisive victories of the Chilians in the last days of the war show that they mustered a much larger force than that mentioned.

Returning to the naval narrative: The Chilians laid several of the southern ports of Peru in ruins, and with the exception of a brief withdrawal of the squadron on the approach of the *Huascar*, kept up a vigorous blockade of Iquique until the close of July. On the 16th of that month the city was bombarded, but no considerable damage was done. Intelligence of the attack reaching the allied Presidents, they gave orders for the *Huascar*, *Union* and *Pilcomayo* to retaliate, as far as possible, on the undefended ports on the southern coast of Chili. Peruvian official telegrams placed the destruction thus effected at the sum of $1,000,000, and claimed the capture of the Chilian transport *Rimac*, with a complete regiment of cavalry on board. After the engagement between the *Huascar* and the Chilian vessels blockading Iquique on July 10th, the *Almirante Cochrane* was sent to Pisagua to attempt to land a large force charged with the destruction of property at that port. Unknown, however, to the commander, a strong battalion of Peruvian infantry had taken possession of the fortifications there, and by a vigorous fire upon the small-boats compelled the Chilians to abandon the attempt to effect a landing.

The first decisive victory of the Chilians over the allies was the capture of the *Huascar*, on October 9th, 1879, in the Bay of Mejillones, by the *Almirante Cochrane* and the *Blanca Encalada*. The *Huascar* received twenty-eight balls, nine of which pierced the strongest parts of her sides, five passing through the 4½ inch iron plating near the water line. Before she surrendered the heroic commander, Admiral Grau, had been killed, as well as the other officers who in turn succeeded to the command. Miguel Grau is a name that will ever be remembered in

Peru. He was descended from an old and distinguished Spanish family, and had studied navigation in the merchant marine service. When the late General Balta attained the Presidency he induced Don Miguel to leave the merchant service and take command of the *Huascar*, and at the time of his death he had trod her decks for over fourteen years. In his last fight he was wounded several times, and although the chances of his ship were very few in the contest, he refused to capitulate. He was instantly killed while manœuvring his almost dismantled vessel to ram its opponents. The Chilians, after the capture, repaired the *Huascar*, and turned her against her former owners.

With the loss of this ship the fortunes of Peru began to wane. On the 6th of November a combined attack by the land and sea forces was made on the Peruvian port of Pisagua, which, after a bombardment of five hours, surrendered. The Bolivian brigade encamped on the frowning cliffs was totally dispersed, and the Chilians, under General Escola, began the march inland along the railroad. A few days later the Chilians met the allied armies on the hill of San Francisco, and scattered them like chaff before the wind, the Peruvian general, Buendia, being almost annihilated, and the Bolivians starting on a hasty retreat homeward. On the 26th Buendia gained a temporary advantage at Tarapaca, but he was soon forced to retreat upon Arica, where he was placed under arrest for permitting the loss of two armies and an entire department of the country. Then came the forcible overthrow of the Government of Bolivia, the deposition of President Daza by a movement of his officers at Tacna, and the election of General Narciso Campero to the vacant Presidency. President Prado returned to Lima early in December to organize the defense of the capital, and on the 18th embarked for the United States, ostensibly for the purpose of negotiating a loan with American and European bankers. Five days after his departure, Nicolas de Pierola, who had signalized himself by seizing the *Huascar* in 1877, and after an engagement with H.M.S. *Shah* and *Amethyst*, had been forced to take refuge in Iquique and surrender to the Peruvian squadron, assumed the Dictatorship of Peru, and made vast preparations for organizing a huge army. Thus, a single month saw the deposition of the Presidents of the allied republics.

Meanwhile the Chilians, having effected a landing at several important ports of the enemy, and penetrated the frontier provinces, set their eyes upon the City of Lima. A great expedition was organized, and what was hoped to be the final campaign of the war was intrusted to the skill of Don Manuel Baquedano. This distinguished soldier was born at Arauco, in 1826, and made his first campaign in the war of 1838–39 with Peru, taking part in the engagements of Guia, Matucano, Buin and Yungay. In the civil wars of 1857 and 1859 he placed his sword at the service of the Government; in 1876 he distinguished himself by brilliant operations against the Indians on the Araucanian frontier, and at the beginning of the late war he was put in command of all the Chilian cavalry. He participated in the engagements at Pisagua, Dolores, Tarapaca and Jemania, and was rewarded with the command of the second division of the army, and in that capacity took Moquega in April, 1880, and gained the stubborn battle of Los Angeles. Soon after the Government gave him the supreme command of all its land forces. He proved the wisdom of the selection by carrying the City of Tacna, after a great battle, in May, and the City of Arica, supposed to be invincible, early in June. Meanwhile the Chilian squadron was destroying Mollendo, blockading Callao and all the southern ports, and sending the incendiary torch through the rich sugar plantations of the north.

In the Fall of 1880, General Baquedano determined to make a grand effort for the glory of his country, and planned the now remarkable expedition to Lima. He landed at Pisco and Curayaco, speedily occupied Lurin and Cañete, and, on the 13th of January last, surprised the Peruvians at Chorillos, and after a great battle drove them from the position to Miraflores, where they made their final stand. On the afternoon of the next day, General Baquedano again attacked the Peruvians, being then assisted by the fire from the ships in the harbor; and as evening approached, he ordered a charge, and the defenders were driven through the town toward the capital.

After the battle of Miraflores, the diplomatic body called on General Baquedano, and begged him not to injure the city of Lima, to which he agreed, on the condition that no resistance should be offered.

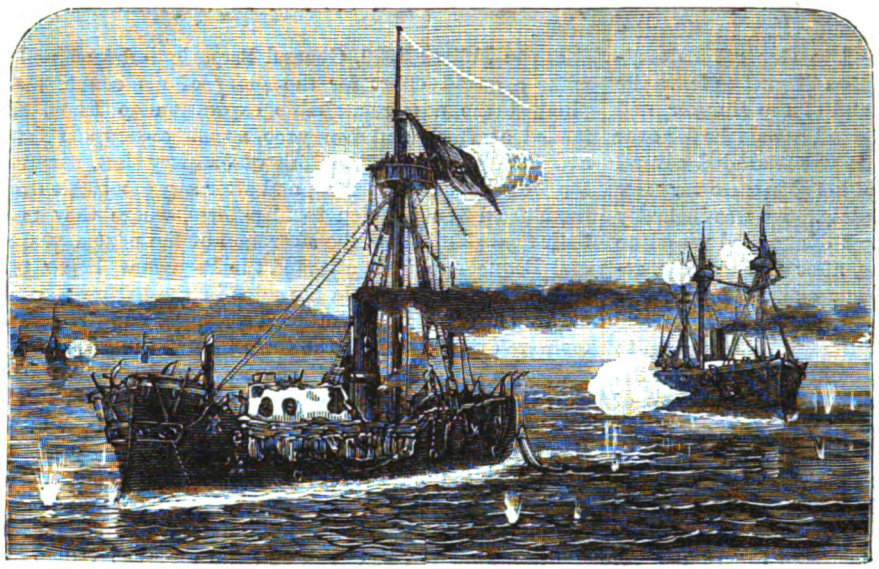
On Monday, January 17th, the Chilian army entered the capital city of Peru, without molestation, and hoisted the victorious flag on the Santa Catalina Cuartel. Pierola, the new Dictator, had fled, and the forces at Callao had abandoned the city and harbor to the invader, after blowing up the remainder of the Peruvian fleet. The losses in killed and wounded in the two battles are estimated at 9,000 Peruvians and 7,000 Chilians.

As soon as the Chilians had occupied the "City of the Kings," a local government was established, with Mr. Godai, formerly Chilian Minister to Ecuador, as Prefect. The victors endeavored to induce the officials of the Peruvian courts to resume their duties, but they declined. Then General Baquedano intimated that he was prepared to treat with a provisional government, and invited the people to form such an authority. Receiving no response, he issued a proclamation, placing the city under martial law, and prescribing death as the penalty for any Chilian or Peruvian soldier found murdering, robbing, or maltreating the inhabitants, or carrying arms without authority. Callao was opened to commerce, with Chilian officials in the Custom-house, and the trains set running regularly between that port and the capital.

Since gaining Lima the Chilians have extended their occupation to Chiclayo and Trujillo in the north, with the early probability that they will take possession of Chimbote, Payta and Piura, leaving to Peru and Bolivia neither coastline nor important towns within easy reach of the coast from Payta to Antofagasta.

During the early days of the occupation of Lima, repeated communications were made to Pierola that the Chilian authorities were prepared to treat with him, to which he replied in proclamations, announcing his determination to carry on the war to the bitter end. The natural result of this was to provoke the declaration that the Chilians would have nothing more to do with him. He then unbent his dignity to the extent of soliciting through the British Minister, Mr. Spencer St. John, permission for his Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Irigoyen, to visit Lima, for the purpose of opening peace negotiations. The permission to visit Lima was granted, but the Chilian commander declined to treat with Dr. Irigoyen, as the representative of the ex-dictator, in any negotiations whatever. Pierola then named a commission, composed of Doctors Alasco, Antonio Arenas and J. Eusibio Sanchez, to confer with General Baquedano and Minister Vergara; but before the commissioners had presented their credentials the ex-dictator expressed his wish to return to some point near Lima, and open negotiations in person.

Several important decrees have been issued by General Baquedano in reference to import and export dues. On

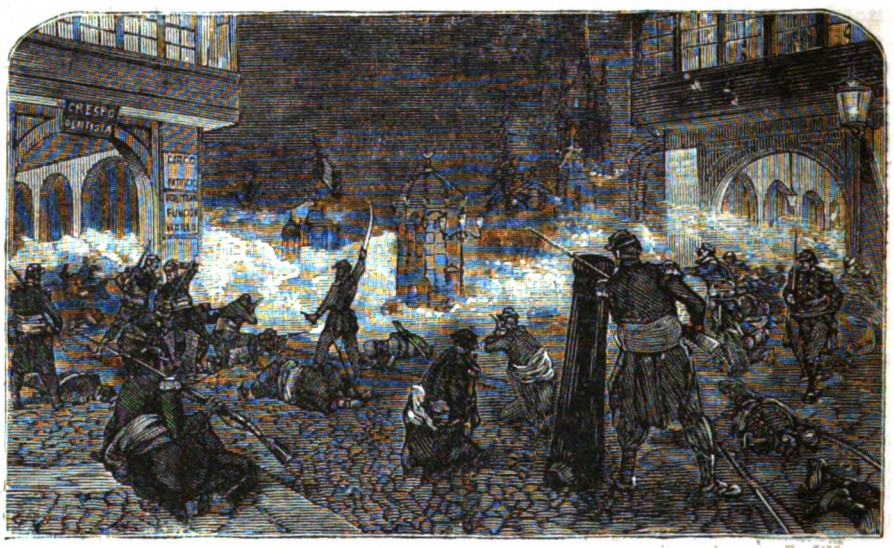


CAPTURE OF THE "HUASCAR" BY THE CHILIAN FLEET.

occupying Callao he declared duty free all goods imported from Chili. He now imposes a 20 per cent. ad valorem duty on them, with the exception of wheat, which is to pay 30 per cent., and merchandise, subject under the Peruvian tariff of January 12th last to specific dues, which will pay 50 per cent. of the sum then imposed. All duties are payable at the rate of 38 pence, English, to the Chilian dollar or Peruvian sol. As the tariff was arranged for Peruvian paper currency at par, it is evident that the duty which will now be collected will be enormous. It will practically prohibit the importation of a large number of articles. When coin is not paid in, the Chilian paper dollar will be received at its value according to the rate of exchange calculated at 38 pence English to the coin dollar.

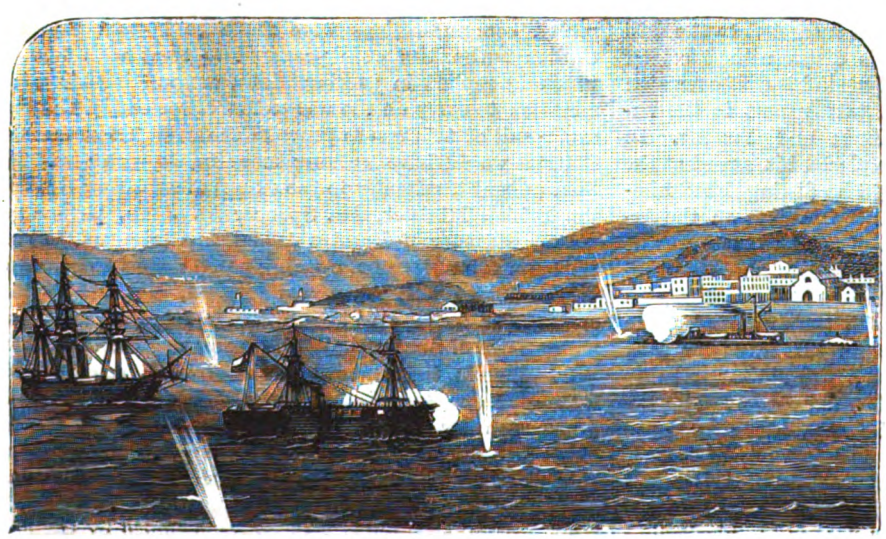
The three divisions into which the Chilian invading army was divided have been dissolved, and their commanders ordered to report at once to headquarters, Santiago. Captain Lynch, who is to be promoted to rear-admiral, returns at once to Chili, and Colonel Jose F. Gana succeeds him as Prefect of Callao.

The latest intelligence from Lima is under date of February 23d. A meeting of the principal men of the capital was held on the 21st, when an election by ballot took place



INSURRECTION AT LIMA, DECEMBER 21ST, 1879.

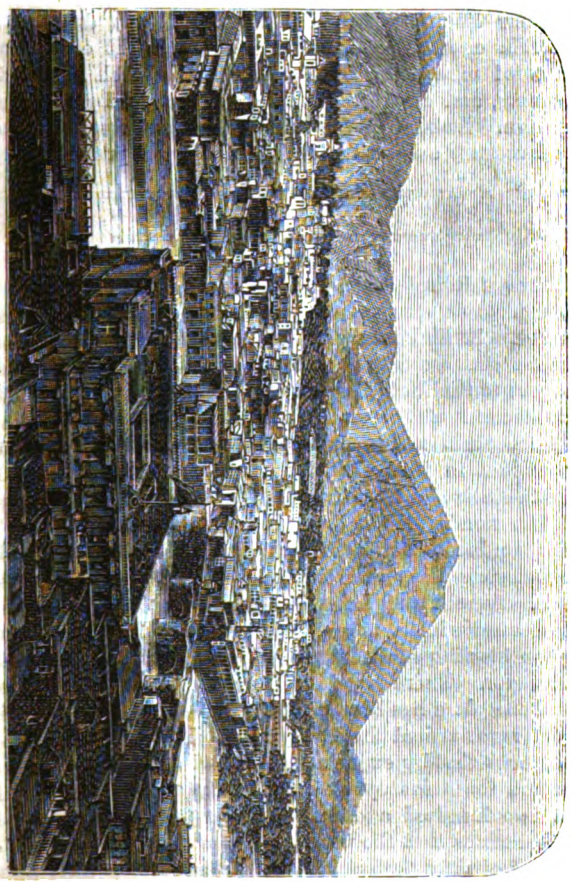
for the purpose of nominating a Provisional President, resulting in the choice of Dr. Francisco Garcia Calderon. There have been many instances of pillage and murder by armed mobs, in Lima and the smaller places, and General Baquedano has reconsidered his intention of sending his troops back to Chili, and is employing thousands of them in police duty. Robberies from the person, which were alarmingly frequent at the time of the occupation, are rapidly diminishing. This is due to the fact that all offenders, when caught, are at once taken to the steps of the nearest church, and administered from fifty to a hundred lashes.



NAVAL ENGAGEMENT AT ARICA, FEB. 27TH, 1880.

BATTLE OF TARAPACA—CHILIANS CARRYING THE HEIGHTS.

CAPTURE OF PISAGUA BY THE CHILIANS, NOV. 2D, 1879.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF LIMA.

Notwithstanding the delicate condition of affairs, Washington's Birthday was celebrated both at Lima and Callao with considerable fervor. Minister Christiancy held a reception, which was numerously attended, and which was enlivened by the presence of one of the best bands of the Chilian army, sent to do honor to the occasion by the Commander-in-Chief. General Baquedano sent Colonel Wood, his aide-de-camp, to present his congratulations to Mr. Christiancy. In Callao the vessels were dressed, the Chilian men-of-war adding their salutes to those of the *Lackawanna*.

When last heard from, Pierola was at Jauja, in the mountains, which he termed the capital of the republic. He had with him about 800 men, and a large quantity of "Inca" notes, which no one would receive for goods or transportation.

Chorillos, the scene of the first battle that led to the fall of Lima, is a small town at the foot of the lofty cliffs of the Morro Solar. It is connected with Lima by railroad, on which, in the Summer season, trains run every hour, and is the residence of many persons carrying on business in the capital. A kind of Saratoga, it contains, besides a casino, a number of elegant mansions, owned by the aristocracy of Peru. Chorillos is situated on the possible pathway to Lima for an invader from the south, and is a position of great strategic consequence. A few miles southward is the town of Lurin, which was first occupied by the Chilians after landing, and between the two towns are the ruins of the temples, palaces and fortresses of Pachacamac, built by the Yuncas, a race of Indians credited with existence long anterior to the Incas. Miraflores, the scene of the last encounter, where the Peruvians had 25,000 men engaged, is in reality a suburb of Lima.

The city of Callao is the principal seaport of Peru, with a grand harbor, partly sheltered by two islands and improved by substantial walls, wet and floating docks, and a fine mole. It is only six miles distant from Lima, and has a resident population of about 35,000. As Callao was the rendezvous of all the lines of foreign steamships, and the point at which the commercial mails of all nations engaged in South American trade are made up, the blockade of the port by the Chilians was a very serious proceeding for the Peruvians. At various times during the war, vessels representing the American, British, French, German, and Italian Governments took up positions in the roadstead, to be in readiness to render any service in the cause of humanity that might appear proper. Callao suffered greatly in January, 1878, by a tidal wave, which wrought vast destruction in the harbor, and was the cause of considerable loss of life.

Lima, the "Ciudad de los Reyes," as it was at first called, founded by Pizarro in January, 1535, is the most interesting, historically, of all the capitals reared by the Spaniards. No city had such convents and such churches, endowed with such a prodigality of wealth. In Lima was the College of San Marcos, the oldest university in America, founded fifty-six years before the English landed in Virginia, and sixty-nine before the *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. "Here," writes Mr. Squier in his valuable work, "Pizarro was assassinated by the men of Chili, the avengers of the stout and generous Almaquo, and here his bones repose. From the turrets of the fortress of San Felipe, in Callao, the port of Lima, the flag of Castile and Leon floated for the last time on the American continent as the emblem of Spanish authority. Here, too, in 1681, the Viceroy, La Palata, rode through the streets of his capital on a horse whose mane was strung with pearls, and whose shoes were of gold, over a pavement of solid ingots of silver. Here, too, centred the galleons of the East, laden with silks and spices from the Philippines and Cathay, and on the verge of the horizon, off the land, hovered the sea-hawks, Rogers, Anson, Hawkins and Drake, swift to snatch from the treasure-ships of Manilla the rich booty which even the Virgin Queen did not disdain to share with the freebooters of the South Sea and the Spanish Main."

The city, claiming a population of 150,000 inhabitants, stands on high ground, the road gradually rising from Callao, the great square of the capital being 560 feet above sea level. Surrounded with a low wall, built in 1683, the numerous domes and spires give it a picturesque appearance at a little distance. The main square is spacious; the often restored and modernized cathedral on one of its four sides is imposing; and although the vast Government premises, Pizarro's original mansion, filling another side, and the Archiepiscopal Palace and the Town Hall, are scarcely distinguishable from the meanest houses adjoining, there is something in the colonnades or porticoes running in front of the shops along the two other sides, and in the fountain and shrubs in the middle, that gives an air both of provincial comfort and metropolitan dignity to the place.

Lima has fifty-six churches, and before the Revolution there were forty-six convents. Among the churches, that of San Francisco is the oldest and most magnificent. It was founded in 1535, and, in conjunction with its convent, is reported to have cost $10,000,000. At one time it had upward of 500 monks within its walls, but now it is but a shadow of its former glory, and much of it is utilized for business and domestic purposes.

There are thirty-three public squares in the city, the most spacious being the Plaza Mayor, the scene of the fight of December 21st between the insurgents and the regular troops, where General Prado was deposed and Pierola chosen President in his stead. It embraces an area of nine acres, has a fountain in each of the four corners, and one in the centre, surrounded by a gorgeous garden. Statues of the rulers and benefactors of the city and country are scattered about in liberal profusion.

SINGULAR OIL FOUNTAINS.

There is in Venezuela a sandbank full of holes, out of which gush streams of petroleum, mixed with boiling water. E. H. Plumacher, commercial agent of the United States at Maracaibo, has described this phenomenon in a report to the State Department, adding to this description an account of the petroleum resources of that country. The asphalt mines and petroleum fountains are most abundant in that part of the country lying between the River Zulia and the River Catatumbo and the Cordilleras.

The wonderful sandbank is about seven kilometres from the confluence of the Rivers Tara and Sardinarte. It is ten metres high and thirty long. On its surface can be seen several round holes, out of which rise the petroleum and water with a noise like that made by steam vessels when blowing off steam, and above there ascends a column of vapor. There is a dense forest around this sandbank, and the place has been called "El Inferno." Dr. Edward McGregor visited the sandbank, and reported to the Government that by experiment he had ascertained that one of the fountains spurted petroleum and water at the rate of two hundred and forty gallons per hour. Mr. Plumacher states that the petroleum is of very good quality, its density being that which the British market requires in petroleum imported from the United States. The river,

up to the junction of the Tara and Sardinarte, is navigable during the whole year for flat-bottomed craft of forty or fifty tons.

Mr. Plumacher has been unable to discover that there are any deposits of asphalt or petroleum in the upper part of the Department of Colon, beyond the Zulia, but he has been told that the valleys of Cucuta and the territories of the State of Tachira abound in coal mines. There are coal mines near San Antonio, in a ravine called "La Carbonera," and these supply coal for the smiths' forges in that place. Coal and asphalt are also found in large quantities in the Department of Sucre. Mr. Plumacher has seen, while residing in the State of Zulia, but one true specimen of "lignite," which was given to him by a rich landowner, who is a Spanish subject.

In the section where it was found there are several fountains of a peculiar substance. It is a black liquid, of little density, strongly impregnated with carbonic acid, which it transmits to the water which invariably accompanies it. Deposits of this substance are found at the foot of the spurs of the Cordilleras, and are believed to indicate the presence of great deposits of anthracite.

There are many petroleum wells of inferior quality between Escuque and Bettijoque, in the town of Columbia. Laborers gather the petroleum in handkerchiefs. After these become saturated the oil is pressed out by wringing. It is burned in the houses of the poor. The people thought, in 1825, that it was a substance unknown elsewhere, and they called it the "oil of Columbia." At that time they hoped to establish a valuable industry by working it, and they sent to England, France and this country samples which attracted much attention. But in those days no method of refining the crude oil had been discovered, and therefore these efforts to introduce petroleum to the world soon failed.

The plains of Ceniza abound in asphalt and petroleum. There is a large lake of these substances about twelve kilometres east of St. Timoteo, and from it some asphalt is taken to Maracaibo. Many deposits of asphalt are found between these plains and the River Mene. The largest is that of Cienega de Mene, which is shallow. At the bottom lies a compact bed of asphalt, which is not used at present, except for painting the bottoms of vessels to keep off the barnacles. There are wells of petroleum in the State of Falcon.

Mr. Plumacher says that all the samples of coal submitted to him in Venezuela for examination, with the exception of the "lignite" before mentioned, were, in his opinion, asphalt in various degrees of condensation. He believes that the innumerable fountains and deposits of petroleum, bitumen and asphalt that are apparent on the surface of the region around Lake Maracaibo are proof of the existence below of immense deposits of coal. These deposits have not been uncovered because the territory remains for the most part as wild as it was at the conquest.

THE TAJ MAHAL AT DELHI.

An article in *All the Year Round* says: "At Delhi, at Agra, one's capacity of holding and retaining lovely visions is flooded. A certain impatience at the languor of our slow senses fills the mind; realized there in stone are dreams which have been shadowy and shapeless, too beautiful, too strange, to be admitted even in sleep. No monument in all the world, unless it be the Alhambra, compares for sensuous delight with the Durbar Hall at Delhi; for magnificence, solid and imposing, with Akbar's palace at Agra; for absolute perfection, with the Taj Mahal. The Delhi architect knew the merit of his work, and proclaimed it. In every corner of the hall he wrote, in characters of gold, "If there be paradise on earth, it is here, it is here!" From my soul I pity those who cavil at the artist's boast. Paradise, say these—or would say, if they could express their inarticulate ideas—is not made of barley sugar, colored sweetmeats, and looking-glass. Paradise is mystic, solemn; an abode through eternity of strong and pious souls, not of luxurious fays. If you tempt these critics to explain themselves more fully, you will see that in their heart of hearts they imagine that the soul, whatever its nationality while incarnate, becomes true British after death.

The paradise of Delhi is not even European. It is like nothing they ever saw, or could have fancied. It is, in truth, sunshine and color petrified; and, because our happy land is not familiar with sunshine, while our habits forbid us color, the average Briton cannot see those blessed gifts of the Creator.

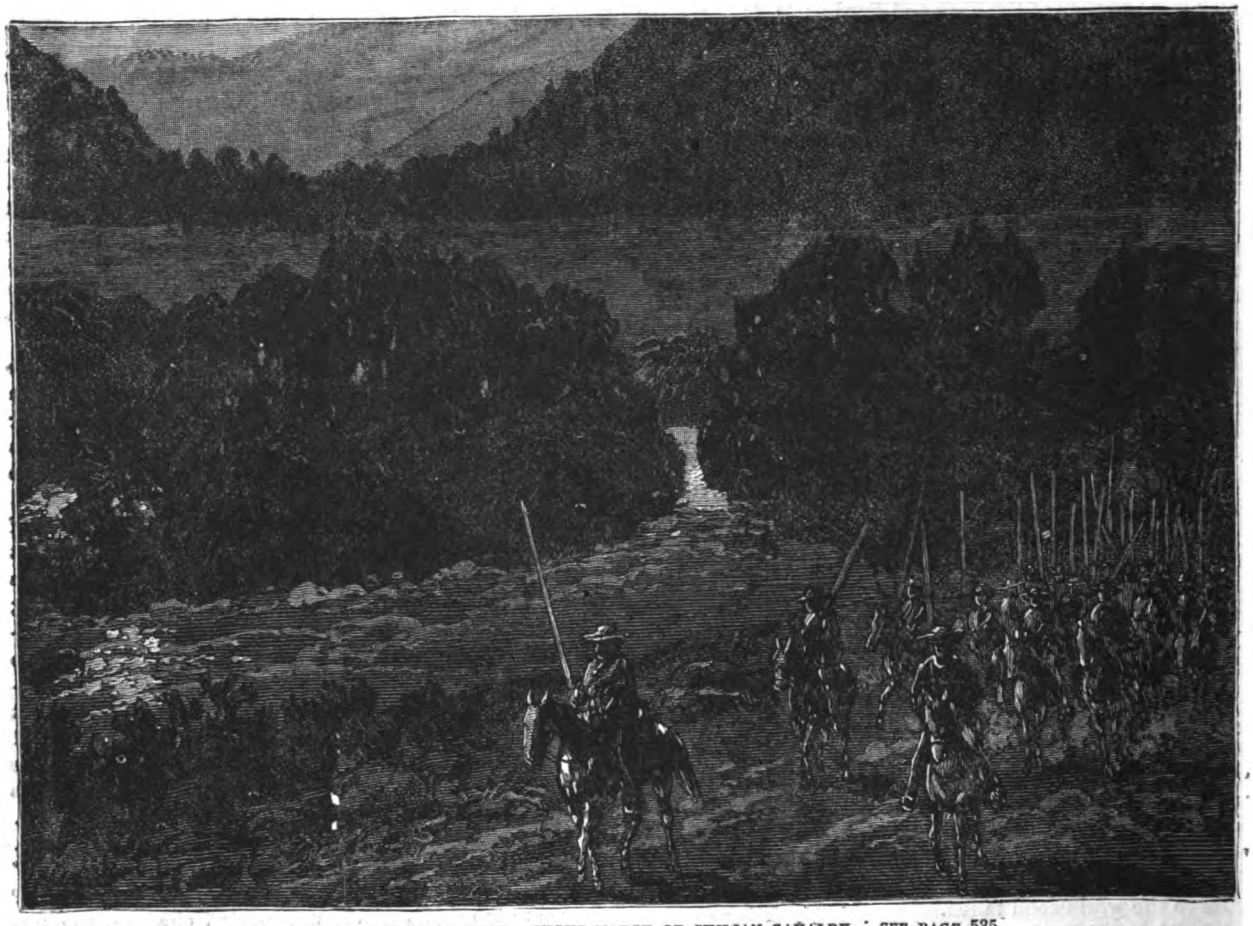
That the eye sees only what it looks for, is an axiom of art. When a commonplace observer stands before a tablet in the palace wall, and marks its exquisite inlaying, as careful in the minutest point as in the mass of flowers; when he surveys the marble screens, carved into lace, admitting a soft radiance which is to light as moonbeams to sunshine, he is astonished and delighted. But it presently comes home to him that these lovely things are not pictures, but the very wall itself, that every gap is filled with marble guipure delicate as a Chinese fan—and he revolts. As *bric-à-brac*, as bits to display under a glass case in the drawing-room, these things are charming. But a grand edifice all built of such is a monstrous idea. Where are the broken lines, the "cloud-capped towers," which make our European notion of great architecture? Where are the shadows, the unexpected changes, the upstairs and down-stairs, and the general disarrangement which we are used to call "picturesque"? Nowhere.

ARSENIC EATING.

"Do you see that lady?" said a prominent chemist of Cleveland, Ohio, to a reporter lately. "As sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, so surely will that woman die prematurely, in a few years, by a slow but certain self-destruction."

The scene was on Superior Street, and the lady in question was standing on the sidewalk, waiting for one of the cars. The afternoon sun shone full upon her, dress and *tout ensemble* marked her as wealthy and refined, and her face was beautiful; but about the large gray eyes there was a wearied, troubled expression, and the marble face was almost deathlike in its pallor. The skin was translucent, showing the delicate blue veins beneath. It was perfectly pure and clear, but unnatural. Accepting an invitation to step into the chemist's laboratory, the reporter was soon seated in a spacious room surrounded by thousands of bottles of all shapes and sizes, and the conversation turned again on the woman seen on the street.

"That lady," said the chemist, seriously, "is an arsenic-eater. Few have any idea how the deadly habit is spreading. Even in this city it numbers its devotees by hundreds; and the husband who prides himself on his wife's beautiful complexion, the father who presses the pale forehead of his daughter, and the lover who is proud of while he is anxious about the transparent complexion of his sweetheart, never dreams for a moment that it is an unnatural effect produced by the use of a poison which will sooner or later destroy life. I am not telling this for

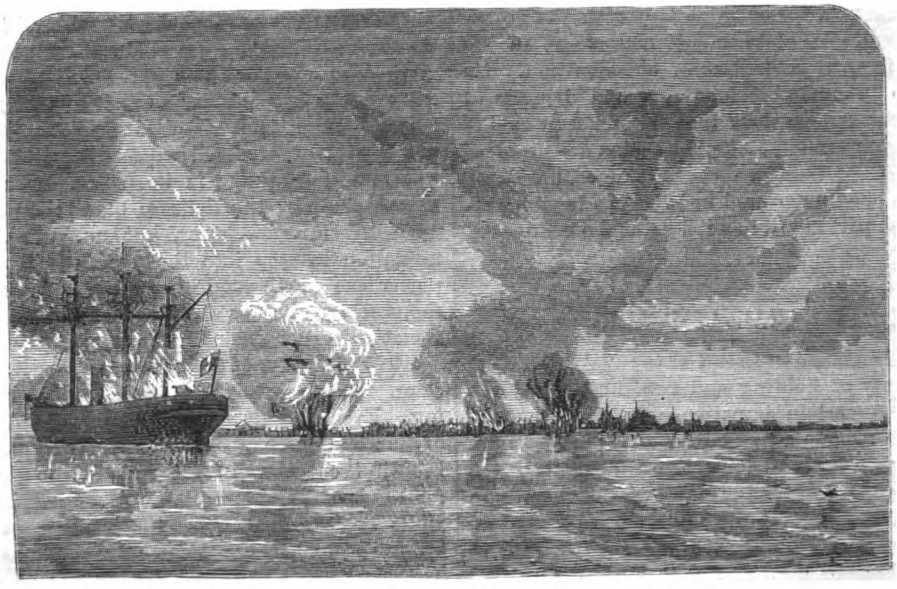


THE LAST CONQUEST OF PERU.—NIGHT MARCH OF CHILIAN CAVALRY.—SEE PAGE 535.

sensation; it is a terrible truth, and I could sit down and write off a list of five hundred names of ladies who are in the habit of using this drug regularly. I could startle this city by telling it that the women of many of its best familiies are committing a slow suicide. A practical chemist can tell at a glance a person addicted to this vice, and it has been my custom for years past to note down the persons I meet who have the mark of the arsenic habit upon them. If I were to show you that list you would be astonished."

"How is the drug usually taken?"

"Sometimes pure, in minute doses, but generally in the form of Fowler's solution. For the first few months, maybe in some cases for a year, little or no effects ensue, but after that time the beautiful pallor which you have seen is produced. After a few years the wretched woman begins to feel her health giving way, and decides to discontinue its use. Alas, it is too late! The face changes to a livid red; every one notices it, and in despair she returns to the same course, and receives the congratulations of her friends on her restored health. After some years, however, the face gradually changes from the clear color of alabaster to a dull, ghastly complexion, like chalk; the whole system, saturated with this mineral, gives way, and usually death mercifully ends a life of paralysis. Such has been the history of many of our wives and daughters, and unless the strong arm of the law places stringent rules on the sale of this poison, it will be the history of the present rising generation."



DESTRUCTION OF PERUVIAN WAR-VESSELS, BEFORE THE OCCUPATION OF CALLAO.

THE higher the head, the humbler the heart.

A LITTLE PLOT.—"WITH A CRASH THE ICE SEPARATED INTO A THOUSAND SILVERY FRAGMENTS."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

MY SAINT.

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

Oh, long the weary vigils since you left me—
In your far home, I wonder, can you know
To what dread uttermost your loss bereft me,
Or half it meant to me that you should go?

This world is full, indeed, of fair hopes perished,
And loves more fleet than this poor fleeting breath;
But that deep heart in which my heart was cherished
Must surely have survived what we call Death.

They cannot cease—our own true dead—to love us,
And you will hear this far-off cry of mine,
Though you keep holiday so high above us,
Where all the happy spirits sing and shine.

Steal back to me to-night, from your far dwelling,
Beyond the pilgrim moon, beyond the sun;
They will not miss your single voice for swelling
Their rapture-chorus—you are only one.

Ravish my soul, as with divine embraces—
Teach me, if Life is false, that Death is true—
With pledge of new delights in heavenly places
Entice my spirit—take me hence with you.

A LITTLE PLOT.

A WINDOW of plate-glass draped with lace; a majolica vase, overrun with smilax; a dark woman's face, with a red rose in the hair. This is what Olive Fay saw as she stood awaiting entrance at the door of the Montmorencys.

A negro servant answered her summons. He showed her into the drawing-room, all in purple, ebony and gold. She sank wearily into one of the velvet chairs, though awed and made nervous by the splendid place. While she waited, a silvery bell, somewhere in the silent house, rang out the hour of four. The short Winter afternoon was drawing to a close.

A step on the stair—a woman's tall figure in the arched doorway. The same dark face, with a rose in the hair, which Olive had seen at the window.

"Miss Fay?" said Miss Montmorency.

Not "Olive," then? and no smile—no kiss. The faint red in the girl's cheeks dropped out entirely. Her last slight strength seemed deserting her—the room reeled—she dropped to the floor.

"Fainted!" exclaimed Miss Montmorency, in dismay.

Olive awoke in a room of rose-hue and silver—a chamber with silken hangings and paneled walls. A withered old woman, in a wig, stood beside the bed.

"Ze sickness is better. You will sleep now, mees," she said, with a strong French accent. And, weary and weak as a little child, Olive slept again.

But a nightmare dimly haunted her dreams—the dreadful ghost of the reality.

Her dying mother had written to Miss Montmorency, her cousin, that she was to leave a young, beautiful daughter unprotected; and would Cousin Heloise shield her from the snares of the world, for the sake of common humanity? Olive was an heiress in a small way, but she would be a beggar in the world for the right of human affection; and if a little love were given the solitary girl, the mother's spirit would bless the lover.

Miss Montmorency had dropped the letter into a scrap-jar. The girl could have a place there—yes; but Miss Montmorency never loved anybody.

A knock at her boudoir-door. Mercie, the little brown old maid, came in.

"Mees Fay is better."

"Very well; then she will do by herself. See here, Mercie, these laces have been sent home from the laundry torn to rags!"

"*Sacre!*" exclaimed the little Frenchwoman, whose weakness was laces.

Olive dwelt in the Montmorency mansion ever without a welcome. No living being could have been more unobtrusive. In her little black dress, with her pale, young face, she stole about the rich, silent rooms, and Miss Montmorency was civil, and the servants served her respectfully. But, day by day, she felt herself perishing.

A springing step at the stone entrance—a clang at the door-bell—Ignace Montmorency stormed the home of his boyhood.

"My dear Heloise"—brushing his great blonde mustache across her cold cheek—"how do you do? and how are Pluto and the puppies?"

Miss Montmorency rang the bell. Mercie answered the summons.

"Mercie, you will inquire of the coachman how Pluto and the puppies are."

Ignace laughed, and threw himself back into the oaken chair.

"Now, Heloise, don't! I'm just about killed out by the proprieties now. I——"

"You are twenty-four years old, Ignace. I would like you to have *some* regard for the fitness of things."

The bright, blonde head sank for a minute. How little his stately cousin knew about hearts, and how recklessly some temperaments work off an excess of feeling! But she had taken the place of an elder sister to him since childhood. He was the pride of her life—that he was sure of. So the bright head went up again, and Ignace went off to see his horse and pointers for himself, merrily whistling.

He came back in half an hour.

"Heloise, we must be off to Sparrowfields. The hunting is going to be prime this year!"

Before supper-time he stumbled over Olive.

"I beg your pardon! Why, I don't know you!" was his characteristic salutation.

"I am Olive Fay," she said, timidly rising.

"Thank you. I am Ignace Montmorency—my cousin Heloise's affliction. You've heard her complain of me, no doubt, if you've been here long. Now, I was trying to find my old 'Robinson Crusoe.' I wonder if you'd help me?"

How that bright, rollicking face and magical tone warmed her heart! In a moment they were searching the book-shelves, happy as two careless children. For she was young, poor Olive!—with the shadow of a chance, she would have been sunny.

Well, he was life, heaven itself, to her—this mercurial young scion of that stately name. She breathed, moved, hoped again.

Miss Montmorency looked surprised.

"Why, the girl is very pretty!"

"You're as pretty as an apple-blossom, Olive!" said Ignace. "You were just dying out to be hearted up a little when I came—weren't you?"

For Ignace, with all his reckless disregard for the proprieties, was not shallow. Indeed, his was too true a nature to be deceived by any shams. And to these warm words Olive responded by a convulsive little sob, and then a quick laugh. She was too proud to complain.

"Umph! I 'spect Miss Heloise is going to let Mr. Ignace marry his cousin. 'Tain't good for cousins to marry," observed one servant to another in the hall.

"They's second cousins," returned Chloe, busy polishing a silver knob.

Miss Montmorency, at the head of the stairs, heard. She came down and passed without a word; but her proud spirit was in a turmoil. Insolent underlings! how dared they imagine anything so absurd? Ignace marry that puny thing! Why, he wasn't of a proper age to marry. The Montmorencys never married young.

Here she grew more profound in her meditations; but soon started from them, angrily, at sound of merry laughter in the breakfast-room, where Ignace and Olive were at a late meal.

"She must be put down, abolished, exterminated!" she hissed, her countenance all changed by cruel anger.

SPARROWFIELDS—the country-seat of the Montmorencys. Here Ignace kept his precious hunting and fishing traps unmolested. Here he reveled in all active physical sports to his heart's content. Miss Montmorency liked the air, and so generally came once a year. She drove about a little, and cultivated flowers. Olive came because no excuse could be found for leaving her in the city. But Heloise hated her. She had rather Ignace should not marry at all. But marry Olive he *should* not.

They remained very late at Sparrowfields. As Ignace said, the hunting was so good.

They staid until ice began to form on Willow Lake. Then Ignace proposed that they should stay and have a Christmas-party there—it would be so jolly!—and to everybody's surprise Miss Montmorency consented.

She wrote out the invitations, helped to dress the tree, then she pretended to be in a quandary about a certain kind of wax candle, which she could not trust a servant to purchase.

"Let me go," said Olive. "It is a bright, bracing day, and I would like to walk off my headache."

Miss Montmorency's gray eyes glittered under their long, narrow lids.

"Thank you, Miss Fay. It would, indeed, be a favor. You had best cross the lake on the ice, or your walk will be *too* long."

How the sun shone as she set out! Everything was in a dazzle of diamond light.

When she crossed the little lake the ice was safe. She ordered the candles, and came back.

Then the ice had grown thin. She did not think that there might be danger, though she saw the water upon it. She set her little rubber over-shoe upon the edge, and then commenced running—for she had been absent nearly three hours, and the hour for dining at Sparrowfields was three.

A warning crack—a thrill of terror—a slide—a fall—and, with a crash, the ice separated into a thousand silvery fragments, and the girl descended into the deep, black water! One cry of horror broke from her lips before she disappeared.

Haste, Pluto, bounding along the heavy road—your rider heard that cry. Do your best, brave pointer, to save the innocent young girl, beloved by your master.

Fortunately the lake had no current. The first eager effort was successful. She opened her eyes in Ignace's arms. He wrapped her in his cloak—climbed into the saddle.

"Darling, it is dangerous to cross the lake so early in the season. Why did you try to do it?"

"Miss Montmorency told me."

A flash of the steel-blue eyes.

"She knew! Has she dared?"

He bore her home.

"This is my house, Heloise Montmorency! It shall never shelter a would-be murderess!"

A tigerish fierceness shone for a moment in her cold eyes. But it was steel cut steel. The injury had been too deep even for his warm heart's forgiveness.

"*Go!*"

And she went out of their lives, and left them to each other and happiness.

"COVETOUSNESS IS THE FOUNTAIN OF DEATH."

(*Yoku-wa-shi-no-moto.*)

A TALE OF OLD JAPAN.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD GREEY,

Author of "Blue Jackets," "A Trip to Tokio," etc., and one of the Translators of "The Loyal Ronins."

CHAPTER I.

"THE seasons come and go, we are born, developed into maturity, and in a brief space die of old age; yet we say, 'How strange is this and that, how *new*, how wonderful!' Verily our hearts are but like those of our ancestors, who have vanished into the mist of time, and as we are, so will our descendants be. Still it is our duty to endeavor to attain perfection, and above all to avoid the sin of covetousness."

This was written many years ago by a poet named Wisteria-season, who was evidently a man of knowledge and great wisdom, and it applies very aptly to the story I am about to relate.

One Summer afternoon in the seventh year of Nakano-mikado (period of strict virtue in the circle of the Water-dragon), a dusty pedestrian arrived before a wayside inn, in the village of Kosu, on the outskirts of the town of Shimo-yama-mura (District-below-the-mountain), in the northern range of Minobu; a place celebrated for its wild and romantic scenery and its silver mines.

The traveler pushed back his broad sun-hat, which he wore well down over his eyes, in order to conceal his features, and glancing at the sign of the establishment, read:

"The flower of the palm-tree. Here can be obtained tea, rice, *saké* (rice wine) and fish."

The mistress of the place, which was an open-air restaurant, watched the newcomer, thinking:

"I should imagine he is good for at least a meal of rice and fish."

The stranger regarded her askance, like a person who calculates another's ability, having done which he seated himself on one of the benches provided for customers, and assuming a patronizing air, observed:

"The view from here repays one for coming. We physicians can seldom quit our patients long enough to travel very far. I am on a vacation, and as there are many herbs in this vicinity, would like to lodge here for a few days. Does the honorable wife provide such accommodation as I require?"

The woman, who carried her child on her back, knelt, and making a respectful salutation, answered:

"I am a lonely widow, my husband having been killed in the mine just below; still, I am always willing to accommodate wealthy customers. If you desire to lodge here I can give you a comfortable room, and my brother-in-law, Fifth-pine, will be most happy to act as your guide and attendant." Then raising her voice, she cried:

"ALTHOUGH I SOMETIMES SMOKE, I CANNOT SAY I RECOMMEND THE USE OF TOBACCO."

"Fifth-pine, come out and pay your respects to my honorable guest, the great doctor ——"

"Right-cottage," said the new-comer; "that is my name. I am from Yedo, where I am as well known as the sun and moon."

As Fifth-pine did not reply to her summons, she rose, entered her habitation, and awakening him, whispered:

"Get up, you sleepy fellow! Here is a chance to fill your pouch. A traveling physician from Yedo, who wishes to gather herbs on our mountains. Some people never know when the God of Luck knocks at their door."

Fifth-pine was a middle-aged man, the brother of her late husband, and the lines of his face denoted that he was tricky and wicked, while in his twinkling eyes shone a greed of gold.

He half rose, and having rubbed his forehead, replied, in a low tone:

"Physician, did you say? I suppose he is a traveling quack, on his way to act as go-between in a marriage arrangement. I do not believe he wishes to collect herbs."

"COME, UTARO, WE WILL HAVE A GOOD TIME."

"You doubt everybody," she murmured.

"Yes," he returned, with a chuckle, "I am a philosopher. I only believe in two things — money and wine. Now, get me a drink of the latter, and I will smooth my face. It will never do for me to present myself to your guest looking like a brigand."

The woman procured him what he desired, then went outside, and after serving the customer with some tea, inquired if he would like a stew of fish and vegetables. Instead of immediately replying to her question, he turned to an *ichi-ri-dzulla* (milestone) on his left, and said, in a bland, unctuous manner:

"I see the authorities of this district are pious men. On one side of that guide they have inscribed 'Village of Kosu, one *ri* (mile) to Minobu,' and on the other

a prayer. Nothing is accomplished in this world without prayer."

"I agree with you, honorable doctor," softly observed the woman. "I have some excellent dried whale's flesh; would you like a slice stewed with lily roots?"

"Give me the best your house affords. I am weary with climbing these mountain paths, and would not object to a little good wine."

Having given his orders, he half closed his crafty eyes and murmured:

"*Namu mio ho ren ge kio!*" (Glory to the salvation-bringing book of the law), which he repeated many times.

As the doctor was thus engaged, Fifth-pine, who had polished his shaven forehead until it glistened like ice in the sun, noiselessly quitted the house, and on hearing what the customer was mumbling, slyly whispered to the woman:

"*Hai* (ah), he is like yourself, a believer in that stupid doctrine of Nichiren (the ranter of Buddhism). Oh, I do like pious people! I do like pious people! In future I shall howl my prayers as you do. Oh, I love pious persons! especially those who follow the profession of your honorable guest."

"Hush!" she urged, "he will overhear you."

Fifth-pine made a gesture of indifference, then advancing, seated himself on the bench next to the stranger, and joined in his prayers. As the rascal did this his mouth twitched, and any one might have known he was not in earnest.

Presently Dr. Right-cottage ceased his ejaculations, and opening his eyes, said:

"I was unaware that Nichiren had any followers in this northern part of Hondo (the main island of Japan). I congratulate you upon having obtained the true knowledge."

He sipped his tea and glanced at Fifth-pine from under his heavy eyebrows.

Now, Mr. Fifth-pine was a very impudent fellow, and one who totally disregarded the ordinary rules of politeness. Assuming the manner of an old acquaintance, he said:

"When two persons of one faith meet, they should treat each other like brothers. I would not object to test the quality of your tobacco."

The doctor did not much relish this familiarity, still, as Nichiren taught that all men are equal in the sight of Buddha, he could not well resent the man's behavior; so, taking his tobacco-pouch and pipe from his girdle, he handed it to Fifth-pine, remarking:

"Although I sometimes smoke, I cannot say I recommend the use of tobacco. Persons of your temperament ought to be very cautious, and not inhale the fumes of the weed."

"*Corry wa staree!*" (You don't tell me—or, I want to know) murmured the other. "Well, well, I am tired of my life of poverty, and wish to enter paradise."

Thus speaking, he filled the pipe, and having lighted it from a live ember which was handed to him by his sister-in-law, he blew the smoke through his nostrils and ejaculated:

"Sweet death! *Namu mio ho ren ge kio.*"

Dr. Right-cottage concealed his annoyance, for he felt certain Fifth-pine was the sort of person whose services he required.

"NOW, HAVING ATTENDED TO YOUR COMPLAINT, I WILL SEE TO LITTLE UTARO."

"This tobacco does me good," presently remarked the audacious fellow, as he refilled his pipe. "Honorable doctor, have you never heard the saying, 'What kills the cat may cure the dog'?"

The physician regarded him intently for a moment, then observed, in a low tone, so as not to be overheard by the woman, who was blowing at the fire through a bamboo tube:

"I think I understand the symptoms of your disease. You said, just now, you were tired of being poor. Would you like to earn a large sum of money?"

Fifth-pine's eyes rolled significantly (the Japanese equivalent for winking), and he quietly answered:

"Yes, yes—you are a mighty physician—you have hit upon my disease at the first guess. A gentleman of your knowledge ought not to be traveling round gathering herbs. Your proper place is in attendance upon the Shogun."

"I would speak with you in private," said the doctor, who was secretly tickled by the other's flattery. "Show me to my room. I desire to rest myself."

Fifth-pine rose, and taking the doctor's baggage, conducted him into the inn, which was a small habitation, eight mats in width and twenty in length, divided by screens into three rooms.

As he placed the articles on the floor, he bowed and said:

"Honorable doctor, I pray you will excuse this poor accommodation. You will find the bath on the left. If you so desire, I will shampoo you."

"Many thanks—many thanks," said the guest. "I have traveled thirty-five *ri* since sunrise."

After he had bathed and been well kneaded and rubbed by his attendant, he bade the latter procure a large bottle of wine, remarking:

"When one is about to open one's heart, there is nothing like a cup of wine to moisten the hinges."

Away went Fifth-pine, who soon returned, followed by his sister-in-law; the woman bearing a tray filled with dishes of steaming food, and the man carrying a stone bottle, the neck of which was plugged with wood.

Mrs. Plum-bud spread the repast upon the matted floor, then knelt, and respectfully announced that the food was ready.

As she retired, Dr. Right-cottage motioned Fifth-pine to squat opposite to him, and bade him help himself to a pair of chop-sticks and join in the repast.

At first the man pretended to be diffident; however, his hungry stomach soon overcame his assumed politeness, and, filling a big bowl with rice, he proceeded to empty it, pausing every now and then to pick up a morsel of dried fish, boiled seaweed or pickled radish, which he, with great dexterity, jerked into his capacious mouth.

Before replenishing his bowl he swallowed several cups of wine, and he continued to eat long after the doctor had ceased to handle his chop-sticks.

At last, when the platters were empty, he made a peculiar noise, indicative of the satisfaction he experienced, and filling his pipe, said to his entertainer:

"Now I am ready to listen to anything the honorable doctor has to communicate."

The stranger moved nearer to him, and, speaking in a low voice, said:

"I had a good reason for coming here, being informed by a fortune-teller that you were the man I required to aid me."

"Yes," nodded Fifth-pine. "What do you wish me to do, and how much are you going to give me for my services?"

The doctor drew a money-bag from his coat-sleeve, and, gently clinking the coins, replied:

"Here are two hundred *yen* (dollars). I will give them to you for a very trifling service. You are aware I am a doctor? I have a patient who is very sick with a most extraordinary disease. In order to cure him I require to sacrifice the life of a child. Now, I cannot kidnap one, as suspicion would be directed against my honorable name and profession. There are any number of children about here; procure one for me and hide him in the Cave of the Seven Dragons, in the valley below, and I will give you all this gold."

Thus speaking, he once more jingled the money.

Fifth-pine jumped at the prize like a fish at a baited hook; still, having an aged mother living, he felt some scruples, so he said:

"If I am detected, my honorable mother will be brought to shame."

"You are quite right to remember her," said his tempter. "Rest assured concerning her future. My patient is wealthy, and will provide for your honorable parent. I always like to do business with a man who thinks of his mother. Is she of our sect?"

"No," replied Fifth-pine. "My honorable mother is of the Jodo (heavenly road) persuasion, and, like most women, is very pious. I am willing to commit any crime if I can render her last years happy; still, I do not desire my hard-earned coin shall go to fill the temple chest. As you guarantee a provision for her future, I will keep the money you pay me and spend it upon luxuries, to which I have for a long time been a stranger. I will buy good clothes, and for a while live like one who has no bottom to his purse."

The doctor listened, and thought:

"What a debased creature this is! One need not have any compunctions about deceiving such a wretch."

Fifth-pine refilled his pipe, and after enjoying the fumes, observed:

"One gold-piece in your palm is worth a hundred in your neighbor's pouch. I pray you will let me ascertain the weight of that bag."

"Yes, Mr. Fifth-pine, when you have delivered a child to me."

"Will my nephew suit you, honorable doctor?"

"No; I require a well-formed, handsome boy, of gentle disposition. Such a one as I met when coming up the hill toward this inn."

The ruffian mused awhile, then whispered:

"I know whom you mean: little Utaró" (First son of immensity).

Chapter II.

Buddha said, "He who injures a child shall suffer the torments of a million deaths."

Though a man be very wicked, he is seldom so utterly bad as to deliberately harm a defenseless child; yet there have been wretches guilty of such a crime, and Mr. Fifth-pine was one of that kind.

How is it the gods permit such monsters to live?

After Fifth-pine had made the remark quoted in the last chapter, he rose and quitted the house, muttering to himself:

"Two hundred *yen!* Oh, God of Luck! if I secure that I will make a special offering at your shrine. There can be no harm in cheating a hypocrite like Dr. Right-cottage. I will buy a dead child, and pretend that I have killed the little one by his order."

As he walked, the air appeared to be filled with gold-

pieces, and he clutched at them like one who dreams—the truth being, he had taken too much wine.

After a while he arrived at a miserable hut, built in a niche on the side of the mountain.

This was the abode of his good mother, Mrs. Perfect-blossom, who was, in her day, celebrated as "a person who, in a loud voice, exhorts all to repent of their sins."

The poor woman was seated outside the door, spinning cotton, and repeating the prayer of her sect.

When she heard her son approaching, she ceased her occupation and said, as though speaking to a third party:

"Of course Fifth-pine is under the influence of the drink-devil."

When her son saw her he corrected his attitude (assumed a sober aspect), and advancing more steadily, attempted to perform the respectful salutation, instead of accomplishing which he turned a somerset, and rolled over and over until he vanished round the side of the habitation; never stopping until he landed in the valley below, where he remained like one in a swoon.

"Oh, my unhappy son! Oh, Buddha, save him!" she cried, rising and wringing her hands. "God of Luck, if you spare his life this time I will not smoke more than one pipe of tobacco a day, for five years."

Then she advanced to the edge of the precipice, and glancing downward, tearfully regarded his inanimate body.

Who can describe the soul-agony of a mother?

Mrs. Perfect-blossom invoked the aid of all the gods, in her agitation appealing to some in whom she professed not to believe.

At that moment, to save her son, she would willingly have made a vow to Emma (the god of the infernal regions).

She remained thus, crying incoherently; her appeals being mockingly repeated by the *oni* (demons) inhabiting the mountain.

After a long period of suspense Fifth-pine slowly rose, and, rubbing his bruised person, said:

"This is a most extraordinary thing. How did my honorable mother *get up there?*"

Strange to say, he was not seriously injured, and when he had recovered his usual senses, he ascended to where his mother was tearfully regarding him, and said:

"I have evidently been bewitched. Honorable mother, have you anything in a bottle?"

She brought him water from a holy spring, but he regarded it ruefully, and murmured:

"The belief of my sect prevents me from availing myself of such things. Many thanks, honorable mother, I would not deprive you of your comfort."

After a while they lighted their pipes, and she remarked:

"In my anxiety I was very near making a vow not to smoke for five years. Fortunately, as the words were rising to my lips, I saw you move. Buddha is indeed good to me; he restored you to life."

Fifth-pine concealed his features with a cloud of smoke, and thought:

"I do not believe that Buddha troubled himself about me."

Then clearing away the vapor with a wave of his hand, bowed, and said:

"Honorable mother, I have some good news to tell you."

"Eh?" she cried. "Have you obtained the true knowledge? *Namu mio ho ren ge kio!*"

He waited respectfully until she had screamed herself hoarse, after which he said:

"Honorable mother, I am about to receive a large sum I earned when I was away from you those five years in Hirano. Will you kindly take charge of the gold and give it to me as I want it?"

At first she declined; however, after he had assured her that he had honestly come by the money, she consented, when he said:

"Please to lend me that amulet you wear on your girdle. I am going upon a dangerous journey, and feel nervous."

"This is a woman's charm," she replied. "I do not believe it will benefit you. Take it to the temple of Kuwannon and have it re-consecrated to your own use. It will only cost you a hundred iron cash" (about two cents).

He promised to do what she asked, and after respectfully saluting her, took his leave.

As he returned to the doctor, he thought:

"I regret having to deceive my honorable mother; still, if the worst comes to the worst, and the quack insists upon my kidnapping little Utaro, I will not hesitate, knowing she will be well provided for. How delightful it is to sacrifice oneself for the honorable mother!"

That night he informed the doctor he could not secure the child alive, on hearing which Right-cottage knit his brows, and sternly remarked:

"I want the boy I described, and no other; and you must deliver him to me uninjured."

Fifth-pine bowed politely, and observed:

"Yes—yes. I will have the child at the cave by midday to-morrow."

The next morning he rose very early, and taking a fishing-rod on his shoulder, proceeded to the neighborhood of the boy's home, where he watched like a rat in a hole.

Utaro was an only child, and his parents loved him most tenderly. He was of a gentle, sweet disposition, and, even at that early age, a most promising scholar.

Mr. Uhei (Watchman-of-all-space), the boy's father, was a wood-cutter, and his occupation took him away from home at an early hour.

His wife, Mrs. Slender-bamboo, was an industrious woman, who added to their income by working for her richer neighbors.

They were devoted to the affectionate, bright-eyed boy, and every hour in the day his mother would say a prayer to Buddha, on behalf of her darling.

Such was the little one whom the cruel Fifth-pine had determined to kidnap and deliver to Dr. Right-cottage, although he knew full well his act would bring desolation upon a happy home, and a cruel death to the child.

It is quite evident that some men have hearts of stone.

Fifth-pine watched until both parents had quitted the house; then entering the garden, waited under a plum-tree.

As he glanced up at the newly-formed fruit he thought:

"Those will be good plums. Later on I will come and procure a few for my honorable mother."

Presently little Utaro came out of the house, carrying in one hand his books and in the other his luncheon-box.

On seeing Fifth-pine he paused, whereupon the rascal, assuming a genial face, cried:

"Ah, here you are. Your honorable mother told me I should find you quitting home. Take back your books, and come along with me. *Hai, hai!* (Yes, yes). We are going to have a good holiday, you and I. We will catch fish in the mountain stream for your honorable mother. Oh, this is a white day for you and me. Come, little Utaro."

Thus speaking, he smiled on the child, but the latter mistrusted him, and replied:

"I do not want to go with you."

"THE MURDERER OF YOUR CHILD WENT THAT WAY."

"What?" cried the rascal. "Are you the one to disobey your honorable parents? Your mother has sent me to fetch you. She has gone on with Mrs. Radish-bloom, and will be grieved if you do not join her. See—she gave me this charm off her girdle—you surely know I would not deceive you. Come along, come along."

Utaro naturally concluded his mother had given the amulet to the man as a proof she had commissioned him to do what he asserted. Mrs. Slender-bamboo owned such a charm, and as those things are all as like as apple-blossoms, it was no wonder her son was deceived.

He placed his books on a corner of the veranda, and retaining his lunch-box, on which Fifth-pine had already fixed his covetous gaze, accompanied the man, who led him toward a by-path that conducted them downward into the valley of the mines.

On their way they passed an idiot, who, eying the rod, chuckled and said:

"Wise men do not go into a wood to catch fish."

Fifth-pine did not reply, but the remark was not lost upon the child.

They soon approached a wild region, dotted with a dense undergrowth of bamboo, noticing which Utaro observed, in a timid voice:

"Surely the fish do not live in these trees?"

Then he began to weep, and call:

"Mamma! mamma!"

"*Yeh!*" ferociously ejaculated his companion. "Stop that noise, or I will kill you!"

These words filled the child's soul with terror, and falling upon his knees he cried:

"Good Mr. Fifth-pine, I respectfully beseech you to take me to my honorable mother! She will be very anxious about me."

"*Yeh!* you are most unreasonable," snarled the man, as he untied the towel from about his head. "I am astonished that a well-bred boy like you should behave so rudely. Be silent!"

Saying this, he seized the terrified child and bound the cloth over his mouth, then, taking him on his shoulder, plunged into the undergrowth in the direction of the Cave of the Seven Dragons.

Utaro thought of his mother, and mentally uttered her prayer to Buddha.

On reaching the cavern, which was, in reality, a deserted silver mine, they found Dr. Right-cottage, who, after minutely examining Utaro, gave Fifth-pine the bag of gold, and said:

"Now you get out of this!"

The wretch plundered the child of his luncheon-box, purse and toys, and rolling his eyes, comically remarked to the quack, who was attentively regarding the horror-stricken face of the boy:

"You will not forget what you promised with regard to my honorable mother?"

"You rascal!" exclaimed the other, "if you are not out of this place in one moment, I will take back my gold and end your miserable existence! What sort of a woman can your mother be, when she has such a son?"

"You forget that she is like yourself, a believer in Nichiren," retorted Fifth-pine, making off. "*Yeh*, you people who pretend to be so good are worse than we are. Farewell!"

Then he quitted the cave as fast as his feet would carry him.

The doctor watched him out of sight, and when he was certain he was alone with his victim, bound the latter to a timber support, left by the ancient workers in the mine.

That afternoon Fifth-pine feasted like a great lord, and abused the landlord of the inn where he staid, remarking, in a loud voice:

"I ordered you to provide a repast worthy of a rich

man; you have served me as though I were some mean farmer, who would dispute the reckoning. More wine!"

Saying this, he attempted to fill a large cup, but only upset the bottle, and allowed the dregs of the liquor to run out and stream across the veranda.

The proprietor of the place, who was not used to being thus addressed, glanced angrily at him and cried:

"You will get no more wine from me!"

Then he left him, with his head pillowed upon an empty bottle.

As the shades of night began to descend upon the scene, Dr. Right-cottage emerged from the forest in the rear of the veranda, and noiselessly entered the apartment occupied by his wretched accomplice.

On pushing aside the bamboo screen he beheld Fifth-pine, who was lying upon his stomach, breathing heavily.

"My friend, you require medical attendance," he murmured, producing a jar from the sleeve of his overcoat. "I will give you something that will relieve you of your misery."

Saying this, he smiled significantly, and raising the sleeper's head, proceeded to pour the contents of the jar down his victim's capacious throat.

This done, he regarded Fifth-pine contemptuously, and observed:

"As you will no longer have any use for that money, I will relieve you of it."

After securing the gold, which he placed in the jar, he carefully readjusted the cloth covering the latter, and quitted the house; pausing in the garden to turn and regard his victim, and to say, in a reflective tone:

"*Yoku wa shi no moto!* (Covetousness is the fountain of death!) Having attended to your complaint and rid the world of a very bad man, I will now see to little Utaro."

As the bell of the temple of Shino-yama-mura announced that the *bozu* (priests) were performing the last service of the day, the landlord entered, bringing his bill.

"*Hai!*" he cried, shaking Fifth-pine in a most unceremonious manner. "Get up and pay the extra charges. You have exceeded the amount you deposited in my hands by half a *yen*. I would like to know whether your purse is filled with gold coin or copper cash. Sit up, I tell you."

The act of his host saved the man's life, for being thus disturbed made him unwell; however, enough poison remained in his system to give him terrible pains all over his body.

He groaned, gnashed his teeth like one in a fit, and, indicating his money-bag, said, in a broken voice:

"Help yourself; I am dying. A million demons have taken possession of me!"

When the landlord discovered that his guest had been "scraping his features" (cheating him out of his pay), he became doubly incensed, and bade his servants thrust the swindler out-of-doors, and give him a severe beating.

The waiters hastened to obey, and carrying the fellow to the edge of the road, launched him into the valley, where he alighted like a broken bamboo.

Chapter III.

"The God of Luck deprived me of my riches, and I murmured not; the God of Fire devoured my house, and I bowed to his will; but when my only child—my boy—was taken from me, my heart rebelled, and I lost my faith in the gods."

That evening, while the servants of the inn were

"THE OFFICERS SEIZED THE PRISONER FROM BEHIND, AND SECURED HIS ARMS WITH A CORD."

ejecting Fifth-pine from the house, Mrs. Slender-bamboo returned to her home. In one hand was a bowl of red-bean-rice, and in the other a bundle of clothes, given her by the lady for whom she had been working.

On approaching the fence surrounding the humble habitation, she paused, and thought:

"No light? I suppose Utaro has gone to meet his father, and that they have halted for a cup of tea at some wayside refreshment place."

Then, as though hoping the little fellow were in hiding behind the fence, she called, in a nervous voice:

"My son! Utaro! Mother is here!"

The mocking demons inhabiting the rocks about the abode derisively took up the words, and echoed:

"Here!"

Mrs. Slender-bamboo listened anxiously, half persuading herself that the voices were those of her child; and she was repeating her summons, when her husband, Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, shouted, from a distance:

"Send Utaro to me with a lantern! I have dropped my pipe, and cannot find it."

The poor woman, whose soul was now filled with dreadful forebodings, hastily entered the house, and, procuring a light, proceeded to where her husband was halting—saying, as she hurriedly neared him:

"Is not our son with you?"

"With me? no!" testily answered the man, who was tired with his long day's labor. "Ah! there is my pipe. It has fallen among the weeds on the roadside. Come, Slender-bamboo, do not gape at me in that vacant manner, but show the way. This load of wood cuts into my back, I tell you!"

The alarmed wife trembled like a temple spire in an earthquake, and ejaculated:

"Utaro!"

"Is he not at home?" said her husband, in a troubled voice.

She placed her hands upright, palm to palm, and cried, in an agonized voice:

"Harm has come to him! harm has come to him! Oh, my poor child! I shall never see you again!"

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space threw down his burden, and seizing the lantern, hurried homeward, followed by Slender-bamboo, who alternately uttered prayers and lamentations.

The alarmed man hoarsely shouted the name of their son, and eagerly searched the premises.

"Here are our boy's books," he presently exclaimed. "You are needlessly excited—he has gone to spend the evening with a schoolmate."

The mother tenderly raised the volumes, and, as she regarded them through her tear-blinded eyes, murmured:

"*Namu amida Butzu!*" (Hail, great Buddha!)

The husband averted his face; for, although he did not believe in Buddha, he could not avoid being moved by his wife's faith. However, after she had prayed for a while, he observed, in a gruff tone:

"Buddha will not search for our son! Doubtless little Utaro has endeavored to meet me, and become lost on the mountains. The *oni* (demons) who inhabit this district are very fond of decoying children into wild spots, and scaring them to death."

"Ah, honorable husband!" she tearfully exclaimed. "You believe in *oni*, yet turn a blind face to the merciful Buddha. Think you that omnipresent Kuwannon (goddess of mercy) will not hear my prayers, and be induced to restore our child to us, unharmed by—your demons?"

"Woman," he answered, "the gods know which of us is right! As for myself, I only believe what I see. Come, it is useless for you to waste your time in praying; let us take lanterns, inform our neighbors of our loss, and search for Utaro. While you are talking to your invisible god, the *oni* may kill our dear little one."

Mrs. Slender-bamboo rose, and, procuring a lantern, ran from house to house, crying:

"Aid us, good neighbors! Alas! little Utaro has wandered into the mountain wilds, and is lost!"

Everybody who could walk joined them, and soon the forest was filled with searchers, whose torches glowed like fireflies among the undergrowth.

The mountain was vast, and its paths were as numerous as the stars. Daylight revealed the searchers returning, weary and footsore.

When Mrs. Slender-bamboo saw that her child was not with them, she fell upon her knees and prayed to Kuwannon, the sympathizing women neighbors joining in her petitions; meanwhile the men laved their feet and refreshed themselves with wine, remarking in whispers:

"What is to be done? The child must be dead."

As they were consulting, the idiot sauntered up, noticing which one of the men said:

"Perhaps he can enlighten us. He is favored by the gods. You remember the saying, 'If you would learn wisdom, listen to the words of a fool.'"

Then one of the party addressed the half-witted creature and inquired:

"Where do you think we shall find little Utaro?"

The man rolled his eyes as though he considered the question were a good joke, and replied:

"The old brigand and the young scholar have gone to catch fish in the bamboo forest. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Everybody gathered round him and eagerly inquired what he knew of the missing child, but the idiot only jibed and mowed. His mind was like a bucket that has lost its bottom—it could only retain the stains of what had passed through it. In vain they questioned him; he merely smiled vacantly, and informed them he was very hungry.

"Come," cried Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, "neither praying nor guessing at riddles will relieve my soul of its burden. I will return to the mountain and resume my search."

Then he set out again, followed by his wife.

About noon they met a traveler, who, on hearing their story, said:

"Good people, prepare yourselves for the worst. As I passed near the Cave of the Seven Dragons, in the valley below, I saw a dark stain on the sand, and near it a child's toy. Some one had been murdered there!"

He led the parents to the spot, where they found two farmers, who, with horror-stricken faces, were regarding the ruddy evidence.

It was near the entrance to the cave, and not far from the brawling mountain stream known as Coursing-tears.

One of the farmers, who had deposited his load of fertilizer, and was crouching near the scene of the tragedy, cried:

"Oh, this is too horrible!"

"Yes, yes!" added the other, extending his hands. "This is the work of *oni*" (demons).

The father and mother, whose features were as white as bleached wax, advanced with faltering steps, sank upon their knees, and covered their eyes, in order to shut out the sickening sight.

Both shed tears like rain, and, while the woman sobbed out her prayers, the man set his teeth, and invoked the gods to punish the murderer of his boy.

Presently Mrs. Slender-bamboo pointed at the toy, and said, in an agonized voice:

"Yes, that belonged to my gentle, loving Utaro!"

"The murderer of your child went that way," cried the traveler, pointing down the valley. "See, there are his footprints in the dust of the path!"

Up rose the father, who, by that time, had mastered his grief sufficiently to think of pursuing the assassin.

"Come," he shouted, "I swear by all the gods, I will not rest day or night, until the wretch who killed my boy is brought to justice!"

He moved swiftly forward, never pausing for more than a few minutes at a time, to note in which direction the footprints tended.

He went on and on, until he arrived at the inn where Fifth-pine had feasted, where he was informed what the reader already knows.

"Come!" he exclaimed to his friends; "if Fifth-pine did that cruel deed, we will follow and dispatch him. Anyhow, we will search for this man. Even though he be innocent, it is possible that he knows something about the perpetrator of the crime. You remember the idiot said, 'The old brigand and the young scholar have gone to catch fish in the bamboo forest'?"

"I will accompany you down the mountain," remarked the proprietor of the inn. "When I told my servants to thrust the man out of my house, I did not intend them to launch him over the brow of the cliff into the valley; still, their mistake may lead to your capturing the wretch who has so cruelly destroyed your child. I do not imagine Mr. Fifth-pine has moved from the spot on which he alighted. We are all in the hands of the gods, who use us to carry out their sentences. Mr. Fifth-pine was a very bad fellow."

The parent did not make any reply to this speech, but followed the landlord like a person who is dumb with sorrow.

Upon arriving in the valley, they failed to find any trace of Fifth-pine. However, on glancing upward, they saw his ragged coat hanging on a spur of rock, just over a ravine, at the bottom of which ran a stream of water.

"The gods be praised for all things!" fervently murmured the inn-keeper. "I little thought, when I ordered my servants to oust the wretch, that I was merely an instrument in the hands of fate! Gentlemen, if you will come up to my house, I will give you some excellent wine. Fifth-pine has evidently been seized by the *oni*, and consigned to that ravine, which," lowering his voice, "people say, is one of the entrances to the infernal regions. Come, a cup of wine will do us all good."

The father did not reply, but continued to gaze upon the garment, which ever and anon swayed gently in the wind.

"He is to be pitied," whispered the landlord. "Leave him here awhile. My heart is not a stone, and such scenes as these destroy the balance of my system."

They left Mr. Watchman-of-all-space gazing vacantly at the coat, and muttering to himself:

"Alas, my poor child!"

After his companions had departed, he hurried sorrowfully away and walked slowly homeward, where he discovered his wife kneeling and praying before the family altar, on which rested the blood-stained relic of their son.

"Slender-bamboo," he said, glancing sternly at her, "rise and attend to your house affairs. Our boy was foully murdered by that wretch Fifth-pine; but," laughing bitterly, "the gods have avenged Utaro's death."

Instead of answering him, Mrs. Slender-bamboo continued to repeat her supplications to Buddha; on hearing which her husband lost patience, and cried: "Woman—woman, you must be crazy! Do you imagine that Buddha or Kuwannon can restore our poor child to life?"

The pious creature went on with her prayers as though he had not spoken.

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space regarded her for a moment, then thought:

"Grief has made Slender-bamboo insane, and I must be gentle with her. Surely she could not have understood my words. Oh, the gods have piled misery on my back. My poor Utaro! When I think of you my bosom contracts with grief, and I can scarcely draw my breath."

From that day the wood-cutter, who formerly had had a pleasant word for every one, became a sad-faced, silent man; and his wife, whom her friends had always quoted as one of the happiest women in the world, moved about her home like a shadow.

Her husband never troubled her when she prayed before the relic of their lost one, though he often thought:

"This is too foolish—still they say no man can understand the undying love of a mother. I will close my eyes to her womanly folly."

When Mrs. Perfect-blossom was informed of the fate that had overtaken her son, Fifth-pine, she sighed, and said:

"I always feared he would die with his sandals on! Alas, alas! I am now alone in the world!"

The days and weeks passed, and, after a while, all but the mothers of the community forgot about the tragedy. Whenever Mrs. Slender-bamboo saw a child about the age of her Utaro, she would cover her face with her sleeves, and sob and weep as though her heart would break; and when her husband met the neighbors' sons going to and coming from school or temple, he would avert his face and set his lips in order to keep the latter from betraying what he felt.

At the expiration of three years he thus addressed his wife:

"Slender-bamboo, I think it about time you discontinued your prayers for our son's return to life. Your supplications must weary the omnipotent Buddha. Our Utaro is dead."

"Honorable husband," she replied, "have you never heard the saying, 'Pray a million times, yea, a billion times, and Buddha will finally answer your petition'? Although I, in my way, desire to be a good wife, and care not what I may suffer if you are only satisfied with me, still, even at the risk of incurring your displeasure, I cannot cease to offer my prayers. Nothing is impossible to the All-Merciful Buddha, and if you would only have faith, I feel sure he would reward us by restoring our Utaro to life."

"The gods grant me patience!" he groaned. "She is as crazy as she can be! Well—my honorable mother thought just as Slender-bamboo does, so I will not again refer to the matter."

The neighbors were very good to the bereaved parents, and did all in their power for them, one man offering them his second son for adoption; however, Mr. Watchman-of-all-space politely declined the kind attention, and Mrs. Slender-bamboo told her friends:

"Why should we adopt little Five-furrows? I pray continually to Buddha and Kuwannon, and am certain that one day my petition will be granted, and our darling restored to us."

The women-folks listened respectfully, but said among themselves:

"Poor Slender-bamboo! she has more faith than common sense. Well—her delusion is a very harmless one."

CHAPTER IV.

"THERE are many religions in the world, but very few truly pious persons. Some people regard their faith like a garment, to be assumed or laid aside at convenience; others are filled with it like a vessel that is brimful of water. He who has faith in Buddha is happy, because he has attained the first step toward perfection. The years come and go, but Buddha is eternal."

Thus spoke Mrs. Perfect-blossom, who, since the discovery made by Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, had become a friend of Mrs. Slender-bamboo, whom she consoled and encouraged with her pious conversation. The bereaved mothers met, often for the purpose of comforting one another, and after quoting many sayings they had heard from the lips of the preachers, would, woman-like, begin to talk concerning their temporal affairs.

Mrs. Perfect-blossom always told her friend she was sure Fifth-pine was innocent of Utaro's death, and Mrs. Slender-bamboo had come to believe in the assertion of the widow.

"WHEN A MAN IS ANXIOUS TO START ON HIS LAST JOURNEY, IT IS UNKIND TO DELAY HIS SETTING OUT."

"Does your honorable husband still ridicule our holy faith?" one day inquired Mrs. Perfect-blossom, after the women had exhausted the gossip of the village. "Do you think he truly believes in *oni*, and such foolish superstitions?"

"Yes," sadly answered Slender-bamboo. "I have tried every means in my power to convert him, but he always says, 'I only credit what I can see.'"

Mrs. Perfect-blossom repeated her prayer several times, then said:

"Do you imagine I could have any influence over him?"

Her friend shook her head, and answered:

"I fear, if you came to my house and began to ejaculate your prayers, he would throw you out-of-doors. The loss of our son has curdled the blood in my honorable husband's heart. He hates you, because you are pious, and does not like me to visit you."

"I know what we will do," suggested the other; "we will meet daily and invoke Buddha to restore our sons, and touch your husband's stony heart."

So every afternoon the women met, and while the widow ranted and howled, after the manner of the followers of Nichiren, Mrs. Slender-bamboo very noiselessly repeated her prayers. The neighbors, who did not believe the same way, thrust their tongues in their cheeks and rolled their eyes, saying:

"Something ought to come of all that!"

One Summer evening a strange figure, bowed with age and suffering, toiled up the mountain-side, and, halting before the door of the residence of Mrs. Perfect-blossom, said, in a mumbling tone:

"Can you give me food and shelter?"

The good woman, who was almost blind, glanced in the direction of the speaker, and replied:

"Although my house is a poor one, you are welcome to rice and a mat."

The stranger entered, and falling upon his knees, saluted her, saying: "I am your son, Fifth-pine."

After answering his salute she answered:

"Welcome home, my son Fifth-pine. I hope that Buddha has changed your heart."

He rose, and nearing her, said:

"Honorable mother, I have, for the last few years, been

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suffering the torments of the wicked. After that little matter of Utaro, I was poisoned and thrown over a cliff. When I came to my senses I reflected on my folly, and determined to quit the mountains. I became a *yeta* (beggar, outcast), and wandered all over the country. My bones and skin did not agree with each other. Demons entered my body and tortured me. Still I lived, and now am come back to you."

"Penitent?" she tearfully inquired.

He almost blushed as he bowed his head and answered:

"Well, no. The fact is, I am thinking of getting married, and have come to ask your advice; also if you can assist me with a little money. I do not desire to be seen about here, as my share in the death of Utaro might prove dangerous to my future enjoyment. I have been to the mineral springs, and am cured of my disease. A small sum of money will make a new man of me."

While he was speaking, Mrs. Slender-bamboo had noiselessly approached the place, and overheard his words.

"Then Utaro is dead?" sadly inquired Mrs. Perfect-blossom.

"Yes. That was a very foolish business," he answered. "I am sorry, for Dr. Right-cottage must have plundered me of my pay. It is, however, weak to lament over a cup of wine one has spilt. Come, honorable mother, give me some money. I wish to quit this place before morning."

Mrs. Slender-bamboo, who had listened with awe-stricken face, hastened away, and did not stop running until she reached home, where she found her husband talking with an officer of justice.

"Have you heard Fifth-pine has returned?" she cried.

"Yes," said Mr. Watchman-of-all-space. "As soon as it is dark we will arrest him."

That night three officers and the bereaved father silently ascended the mountain-path leading to the widow's house.

The officials wore leathern leggings and arm-protectors, and were provided with copper batons, with which to quiet unruly persons. They also carried cords for the purpose of binding their prisoner.

They overheard the woman talking to her son, and urging him to quit the place before the moon rose.

"She is as guilty as he," whispered one of the officers to Mr. Watchman-of-all-space. "Light the lantern and follow us."

The father noiselessly struck his flint and steel and ignited a roll of paper; then blowing on the latter, produced a flame which he communicated to the wick of the candle in his lantern.

In they rushed, and, on seeing them, Fifth-pine picked up a club, and defended himself vigorously.

His mother, forgetting her prayers, began to utter bitter reproaches, whereupon an officer seized her by the hair and silenced her.

The fight was ended by one of the officials striking Fifth-pine's head with his copper staff; the blows being repeated until the wretch dropped his weapon.

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, whose face betrayed the satisfaction that filled his soul, held the lantern aloft while one of the officers seized the prisoner from behind and secured his arms with a cord.

When Mrs. Perfect-blossom saw her son bound hand and foot she uttered piercing screams, and presently expired; whereupon Fifth-pine began to weep, saying:

"Oh, you are too contemptible. You have killed my honorable mother! Release me, that I may pay the last respects to her dead body."

The men unbound him, and he was permitted to burn incense and pray, after which he was once more secured, and conducted to a place of safety.

Although he vowed he had not killed little Utaro, and told the story of his meeting with Dr. Right-cottage, the officials condemned him to death.

As soon as he learned his sentence he professed to be very pious, and spent his time in saying prayers. This, however, did not save his miserable life.

While he was in prison his beard grew, and when he was led to execution he looked like an ape.

After he was lashed to the instrument of suspension he exhibited the greatest coolness, and when he had read the invocation to Buddha inscribed on the pillar upon his left, he glanced downward at the officer who was deputed to see his sentence executed, and satirically remarked:

"My lord, it is exceedingly uncomfortable to be spread out in this manner. I am neither in paradise nor the infernal regions! When a man is anxious to start upon his last journey it is unkind to delay his setting out. I die innocent of the crime with which I have been charged, a victim to the covetousness of that rascally quack, Dr. Right-cottage! I see among the crowd Mr. Watchman-of-all-space—how he must pity me." Then raising his voice, he continued: "Now I am ready to become a martyr! I hope some one will, of their charity, remember my grave and the anniversary of my untimely taking off. Farewell! In a few moments I shall be in the land of shadows. *Yoku wa shi no moto.*"

As he concluded his impudent speech the official gave the signal, and the spearmen advanced to Fifth-pine and quickly severed the thread of his existence.

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space, who had sternly regarded the proceedings, turned away from the spot and went slowly home, pondering upon what he had just witnessed.

Upon arriving at his residence he discovered his wife upon her knees, with her head bowed to the mat, before the family altar, on which lay the blood-stained relic of their beloved child.

The husband squatted by the *hibachi* (fire-bowl, in the centre of the apartment), and taking his pipe-case from his girdle, proceeded to smoke, thinking:

"Who can understand the women? Although Utaro has been dead over four years, and I have witnessed the execution of his accused murderer, there she is, praying like a nun! Once a woman takes a thing into her head, you can no more stop her than you could dam the waterfall of Rushing-tears with a straw. I thank the gods I am not guilty of any such folly. This praying makes me feel sick. I will drink some wine."

He rose, went into the kitchen, and was in the act of filling a cup, when he heard a noise on the veranda, and glancing toward it, beheld a boy about ten years old, whose wan features and travel-stained garments showed that he had come from afar.

Watchman-of-all-space regarded the newcomer intently, and said, in a tremulous voice:

"Come in, my child. You appear to be half starved."

The boy staggered toward the prostrate figure of Mrs. Slender-bamboo, and sinking upon the mat beside her, became insensible; while she, unconscious of his presence, continued to murmur her prayer to Buddha.

The man dropped his cup, gazed wildly at the stranger, and hastening to his relief, raised the inanimate form in his arms, when he saw that the boy was none other than their little Utaro.

At first he could only dumbly regard the emaciated face and utter a strange moan of happiness; then finding his tongue, he cried, in a joyful voice:

"Wife, wife! Rise, I tell you! Buddha has answered your prayers!"

Who can describe the scene that ensued, the delight of

the happy father, the gratitude of the tender mother! They bathed the poor sufferer and gave him warm food and wine, waiting until evening to learn the wonderful story of his return from the grave.

When he had somewhat recovered his strength he related his adventures, which were as follows:

"The man who called himself Dr. Right-cottage was really a quack named Clay-field, and his object in kidnapping me was not to end my life, but to secure a child for adoption for a wealthy robber who lives on an island upon the coast. I was decoyed away by Mr. Fifth-pine, who received a bag of gold for his act, and that evening was robbed of his money by the man who had employed him. I traveled with the doctor for many days, he threatening, if I complained to any one, to return and kill you. After a long journey we reached the seashore, and I was placed in a boat and conveyed to the island, where a man and woman lived without working. They called me 'son,' but I respectfully declined to address them as 'father' and 'mother.' The doctor, who had been paid a large sum for his services, often visited us, and by turns coaxed and threatened me, saying he had been to see you, and you had renounced all claim upon me, and desired that I would look upon my new friends as my parents. This I knew was a falsehood, so I closed my ears to his persuasions and threats, and remembering the teaching of my honorable mother, prayed constantly and fervently to omnipotent Buddha. One day, while I was kneeling on the sandy beach, I heard a voice from the water, calling: '*Hai, hai, hai!* What is your trouble, little son?'"

"Ah," murmured Mrs. Slender-bamboo, "he was one of the saints sent by Buddha!"

"No, honorable mother," respectfully continued Utaro. "He was an old man, fishing for squid. 'Have you heard the news?' he inquired—'Dr. Clay-field, the celebrated quack, has been seized by a devil-fish and drowned. He will not kill any more patients.'"

"Truly the gods mete out justice to everybody," said Mr. Watchman-of-all-space. "The quack was a very bad man."

"Yes," replied his son. "Honorable father, you remember the saying—'Quacks are only demons in human disguise'?"

"How did you escape?" eagerly asked his mother.

"I told my story to the old man," said Utaro, bowing respectfully. "He said, 'Those who have faith in all-seeing Buddha, will never come to harm. I am only a poor squid-catcher—still I will risk the vengeance of your adopted parents, and will row you across to the mainland. After that, I can only pray for your safe return to your honorable parents.'"

"How did you know the way home?" inquired his amazed father.

"The loving Buddha led me hither," said Utaro. "Whenever I felt in doubt, I knelt, and said the prayer taught me by my honorable mother."

Mr. Watchman-of-all-space sat for a long time in deep thought; then, addressing his wife, observed:

"After this, I will never object to your prayers. I acknowledge the power of the Invisibly-watching-ever-present."

Mother and son joyfully regarded the speaker, and the woman entreated him to repeat the prayer:

"*Namu amida Butsu!*" (Hail, great Buddha).

The man listened patiently, and, as he did so, affectionately rubbed his boy's pate (the Japanese equivalent to our paternal kiss), after which, turning to his wife, he said:

"Slender-bamboo, while admitting the merciful goodness of Buddha, I am not converted to your way of thinking. Had the Great-benevolent raised our son from the grave, I would not have hesitated to renounce my faith in the old gods; as it is, I will make my offering to Dai-Koku (the God of Luck), and you can make yours to the temple. I have become convinced of one thing, that is, 'Covetousness is the Fountain of Death.'"

SOME OTTER NOTES.

It is related of a gentleman in the Hebrides that he had an otter which regularly supplied itself with food at its proper time for eating, returning to the house after each excursion. Another, in England, evinced great fondness for gooseberries. This one is said to have fondled about her keepers like a pup or young kitten. Still a third was also very tame, though he frequently stole away at night to fish, always returning to his kennel in the morning. This one was gentle, and apparently affectionate with human beings, but savage with any dog that ventured to approach him. He did not object to being lifted by the tail, but strongly resented any interference with his snout.

Otter hunting was formerly a favorite diversion in England, and is said to be so in Wales at the present day. In some places they keep packs of otter hounds—a peculiar breed. On the seacoast, at low water, the animals are traced to their holes by these dogs, and being driven out, are killed with sticks or shot.

By the Celts the otter has a native Celtic name, meaning "brown dog" in the English. This is curious, since it receives a similar title from the natives of South America.

The American otter, *Lutra Canadensis*, is longer than the British species, and weighs from twenty to twenty-five pounds. It is very voracious, and will fight savagely when attacked. It frequents clear or rapid streams, or dark ponds, and burrows in the banks, lining its nest with leaves and weed. Otters have a curious habit of sliding down wet or muddy banks, apparently for sport; and hunters take advantage of this circumstance by setting traps at the foot of these slopes. They are also taken in traps baited with fish. When killed in the water the body sinks, from the solidity of the bones.

They are found all over the continent of North America, though rare in the Atlantic States. Several thousand skins are carried annually from the British possessions to England.

The Brazilian otter, or South American water-wolf, is of a lighter color than others, and is about three and a half feet in length. It lives in troops, rising frequently to the surface of the water and snapping like a dog, from which peculiarity it is called in Spanish America "pierro de agua," or water-dog.

Some otters have been trained by fishermen to drive fish into their nets, or even to capture them and bring them to their masters.

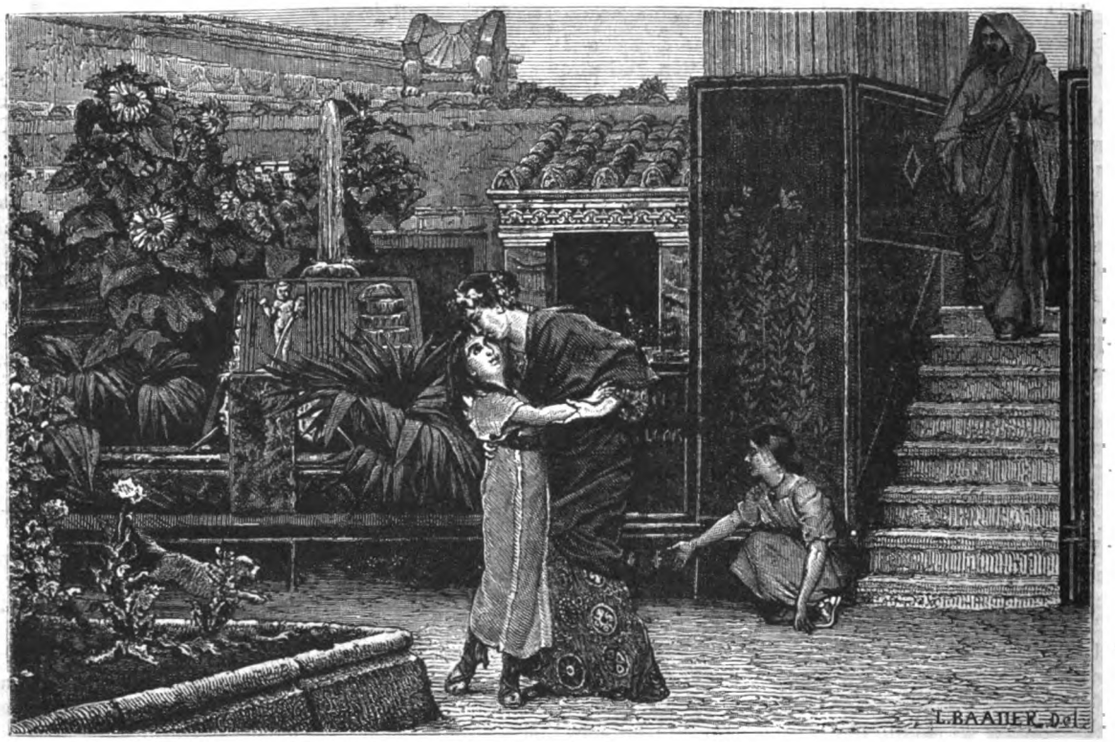
The sea-otter resembles a seal more than it does other members of the same family. It inhabits the coasts and islands of the Northern Pacific, and about Kamschatka. It is found on the American coast as far south as Monterey, and is essentially marine in its habits; generally, however, keeping near the shore.

The skins formerly were an important article of commerce between the Russians and Chinese and Japanese. In Central America the otter is frequently hunted by Indians in canoes. When observed he is shot with an arrow-head, which is confined to a staff by a cord that unravels, and leaves the staff floating to buoy the position of the

game. The otter is very plentiful in the Rio San Juan, Magdalena, Chagres, Orinoco, Amazon, Parana, and other rivers. It is also found on the Mosquito Coast, but the fur is valueless. The fur of the South American river-otter is fine, but inferior to that of the northern animals.

It is believed that the chase of the sea-otter lured the Russians from Okotsk to Kamschatka, and thence to the opposite coast of America. Frequently a single skin brings with them four or five hundred rubles. The natural unplucked otter-fur is commonly employed for trimmings for muffs and boas. It requires to be singed and dyed to a fashionable brown or seal color. It has been found too cumbersome to use for fashionable garments, but a rich effect is produced by a border of one and a half to three inches deep. These skins are always very expensive, even unmade importations frequently costing as much as $250.

The dark otter-skins chiefly used in our market come from the New England States or Canada, and are more like the sea-otter than any others. Those taken in the Fall are the best; in the Winter they grow paler in color. Western and Southern otter are of a light brown, and are not worth more than half as much. The black otter are used in trimming sacques, and for collars and cuffs. In Russia they are employed in their natural state. The lighter skins are colored to imitate seal, and then used for trimming, Very few skins are imported, the large majority employed in our manufactures being native.



A ROMAN GARDEN.

AN OLD LAND TITLE.

A CURIOUS and interesting sale of real estate was made in New Jersey, in February, 1881—nothing less than the sale of three large ponds or lakes in the interior of the State, by the old proprietorship, dating from Sir George Carteret and Lord Berkeley, who bought all New Jersey of the Duke of York, brother to Charles II., on the conquest of New Amsterdam from the Dutch in 1664. This proprietorship has passed through many and various vicissitudes, beginning within ten years after the first establishment; but the "Board of Proprietors of East Jersey" has still maintained its existence and held its stated meetings down to this day. The courts of New Jersey have generally maintained the rights of these Jersey patroons in any disputed questions that have been brought before them, except as regards lands under water, over which the State claims exclusive jurisdiction.

At the latest session of the proprietors at Amboy, Hon. Nathaniel Niles, formerly speaker of the State Assembly, and one of the Board of Proprietors, purchased out of the small amount of the original possessions of the proprietors still remaining to them, three lakes in the northern part of the State: Lake Hopatcong, eight miles long and from one-quarter to two miles wide; Culver's Pond, Sussex County, a beautifully and romantically situated body of water, two miles long and of varying width; and a small lake in the same county covering about one hundred acres. The large lakes were sold for $600 each, and Quick's Lake for $200. In each case three hundred feet of land from high-water mark is transferred with the water, running entirely around it. Lake Hopatcong is the most important inland sheet of water south of the lakes of New York State, and has many dwellings and a Summer hotel or two on its shores. It is also a feeder of the Morris Canal, and a possible source of water supply for New York City.

SPARE the feelings of your friends. Don't flatter yourself that friendship authorizes you to say disagreeable things to your intimates. On the contrary, the nearer you come into relation with a person, the more necessary do tact and courtesy become.

LOBRIDGE; OR, LA DAME BLANCHE. —"WHAT ROUSED TOM FROM A GLOOMY REVERIE WAS THE UNMISTAKABLE JINGLE OF METAL SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH A LOUD SCREAM FROM KATHARINE."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE LOVERS.

THEY were sitting one morn together,
Some sweet lay of love they read;
The sun of June made golden weather,
While leafy boughs hung overhead.

Tenderly her shoulder rested
'Gainst his breast, which heaved with pride,
As he thought—oh, rapture crested!—
"In a month she will be my bride!"

They read on—until they lighted
On a passage tipt with flame;
Their eyes looked e'en as when they plighted—
Then their lips together came.

Earth and all the stars may perish,
But not the rapture of that bliss!
For in their heart of hearts they cherish
The memory of Love's first kiss!

LOBRIDGE; OR, LA DAME BLANCHE.

CHAPTER I.

"I CANNOT understand," said a French critic, who had been bored to death with five-act tragedies—"I cannot think why people will write them; it is so much easier not to."

So it would seem; and one would think it easier to sit with quiet heart and idle hands in an arm-chair than to write this story.

But it is not so. I am irrepressibly moved to narrate the sayings and doings herein stated.

When pretty Kitty Tremain was transmogrified into Mrs. Katharine Vernon, she went straight out of the small house at Westover, filled with riotous, romping, bread-and-buttery brothers and sisters, into the graystone mansion at Lobridge—silent, weather-stained, and the home of her husband's forefathers.

Tom Vernon, for all he married the grocer's daughter, could boast of a "very heavy thing in ancestors"; one, on his father's side, having duly embarked from Delft Haven, 1620 A.D., on the *Speedwell*, thereby making a Pilgrim Father of himself, and shedding much lustre on succeeding generations. On the maternal side, a certain Lois Lenox, not to be outdone by the Pilgrim Fathers, covered herself with glory, and was handed down to fame as one of those "ninety respectable young women" history tells us of, "who, in the year A.D. 1620, reinforced the infant colony at Jamestown, and who, moreover, were purchased by the planters as wives, on payment of one hundred pounds of tobacco to defray their passage expenses."

In view of the hardships undergone by these strong-minded young women, do they not deserve the title of Pilgrim Mothers, with all the honors?

The Missouri River, rising in the Rocky Mountains of Montana, rushes onward till its yellow waters mingle with those which flow from the silver bosom of Itasca. How far apart in the beginning, yet how resistless the destiny which unites the turbid torrent with the "Father of Waters."

Thus, in the course of time, a scion of the stern Puritanical house of Vernon met and married a descendant of Mistress Lois Lenox.

Voilà! Isn't there material enough for the escutcheon of a noble house? Many a coat-of-arms has less to boast of in its ensigns armorial.

A ship *argent* on a shield *vert de mer;* a coronal of the fragrant Virginia weed, upheld by an arm *fort et dur;* and, presto! there we are, real aristocrats, with doughty deeds, "ancient old ancestors" and all, in abundance.

Without a doubt, Lobridge was a grand old place. In a grove of oaks, "remains of the forest primeval," which would have furnished plank for a fleet. In the garden were stately yew-trees and tall, grim hedges of box, so sternly severe and solemnly proper, that their new mistress, walking among them, felt abashed, and very young and foolish, indeed.

But when, nervously hurrying in out of their shadowy presence, young Mrs. Vernon took refuge in the blue drawing-room, the matter was not very well mended.

From their frames on the dark-blue walls rows of stately men and women looked down upon the young person in the straight-backed arm-chair of blue leather, who sat meekly gazing at them.

A certain Lenox Vernon, with lace ruff, jeweled sword, and of a haughty countenance, seemed almost to utter the words: "Who are you in that arm-chair, that we up here should have been Pilgrim Fathers and fought and bled and died for?"

And there was a Louise Vernon, of a most fair and loving countenance; and by her side was the picture of a thin, white-faced woman, with pale gray eyes, and a mass of powdered hair combed up into a tower. The painter might have made a faithful portrait, but he did not make a pretty picture of it. There was a cunning, evil expression about the countenance not pleasant to look at.

And the young bride shivers a little, and draws closer to the crouching brass lions which guard the fire.

"Heigho!" she actually yawns. "I wish Tom would come in. What can the men see so fascinating in slopping about in the mud after ducks? I wonder if it is not near dinner-time?" and she looks at her watch, Tom's gift.

The bride had actually reached that stage when a little wholesome employment would have been welcomed.

But what was there for her to do? Absolutely nothing, but cross her two hands over new wedding pocket-handkerchiefs, after the manner of ladies in fashion-plates.

Did not her *trousseau* fill three mammoth trunks? Everything in dozens, duly ruffled, fluted and embroidered.

There was not even a button to sew on for Tom, as even ready-made shirts do not begin to shed their buttons under two months' wear and tear.

"Books?" you say. That question shows you have never been a bride; for what bride ever read a book during the honeymoon?

"Heigho!" yawned Mrs. Vernon again. "I'll ring for Cinder" (Cinder is the diminutive of Cinderella), "as I am really afraid to go by myself, and we will go over the house, for I have not been in half of the rooms yet."

Not only did Cinder, the little maid, respond to the bell, but it also brought Clemantha, the cook—or "Aunt Clemmy," as she was usually called—who volunteered to head the expedition, when Mrs. Vernon made known her wishes.

"'Tain't not a hole nor corner 'bout dis house onbeknownst to me," said Aunt Clemmy, with pride. "I been libin' here thirty-seben years come next Whitsuntide, and I was nuss to Mars' Tom and all de rest of old mistress's chillen, I was. And now, Mars' Tom he dun growed up, and got hisself a wife—he! he! he! he! And a monstrous pretty little one, too. He! he! he! he! I can't think of Mars' Tom as growed up, nohow."

Cinder, appreciating the joke, showed her white teeth, and joined in the chorus, and Mrs. Vernon felt a good deal more cheerful as she jingled her key-basket and followed the good-natured old negro up the broad oaken staircase.

They had much ado fitting the keys in the locks; some were rusty, and would not turn easily, and other doors, after being unlocked, refused to open on general principles. There were broken panes of glass in some of the rooms, moldy and discolored paper on the walls, and cobwebs everywhere; for, during Tom's long bachelorhood, most of the house had been shut up.

They looked into about a dozen rooms, and Aunt Clemmy had much to tell about them all—how "dis one had been Miss Grace's chamber, who married Squire Western; and dat one was de old nursery; and old mistess used to keep pickles and sich like in another; and"—here her voice sank to a whisper as she pointed toward a door at the end of the long hall—"*dat room is haunted.* De door won't neber stay locked nohow you fix it, and——"

The door of the room, which was ajar, here creaked slowly on its hinges, and Aunt Clemmy, turning pale as ashes, sprang back, uttering a cry of alarm.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Vernon, "it is broad daylight; the ghost would not venture out now, surely. I want to see inside."

The old woman followed her unwillingly, and her tongue, which had been so busy, became perfectly silent.

The apartment was a small one, furnished quite simply. The wind blew in strongly through several broken window-panes, and it was that, doubtless, which had moved the door.

"I see nothing the matter with this lock," said Mrs. Vernon, turning the key back and forth.

But Aunt Clemmy did not open her lips.

The only piece of furniture in the room beyond the washstand, tester-bed and old-fashioned toilet-table, was a tall escritoire of black wood, curiously carved. The legs were long and very slender, quite out of proportion to the weight they supported, and when Katharine opened an empty drawer, they creaked and trembled under her touch.

"For de Lord's sake, come away, mistess!" cried the old woman, trembling, and yielding to her evident distress.

Mrs. Vernon followed her out, not omitting to lock the door carefully after her.

The rooms being all explored, Aunt Clemmy, who soon recovered the use of her tongue, suggested a visit to the garret.

She made a "larther of herself," as she called it, presenting her broad shoulders as a stepping-place from the high chair into the opening which led up to those exalted regions.

Who has not enjoyed a rummage in a well-regulated, old-fashioned family garret—among the lumber, battered furniture, backless books, and cast-off raiment of bygone generations?

Mrs. Vernon incontinently wished for her small brother Dick, and Bobby and Sue and Nellie, and the rest of them, when she looked around upon the *embarras de richesse* before her.

Here Aunt Clemmy left her with Cinder for society, she departing for the lower regions to see after dinner.

There was an abundance to interest and amuse, and Katharine did not descend until she heard a wondering and impatient voice shouting:

"Kitty! Kitty!" which, as she drew nearer, subsided into the anxious, grumbling query, "Where in the thunder is Kitty gone to?"

Chapter II.

Of course it is Tom, come back from duck-hunting, with a full game-bag, and about two pounds of mud sticking to his boots. Little Mrs. Katharine looks on with interest, as he disincumbers himself of his *impedimenta*, and exchanges the heavy hunting-boots for easy slippers, worked by her own fair fingers.

Dinner is partaken of, and when Tom, with his meerschaum, lolls back luxuriously in the blue leathern chair of the drawing-room, what more natural than for young Mrs. Vernon to take a seat on an ottoman, conveniently near for admiring her handsome specimen of "six-feet-two," and the smoke-rings, at the same time.

"Kitty, my dear," said Tom, watching a slowly vanishing cloud, "I have known the time when I would not have dared to do this for any money."

"What? Hold my hand?" asks Kitty, blushing.

"No, you gypsy, I was not thinking of that; what I mean is, that in my mother's day I would as soon have thought of flying to the moon as of coming in my slippers into the blue parlor to take a smoke."

"Why, what is the harm?" asks Mrs. Vernon, looking around.

She would have let Tom sit in her big trunk and smoke, if he had expressed the smallest desire to do so.

"Oh, well, it's a notion people have—that it is not etiquette, you know, and that the curtains may smell of tobacco, and all that sort of thing. I believe one reason I fancied you so, little woman, was because I knew you would not be for ever hectoring over a fellow."

"Hector!" indeed. Kitty looked about as much like "hectoring over a fellow" as a mouse does by the side of a big Newfoundland, but she had spirit enough, for all that.

Kiss! Kiss!

"Tom," says Kitty, after a while, "I have been all over the house this morning. Tom, dear, ain't you awfully rich?"

"Humph!" says Tom, making a wry face; "I wish I was! *They* were," with a wave of his hand toward the portraits on the wall. "But riches take wings—riches take wings! This confounded war, brought about by a pack of fools that loved to hear themselves talk—and now look at us! Niggers all gone up the spout; the horses one army did *not* take the other *did;* and a lot of security debts hanging heavy over one's head. It is enough to keep a fellow awake of nights. Rich? Do you call that rich, Kitty?"

"I was thinking what an elegant house this is, Tom; and the estate."

"Yes, if I could find a gold mine on it to pay off the confounded debts. Five thousand dollars just now would make me a free man."

"And still you took poor little me, without a cent, Tom," said Mrs. Vernon, gratefully, "when you could have had Bertha Greatlands for the asking, or any other girl, for they were all dying of love for you, and that I firmly believe."

"Do you, puss?"

Kiss! Kiss!

"Why, you are a treasure in yourself. I think I see myself putting up with Miss Bertha Greatland's airs and graces. She is one of your made-up women, and when her hair is all powdered white, she looks for the world like *La Dame Blanche*, up there."

"*La Dame Blanche!* who is she, Tom?"

"Why, did I never tell you about her? I told so much about those old portraits, that I thought I had. You

must know, then, that she was my great-great-grandmother's half-sister. Over in Normandy, where the La Croix family came from, they call the floating, vapory evening mist *La Dame Blanche*, and that gave rise to her nickname, I suppose. Her real name was Christine La Croix. Shall I begin at the very beginning, as the children say, and tell you the story?"

"Oh, do tell me all, Tom."

"Then I must go back to the Baron La Croix, who lived in Normandy, and had a mother so good and noble, and he loved her so dearly, that at her death he locked up the rooms she had lived in, and vowed that they should not be entered again until he found another woman as pure and good for his wife. Years came and years went, and the baron never married.

"But, chancing one Summer's evening to walk in the forest by the borders of a lake, he spied, in the moonlight, a great white serpent gliding swiftly toward the water. He followed, and, to his surprise, in a little while the serpent slipped off its skin, and a beautiful woman stepped into the water to bathe.

"He seized the skin, and destroyed it with his sword. Then the woman was very angry, and shrieked and stormed; but he soothed her at last, and led her through the moonlight into the castle-yard. Taking her to his mother's rooms, he unlocked the door, and bade her enter and use the jewels and fine robes she would find there.

"Great was the amazement of the domestics next morning to see a beautiful woman dressed in the jewels and robes of the dead baroness.

"He married her that very day, and they lived together many years, and Christine was the name of their only child. But from the day he took her for his wife none ever saw the baron smile until she died, when he rushed about like a madman, shrieking for joy:

"'I am free! I am free!'

"He soon married again, and Louise was born—that bewitching little brunette you see up there, and my great-great-grandmother. From her I get my good looks, no doubt."

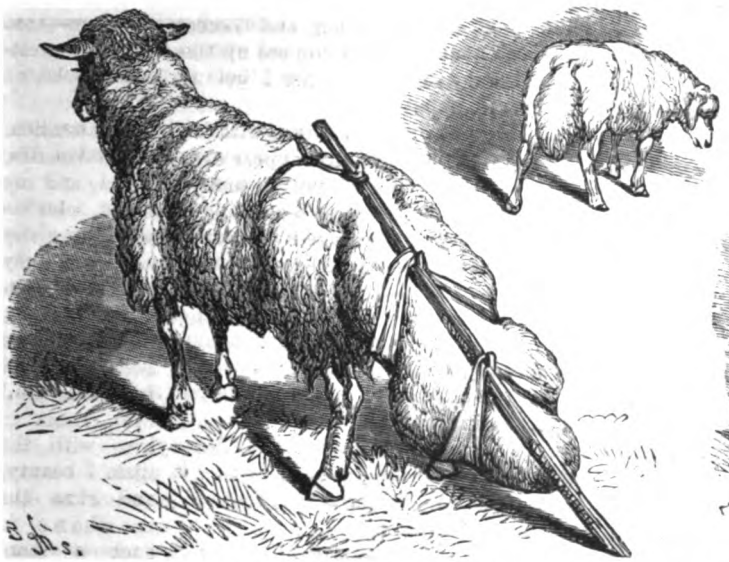
"And what next?" asks Kitty, with breathless attention.

"Why, then, the two girls appear over here in America, and are orphans, and Louise is sent to school, and my great-great-grandfather goes a-courting Christine, who has no end of money. She agrees to marry him, and the day is set. Louise is sent for to be bridesmaid, when my great-great-grandfather, who must have been a gay old boy, falls head over heels in love with the little beauty, and runs the machine in such a manner, that Christine flies into the most awful tantrums. She makes it so dangerous for Louise, and so very disagreeable to great-great-grandfather, that he elopes with the younger sister to France until the storm should have blown over. They dared not return to America for many years—not until they learned that Christine had entered a convent, where she died at a good old age, having forgiven her half-sister, and at peace with all men. Her money she must have devoted to religious purposes, for a curious old chest up-stairs, and that big table you see over there, were all that Louise inherited from her, and there were no other living relatives."

THE LOVERS.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 562

"The black carved writing-table in one of the rooms up-stairs, I suppose," said Katharine. "I saw it this morning, and that wonderful, beautiful table; but you have not finished?"

"Well," continued Tom, moving uneasily, "they do say that *La Dame Blanche* dislikes to have her legacies under lock and key, and that no power on earth could keep the doors of the rooms containing them locked, and that she has been seen many a time flitting up and down



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—NORTH AFRICAN REST FOR TAIL.— SEE PAGE 567.

THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—ASIATIC METHOD OF PROTECTING TAIL.

the oaken staircase. Of course, that is all rubbish; but when I was a boy I believed it as I did the Gospel."

"Tom, do you know that even before you said a word I felt afraid of that portrait?"

"I don't wonder; it is not such a beauty. We can have it taken down some day."

"Mars' Tom," says Cinder, putting her woolly head in at the door, "old Miss Stebbins done most run deranged wid de toothache, and she done sent word would you please to step over dar and draw de tooth for her."

"Old Miss Stebbins" was the manager's wife, and the "step" was about two miles and a half.

The penalty of Tom's having studied medicine at college was his being called on to practice in an amateur kind of way on all the halt, maimed or crippled in striking distance, when the regular medical practitioner chanced to be out of the way.

And such was the confidence of the old women in his coaxing tongue and winning ways, that they would have suffered him to extract a shoulder-blade, had he deemed it advisable, much less a tooth.

Kiss! Kiss!

"I'll be back pretty soon, Kitty, and you had best keep Cinder in here till I return, as my story is not a pleasant one to reflect upon, with the night-shadows creeping on so fast."

Chapter III.

The lights have been brought in; the clock strikes nine, and Mrs. Vernon, nervously wide awake, converses affably with the little maid to pass away time, if conversing it might be called, when the talk is all on one side, and monosyllabic on the other.

Cinder, from her warm corner on the rug, has grown sleepy, and nods like a Chinese mandarin.

Mrs. Vernon is half inclined to call up Aunt Clemmy, but dismisses the idea as too undignified in the head of the household.

Ten o'clock!

"What in the world can keep Tom so late? He has had time to pull every tooth in old Mrs. Stebbins's head, and make her a new set!"

Cinder is snoring.

Katharine rises and moves about the room, trying always not to glance toward *La Dame Blanche*, but feeling

THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—ASIATIC METHOD OF PROTECTING TAIL.

THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—SOUTH AFRICAN MODE OF SUPPORTING TAIL.

nervously sure that a pair of cold gray eyes are watching her every movement.

She stops before the large, round table Tom had told her of, and removes the cover of blue damask.

How brilliantly beautiful! She fetches a lamp and examines it closely, studying out the designs.

Fancy a large, octagonal table, the top of which is divided into three equal parts, and each division of which furnishes a perfect specimen of the three styles of Japanese lacquering. Massive mother-of-pearl, rainbow-tinted, forms the borders of these partitions.

One part represents the sea; another, a cultivated valley; and the third a forest, with their respective beasts and birds.

Through the transparent sea fish could be seen chasing each other, while junks sailed over its rippled surface. In the valley there was a rice-field, with long-legged cranes approaching unwary frogs. And upon the trees of the forest sat brilliantly plumaged birds.

And such a polish as there was upon the entire surface! It seemed dangerous to touch it; yet with a steel point you could scarcely have made a scratch.

So grandly, glaringly brilliant was the whole, that good taste required that it should be covered with a cloth.

Massive, solid and ponderous. Mrs. Vernon tried to move it. She might as well have exerted her pygmy strength against the Rock of Gibraltar.

The stem supporting the top was composed of hideous, distorted dragons, writhing, twisting, grappling with each other.

A wild thought entered Katharine's breast. Suppose there should be secret openings—spring drawers?

Hoping to hear a hollow echo, she rapped upon the table and bent her ear to listen.

Immediately there was a crash, which reverberated through the silent, empty house like thunder, and a wild, muffled, fearful scream, which a lost spirit might have uttered.

Fear paralyzed Katharine's tongue; and, quaking, shivering and pale with terror, she was still standing when Tom entered the room.

Cinder was fast asleep on the rug; and, as Katharine fainted away in her husband's arms, she dreamily wondered if her brown hair had not grown gray.

"Imagination! Nothing in this world but imagination," said Tom, after the household had been summoned, and Mrs. Vernon was herself again. "You confess, Kitty, that you were listening for some sound, and you were expecting and desiring to hear it. Fancy did the rest. Why, Cinder would have been aroused if there had been half the hubbub you describe. Why, I've known fellows in the army to hear cannon firing and shells bursting a week after the battle was over. This just proves, my dear, what slaves we are to our fancies and nerves, and I trust it will be a lesson to you in the future to guard against."

"Tom, do you hear it?" and Katharine hid her face in her hands.

Unmistakably there was a long, loud, dismal yell sounding from overhead. Tom turned a little pale as he sprang to his feet, and Aunt Clemmy muttered under her breath:

"'Tis de *hant!* It comes from de room ober dis berry blue parlor."

"Haunt or demon, I'll find out in a minute;" and Tom seized a lamp and darted out of the room.

Afraid to remain, the women all followed him. The long, wailing shriek sounded again as they approached the door that Katharine had so securely locked in the morning.

It yielded to a touch, as Tom fumbled for the key; and in a moment something large, soft and white bounded out like a flash among the frightened women!

Whiff! went the light, leaving them in total darkness.

"'Twas de debbil!" says Cinder, solemnly. "I saw de fire flashing out his eyes, and his forked tail like a spear."

"De debbil is black, you fool-nigger," corrected Aunt Clemmy. "'Twas a *hant*, all in pure white."

"*Haunt* or fiend," said Tom, coolly, striking a match, "it clawed my hands as it shot past, and I am of the opinion that it was a cat. No wonder the noise sounded like forty cannon, Kitty," Tom continued, when the lamp was again lighted. "Here is the old chest smashed into about a hundred pieces. No doubt you locked up the cat this morning, and she knocked it over."

"But the cat could not have unlocked the door, Tom," said Katharine, suspiciously.

"Sure enough," murmurs Aunt Clemmy.

"But the wind might have rattled it open, I suspect, little woman. Whatever it was, that old piece of furniture is 'done for,' I think."

The escritoire was shattered. Fear in a woman's heart may be very strong, but Katharine had her share of curiosity as well; and with Tom by her side, she had the courage to examine the heap of *débris*, looking for—she did not know what.

"Why, Kitty," laughed Tom, "the old thing has been in the house a hundred years, and I had four sisters. Don't you suppose they found everything there was to be found?"

"Here is something they left, at any rate," cries Kitty, picking out a musty, yellowish bag of silk. "We will open it down-stairs."

"That is the old silk marble-bag I had when a boy," laughed Tom. "Can you make a mystery of it, do you think?"

Chapter IV.

"Nothing but your old marble-bag, eh, Tom?" says Katharine, triumphantly drawing out of the satchel a piece of folded parchment. "Guess, before we open it, what it may be."

"Pshaw!" says Tom, "it can't amount to much. One of *La Dame Blanche's* love-letters from great-great-grandfather, perhaps, or a malediction on her sister for stealing away her lover."

But Katharine had spread it open, and was trying to decipher the faded characters.

"It is not dated, Tom."

"Of course not, if a woman wrote it, for the sex is superior to such a weakness as dating manuscripts. Can you make it out, my dear?"

Slowly Katharine spelled out the enigmatical sentences:

"I forgive duplicity, but I will not reward it. In after years, who hath wit to decipher may profit. The curse of my life lies buried.

"I leave it guarded below by the strength of griffins. Overhead the fishes swim, the trees wave, the laborer toils, and the birds do fly.

"Whoso discovereth my meaning is cursed or blessed, according to the usage made of what groweth out of it.

"Signed, Christine La Croix."

"Humph! worse than I thought," said matter-of-fact Tom. "Nothing but a riddle of some sort, and a poor one at that, I'll be bound."

"Wait, Tom," says Katharine, the flush on her cheek growing still deeper; "let me think. 'I forgive duplicity, but I will not reward it.' 'The curse of my life.' Tom, Tom, she did not leave her money to her sister.

'The curse of her life.' Of course your great-great-grandfather was only after her fortune when he wanted to marry her. 'It lies buried.' Tom, Tom, we must find it—we *must!*"

In her excitement Katharine sprang up and began pacing rapidly up and down.

Tom, but little infected with her enthusiasm, leaned over the parchment and tried to read it.

"I can't make head nor tail of it," he said, at last, shaking his head.

"It may really refer to her money; but she says 'it is buried,' and the old priests who buried her were griffins sharp enough to find all the poor lady could have concealed, I'll warrant. Griffins? What are griffins, anyhow? Oh, but, Tom, you don't seem to understand."

"No; I wish I did."

"Don't you see? She may be speaking figuratively. Griffins are great scaly things with claws and wings, you know. Stop laughing, Tom, do," cries the little woman, stamping her foot, "and think of something."

"I think it is bedtime," said Tom, yawning; "and after your fright and swooning away, it is my medical opinion that you had better go to sleep at once. You can puzzle over it to-morrow; or if you will only wait till there is a blue moon, or until Sunday comes in the middle of the week, you will be sure to find the treasure."

"But, Tom, I have an idea!" cries Katharine, standing stock still.

"You had lots of them the first time I ever saw you."

"Tom, come here;" and seizing the lamp, Katharine removed the cover from the octagonal table for the second time. "Look there!"

"Yes, very pretty; but I've seen it before."

"Look at those scaly, creeping, crawling, twisting things curled and twined together underneath. There are griffins, if ever there was a griffin."

"Very probably. What then?"

"Why, Tom, the money is bound to be about this table somewhere. Don't you see the fishes and the trees and the birds all over the top?"

"Kitty!" cries Tom, his face lighting up, "I do believe you have hit it. Why, Kitty, only suppose we find something, sure enough!"

He went to work with a will—Kitty at his elbow, prompting, peering, thumping and prying into every corner of the table.

All in vain. After a thorough search Tom rose to his feet and shook his head.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, little woman, but it is as solid as lead. It takes four men to move it. I remember when it was brought into this room. Come, we have wasted time enough over the matter. Hullo! you'll be having a fever if I don't look after you better. Your cheeks are on fire, and eyes blazing."

"Tom," said Katharine, trying to speak very calmly and slowly, "I know there is something in all this. Let me look a little longer, to satisfy myself, else I shall not sleep a wink to-night. Sit in the arm-chair, and take another smoke now, like a good boy, and let me look by myself."

"I wish to heaven you might find something, little wife," says Tom, with a sigh, as he proceeds to do her bidding. "You took me for better or worse, I know, but I'll be hanged if I meant to make a poor man's wife of you."

Kiss! kiss!

"Go along, Tom, do! In half an hour you shall have more money than you know what to do with."

Tom had puffed the room half full of tobacco-smoke before he was disturbed by his wife, who patiently and perseveringly poked and pried and rapped and sounded among the distorted monsters of the carved woodwork with a strong clasp-knife.

What roused Tom at last from a rather gloomy reverie of sheriffs' sales and the forcible seizure of horses and stock was the unmistakable jingle of metal, simultaneously with a loud scream from Katharine.

She had found it. A dragon's carven wing had moved a little aside, and through the crevice had fallen some silver florins. It was not the only one. Tom's strong fingers soon made the opening wider still, and out it came upon the floor—a stream of silver.

Of course, there was not a sensible word spoken for many moments. It was, "Oh, Kitty! you duck!—you precious darling!—clever Kitty!" And Kitty drew a long breath, and, kissing Tom, could only say, "I am so glad! Now you'll be free of debts!"

"How do you suppose *La Dame Blanche* packed it all in there, pet?" asks Tom, at last, when the silver lay in a great shining heap on the carpet.

"Why, I can get my hand in and all around the hollow space," says Katharine, suiting the action to the word; "and you can see by the picture that her hand was ever so much smaller than mine."

How much money was there, do you ask? They did not count it that night, nor indeed for several days; for, when Tom had gotten up as high as seven hundred and eighty-seven florins, Kitty was sure to forget what was in her pile, and would put Tom out by asking questions, and then they both had to begin again.

Indeed, I am not sure that they ever did get the amount exactly straight, there being some difficulty in counting the foreign coin.

Though it was not sufficient to pay off all Tom's security debts, it was enough to ease his mind to the extent that he had no difficulty in sleeping of nights; and it put him in such good spirits that he went to work with a will, and the estate soon cleared itself.

As for the door of the haunted room, they mended the windows and changed the lock, and there was never the least difficulty afterward in keeping the door shut.

But Katharine being in rather a nervous state of mind, Tom sent to Westover for the small brother Dick, and Bobby and Sue and Nell and the rest of them, and there was such a racket and merry clatter kept up in the old house that the ghost did not have a leg left to stand on; although, to her dying day, Aunt Clemmy believed that she had seen a *hant*, Cinder stoutly maintaining her opinion that it was "de debbil, wid fiery eyes and tail like a spear."

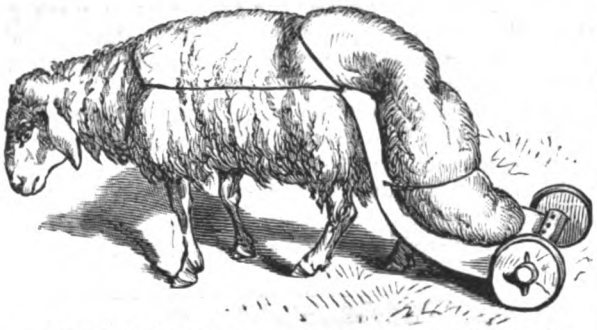
So far from removing *La Dame Blanche's* portrait, they paid it every honor, and Katharine grew to think it a very handsome picture, with a particularly kind and affable expression.

The name, *Christine*, she appropriated a few years later, upon the birth of a little daughter.

THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP.

ORIGINAL SKETCH OF TRAVEL, BY AUGUST LOCHER.

ONE of the most remarkable of domestic animals, yet the one least known to civilized people, is unquestionably the fat-tailed, or broad-tailed, sheep, originally a native of Central Asia, but now found in various parts of China, India, North and South Africa. In the region last mentioned it was formerly particularly abundant, having, in fact, been, up to the time of that country's colonization



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—BOERS' MODE OF SUPPORTING TAIL.

by the English, the only species of sheep known there. Somewhat inferior in size to the common sheep of Europe and America, it differs from the latter also perceptibly in shape, being narrower in proportion across the chest, wider across the hindquarters, and standing comparatively higher on the forequarters or shoulders, and lower on the hindquarters or haunches.

Its ears, too, are larger and more pendulous, and the ridge of the nose has a bolder curve. But by far the most striking characteristic of the subject of my sketch is its wonderful tail.

Nature, for some inscrutable reason, has seen fit to encumber this gentle, timid little animal with a tail far bulkier and heavier than that of any other quadruped now living — a caudal appendage simply preposterous in its weight, shape and dimensions, considering the size and strength of the animal.

Exaggerated though the statement may appear, it is nevertheless scrupulously true that the tail of a healthy, full-grown sheep of this species seldom or never weighs less than twenty-five pounds, while specimens with tails of forty, fifty and sixty pounds in weight are not rare—nay, the tails of some exceptionally large and fat animals have been known to reach the almost fabulous weight of seventy, seventy-five, and even eighty pounds, an avoirdupois considerably in excess of the weight of all the rest of the animal itself.

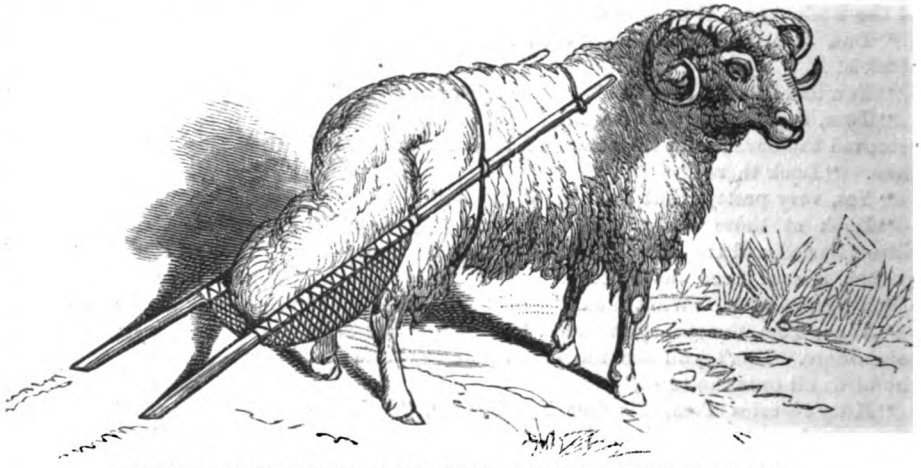
Though admittedly almost beyond belief, this assertion will readily be confirmed by any South African sheep-farmer who has ever raised this species of sheep, and the writer is satisfied that live specimens, with caudals of the extreme weight mentioned, could be found in South Africa even now, though this class of sheep is no longer raised to any extent by the colonists, but only found in herds among the natives.

THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—BOERS' MODE OF SUPPORTING TAIL.

As may readily be imagined, the monstrous size and weight of the tail, hanging down inert and powerless over the hindlegs of the animal, greatly impedes its locomotion, and compels it to move only with a slow, ungainly, shuffling gait, downright painful to behold.

Luckily for this all but utterly helpless being, Dame Nature, as if to partially compensate it for this caudal affliction, has, as above stated, endowed the animal with forelegs perceptibly longer, and shoulders higher in proportion than other breeds of sheep, whereby the pressure of the ponderous tail upon the hindlegs is somewhat relieved; otherwise locomotion, particularly down-hill, would be all but utterly impossible to full-grown, fat and healthy animals, whose caudals have been known to attain a length of thirty-two inches, a width of twenty inches, and a thickness of fifteen inches.

That these prodigious tails are not mere monstrosities, but normal attributes of this peculiar breed of sheep, is clearly demonstrated by the lambs, which are invariably born with tails already slightly baggy in shape, distinctly indicative of that tendency toward extraordinary expansion.



THE FAT-TAILED, OR BROAD-TAILED, SHEEP—NORTH AFRICAN REST FOR TAIL.

The most remarkable feature of this caudal appendage, however, is its intense sensibility. The thermometer cannot be more sensitive to heat and cold than this tail is to the bodily condition of the animal; for no sooner does the sheep begin to suffer from any cause whatsoever, be it from disease, ill-treatment, hunger or thirst, than the tail forthwith commences to show it by decreasing in size and weight; but as soon as these causes of physical discomfort are removed it improves again in the same ratio as the health of the animal.

The tail of the healthy adult sheep has somewhat the shape of that of the beaver, and is entirely destitute of wool on the lower side, *i.e.*, the side facing toward the animal. It is broadest and thickest about ten inches from the apex or tail-end, and consists of the caudal vertebræ, sparsely lined with fleshy muscles, and surrounded by huge masses of spongy fat and fatty tissue, permeated by innumerable nerves and veins, all radiating from the vertebræ, and rendering the ponderous tail, in spite of its clumsiness, a most sensitive part of the body.

For this reason it is customary among people who raise this class of sheep to carefully guard heavy tails against injury from chafing on the ground, from laceration by sharp stones, thorns, etc., by means of various devices.

In Asia, bags of rawhide, felt, matting or other strong material, even wicker-baskets, are strapped over the heaviest tails. In North Africa, a stick about the size of a broomstick is so attached to the sheep as to rest with the one end on the hindquarters of the animal, while the other end is left to drag on the ground, and to this slanting stick the tail is suspended by means of bandages. Some use two sticks, one fastened to the right, the other to the left, side of the sheep. Both sticks are left trailing on the ground, and on a piece of matting stretched between the two sticks immediately behind the animal, the tail is deposited.

Among the Bechuanas, Namaquas, and other Hottentot tribes of South Africa, the writer saw a still more simple contrivance used for this purpose. A piece of rawhide of sufficient length and width is passed apron-like under the tail, and left trailing on the ground, with the tail resting upon it. The Boers (Dutch-African farmers and stock-raisers) of the interior of South Africa also use the rawhide apron for this purpose, or a piece of thin plank or board of suitable size, but they usually attach small wooden wheels to the lower or trailing end thereof, as shown in the accompanying illustration.

These various contrivances are, of course, only used on sheep whose tails have become too large and cumbrous to be carried without artificial support.

The fat of these tails is considered a delicacy, and used as butter in the countries where this species of sheep is raised. When fresh, it tastes sweet and pleasant—indeed, very much like good butter, which it resembles also in color.

The flesh of the animal, however, is decidedly inferior to our mutton, probably on account of its chronic leanness, for, strange to say, no amount of good feeding of the animal can induce the fat to settle on any other part of this sheep than upon its tail.

In order to force the fat to distribute itself more equally over the animal's body, abundant experiments have been made with the all-absorbing tail, such as preventing and moderating its growth by means of tight ligatures, curtailing it, or even cutting it off altogether, when the animal was still young; but all these attempts failed

"T. S. L."—"I TOOK HER HAND IN MINE, AND RAISED IT TO MY LIPS, WHEN SHE WAS SNATCHED BACK BY A STRONG HAND, AND THEODORE LECOURT'S VOICE CRIED: 'TRAITRESS! SO THIS IS WHY YOU ARE SO COLD TO ME?'"— SEE NEXT PAGE.

lamentably in their aim, invariably succeeding only in destroying the life of the poor brutes.

The wool of this species of sheep is soft, but shorter than that of most other domestic breeds, and consequently of inferior commercial value. Principally on account of this fact, the early English and Scotch colonists of South Africa gradually tired of raising the fat, or broad-tailed, sheep, and began importing English sheep of the Dorset, Ryeland, Cheviot, Leicester and other celebrated breeds, some of which throve well in the South African climate, while others did not acclimate themselves so readily.

Through crossing the different breeds with each other, they succeeded, however, in obtaining a breed adapted to the climate as well as profitable, and immense herds of this class of sheep are now met with all over South Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to the banks of the Gariep or Orange River.

Within the last twenty years, enterprising colonists, in order to still further improve the wool of their flock, have imported a large number of the far-famed Merino sheep, mostly rams, which they allow to run among their herds.

As for the unfortunate subject of my sketch, it has long since been discarded by the speculative colonist, except as a sort of curiosity or memento of bygone days, still kept around the house, and is now only met with in considerable numbers among the Boers and Hottentots of the west coast and the far interior of South Africa.

Although undeniably a most interesting animal, all but totally unknown to the majority of civilized people, it is, strange to say, nowhere to be seen, to my knowledge, either in this country or Europe, not even in zoological gardens and menageries—for what reason I am at a loss to say, because it cannot be more difficult to acclimate than many other animals, indigenous to the same regions, which are exhibited *ad nauseam* throughout the civilized world.

"T. S. L."

"T. S. L." That was the only mark there was upon it, the three initial letters engraved upon the inside. I turned and twisted it in my fingers, as I stood under the gaslight, making the diamonds shoot forth their fiery lines of dazzling brilliancy. Close examination proved it to be a most beautiful and valuable jewel, a heavy gold ring, with a shield of blue enamel. In the centre of the shield sparkled one large diamond of purest water, and above it a number of smaller stones, yet each of remarkable beauty and purity, were grouped in the form of a crescent. I had never seen a gem more valuable and unique, but its possession was simply an annoyance to me.

I was making a hasty business trip from my home in D——, Ohio, through some of the large Eastern cities, and had stopped in New York for a few days, having resolved to crowd two weeks' work into one, if possible.

I had arrived in the city after all places of business were closed, had eaten a hasty dinner, and gone to the theatre. Meeting some friends, we had supped together, and talked until the clocks warned us we had stolen more than one hour from a new day. Upon my return to my hotel, tired and desperately sleepy, I had found, upon the stairs, the ring I have described. It was then after two o'clock, evidently no hour to trouble the sleepy clerk down-stairs about the matter, so I put it in a safe corner in my pocket-book, and retired.

The next morning, rising late, and feeling very much hurried, I merely mentioned in the office that, if any one inquired for a diamond ring, I had found one, and went, literally, "about my business." During my travels about the city, I took the ring to a leading jeweler's, and found his estimate of the value of the stones even higher than my own.

"The workmanship is exquisite," he said to me; "evidently not done in this country."

No inquiries having been made at the hotel, I advertised my windfall for three days, and considered I had done all that could be expected. Still I did not care to wear what was really not my own, and put the ring away in a private drawer of my writing-desk, with some other valuables, charitably hoping the loser was wealthy enough to bear the loss philosophically. When I left New York I gave my address at the hotel and newspaper office; but a year later no word of inquiry respecting the ring had reached me.

The business firm of which I was the junior partner required my services as a sort of traveling agent, my sojourn in different cities lasting sometimes for months, sometimes only for a few days. We were introducing throughout the United States a new and valuable patent, with a success that was rapidly making us all men of wealth. I, being the youngest in the firm, and having, the others were kind enough to inform me, a pleasing manner and ready tongue, was chosen to point out the merits of our bread-winner to the merchants who could dispose of it for us.

One of my trips southward—a year later than my visit to New York—found me settled in a pleasant boarding-house in New Orleans, with letters of introduction from many of the leading merchants of other cities to those in my new abode.

I was soon assured of a pleasant social standing; and one of the most delightful homes where I was made welcome was that of Monsieur Lecourt, a French gentleman, and a merchant of high standing and large wealth, who owned valuable plantations not far from the city. He was a tall, stately gentleman, with white hair and mustache, and a grave face, that was often shadowed by a deep sadness, though it never failed to light up in courteous welcome when I approached.

I called twice, and spent the evening in the library with my host; but the third time, as the servant opened the door, a lady rose from a seat beside the old gentleman, and moved toward the door.

"Stay, Adela," he said; "this is my friend Mr. Haven, of whom I have spoken to you. My daughter Adela, Mr. Haven."

The lady returned my greeting, and resumed her seat beside her father; and as we conversed in the best French I could command, I found my eyes wandering, ever to rest on her face and figure.

She was tall and slender, without being thin; the figure was exquisitely rounded, and possessed a peculiar willowy grace in its drooping attitudes and motions. The face was very beautiful, a perfect oval, with regular features, and large, soft brown eyes, shaded by long lashes, black as the raven hair above the low, broad forehead. But upon the fair face, in the graceful, drooping figure, was visible a deep, settled melancholy, very painful to witness in one who could scarcely have stepped out of her teens. Her face was always pale, and looked like marble contrasting with her deep mourning dress. Her voice was always low, and had an accent of sadness in every tone.

Monsieur Lecourt was deeply interested in my patent, and inclined to make some investment of his idle capital in the enterprise, so that we were often together discussing business, and it soon became a matter of course to find Adela with her father in the library.

It was evident that the bond uniting the two was very

close, and that the father rarely moved unaccompanied by the daughter. So it was that we became a trio often seen in the library, Adela grasping with clear intelligence all the advantages in her father's proposed venture, and questioning and overcoming all the objections. Yet, business over, Adela was ready for general conversation, proving in her every word not only a refined, cultivated intellect, but a familiarity with current topics rarely met with in a lady, and doubtless due, in a great measure, to her father's constant companionship.

As the months of my sojourn passed on, I perceived little changes in Adela Lecourt, that seemed to promise that the heavy cloud evidently resting on her young life was rolling back somewhat. She would smile oftener, and I noted a softening in her dress, and an improvement in her manner. Soft white lace replaced the heavy black crape at her throat and wrists, and she wore her hair in looser, fuller fashion. The long white hands that had rested in listless idleness upon her lap now busied themselves with pretty feminine work, embroidery, and soft woolen trifles. True, the work would lie often neglected if we spoke of topics that interested her, but then her eyes would kindle with an enthusiasm they never showed in the early days of our friendship.

It was friendship true and sincere. I knew I was welcome to daughter as well as father, and for the time I asked no more than the cordial greetings given me so freely. Sometimes we formed parties for horseback rides to the plantations, and I found Adela the centre of loving friends; but I liked best our long home evenings, spent in the library, drawing-room, or wide garden summer-house, as the whim of the moment dictated. Calm, even, and uneventful, our friendship knew no waverings, and seemed likely to endure through life.

Four months passed rapidly; my business flourished, and all was well with me, when one evening, calling at Monsieur Lecourt's, I found him alone in the summer-house. After some desultory chat, the old gentleman said to me:

"To-morrow I hope to introduce you to my nephew, Theodore Lecourt. He arrives from Paris to-night."

"Indeed," I said, trying to seem interested. "Does he make a long visit here?"

"His visit has been to Europe. He has been nearly two years abroad, but this is his home. He will be my heir, as he is the affianced husband of my daughter."

My heart seemed to turn to stone as the old gentleman spoke. For the first time I realized what the past four months had cost me. I had given my whole heart to Adela Lecourt, never knowing it till I heard she was beyond my reach. Affianced to another! I could not speak; and whether Monsieur Lecourt guessed or not the cause of my silence, he smoked his fragrant Havana, and said no more for a long time, then started a new topic for conversation.

The evening shadows deepened and lengthened, till the soft, dim twilight rested on all things, and Adela came not to her accustomed place by her father's side. When, at a late hour, I took my leave reluctantly, she was still invisible.

The next morning, before I left my room, I was handed an invitation to an entertainment at Monsieur Lecourt's, given in honor of his nephew's arrival. It would have been too marked a difference in our friendly relations for me to decline, and hastily writing an acceptance, I tried by unusual attention to business to forget my heartache. Another subject troubled me. The party was not to occur for two days. Was I expected to absent myself in the interval, or to make my evening calls as usual?

All day my mind dwelt upon Adela. Was the deep, settled melancholy upon her face grief for the absence of her *fiancé*, and should I now see the lovely face lighted by hope and joy? I ground my teeth as I thought of this, inwardly thinking I had rather see it cold in death than radiant with love-light for another. Requiring some private papers during the day, I opened my desk, and in one of the recesses, where it had long lain forgotten, sparkled the ring I had found in New York, the serpent diamond crescent upon the deep blue shield. I took it up carelessly, admired it a while, and slipped it upon my finger. The papers I had come to seek being interesting and important, I was soon busied with them, and closed the desk, forgetting to return the ring to its place. Afterward, I thought:

"Well, it is mine, I suppose. Nobody else has ever asked for it, so I might as well wear it."

I could easily plead business as my excuse for absence from Monsieur Lecourt's for a day or two, and, dreading to meet Adela now, I resolved to do so. It was some relief to my sore heart to become suddenly very active in business, and I ran about soliciting orders, making proposals, and actually doing more in forty-eight hours than I had done in any previous month. Yet the dreaded day came at last, when I must meet my rival, and judge by Adela's face if the recent changes in it had been caused by the prospect of the speedy arrival of her *fiancé*.

Being busy in the middle of the day, and not caring to return home at that hour, I strolled into the St. Charles, and ordered dinner.

Two gentlemen were seated at the table where I took my place, conversing in a low tone, but earnestly. Without listening, or, indeed, much heeding them, I could not avoid hearing what was said. Evidently they were very intimate friends discussing a love affair.

"I should scarcely have known her," said one.

"But," said the other, "you told me it was an affair of long ago. Can you have a rival?"

"I have thought of that," and the speaker crushed double a little salt-spoon he had held in his hands. "It is a new thing to see her sad and quiet—more, she is positively gloomy. Her father says she has never recovered from the shock of her mother's death; but why should that make her shrink from me?"

"Are you sure she does?"

"Sure! She never loved me, but we were always good friends. Now my presence seems to give her positive pa' If I caress her, she turns so white I think she will faint. If I speak of our wedding, she shudders, turns away and escapes from the room as soon as possible."

"She never did so before?"

"No. We were friends, though not lovers."

"And you are not ill-looking!"

Mentally, I indorsed the last statement. I never saw a handsomer face than the one opposite to me; yet, with all the beauty of regular features, large dark eyes, and even, white teeth, there was a look of suffering there, as if from ill-health, and the eyes burned with a fire that boded no good to any who earned its enmity.

Suddenly, without a word of warning, he gave a quick, gasping cry, and bending forward, gazed into my face. He was white as death, and a literal fury seemed to possess him. Twice he tried to speak, but failed, and rolling over, lay in frightful convulsions at my feet.

His companion spoke at once to me:

"Loosen his necktie! Let him lie flat! It is nothing. He will soon recover. Any sudden or violent agitation brings on these attacks. You know him?"

"He is an entire stranger to me."

"Ah! have you not seen him abroad, or before he left New Orleans?" he asked.

"I tell you he is a perfect stranger."

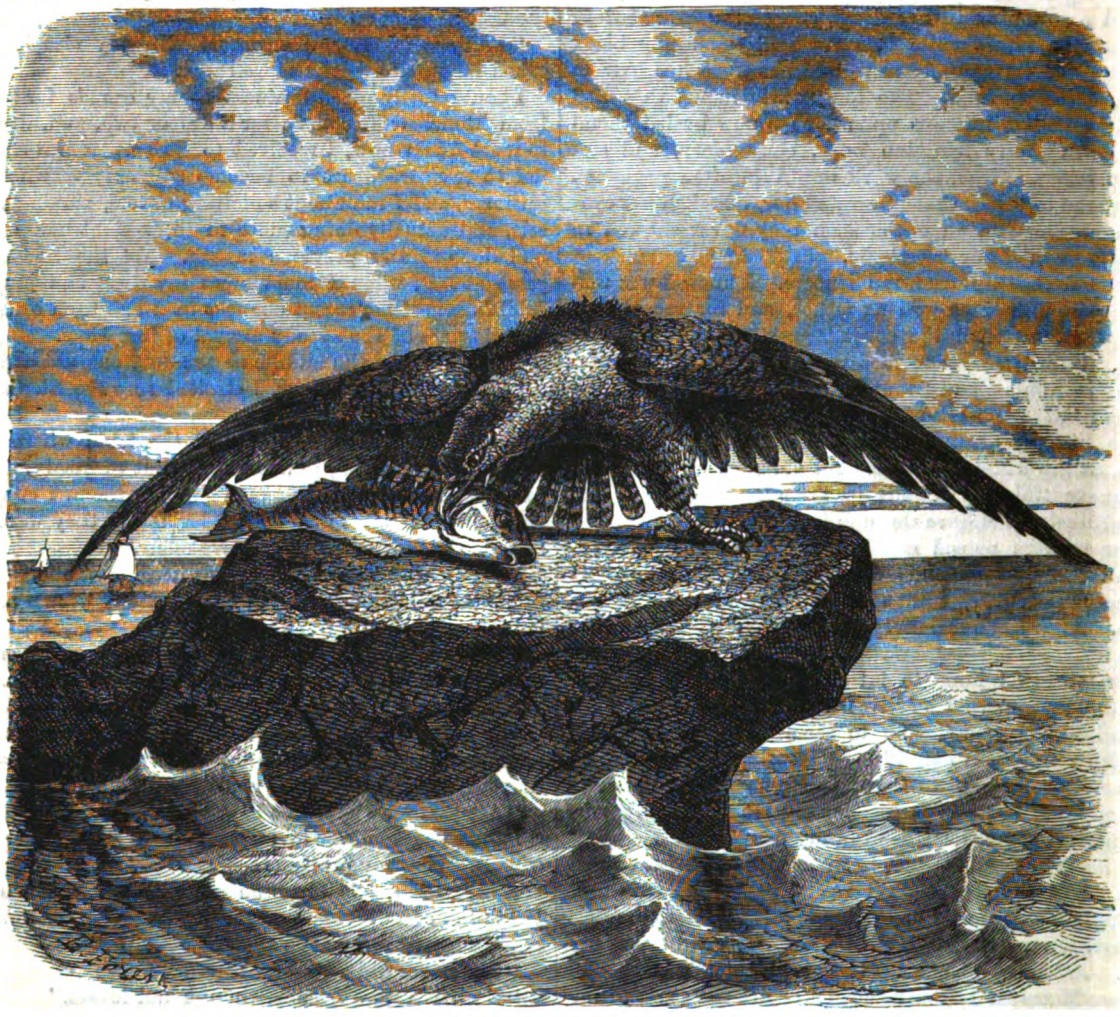
"See, he is recovering. Do not let him see you. You must resemble some one that he knows, and your face may renew the attack. Pray leave us."

Not wishing to agitate the unfortunate man again, and seeing that he was slowly recovering, I left my untasted dinner, and was soon in the street once more. I forgot business—the approaching festival at Monsieur Lecourt's—and strode rapidly along, thinking of the strange incident. The face that had looked into mine was strangely familiar, though I was sure I had never seen it before; the voice, too, seemed to recall some memory, and my mind was deeply troubled by all.

It was very late when I crossed the garden and ascended the wide steps at Monsieur Lecourt's. The windows were open, and strains of music floated out upon the air. Looking in, I saw Adela conversing with a guest, a stranger to me; and watching her was the gentleman I had met a few hours previous at the St. Charles. I knew now what made his face so familiar. Brother and sister could not have borne a closer resemblance to each other than Adela and this man. He must be her cousin Theodore, her affianced husband, and my rival.

For the first time I saw Adela in a dress that was not black. She had discarded her mourning, and wore a heavy white silk, that left uncovered shoulders and arms round and fair as marble statuary. Diamonds glistened in the drooping braids of her hair, at her throat and wrists, but no color broke the snowy whiteness, except the rays of fire from the jewels. A faint smile of courteous interest hovered over her lips, as she conversed, but she was as pale as when I first met her, and a deeper sadness, if possible, rested in the large, soft eyes.

My heart was so heavy, I was unfit to meet gay faces. My own darling! How could I bear to see her the unwilling bride of another! No doubt now rested on my mind that the match was one of interest or convenience. The conversation I had overheard convinced me of that. I looked long in the lovely, sad face, and then left the window, not to enter the house, but to wander through the garden, till I reached the summer-house. I had spent many pleasant hours in this retreat, and I threw myself down in a wide rustic seat, to try to gain sufficient calmness to face the gay scene to which I had been invited.



THE OSPREY, OR FISH-HAWK.—SEE PAGE 574.

It was no light task. Every nerve in my body seemed to me quivering with pain and misery. I was sitting quiet, when a rustling of silk near by aroused me from my painful reverie, and, looking up, I saw Adela standing in the doorway of the summer-house. In the dim light I was unnoticed, for, leaning her head against the leafy lattice, she sighed deeply, and spoke in a low whisper:

"He has left me! No word—no farewell! Oh, Godfrey, I could not so desert you!"

My own name! I could not restrain myself.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW INTRODUCING HIS WIFE TO CHARLES THE FIRST, AT HAMPTON COURT, ENGLAND.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

"Adela!" I cried, and was beside her in a moment.

I cannot tell what I said. In rapid, burning words, I told her my love, my jealousy, my despair, and she listened.

After the first start of surprise, she never stirred from her position. I might have thought her cold, had not an occasional sob convinced me she heard me, and felt for me. I took her hand in mine, and raised it to my lips,

when she was snatched back by a strong hand, and Theodore Lecourt's voice cried, loudly :

"Traitress ! So this is why you are so cold to me, false one !"

"I am not false, Theodore ! I promised you no love. My hand was and is yours."

"And your love is Godfrey Haven's. I know all. Others have told me—my own eyes have seen proof of your falsehood. Dare you deny you love him ?"

"I do not deny it. I love him—but only within this hour have I known he loved me."

"Adela !" the man fairly screamed in his agony, "do you think to deceive me ? If he was not your lover, why did you give him the diamond crescent—the pledge of love you accepted from me ? Adela ! Adela !" and, wailing the name, Theodore Lecourt, for the second time that day, fell in writhing convulsions.

Adela's screams brought assistance at once from the house, and her cousin was carefully conveyed to a lower room. Medical skill was of no avail, and when the last of the horrified guests left the house, a stiff corpse was all remaining of the unfortunate Theodore Lecourt.

Monsieur Lecourt implored me to remain. Adela went to her room, and the old gentleman, after he had given all necessary directions, drew me into the library.

"Tell me all you can, Mr. Haven," he said. "You were in the summer-house ?"

All I could tell was soon told, not omitting my own love-story.

"You think Adela loves you ?" he asked.

"She has said so."

"That explains so much. Poor Theodore ! But if you have not spoken before to Adela, how did you become possessed of *that ?*"

As he spoke, he pointed to the ring I had found in New York. A few words told that story, as well.

"Godfrey," he said to me, "you think me a hard father —one who would have forced my only child into a marriage her heart abhorred. I might plead the custom of my country, for French marriages are too often contracted for money or family convenience. But it was not exactly the case here. Theodore and Adela have been affianced since they were children ; and I had no idea that my child had any dislike to her cousin, still less did I dream she loved another."

"But, sir, she was so sad ! Some cause must exist for such deep depression."

"There was cause. Her mother, who was always an invalid, was sent to Saratoga by her physician, and Adela accompanied her. Theodore was just leaving for Paris, and I was detained here ; but we had friends going to the Springs for a Summer holiday, and my wife and daughter joined their party. Instead of gaining health, Madame Lecourt became rapidly worse, and was attacked by a fever and violent delirium. In one of the paroxysms she suddenly sprang from her bed, and rushed to the window of her room. Adela, who was alone with her, struggled with her, crying loudly for assistance ; but before it came, her mother had burst from her arms, and thrown herself headlong from the window. She was killed instantly by the fall. I hastened to Saratoga, to find Adela very ill, but kindly nursed by her friends. When she was sufficiently recovered, we returned home, bringing with us the body of my beloved wife. We were in New York a few hours, and during that time Adela must have lost Theodore's ring from her wasted hand. For many months the shock of her mother's death, and the self-reproach she would feel, kept her in a state of deep sadness, that seemed to threaten life and reason. Since you came, she has been slowly recovering her health and spirits, until Theodore's return threw her back again. To-night she roused herself, I think now, hoping to see you. I have been blind, Godfrey—blind !"

"Do you feel, sir, that I have been—innocently, heaven knows—the murderer of your nephew ?"

"No. From childhood Theodore has been subject to such convulsions as you witnessed. There was an injury to the brain in his schooldays, that was never cured. Any sudden excitement would produce convulsions ; and we have been frequently warned that a sudden violent shock would be fatal. Doubtless he saw the ring upon your finger at the St. Charles to-day. His initials are engraved inside, T. S. L.—Theodore Simon Lecourt. He ordered it for Adela on her eighteenth birthday, sending the design to Paris, where a friend attended to the commission. Poor Theodore !"

We sat silent for some time. I scarcely dared speak of my own affairs in the presence of death, and the uncertainty of Adela. If she looked upon me as having caused her cousin's death, could she consent to be my wife ?

Monsieur Lecourt broke the painful stillness of the room.

"Godfrey," he said, gently, "if Adela loves you, remember, I will gladly give you a son's place in my heart and home."

A year we gave to the memory of the dead, and then my fair bride came to bless my life, with happy, love-lit eyes, and no cloud upon her lovely face.

THE OSPREY, OR FISH-HAWK.

The fish-hawks (*Falconidæ*) belong to the same subfamily as the eagles. This *genus* is characterized by a short bill, curved from the base to acute hooked tip, and by wings extending to the tip of their tails, which are of moderate length and rather even. The general form of these birds is heavier than that of eagles. They inhabit the temperate regions near lakes, rivers, etc. The female American osprey, or fish-hawk, is twenty-five inches long, with wings extending five feet. The male is a little smaller. The head and under parts of the adults are white ; the upper parts, wings and tail, are of an umber-brown color. Eight brownish-black bands mark the tail. On the breast of these ospreys numerous yellowish-brown spots are visible, and the bills and claws are of a bluish-black hue. The toes and tarsi are greenish-yellow, and the tibial feathers extremely short.

Among our birds of prey this species is very conspicuous. Its dexterity in catching fish is very remarkable. While pursuing its booty it flies at a moderate height above the water. The European fish-hawk bears a close resemblance to the American bird.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST AND LADY FANSHAW.

Anne, Lady Fanshaw, was the eldest daughter of Sir John Harrison, and was born in London, March 25th, 1625. On the breaking out of the civil war, Sir John Harrison took the King's side, and joined the Court at Oxford in 1643. Lady Harrison had died two years previous, and Sir John, therefore, sent for Anne and her younger sister Margaret to join him at Oxford, where they were lodged in a baker's attic in an obscure street. It was during this period of poverty that the marriage of Anne took place to Mr. Richard Fanshaw, son of Sir Richard Fanshaw, and who was sixteen years the senior of his bride. Mr.

Fanshaw was Secretary of War to the Prince of Wales, but the poverty of the royalists made the emoluments very precarious.

During the King's stay at Hampton Court Mr. Fanshaw was much about him, and it was at this time that the King expressed a desire to see his wife. Our engraving represents the scene where Mr. Fanshaw introduced the lady to her unfortunate monarch, whose terrible end was drawing so near.

Her numerous adventures and daring in her husband's behalf are told in her memoirs, which she wrote in 1676. She died January 20th, 1680, in her fifty-fifth year.

THE DOVE AND THE PIRATE.

By Thomas Powell.

I.

Seven-and-thirty years had rolled
O'er Reuben's head, a pirate bold,
Leader of a lawless horde
By the right of strongest sword.
Yet in days of infancy
He had prayed at mother's knee,
And at Jesu's hallowed shrine
Sang the services divine;
And on his brow the priest benign
Had thrice inscribed the holy sign.
But, alas! he strayed from God,
And sin's fiery pathway trod,
Till, at last, we find him now
With murder's brand upon his brow.

II.

On an island hid away
In Mexico's refulgent bay,
Reuben lounged beneath a tree
In an idle reverie;
For his pirate crew had gone
Cruising near the Amazon—
On its godless mission bent,
By the Demon Rapine sent.
Reuben had resigned command
To the second of his band—
For he remembered as he lay
'Twas his mother's natal day,
And for her sweet memory
From crime one day he would be free.
So he sent his horde, while he
Lounged alone beneath a tree,
In a solitude so deep,
Nature seemed to be asleep;
Dreaming, as the sparkling rill
Whispers to the quiet hill,
While the rustling of the boughs
Breathes to air their voiceless vows—
Never till that hour had he
Felt such pure tranquillity:
Scenes in his past life began
To unfold, from child to man
(For our childhood follows still
Our after life of good and ill)—
Vision after vision stole
Mistily before his soul,
Till it seemed a thing apart
From his sin-incrusted heart:
"Would," sighed he, "I e'er could rest
With this heaven within my breast!"

Suddenly his heart was stirred
By low, sweet sounds—half voice, half word—
Melting softly on the air,
Making music everywhere.
Again the soothing sound was heard—
'Twas the music of a bird,
The cooing of a gentle dove,
That nestled in the tree above—
She was speaking to her love.
As the bending of a branch
Loosens the vast avalanche,
So this murmur seemed to bring
Comfort from some wondrous spring.
He remembered, when a child,
The cooing of the wood-doves wild,
Which above the cottage eaves
Nestled in the bosoming leaves;
How they woke him in the morn,
Cooing to the day just born;
How they fed his listening ear,
When the blue-skied noon was near—
And the same notes, sweet and dim,
Like a well-remembered hymn,
Sounded on his ear once more,
As they did in days of yore.
As tho' inspired by heavenly power,
He rose from 'neath his leafy bower,
And sinking on his knees, began—
"Jesus, save a sinful man!
Lift, oh! lift, this weight of sin
From my dark soul—leave peace therein!"
Prayer is the spirit's morning star,
Which tells salvation from afar!
Prayer is the soul's all-saving grace—
'Tis gazing on God's gracious face:
"And Satan trembles when he sees
The vilest sinner on his knees."
He knelt—a crime-stained man of pride;
He rose—a sinner purified!

IV.

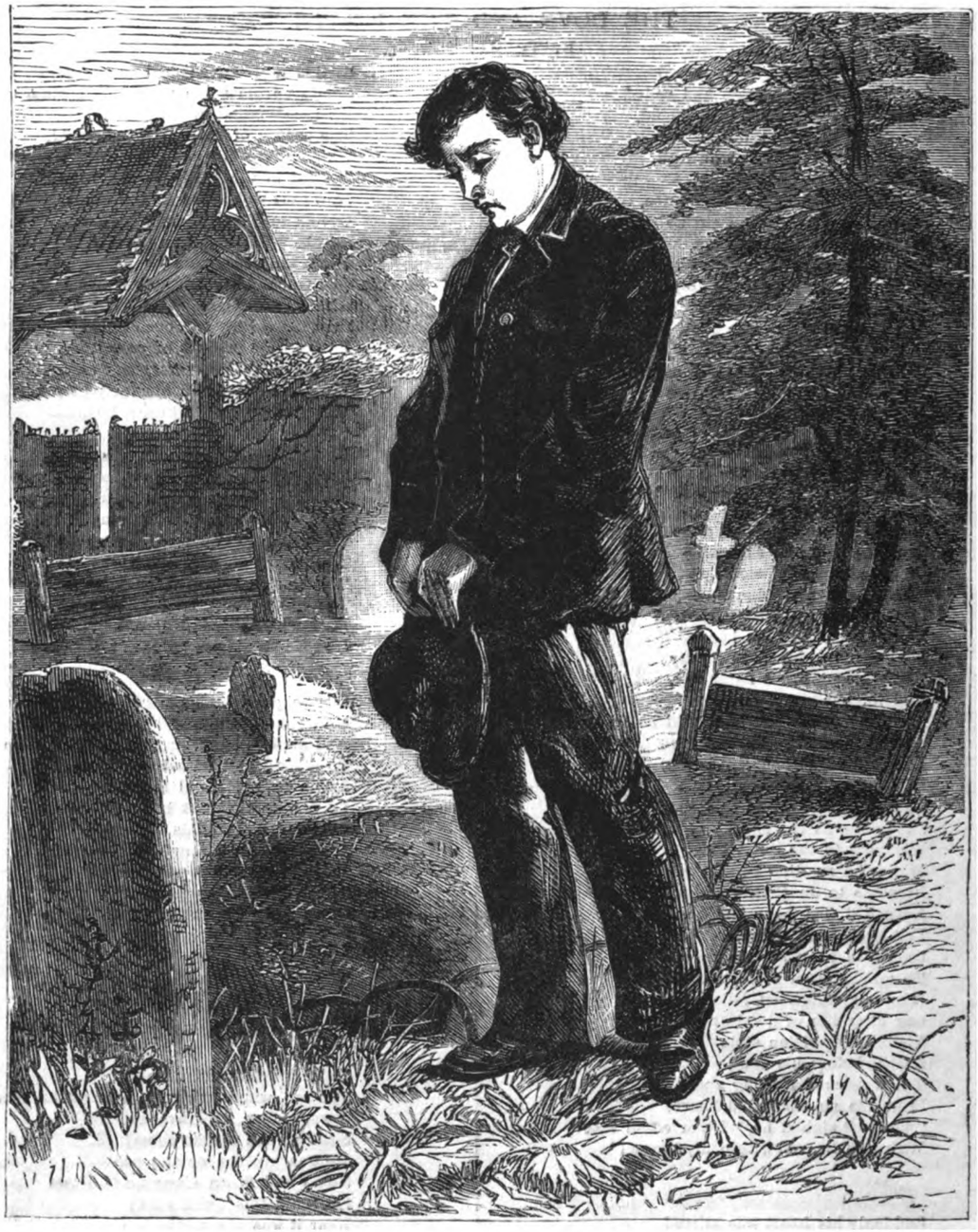
O'erweighted by his pain and grief,
He wept till slumber brought relief,
And slept till morning came once more
To glorify that island shore.
Again he knelt, and felt the balm
Of prayer to Christ bring holy calm.
As Reuben fixed his earnest gaze
Upon the sea through morning's haze,
His eyes beheld a welcome sight,
Which filled his spirit with delight.
For, sailing round the headland, he
Beheld a gallant argosy;
Near and nearer to the strand—
At length the stranger sailors land.
The pirate sank upon his knee,
Crying, "The Lord has rescued me!"

V.

In an English village near
The sea, where rocks their summits rear,
A weary man, all travel-stained,
Sitting upon a stile remained.
He was musing on the past—
Years had flown since he had last
Sat amid this quiet spot;
Near it was his mother's cot.
"Does she live?" the wanderer said.
"God in heaven! should she be dead!"
Twelve long years have gone since he
Sought his fortunes on the sea.
"Well," he thought, "I'll know my fate!"
Then he reached the cottage gate,
Where his mother dwelt when he
Sought his fortunes on the sea.
As he paused the gate before,
Some one opened wide the door.

'Twas a woman, somewhat bent
With age, and on her stick she leant.
'Twas not his mother, but he knew
Who 'twas, that stood before his view—
An ancient neighbor; soon he heard
From her old lips the fatal word.
His mother died five years ago—
She died in poverty and woe.

The wanderer slowly crossed the moor
That to the village churchyard led—
The silent city of the dead!
He stood before the grassy mound
With rustic palings fenced around,
And saw upon the simple stone
His mother's name. "God's will be done!"
The wretched Reuben groaned, and fell



"She's sleeping in the churchyard now
That crowns yon hillock's quiet brow."
"And do you not remember me—
The luckless son that went to sea?"
The woman gave a sudden start—
"The son who broke his mother's heart!"
She gazed at him with stony eye;
The stranger could not make reply.
She looked again—then closed the door;

On the bare ground insensible.
Throughout the night he slumbered there,
And when the morn came, bright and fair,
Three short feet of earth divide,
Son and mother side by side!
Never more will Reuben know
Summer's sun or Winter's snow;
For his soul has passed from earth
To its second, fuller birth.

LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Part I.—Chapter V.

It was late the next morning when William Hudson presented himself at the foundry, and he received a sharp reprimand from the foreman, to which he listened in sullen silence.

He had been drinking the night before, but there was no sign of it apparent, except that he looked paler than usual, and his eyes shone with a troubled, feverish light. Toward the middle of the forenoon one of the clerks came to say that Mr. Gresham wished to see him in his private office. For the first time, Hudson recollected the telegram; he searched in his pocket, and found it there. He knew that his negligence had been discovered; at another moment, this forgetfulness on his part would have annoyed him greatly, and he would have expressed his sorrow without hesitation; but in his present mood, the fact that he was in the wrong, and that his employer had reason to be angry, only increased his stubborn sullenness, and rendered him furious in advance at the reproof which he knew awaited. He put on his coat, and walked toward the counting-house, paying no attention to several remarks his companion offered.

MRS. ALDERLY AND FLORENCE.—"A MILLION, AND IT MIGHT ALL BECOME FLORENCE'S AND HER SON'S—YES, SURELY FLORENCE MUST GO."

After a brief delay in the outer office, a door opened, and the clerk who had summoned him from the foundry made a sign that he was to enter, at the same time shaking his head in a commiserating fashion, which exasperated Will Hudson's ill-humor to the last extent.

Mr. Gresham sat at his desk near one of the windows, but Will scarcely glanced in his direction. As he crossed the threshold he caught sight of a gentleman leaning back in an easy-chair not far from Mr. Gresham's desk, his eyes fixed upon a newspaper; Will recognized the stranger whom he had encountered at the railway station on the previous evening.

"Good-morning, Hudson," Mr. Gresham said.

Hudson returned the salutation, with his gaze still fixed upon the gentleman, who just then glanced up from his paper; their eyes met, but beyond a slight, amused smile, Kenneth Alderly showed no sign of recognition.

That half-smile exasperated Will almost beyond endurance; he had a quick impulse to start forward and assault his enemy as he sat, such a picture of indolent elegance. Mr. Gresham's voice recalled the man to himself.

"Step this way, if you please, Hudson," he said, in a cold, displeased tone. "I find that you were intrusted with a telegram for me last night, which you promised to deliver at once."

Hudson advanced to the desk, put his hand in his pocket, drew out the dispatch, and flung it carelessly down.

"There it is," he said; but even while speaking, his glance went back to Kenneth Alderly, who had already resumed his occupation.

"The telegram was of great importance," continued Mr. Gresham; "it ought to have been answered immediately. I received a second this morning to ask if this had failed, and I found, on inquiry at the office, that it was owing to your negligence I had not received it."

"I suppose it was," returned Hudson, still looking at Kenneth Alderly.

"Have the goodness to attend to me," said Mr. Gresham. "Except for receiving this second telegram, the consequences of your unpardonable carelessness would have been a heavy loss to me. What excuse have you to offer?"

Hudson saw another faint smile—of approval now—flit across Alderly's mouth. He turned quickly toward his employer and said, in a gruff voice:

"After all, I am hired as assistant foreman in the foundry, not to run errands."

"That may be; but when a man voluntarily accepts a commission he fulfills it—if he is honest," returned Mr. Gresham, quietly.

Impetuous and fiery as he was, under ordinary circumstances Will Hudson would have admitted the justice of the reproof; but since the previous evening he had been in a state of mind which rendered him utterly incapable of exercising his reason.

"There's nobody going to tell me I'm not honest," he retorted, savagely, giving one hot glance at his employer, only to turn quickly away and fix his eyes anew upon Mr. Alderly, wishing that he might see in that gentleman's face some sign which he could interpret into an insult; but Alderly appeared deaf to what was passing. "Nobody—I don't care who he is—shall tell me that!" added Will, goaded afresh by this very indifference.

Mr. Gresham's brows met in a heavy frown; he looked sternly at Hudson from under their shelter.

"Have you been drinking?" he asked.

"I'm as sober as he is," cried Hudson, waving his hand toward Kenneth, with a frantic desire to induce him to speak. "I suppose he put the idea in your head? He accused me of it."

"Really, Hudson, I think you are a little out of your mind," returned his employer, glancing at his guest, who had neither stirred nor looked up. "Do you mean to add to your original offense by being impertinent to a gentleman in my office?"

"I'm not the dirt under his feet!" exclaimed Will, lashed to frenzy by his inability to make his enemy seem aware of his presence. "I told him so last night, and I say it again."

"You must not say anything more here, William," said Mr. Gresham.

"I shouldn't have come if you hadn't sent for me," answered Hudson. "I suppose your fine mister there thought he'd like to see me trampled on a bit—since he didn't dare try it himself."

"I beg your pardon, Alderly," said Mr. Gresham, but his visitor only nodded good-naturedly, as if the matter were not worth mentioning. "I am afraid this man has been drinking. They told me he used to have the habit, but he is in general so sensible a fellow, that I had no idea he ever indulged nowadays."

"Yes, it is pretty evident what ails him," Alderly said, just lifting his eyes from his paper, and letting them rest for a second on Hudson's angry face.

"It's a lie!" shouted Will. "Do you hear? It's a lie!"

"William Hudson, you are discharged," said Mr. Gresham.

"I've discharged myself, you mean," retorted Will.

Mr. Gresham rang the hand-bell that stood on the table, and as a clerk appeared in obedience to the summons he said:

"Rogers, be good enough to tell the cashier to pay William Hudson his wages. I have dismissed him for gross misconduct. If he does not take his money and go quietly away, send for a constable to arrest him."

"It's all right," said Hudson; "I ain't one of the noisy sort. Good-morning, Mr. Gresham. And as for my fine gentleman there, 'tain't worth while to bid him good-by; we're pretty sure to meet again."

He left the room, followed by the clerk. As soon as they were alone Mr. Gresham said to his companion:

"I owe you a thousand apologies, Alderly. In all the years I have been in business, I never had such a scene in my office before. The fellow must be drunk, and crazy to boot, to fancy he knew you."

"Oh, I remember his face. I saw him at the station last night," replied Kenneth, carelessly, and related the circumstances which had occurred, but in a way that showed he was amused rather than angry. "And really," he added, "I should be sorry to have you discharge him on my account, if he is a good workman; he'll be sorry enough when he gets sober, and perhaps this may be a lesson that will cure him."

"I should have discharged him in any case," Mr. Gresham said; "he is an excellent workman, but I never tolerate drinking in any person who holds a responsible position such as his was. The matter is settled; he must find another place."

"He will do so without difficulty, I should think. He looks as if he were a capable fellow when he is right in his head."

"Oh, yes—unusually so. If he had a little education, he would make an invaluable foreman. But there's no hope for a man who drinks; it is a vice I have no pity for—I have made that a rule."

"A very necessary one in your business, I should say," returned Alderly, in a tone that dismissed the subject. He rose and approached the desk, taking up a bundle of papers lying there. "These were what you wanted me to look over, I think? I'll do it while you write your letters, and afterward we can transact our little affair as soon as you like."

"If I hadn't a conscience, I might compliment you by pretending to think your energy rose from methodical habits," said Mr. Gresham, laughing; "but I am pretty sure it is only because anything approaching business is hateful to you, and you want to get it over as fast as you can."

"I don't think I should hate business; it's never come in my way to know much about it," replied Alderly. "In fact, I've a great admiration for a man who has talent enough to build up his own fortunes thereby."

"You scarcely imbibed that opinion from your mother, I fancy," Mr. Gresham said, rather dryly.

"Naturally, much as I love my mother, there must be matters upon which we differ," Alderly answered, his voice growing a shadow graver and more ceremonious.

"And, of course, you know I meant no disrespect to her by my remark," Mr. Gresham said, regarding him

with a searching glance, in which was plainly visible that, in spite of his desire to be courteous and cordial, he did not mean to suffer any airs of superiority on the part of the son of the haughtiest, most domineering woman he had ever known—at whose hands, too, he had in younger days endured humiliations which many men would have found difficult to forgive.

"Of course, I know that!" Alderly exclaimed, laying his hand on Mr. Gresham's shoulder as he spoke, with a frank smile which lighted up his face in a marvelous fashion. "I meant just what I said, too. I admire immensely a man with a talent for business; and, if you won't think me impertinent, let me add that I put you at the head of the list."

"Well, what I have and am, I may safely say I owe to myself," returned Mr. Gresham. "I began the world without a shilling. One thing is sure—I never defrauded any man; I never took advantage of any man's exigencies. I may be hard and stern in many ways, but at least there is no point in my past life that I shrink from looking back upon."

"And that is a good deal to say when a man has reached fifty," said Alderly. "Most of us have to draw a vail over a good many things before we reach thirty, if we want to be at ease with ourselves."

"Ah," said Mr. Gresham, "I never had any leisure for the sort of sins which are called venial in rich, idle young gentlemen." Then, a little disturbed by the contemptuous ring in his own voice, he added, with a smile: "though for that very reason, I need not pride myself on having escaped them—perhaps there is no merit due me."

"Perhaps not, though idleness certainly is a poor excuse for committing them," returned Alderly.

He liked getting Mr. Gresham upon the ground of personal reminiscences, eager to know more about this man, whom he respected not only because he knew that his own father had highly esteemed him, but because he knew vaguely that in his early days he had struggled through difficulties which would have daunted and utterly defeated a nature cast in a less resolute mold. But of the details of Mr. Gresham's career Alderly knew very little. His father had died when he was a young boy, and he had never seen his old friend but twice before this present meeting. From what his mother had said, he had got the idea that he should find a man of limited education, and the personal habits and manners of a person accustomed to an inferior rank of life. Their conversation of the previous evening had proved his mistake. Mr. Gresham possessed a fund of wide and varied information; busy as his life was, he found leisure for extensive reading; matters connected with his business had thrice taken him to foreign lands, and he seemed to have seen more in his brief visits, and seen it understandingly, than many idle people who dawdle about Europe for years. His manners were charming, polished, and yet natural; a certain abruptness visible now and then, which reminded Alderly of the manners of several famous old military men he had known; and his stately, upright carriage and resolute face carried out the impression.

But their long talk had been confined to general subjects, and the impression left was as pleasant in Mr. Gresham's mind as in his own; and that gentleman had said to his sister in the morning, with a satisfied air:

"He is his father's son, out and out—nothing of that woman about him, in looks or ideas. Seeing how he has escaped her pernicious influence makes me hope she mayn't quite have spoiled Florence."

He was thinking something of the same sort now, as he sat looking at the young man, and he said, suddenly:

"Alderly, I owe your father the greatest favor I ever received at any human being's hands—he helped me with my studies. Your grandfather's country place was near the town where I was employed—I was only eighteen, and your father about the same age—he was in college, which was near enough so that he lived at home."

"I remember hearing him say you made acquaintance in a railway accident," said Alderly, "and he was so struck by your coolness and courage that——"

"We both did our duty," interrupted Mr. Gresham. "Well, that was the beginning, and during the next four years we were close friends, in spite of the difference in our position."

"And remained so always."

"Yes; though the events of life separated us, and we did not often meet after that time."

"I hope it doesn't seem rude to ask questions, but I should like to know how you laid the groundwork for your fortune, so large as it is," Alderly said.

"A million—somewhat over," Mr. Gresham replied, simply. "I don't go about boasting, but I don't mind telling you."

Alderly was astonished at the magnitude of the sum; he had already discovered, by the extent of Mr. Gresham's business operations and the style in which he lived, that his mother had been mistaken in supposing the gentleman had only accumulated a moderate fortune, but he was not prepared to hear that his wealth had attained such vast proportions.

"I had no idea you were such a Crœsus," he said, laughingly; "I am not worth half that amount, though I thought myself tolerably well furnished with this world's goods."

"And so you are. I should have been perfectly content with two or three hundred thousand dollars," Mr. Gresham replied. "But very often when fortune begins to smile on a man, she can't be good-natured enough. A few years more will double my present income, and make it a great deal larger than any one human being ought to possess."

"At all events, in your case fortune has seemed less blind than she often appears," returned Kenneth; "the money in your hands will be used to good purpose."

"I hope so—yes, I believe so—I should despise myself if I did not," Mr. Gresham said. "But the richer a man grows, the greater become his responsibilities; there is something almost oppressive in contemplating so important a stewardship—for that is all it is."

"Yes, of course—only few people remember that."

"No; if they did, the world would be different."

"And you have built up this wealth by your own exertions; beginning, too, a poor man!"

"I have been wonderfully favored; for many, many years everything I have undertaken has prospered," Mr. Gresham replied.

"That may be; but the talent and the industry—the ability to take advantage of opportunities—was your own."

"For what was the groundwork, I have to thank your father," Mr. Gresham said. "The education he assisted me to get by his personal exertions—a much greater favor than if he had given money—enabled me to take a position of trust in this very establishment which I am now master of."

"Then you began your operations here?"

"Yes; as one of the head clerks. The business was small then; there were two partners, neither of them very efficient."

"Then your head must have been invaluable to them."

"It was of use, certainly," Mr. Gresham replied, with a

smile. "Indeed, I need not be modest—I was invaluable—they would have been bankrupts within two years, but for my exertions and advice."

"They were sensible enough to see that, then, and bind you fast to their interests?"

"The oldest partner was, but his failing health made him of slight weight. His associate, Mr. Malvern, would have kept me merely a clerk, if he could; but, naturally, that did not suit me. I had been a hard student—I had a certain talent as an inventor; some improvements in machinery which I introduced showed Malvern what I could do for them, and, of course, after that, possessing a stronger will than his, I took my own way."

"How long before you became a partner?"

"Three years. It was only on those conditions, and that the business should be left to my management, that I consented to go on. Matters were in a bad state, Malvern had been speculating, and ruin stared them in the face."

"You put your shoulder to the wheel to good purpose?"

"Yes. When I was thirty-two the eldest partner died; I bought out his heirs, and I bought out Malvern—liberally, too—and from the time I was left alone everything prospered and grew, until you see where I am."

He told the whole simply; it was evident that his success had no more fostered his vanity than it had rendered him purse-proud and mercenary.

"Well, you certainly are one of the few men who can boldly assert that life is satisfactory and worth living," Alderly said.

"Pecuniary success is not everything," Mr. Gresham replied, somewhat sadly. "I have had my troubles, heavy ones, but I think they have not left me either hard or bitter."

"I am sure of that," Alderly said.

"When I was thirty-eight," pursued Mr. Gresham, meditatively, led on by his companion's interest to more ample disclosures than he had dreamed of making, "I found myself, if not rich, at the head of a flourishing business. It was then I saw your father again, for the first time in years. I had gone to New York, and we met accidentally."

"And I know he must have been glad to renew your old friendship."

"We were both glad."

"And there you met my mother's half-sister, Mrs. Denham. I suppose then you found leisure to fall in love," Alderly said.

"Yes; and it was a serious matter, as love must be to a man at that age," Mr. Gresham answered, gravely.

He began arranging some letters on the table, turning his head away. Alderly was sorry that he had spoken; he knew little about the details, but he was aware that in many respects Mr. Gresham's marriage had not been a happy one.

There was silence between them for a while, Mr. Gresham busy with memories of which he could not speak to Kenneth Alderly, of all people, because the troubles he had endured had been caused by the young man's mother.

At the time Mr. Gresham met his future wife she was a young widow, with one little girl; only a twelvemonth before she had been flung suddenly from wealth and luxury into the humiliating position of a mere dependent upon her kindred. Mrs. Alderly loved her dearly, but her affection was of the sort which is only another name for tyranny. She expected her relative to see with her eyes and hear with her ears, and had already a marriage in store for her as soon as the term for her mourning should finish. When her husband presented the "iron man," as Mrs. Alderly always called Mr. Gresham, that lady was at first indignant, then scornfully indifferent. She was obliged to go to Cuba and remain for several months, on account of her health, and as the Southern climate disagreed signally both with Mr. Alderly and her sister, she had to go alone; so during his frequent visits to New York that Winter, Mr. Gresham made his friend's house his home.

He fell in love with the pretty, but frivolous, weak-minded young widow, and she—partly for the sake of freedom, partly because she could never say No, and her wooer's energy and strength of will impressed her greatly—consented to marry him. Mr. Alderly considered the match a most fortunate thing for the little woman, and perhaps in secret envied her the possibility of escaping from the thraldom of his wife's adamantine will, under which he had suffered more than the world ever knew.

He felt certain that his haughty mate would return and break off the marriage if she were informed that anything of the kind was in prospect; and, on her side, Mrs. Denham lived in perpetual fear of her domineering sister. Unknown to Mr. Gresham, the pair kept the engagement a secret from Mrs. Alderly, and the first intimation the haughty lady received, was the news that her relative had actually married the "iron man"!

She never forgave her husband—but that did not matter much, as he died some nine months later. For nearly two years she rejected her sister's overtures for pardon, but then came news which caused her affection to assert itself strongly enough to overcome her anger. Mrs. Gresham had given birth to a child which only lived for a few hours, and dispatches warned Mrs. Alderly that if she desired to see her, she must hasten, as there was slight hope that the sick lady's life could be saved.

Mrs. Alderly journeyed out to Laughton, and established herself in her brother-in-law's house, ignoring his presence as completely as if he did not exist. Cora Gresham recovered, and her sister's influence became more despotic over her than of old. The silly little woman was weary of the quiet life she led, and her relative's arts helped to increase her vague discontent into what she believed an absolute repulsion toward her husband, as a sordid tyrant who found a cruel pleasure in forcing her to waste the last remains of youth and beauty in dull seclusion.

Mr. Gresham was called away on business. When he returned, he found that his wife had taken her daughter and gone home with Mrs. Alderly—a brief, insolent letter from the latter lady stating that for the present, at least, his wife declined even to see him.

Eighteen months elapsed before he succeeded in getting her back. He loved the creature with a doting affection which was the one weakness of his life, and so forgave her. She was heartily weary of her sister's autocratic rule, and glad to escape—he absolutely stole her and her child out of Mrs. Alderly's house, and carried them home again. Then followed a few months of peace, even happiness, for the pair; but at their expiration, Mrs. Gresham was seized with an illness which terminated fatally after several weeks of great suffering.

Chapter VI.

A knock at the door roused Mr. Gresham from the bitter memories which had oppressed him. He laid down the letter a clerk had brought, and as soon as the man left the room, turned toward his companion, struck by a reflection which could not fail to have great weight with a generous nature. His sudden silence and absorption might appear to the young man as a tacit expression of reproof and dislike toward his mother, and that would be an actual discourtesy, since he had invited Kenneth to be his guest.

A RARE CACTUS.

"Alderly," he said, "we have strayed on matters I did not mean to talk of, but now I must speak openly, lest you should misunderstand my feelings. I don't know how much or little your mother has confided to you, but you are aware that she did not like my marrying her sister."

"She has never said much," Kenneth replied; "I do know that she thought herself ill-treated because she was kept in ignorance until you were actually married. One could scarcely blame her for being hurt and angry."

"It was very wrong; but I never dreamed that she had not been told," Mr. Gresham answered.

"Oh, that alters everything!" cried Kenneth. "I shall write her that; it will change her feelings entirely."

Mr. Gresham knew that the lady was well aware he had had neither part nor knowledge as to the deception practiced upon her, but he would not say this to her son.

"It was natural enough she should be displeased at the marriage," he went on, calmly. "Along with her English descent, your mother inherited all sorts of class-prejudices, which seem to me strange enough in this century even in a monarchical country; doubly so in our republican land. No person in her family or your father's had ever been connected with trade, or even a profession, so her sister's marriage was a blow."

"But it was the secrecy that hurt her," pleaded Kenneth. "Still, she forgave it. I know she visited you, and your wife went to her in town."

"Yes," Mr. Gresham said, quietly as ever. "When she came here I had not built the house I live in now; all the surroundings seemed poor and mean to her. I always had to see my way clearly before I launched into expense. But those details are unimportant; I only do not want you to think that I have any harsh feeling toward your mother."

"And I am certain that if you ever get really to know each other—which I trust you will—you will be warm friends," cried Kenneth.

Mr. Gresham uttered some polite response; he had no mind to embitter his life by hatred. Indeed, for the sake of seeing more of his step-daughter, he would gladly have welcomed Mrs. Alderly to his home, in spite of the last and cruelest wrong she had done him. She had a second time relented, and came to Laughton during her sister's final illness; was there when the lady died, actuated by a determination to get at least a partial control over her niece, as Mrs. Gresham, shortly before her death, had been left a fortune in charge for her daughter by one of her first husband's relatives.

Mrs. Alderly succeeded in persuading the dying woman to leave her joined with Mr. Gresham in the guardianship of Florence Denham; in fact, the step-father was left without power or voice, except where the management of the girl's money was concerned. All matters pertaining to Florence's education were relegated to the aunt, and after her thirteenth year, Mrs. Alderly's house was to be her home. There were certain stipulations in regard to visits to Mr. Gresham, but these Mrs. Alderly had contrived nearly always to avoid, so that he had seen little of the young lady, and felt confident her aunt had inspired her with opinions of him which were utterly false. But he was glad to find Kenneth so different from what he had expected—so like his father—and began already to hope that this renewal of acquaintance with his old friend's son might be the means of changing much that was so painful to his affectionate heart.

"I am very glad, Alderly," he said, "that this necessity for consultation in regard to Florence's matters brought you out here. I am much obliged to you also for coming, and I trust the visit will be as pleasant to you as I am sure I shall find it."

"I know it will," the young man returned, grasping his hand warmly, with the impulsive demonstrativeness which was natural to him, but so at variance with his rather haughty face, that new acquaintances were always surprised when they first witnessed an exhibition thereof. "As I wrote you, my mother and I both thought it exceedingly courteous to consult us, since Florence's money matters are entirely in your control."

The motive of Mr. Gresham's request had been changes which he could at this time effect in the investment of his stepdaughter's fortune; changes which might probably increase her already ample income, but were at all events necessary, as he had discovered that certain bonds and stocks, to a large amount, were in a somewhat doubtful condition. He had not chosen to act entirely on his own responsibility, though he was free to do so, and the letters which had passed between him and Kenneth had greatly pleased the young man.

Mrs. Alderly could not, of course, oppose her son's going to Laughton, nor could she refuse a scornful recognition of her brother-in-law's business abilities, and the probability that he was right in his plan, though she tried to prevent her son's accepting the invitation to stop at his house. But Kenneth would not listen, declaring that his first act should not be an insult. So, though Mrs. Alderly might inwardly rage, she was obliged to yield the point.

"And now I must get to my letters—that whole pile must be answered this morning," Mr. Gresham said, after a few more words concerning the business matter. "Look over these papers while I do my work. I have written you enough and told you enough about what I propose, for you to understand the whole affair after you have examined these accounts; then you shall give me your opinion."

"Of course, I am certain in advance that you are right," Alderly replied; "you are not likely to err in your judgment in a matter of this kind."

"Still, I want you to be perfectly conversant with all the details, and arrive at a decision of your own," Mr. Gresham said. "Unless you, as your mother's representative, entirely coincide, I shall not make the special new investments which offer, though I shall retire those which I disapprove; I must do that, because I have private information, as I wrote you, that shows the absolute necessity."

"Yes; you cannot hesitate about that," Alderly said. "And now I will try to bring such head as I can boast of to the business, and if you think my opinion worth having, it shall be at your service."

Mr. Gresham nodded, and turned to his correspondence.

Try as he might to fix his mind upon the pages of figures and explanations, Kenneth Alderly found his thoughts straying far from the subject in hand—away, too, from any food for reflection he might have found in the details Mr. Gresham had given of his past, and the determination which had already presented itself to the young man to do everything in his power to bring about a closer acquaintance between his mother and his father's old friend, certain that it was only necessary for them really to know each other, for a mutual respect and admiration to grow rapidly up between them.

Kenneth admired and reverenced his mother with exaggerated devotion; she had but one fault in his eyes—excessive pride—and this he believed so noble at bottom, that it was only a virtue carried to excess. It was impossible to resist Mrs. Alderly when she exerted herself to please, and to her son and her niece she displayed always

her most charming qualities. She was, too, a woman as generous and charitable in her ordinary opinions as with her pecuniary means, unless some unfortunate person ran counter to some important plan she desired to carry out: then she proved utterly unscrupulous, and would sweep the offender ruthlessly from her path, and, with a smiling face, go on to success — nay, if it had been necessary to trample her victim's honor and life under her feet in order to gain the desired goal, she would not have hesitated.

Kenneth's thoughts had gone back with eager expectancy to the joy and anticipation which had kept him wakeful nearly the night through, and given a new beauty to the morning when he rose. There could be no doubt, no fear of mistake; he had again been brought within reach of the beautiful girl who had for so many months eluded his search, and the feeling that this had been the work of destiny, and must hold issues of paramount importance in his future, added to his eager excitement.

Mr. Gresham looked up suddenly, and held out a letter, saying:

"Here is a note, Alderly, from that Miss Stuart we were speaking of last night; see what a pretty hand she writes. By-the-way, you think you have met her, do you not?"

"Yes," Alderly replied.

Had he wanted confirmation that his hope was certain, he had it in the graceful writing he gazed at so earnestly; he had seen it many times, and it was too peculiar to mistake.

The rest of the morning and the afternoon were hours of impatient waiting; he knew that it was useless to set forth upon his errand until late, as Elinor Stuart's duties would keep her occupied the greater portion of the day.

But his probation—oh, it seemed almost as long as those weary preceding months had done—was over at length. He walked down to the village, and passed along the rambling street in which stood the little schoolhouse Mr. Gresham had pointed out the night before. Presently he reached a pretty, vine-shaded cottage, so pretty that he hoped it might be Elinor Stuart's home—indeed, something told him it was.

A few houses further on he saw a fat, comfortable-looking woman standing at her gate; he went toward her, and respectfully asked if she could tell him where Miss Stuart lived.

"You have come by the house," the fat woman said, regarding him with an approving glance as she pointed toward the cottage which some intuition had warned him was the place he sought.

He thanked her, and retraced his steps. As he turned away, Will Hudson came out of the house and joined the fat, comfortable lady.

"I wonder who that was," said his aunt.

Hudson looked after the retreating figure, recognized it, and muttered an oath so furious that his relative lifted her hands in horror.

"Oh, Will!" she pleaded, "don't go out; don't drink any more!"

"What did that fellow want?" he inquired.

"He asked where Miss Stuart lived. He's going in at Mrs. Mosely's gate now."

Hudson started forward as if to follow, stopped, turned back and walked in the opposite direction, regardless of his aunt's entreaties.

"So my fine gentleman knows her," he muttered. "Maybe she knew he was coming here, and that made her send me to the right about! Only wait—if I find it was, if I find it was!"

Chapter VII.

MADGE ANDERSON was standing at the window of her little room, looking eagerly down the close, narrow street. It was late in the afternoon now; fortunately for the girl, there had been a half-day's respite from labor, owing to some repairs going on—the mill had closed at noon. Even the hours of duty required in the morning had proved a positive torture in Madge's excited state; the racket of the looms had sounded deafening in her ears; her eyes, half blind with sleeplessness and tears, could scarcely distinguish the threads which usually her trained fingers manipulated with such skill.

She had come home and retired dinnerless to her chamber on the plea of a headache, and the little bevy of girls who boarded in the same house had gone off upon some expedition, and left her to herself, after vainly trying to persuade her to join them.

She could not expect Will Hudson till toward evening; she hoped that he would manage to get away from his work earlier than usual, if he came at all; but would he? The doubt which kept suggesting itself to her mind, in spite of her efforts to combat it, nearly drove her wild. The bare possibility of the extremes to which she might be driven if he broke his promise, made her absolutely afraid of herself.

Madge had suffered the whole night with the terrible strength that an undisciplined human soul puts into its first spasm of jealous misery; with the fierce rage and rebellion of some wild animal caught in the hunter's toils, galled and sore, and adding to its pain by biting savagely at its wounds in impotent fury.

He would come! he would come! She had to keep uttering that assurance aloud; when her frenzy was at its height it quieted her a little to hear her own voice repeating it—her voice which sounded so strange in her ears that sometimes she glanced nervously about, almost believing that some invisible watcher had spoken.

The creature was looking splendidly handsome; her cheeks were scarlet, and her great black eyes actually burned. She had scarcely touched a morsel of food all day, scarcely sat down for hours, pacing up and down her room in that impetuous fashion so suggestive of a captive animal in its cage. Sometimes it had seemed impossible for her to wait—she must rush out, take one of the frequent trains which went to Laughton, and discover what Will was doing. Once she put on her bonnet and shawl and went half-way down-stairs, determined to carry out her purpose; but she dared not. Headstrong and reckless as she was, she dared not! If Will saw her he would be furious. She was not afraid of his brute strength; he might kill her if he liked; but he would do worse—he would never forgive her!

She rushed back to her chamber, flung herself on the floor—went utterly mad in her wrath and misery for a while. At last the very intensity of her suffering brought its own reaction; she grew passive, torpid almost. But he would come, he would come!

Then she started up and began her impatient march again; caught sight in the glass of her tear-stained face and disheveled hair. He must not see her looking so—she must be at her best—oh, the fate of her whole life hung on this meeting; she must neglect no means that could aid her in her strait.

She ran to the light closet where her dresses hung, and began an eager comparison of their merits; she was an extravagant creature, with a passionate love of bright colors, and her wardrobe was ample enough to afford scope for choice.

Then she remembered that more than once lately Will had spoken slightingly of her taste for gorgeous hues—he had got the idea from that woman; but he should see that she knew how to dress as well as any fine lady!

She opened a box, took out a white gown and arrayed herself therein. She put some scarlet ribbons in her hair and at her bosom, and the reflection of her image in the mirror gave her a new courage; he could not fail to be impressed by her beauty—if he came! Up rushed that horrible thought again to torment her, and it was only by a resolute effort, the doubt frenzied her so, that she kept from tearing, with frantic hands, at her carefully arranged toilet.

She was a poor, ignorant creature, with very little more than the mere animal part of her awakened; yet in spite of her ignorance, her fiendish temper, which might easily under certain circumstances make her criminal, there were the crude, chaotic elements of a higher life in her, if education and example had ever developed them. She had been left an orphan early, dependent on her own exertions, and she put all the force of her great vitality into her work—never weary, never despondent—and in spite of her love of finery and excitement, never allowing her taste for amusement and change to interfere with her labors.

She was capable, in spite of her fiery temper, of a dog-like devotion and fidelity. These qualities were all centred in her love for Will Hudson, which had been, ever since she could remember, the ruling principle of her life—her hope, her aim, her very religion.

And now this love was menaced by a danger which, jealous as she was by nature, had never before troubled her: another woman had cast her baleful shadow between Will and herself. Oh, she must not think of that—she should be a raving lunatic before he came—would he come?

Back to the window to resume her eager watch; he was not in sight; only the dull stream of traffic and passengers, the hum and bustle which fretted her like blows.

Hark! Somebody was calling her from below! No; she had fancied it! Oh, she was a fool—he must come up the street—he could not have passed without her seeing him! Still she could not resist going to the door and opening it. Ah, she was not mistaken; a voice was calling—Will's voice:

"Madge, I say, Madge!"

She cried out in a relief and joy so great that it became a pain; dashed down-stairs, and flung herself into his arms. He carried her into the little parlor, and shut the door; she could not speak; she could not lift her head; could not so much as raise her eyelids to get the look at his face which she hungered for; could only cling fast to him, and sob in tearless passion that was a wild mingling of joy and suffering.

"Why, Madge, my girl, what ails you?" he said, hoarsely. "Here, sit down. I've come; I told you I would."

She pushed him away after a little, stood up, and stared at him.

"What have you come to say?" she cried.

"That I love you! How splendid you look, Madge—what a beauty you are—like a bride, too, in your white."

He had been drinking deeply, she could see that by the pallor of his face and the unnatural glitter of his eyes; but this did not trouble her; that a man should get intoxicated now and then seemed to her only reasonable and natural.

He caught her in his arms again, and kissed her with a sort of wild fury.

"You didn't care for her—you didn't care!" she moaned.

"Don't be a fool!" returned Will, roughly. "You came near enough making trouble between you and me last night—let it drop! I told my lady a few truths—that's enough—let it drop!"

"I don't want to hear of her or talk about her," sobbed Madge.

"Well, you ain't likely to, or me either. I've cut old Gresham's concern—he was cheeky, and I wouldn't stand it."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Madge. It was joy to think he would have to find work elsewhere—out of that creature's reach. "But what will you do—your wages were so good?"

"I'll get better, don't you be afraid, my girl. There's other foundries and mills than his. I'm going on to Wessex. I can easy get a place there; the company want me. I'm going part way by the next train."

"Oh, wait till to-morrow, Will, do wait!" she pleaded.

"No, I sha'n't," he answered; "I've got on a bit of a spree, and I mean to have it out! Don't you be afraid, my girl, it will all end right; and Madge, at the end of the month—that's your birthday—I don't forget—Madge, we'll choose that for our wedding."

Chapter VIII.

MISS STUART'S school hours were over; she did not wait, as was often her custom, to read or write in the deserted room, but left the house at the same time as her pupils, talking pleasantly to several of the elder girls, who accompanied her as far as the gate of Mrs. Mosely's pretty little cottage.

The scholars had noticed that their beloved teacher looked pale and tired, and they had shown a consideration which she thoroughly appreciated, rendering her duties as light as possible by their exemplary conduct, and she did not forget to praise them therefor, the average human mind of all ages and degrees having a need of that reward for conscious well-doing.

When the bevy of bright, healthy-looking creatures had bidden her good-by, she passed up the lilac-bush-bordered path to the dwelling, and ascended the stairs to her chamber; but she could not remain there, the confinement made her restless; so she took a book and went down into the garden, seating herself in a shady arbor at the further end, fragrant with the blossoms of a luxuriant honeysuckle that formed a leafy screen over its roof and front.

The experience of the previous day had shaken her greatly; whatever trouble she had known, it was the first time any such brutal insolence as she had received from Hudson and his cousin had ever been forced upon her, and the recollection haunted her like some actual degradation which she could not wipe off. She possessed too much self-control, however, to brood over it as many women would have done; it must be lived over and forgotten, and the sooner she began her task of conquering her feelings, the less she should have to suffer. So, though

little in the mood to read, she fastened her mind resolutely upon her book, and when she found her attention flagging, interesting as the volume was, she laid it by and substituted a German grammar in place of the novel, and set to work at the crabbed, appalling nouns and verbs, which looked wicked enough to have been the signs of some mysterious black art, full of all evil and malice.

She was interrupted by the approach of Joanna; that small personage dashed along the garden path like a whirlwind, and stood quite breathless in the entrance to the arbor, her mouth round as the letter O with astonishment, and her eyes opened to such an unnatural width that the possibility of ever getting them back to their ordinary size seemed really problematical.

"Good gracious, Joanna!" said Miss Stuart.

"Yes'm, jest what I said when I see him—and land's sake, too!—and all the rest of it!" cried the handmaiden. "I never set eyes on him afore, in all my born days, and wasn't axpectin' to, no more'n nothing; but there he was, an' I had to make the best of it, though I had my frock turned up, a-wipin' the milk that plaguey cat had spilt on the table, and all my flannel petticoat a-showin'!"

"Who came? what do you mean?" asked Miss Stuart.

"I jest wished I knowed, then I'd tell!" cried Joanna, in an exasperated fashion. "Ketch me a-pinnin' up my frock again in the arternoon! no, not ef all the cats in the neighborhood come in and spill the milk—unless I borry Miss Mosely's best ruffled pillow-slip for a petticoat."

"Please don't be a goose, Joanna," said Miss Stuart, wearily.

"Wall, I was so dead beat that I feel as if I might ha' been a whole flock, gander and all, and never ha' knowed it," returned Joanna, candidly. "But anyhow, there he is, a-waitin' in the parlor, and he wants to see you. Oh, my goodness! no he ain't, he's a-comin' right down the walk. I told him you was in the garding."

She rushed through the arbor and out of a doorway at the back, plunging recklessly into a tomato-bed, in her desire to escape.

To have displayed one's flannel petticoat to the gaze of any profane masculine eyes, is a serious matter to a girl at the age when mishaps assume gigantic dimensions. Joanna felt that the very sound of the word flannel would make her ears tingle during all time to come.

AN IDYL OF THE WOODS.

Elinor Stuart looked up, and saw a gentleman coming along the garden path; she recognized him at a glance, and her heart seemed actually to stand still. She did not feel surprised, she was conscious of that, and it was the strangest sensation amid the quick whirl in her brain. She was suddenly made aware that though during many long, long months she had told herself that episode in her life was ended, her soul had never credited the assurance; and now the belief which would have caused her bitter misery and shame, had she realized that she cherished it, was verified with the suddenness, the unexpectedness wherewith the most important events of our lives usually overtake us—she was meeting Kenneth Alderly again. He caught sight of her, and hurried forward; she managed to rise as he reached the arbor, and to advance a few steps.

"Miss Stuart!" he exclaimed, grasping her hand in both his, while his eyes fastened on hers, and grew beautiful with the light of a great joy. "I heard last night you were here; I knew you would be busy, so I waited till now; the day has seemed as long as a year."

She tried to speak, but could not; for the moment even her feminine readiness failed; strive as she might, she

could not conquer her agitation—could only stand there and let him hold her hand and gaze eagerly into the pallid loveliness of her face.

"Won't you speak to me?" he cried. "Won't you say you are glad to see me? I was actually afraid to trust myself to believe it could really be you when I heard your name; it seemed as if so much happiness could not be real."

He stopped, a little startled by the passionate energy of his own words, and Miss Stuart got her voice back, and found sufficient composure to reply.

"I am very glad indeed to see you, Mr. Alderly," she said, hiding the trembling of her lips under a smile.

"I'm afraid I startled you," he said; "please excuse my appearing so unceremoniously. I hoped the surprise would not be an unpleasant one."

"It is very pleasant; I think you must know that," she answered, aided in her efforts at self-control by a sudden change in his manner, which was almost embarrassment. "Of course you were about the last person I could have expected to see, so you must not wonder if I was a little startled."

"And you really are glad to see me?" he persisted.

"Certainly—very glad; my recollections of our short acquaintance were too agreeable for me to be anything else," she replied, now, at least outwardly, quite mistress of herself.

"Oh, I flattered myself we had got further on than that. I hoped I might take rank among your friends," he said, in a voice at once reproachful and appealingly eager.

"Friends, then," she echoed, forcing herself to meet his eyes steadily; "and I am glad to see my friend again—very glad—will that do better?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with a laugh; "much better."

"Then come and sit down, and tell me how it happens that you lost your way and strayed off to this quiet place," she continued.

"Found my way, would be the right expression, I think," he said, his tones again growing earnest and quick.

Miss Stuart did not seem to have heard the remark; she had turned away, and was pulling forward one of the rustic chairs.

"Two of them are somewhat rickety, and I never can be certain which they are," she said, laughingly; "I think this belongs to the trustworthy number; however, you had better sit down with a little care. One of my patrons came to see me the other day, and narrowly missed a tumble, to my horror and fright."

He laughed, too, took the chair from her hand, and she seated herself behind the little table that occupied the centre of the arbor.

"Yes, I think this seems safe," he replied, putting his foot over one of the rounds and pulling the back, which gave a sharp squeak, and immediately came off in his hand.

"Good gracious! after all, it is the very chair that was so inhospitable to poor old Mrs. Paton!" cried Miss Stuart, springing up. "Joanna promised to remove it, but she has forgotten."

"Well, then at least your landlady will not accuse me of willfully destroying her property," he said, as he put the broken seat out of the way.

The little incident made them both laugh heartily, and so enabled them to get their feelings down toward the safer ground of commonplace behavior and conversation.

"And now may I ask how it happens that I have the great pleasure of finding you here?" Alderly continued, after he had found a chair to which he could safely confide his weight.

"Oh, that is very easily explained," she replied. "I wanted a school to teach, and one offered here that I heard of by a lucky chance—that was over four months ago. My pupils are mostly the daughters of Mr. Gresham's workpeople; but you may not know anything about him, though he is a great man in this part of the world."

"I am visiting at his house. I only came last evening. It was he and his sister who told me you lived here."

"She seems a very lovable little old lady—kindness itself," Miss Stuart said, glad to keep the talk on these general grounds as long as she could. "I have only seen Mr. Gresham a few times; he impresses one not only as a thorough gentleman, but a man of much cultivation and extraordinary abilities."

"Indeed he is. I do not know him well, but he was an old friend of my father's. I was prepared to admire him, but he exceeds even my expectations," Alderly answered, warmly, still in the tone of a person whose mind was occupied with other things, and in haste to get beyond generalities to talk of a deeper and more personal nature.

But Miss Stuart enlarged upon the theme, and told of numerous acts of kindness she had received from the brother and sister, then diverged to admiring remarks in regard to the picturesque scenery the neighborhood could boast—the beauty of the river, the loveliness of the weather—pleasant, kind, cordial in manner; but, in spite of her assurance that he held a place among her friends, neither asking questions in regard to himself nor volunteering any of the confidences in which people usually indulge, when, after a prolonged separation, they meet people to whom they grant that familiar title.

Alderly bore his part in the conversation with tolerable ease for a time, but his impatience could not be very long restrained, and when at length Miss Stuart paused, with a certain trouble at finding she had exhausted all the available topics such as it suited her to discuss, he said, quickly:

"But you don't tell me a word about yourself!"

"There is so little to tell," she replied, smilingly. "I can't, in conscience, inflict you with an account of my scholars' progress and my own remarkable gifts as a teacher. I expect you take them for granted."

"I am quite ready to, but to friends no details can be too slight—and you said we were friends! Why, it is a full year since I last saw you; that makes a long gap."

"Only about nine months," she said, laughingly. "You are not good at counting dates. I remember your telling me so."

"Well, it seems full ten years!" he exclaimed. "But I am glad to find that you recollect anything that I ever said."

Elinor could not repress the sudden wave of color which swept into her cheeks, though her eyes met his eager gaze with composure, and she replied, gayly:

"Oh, I have an excellent memory, even for dates; a most fortunate faculty for a schoolmistress to possess."

"But I never dreamed there was any necessity for your becoming one. Please don't think me rude. I am sure you must know it is not mere idle curiosity that influences me. You said we were friends; it is natural I should want to hear."

She replied to his impassioned earnestness by a gravity which might almost have been a reproof, though her voice was cordial enough as she said:

"Certainly; and I thank you for your friendly interest. When I met you at Southside I possessed a small income, sufficient for my wants; indeed, it seemed wealth to me. I lost it by the failure of an insurance company, and was thrown on my own resources."

"Oh, that was hard, very hard!" he cried.

"I don't know," she replied; "I am young and strong. An idle life never entered into my expectations, would not have suited me. I had always a taste for teaching. I used to do a good deal of it in an amateur way at Southside."

"Yes, I recollect how assiduously you devoted yourself to the poor people there; you were a providence to them."

"Well, you see the teaching proved good practice; just what I wanted," she said, cheerfully.

"I was only gone a month; when I got back you had left, and nobody could tell in what direction. How I——"

He checked himself, he did not dare tell her how eagerly he had sought for her; when he began to speak he meant to do so, but somehow as he looked at her face, with its proud, self-restrained expression, he felt that it would be unsafe to venture so far.

"I went away quite suddenly," she replied; "I had to go to New York. I had seen an advertisement of a position that I thought would suit me—as companion. I stayed all Winter with the lady, but—well, I dare say it was my fault—I was not comfortable. Fortunately I heard of the post I now occupy—there, that is all."

These brief details hurt him; it hurt and shocked him, too, to find her in this position. Noble and generous and manly as he was, the training of his early life, his mother's pernicious counsels, had unavoidably left a certain effect, though they had produced no real injury upon his character, as would have been the inevitable result with a weaker nature.

He was thinking of that month they had spent in the same house together in the quiet Long Island retreat, whither he had strayed for a week's repose after the gayeties of Newport, which had wearied him with their monotonous round of petty excitements. The picturesque old farmhouse, which opened its doors during the Summer to receive a few sober people in search of sea-air and quiet, had attracted his fancy the moment he saw it. Then during the ramble along the beach which he hastened to make, he had come upon this beautiful woman, sitting on the rocks, and gazing out over the sunset sea. When supper-time came, he found, to his delight, that she was established in the same house; so no difficulties lay in the way of his speedily forming her acquaintance.

Kenneth Alderly was younger in feeling than most men who have led a petted, luxurious existence, such as his, and that month at Southside had been a new revelation to him. He fell in love with this Elinor Stuart, whose pale, delicate loveliness seemed to him the highest type of female beauty, slightly as it might have appealed to a less refined taste. He found her, if not extraordinarily accomplished, thoroughly educated, and with a mind so broad and deep, that even common subjects were lifted out of the commonplace by her clear judgment and the brilliant play of her fancy; and her manners possessed an inexpressible charm which could only be described by that ill-used word, fascinating.

He fell in love with her, and speedily recognized the fact, though he did not know how strong the feeling was until, when that golden month which carried him toward the end of September came to an end; he was unexpectedly called away for a season. He loved her, but in spite of his heart the teachings of his youth warned him that he ran a great risk. Here was a woman of whom he knew literally nothing—neither her antecedents nor connections; what would his mother's verdict be—what would the world say?

He was bitterly ashamed of these scruples, but they had an influence upon him; they surged up and sealed his lips more than once when the story of his love was upon them. He might try to excuse himself by urging that it was too soon; that he had no right to speak, no right to think that any wave from the emotion which surged in his soul had touched hers; but in reality it was those scruples which kept him silent; and he knew, too—though he accused himself of masculine vanity in thinking it—he knew that she cared.

Then the month ended, and his departure occurred so suddenly that there was no opportunity for a word. The telegram was so urgent, that he had to go by the first train—had barely time to reach the station. His farewells to her were uttered in the presence of others, and she had spoken kindly adieus, just as they did—a little paler, perhaps, than her wont, but perfectly calm and serene. He should be gone less than a week—he told her that over and over; he heard himself repeating the assurance with a sort of imbecile persistency, which haunted him afterward as the train bore him away, consumed by a feverish impatience that made the journey a torment.

Less than a week—he tried to find consolation by that reflection; but almost a month elapsed before he was able to return, and when he got there she had gone, and his after efforts to discover her proved unavailing.

All these memories, long as it takes to set them down, flashed with lightning speed through his mind, as she gave that brief account which held to his view a record of unavoidable misery, hopefully as she spoke—calmly as she uttered the closing words: "There, that is all."

"I think it is hard, very hard," he said, brokenly, confused by the quick rush of recollections which had shaken him.

"Ah, that is only because you view the matter from a different standpoint," she said, quietly. "You have always been very rich—even those quiet Southside people could gossip enough for me to learn that. Now, I had always been poor until that little legacy was left me. I had enjoyed it for only eighteen months."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, not well knowing what he said.

Elinor Stuart took a sudden resolution; he had expressed an interest in her welfare—well, she would tell him more about herself. She did not attempt to analyze the sentiment which impelled her to do this, but it was too strong to resist. She could not have told why, either, but she had a sort of proud satisfaction in doing it—if it caused him to feel that the social distinction between them was even greater than he had imagined, then the sooner he knew the whole truth the better.

"So, you see, I had not time to grow deeply wedded to my life of comparative ease," she continued, in a slow, clear voice. "My father was an obscure clergyman, but a man for any daughter to be proud of. He died when I was only ten. I lost my mother six years later, and with her the little annuity which had supported us. I had a very beautiful voice, and some kind friends raised a sum of money which enabled me to cultivate it, with the view of becoming a public singer. I went to Italy and stayed several years; just as I was hoping that my studies were nearly at an end, I caught a severe cold, which utterly ruined my voice."

"How hard, how hard!" he groaned; yet, even in the fullness of his sympathy, and it was great, the confession gave him a certain shock, he could not repress that.

"It was a terrible blow," she replied, quietly as ever. "I loved my art; I would rather have been a great singer than a queen! Well, just at that time, one of the kind friends who had helped me was taken ill and died. She had come to Europe, and I was with her at the last; she left me the little income which, as I told you, so soon took wings to itself."

She rose as she spoke; a strange change had come over her inwardly; she could not converse with him an instant longer, she must be alone.

"I—I'm afraid I have staid too long," he said, confusedly.

"No, it is I who am obliged to be unceremonious," she replied. "You know we working people cannot always command our time."

"And may I come again?" he asked.

"I shall be very glad to see you."

"To-morrow, then?"

"I am afraid not," she said, smiling. "You must not think me rude. I am a great deal occupied. Do you stop here for some time?"

"Oh, I am pretty sure to. I have been telling myself I wanted a month's quiet," he replied, with a reckless disregard of the truth, of which, however, he was oblivious; he had quite forgotten that he only proposed to stop three days.

She moved on down the path, and he had to follow; she walked so quickly, too, that he found no space to frame a sentence out of the appeals and wishes which filled his mind. They were in the hall, at the front door, and he had not spoken yet. Oh, he could not bear to go like this! Yet she stood, evidently expecting him to take his leave at once.

"Can't you be persuaded out for a stroll? There must be a lovely sunset," he said.

"Not to-night, thanks," she replied; "we are early people, it will soon be our tea-time."

Then a voice, which seemed to proceed from a crack in the dining-room door, interposed huskily:

"Miss Mosely ain't to hum yet, so you needn't hurry."

Then there was a strangled squeak, and the sound of retreating footsteps, and Miss Stuart laughed, saying:

"That is our handmaiden, Joanna; the advent of a stranger has upset her nerves."

He laughed, held her hand for an instant, then had to go. As he reached the foot of the porch-steps he turned and looked back, but Miss Stuart had already disappeared.

Chapter IX.

THE days glided on with a rapidity which fairly astounded Kenneth Alderly when he paused to notice the fact; but he seldom did that. We count every hour and moment when we are wretched, but let happiness overtake us, and we are all spendthrifts in regard to time's flight.

Some unexpected business occupied Mr. Gresham so constantly for a week, that he really found no leisure to consult with Kenneth about Florence Denham's affairs, and as their urgency was not pressing, he begged his guest to have patience, unless he were too much bored by the quiet.

Nearly a fortnight elapsed before the conclusion of those matters left Alderly without excuse for not continuing his journey, except such as might lie in his host's desire that he should remain, and his own readiness to do so. The first would have seemed no reason whatever in his mother's eyes, and the latter would have filled her with unbounded astonishment.

In spite of his being unusually occupied, Mr. Gresham managed to hold many long conversations with his guest, and the liking between the two men fast warmed into friendship.

Mr. Gresham had always believed that Mrs. Alderly meant to make a match between her son and Florence Denham, and as he grew acquainted with the young man, and recognized his sterling worth, the idea which had formerly been disagreeable to contemplate grew the very reverse, and it seemed to him that no marriage could be so fitting a culmination of the destiny of the charming girl, whom he regarded with a tenderness and affection of which its object had slight conception.

"Why shouldn't you stay till Florence comes?—she will be here now within the month," he said to his visitor, with a double intention in his speech. He wanted to keep Kenneth, and he felt confident that the fact of his remaining would be an inducement to Mrs. Alderly to allow Florence to pay him her long-promised visit, which he feared she might, at the last, find means of preventing. He knew her well enough to be aware that it was not easy to bring the astute lady to the end of her resources. When her imperious will was at fault, she could stoop to cajolery and cheating; was quite capable of taking to her bed and being given over by some accommodating physician, if she could not hinder her niece's departure in any other way. But if Alderly staid, there was no fear, and Mr. Gresham longed to have the two young people in his house together, dwelling upon the possibilities which might arise with a degree of enthusiasm that would have astonished even those who knew him best; for the practical man owned a vein of romance in his nature, which he kept as carefully concealed as if it were a defect, whereof he had reason to feel ashamed.

It required very little persuasion to make Alderly consent to stop on; even to await his young relative's arrival, if she did not delay too long. He wrote this news to his mother, and she was thoroughly satisfied. Florence should come in three weeks; the lady wished heartily that she could send her sooner, but they had made engagements which put this out of the question. Indeed, now there was an additional reason why she wanted her niece to go: she had had no idea of the extent of Mr. Gresham's fortune, and when Kenneth stated it in his letters she decided that dislike, pride, every consideration which, as a rule, was so potent with her, must go to the wall. In a matter where such great interests were at stake, the ordinary rules that regulated her conduct shriveled up before the golden prospects for Florence, which a due cultivation of her stepfather might open.

A million—and he was hale and hearty, as such odious creatures always were—quite capable of accumulating a second million—and it might all become Florence's and her son's—yes, surely Florence must go!

All the same, it was a struggle with her will; the fact that he had grown so rich made her hate Mr. Gresham more intensely than ever. If it had not been for this she would actually have proposed accompanying her niece, but she could not stoop so far. Besides, as she elected to believe that her dead sister's husband was filled with "hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness," any perception on his part of her plan would excite his obstinacy, and he would find a diabolical pleasure in opposing her.

After the matter of his staying had been settled between Mr. Gresham and himself, Alderly mentioned it during his next visit to Miss Stuart, which happened to be on the afternoon of the same day. Indeed, his appearance at the cottage, or meeting her in her walks, had grown diurnal occurrences; and in spite of the wise resolutions Elinor had formed when he first came again into her presence, she had not been able to deprive herself of the pleasure his society afforded, nor, had she wished, could she easily have found a pretext for doing so.

A SCENE ON THE RIVER-BANK.

Alderly had at once informed Mr. Gresham and his sister that he had discovered a former acquaintance in Miss Stuart—had spoken of her with a grave respect, as he might have done of a woman of Miss Gresham's own age; partly because it was so difficult to say anything without showing a suspicious enthusiasm, that his language and manners became so measured as to sound almost frigid; partly because the secret of his love was a secret so precious and sacred, that until he obtained the certainty that it was returned, it would have seemed profanation to allow any sign of its existence to become perceptible to others.

Miss Gresham had sought Elinor out soon after her arrival, and had shown her many little unostentatious kindnesses, but she was a shy, retiring woman, with slight faith that her companionship could be especially welcome to any young person, so she had made few advances toward familiar intercourse. Elinor had too much discernment not to perceive that this reticence sprang from timidity and a lack of self-esteem, instead of any petty, purse-proud feelings, and she liked and respected the quiet little lady.

Since Alderly came she had twice or thrice been invited to the house, and Mr. Gresham grew more than ever pleased with her; and the fact of these visits—of course known and generally commented on by the villagers—increased their respect for the schoolmistress, and did a good deal to prevent the rapid spread of certain whispers that had tried lately to make themselves heard in regard to the familiar terms upon which she had been with Will Hudson.

Nobody could have told exactly from what source the attempts at gossip had started, but they were in the air, and would very likely have soon grown strong enough to injure Elinor, save for the shield which this countenance by Mr. Gresham and his sister put between her and such evil. The reports waxed fainter and fainter, and seemed actually to have died without reaching the ears of Mrs. Mosely, an energetic body with a sharp tongue when roused, and who held her lodger in such affectionate respect—possessing the gift, not always bestowed upon people, whatever their rank in life, of recognizing a lady when she saw one—that she would undoubtedly have risen boldly in her defense, and perhaps done more harm than good by her indiscreet partisanship.

So three entire weeks passed, and Kenneth Alderly still found resolution to guard his lips in the fact that his cousin's visit was likely to prolong his stay indefinitely. He was very happy, in an excited, restless fashion, but now and then disturbing thoughts entered his mind, though he could not be said to dwell upon them. He could not help occasionally remembering how little he knew of this girl, to whom his heart had gone out so unreservedly, with a strength and passion which, until he met her, he had believed he should never feel. That she was in every way good and pure as she was lovely and gifted, he had no more doubt than that the sun shone in the heavens; but there was her whole past, of which he was ignorant; save the few rather vague details which she had once given, he knew literally nothing—of her birth, her childhood, the associations among which the later years had been spent—nothing.

These things would be strong arguments in his mother's hands when she learned the truth; and in any case, the fact that Elinor had once absolutely been studying for the stage—alone in a foreign land—would prove a blow which Mrs. Alderly's pride could scarcely withstand; a drawback,

too, Kenneth was well aware, in the eyes of the people among whom he lived.

But as much as possible he put these reflections by, and lived in the sunshine of the present. Elinor herself avoided thought, in a manner so foreign to her usual somewhat pitiless analyzing of her own personality and all matters connected therewith, that it was strange her own persistency did not rouse her to a sense of the risk she ran—but it did not! It so often happens with us poor mortals, that just when we most require the full aid of our boasted reason, it turns quiescent and torpid, and is far less useful than the instinct of our pet dog, whose claims to eternal life would seem as preposterous as our own do natural and reasonable.

It was the close of a beautiful June day; the children had come to school that afternoon with a plea, supported by their parents, that they should be set free at three o'clock, so as to have ample time for the enjoyment of some excursion which they had planned.

Elinor had been liberated from her duties an hour and a half earlier than usual, but, unfortunately for Kenneth Alderly, he had had no prescience that such would be the case, and he had ridden off to visit some spot of interest a good many miles away, expecting to return in season to have a glimpse of Elinor before her tea-time.

But the fates appeared decidedly against him, for in coming homeward he attempted to shorten his ride by taking a cross-path through a wood, missed the route, and did not find it for a long while; and when he did, discovered that his horse had cast a shoe. Of course this mishap delayed him still further, but luckily it happened just as he came out into the highway, close by a blacksmith's shop, and his conscience would not permit him to go on until the accident was remedied.

Elinor stopped in her room, and read and wrote till toward sunset. Mrs. Mosely had gone to a sewing-circle, where she would have her tea, flavored with a good deal of pleasant and exciting gossip, no doubt; so Miss Stuart, when she grew tired of stopping indoors, went down to persuade Joanna to give her some bread-and-milk, instead of waiting for the evening repast.

Mrs. Mosely would not have consented to such irregularity; that energetic body feeling it her duty to look sharply after her lodger's health, and not to be coaxed into allowing her to substitute what she would have termed "baby trash," in place of the solid food which, as she sensibly declared, "people that worked needed to put into their stomachs; for, whatever else you might trifle with, stomachs wasn't calculated to bear it."

But Joanna was less severe, and perhaps not sorry to be set free herself, in order to enjoy a little intercourse with a neighboring damsel, who was her most intimate friend. So Miss Stuart had her way, ate her bread-and-milk, and departed for a ramble toward the head of the valley.

There was a deep gorge here, through which that road ran that ascended a hill, whose summit afforded a magnificent view. A mountain brook ran brawling and foaming down the rocks, traversed the meadow below, and poured itself into the river.

It was a wild spot; once in the gorge, there appeared no more sign of human cultivation than if the place had been in the heart of a primeval forest, though it was scarcely half a mile distant from the village. Elinor often strolled hither, so seldom meeting any one, that no idea of fear crossed her mind. Nothing ever brought any of the men employed at the foundry or rolling-mill in this direction, and, indeed, if there had, Elinor would not have been alarmed by the encounter. Mr. Gresham's workpeople were famous for their orderly, sober habits, and Miss Stuart was so well-known among them, such a favorite with their children or young sisters, that she always received the most profound respect on all occasions.

She sat down and fell to thinking of matters which had forced themselves upon her during the past day or two; conscious that she had hitherto almost willfully put them aside, and gone on dreaming in a manner which, though it might have been excusable in many women, was wrong in her, considering the stern necessities of her life.

She loved Kenneth Alderly—she could not avoid that truth. She had reason to think that his feelings toward her went beyond a man's mere admiration for a woman, young and pretty. But would he have strength and courage to break through the prejudice of his education and caste, and ask her, a country school-teacher, without fortune or friends, to become his wife? She had no right to blame him; he had not made love to her. But she had been wrong to dream; he, too, ought to reflect that an episode in his life, perhaps soon to be forgotten, might cast a lasting shadow across hers.

She heard footsteps; looked up, and saw William Hudson approaching in the direction of the village. Elinor had for weeks resolutely put him and Madge out of her mind, believing that she was not likely to encounter either of them again, as Mrs. Mosely had told her the man had left the neighborhood, and found work in a distant place.

She saw that he seemed sober, and there was scarcely reason for alarm, as down behind the gorge, almost within calling distance, lived a charcoal-burner and his family, and they were certain, at this hour, to be at home. Hudson passed quite close to the spot where she sat, but without appearing to notice her; he walked on for a little way, then paused, hesitated a moment, and turned back. He came up to her, but she did not rise or speak—sat looking, with cold dignity, into his face.

"You needn't think I followed you," he said, in a sullen voice; "I'd been to see old Johnson, over on the mountain. It was only some business brought me to Laughton to day—I wouldn't ha' come if I could ha' helped—I hate the place and all about it, and you made me."

She rose in silence and moved toward the path which led to the charcoal-burner's shanty.

"Oh, you needn't go," he cried; "I ain't going to stop. I don't want to talk to you—I just mean to say this, though! Maybe I was wrong to talk the way I did that night, but you deserved it; you'd no call to treat me as if I was the dirt under your feet—a man has a right to be treated like a human being, even if he is poor and ignorant."

"Yes, when he behaves like a man," Elinor replied. "I think better of you even for this slight expression of regret. I hope the time may come, for your own sake, when your penitence will be complete."

"It won't!" he exclaimed. "It sha'n't! I know why you treated me so—'cause that fine city chap was coming! I'd ha' made him and you feel it, only Madge wrote me he didn't stay here long; so you lost him, after all."

Elinor walked quickly on; he did not offer to follow her. The sound of a horse's hoofs suddenly rang out along the steep path which descended the hill a little beyond. Kenneth Alderly came riding down the stony route. They could both see him on the narrow path above, but his back was toward them.

Elinor heard Hudson's step close beside her.

"So my gentleman hadn't gone!" he muttered. "Well, you wait, and you shall see which of us is the best fellow!"

At that instant the horse gave a sudden bound, frightened by a dog that ran barking across the path. Kenneth

had let the bridle drop loosely over his arm while lighting a cigar; the horse dashed on furiously; the projecting branch of a tree struck his rider so violent a blow on the chest that he reeled in the saddle; the movement caused him to lose the rein.

The frightened beast leaped forward, round a curve where the path narrowed perilously—to the right the steep hill, to the left an almost sheer precipice of many feet.

Without uttering a cry, Elinor started to run; Will Hudson caught her arm, hissing in her ear:

"You do love him! Well, let him be killed—let him!"

He held her fast; nerved by a fairly superhuman strength, she shook him off, exclaiming:

"So you are not content—you do mean to be a murderer, after all!"

She flew on with the might of despair; she could see the snorting, rearing horse, see Kenneth trying to recover his seat. He would be killed—killed before her eyes—oh, ages seemed to pass in the brief seconds it required to traverse the space which separated them!

Will Hudson hesitated. A score of devils fought with him, invisible hands appeared holding him back, but Elinor Stuart's agonized moan had roused his conscience too far for the demons to conquer.

"A murderer!" he groaned. "No, I can't be that!"

He, too, sprang forward; then he saw Elinor reappear on the other side of the thicket; she was in the narrow road, in front of the horse, who swerved at her approach, and plunged up the hill. Alderly had been quite stunned for a moment; faint and blind, he was catching at the pommel for support. The dizziness lessened as Elinor seized the bridle; he snatched at it, too, extricated his feet from the stirrups, and jumped down. With such strength as he had left he aided Elinor in tying the strap about a tree-trunk; the horse's fright subsided as suddenly as it had come, and he stood quite still.

It was all over before Will Hudson could cross the thicket; he saw Alderly totter, and then lean against a projecting rock. Hudson walked away and disappeared in the wood. Elinor saw him go—she had seen, too, the movement he made to rush to her assistance.

Alderly was obliged to sit down for a few moments; the blow had been so violent that the blood was flowing from his nostrils, and a deathly sickness succeeded the faint sensation.

Elinor ran to the brook, filled Kenneth's felt hat with water, gave him some to drink, and then bathed his forehead with her wet handkerchief.

"It is nothing," he said, at length. "I am not hurt, I was stunned for a while. I should have been killed but for you. Elinor! Elinor! will you share the life you have saved? It isn't any news to hear that I love you! It can't be! Elinor, do you care—will you be my wife?"

(To be continued.)

MANITOBA.

MANITOBA, a few years ago, was a sort of Transvaal; and the population, made up of the descendants of Lord Selkirk's colony—French Canadians and Boisbrulés, or Half-breeds—were little disposed to submit to Canadian rule. It required an armed force under Sir Garnet Wolseley to subdue them and enforce submission. Manitoba, which in 1864 was inhabited only by trappers and Montagnais Indians, and which, in 1870, had a total population of only 12,000, has now increased to 70,000, while Winnipeg since 1871 has increased from a place of 400 inhabitants to a city of 10,000, with fine, large stores and handsome dwellings; the favorite building material being white brick, which are made on the spot. During the Summer of 1880 between 300 and 400 buildings have been erected, and $1,000,000 have been spent in building, of which amount $100,000 have been used in putting up churches and educational institutions. There are no large manufactories of any kind, but there are several saw-mills and a foundry of sufficient size to meet all the demands of the place. The growth of Manitoba has been healthy, and though rapid, has not been too great; immigrants having come in no faster than they could be cared for. The people who have moved into the country are mostly Canadian farmers, though there are a few of English birth, and, as a rule, all are prosperous and contented.

THE ESCAPE OF OJEDA.

AMONG the companions of Columbus, whose adventures form such a romantic part of our early history, none is more brilliant than Alonzo de Ojeda, a regular Catholic Roundhead, always ready to pray or fight, a man undaunted in danger, making a bold front to any number of foes, and never yielding.

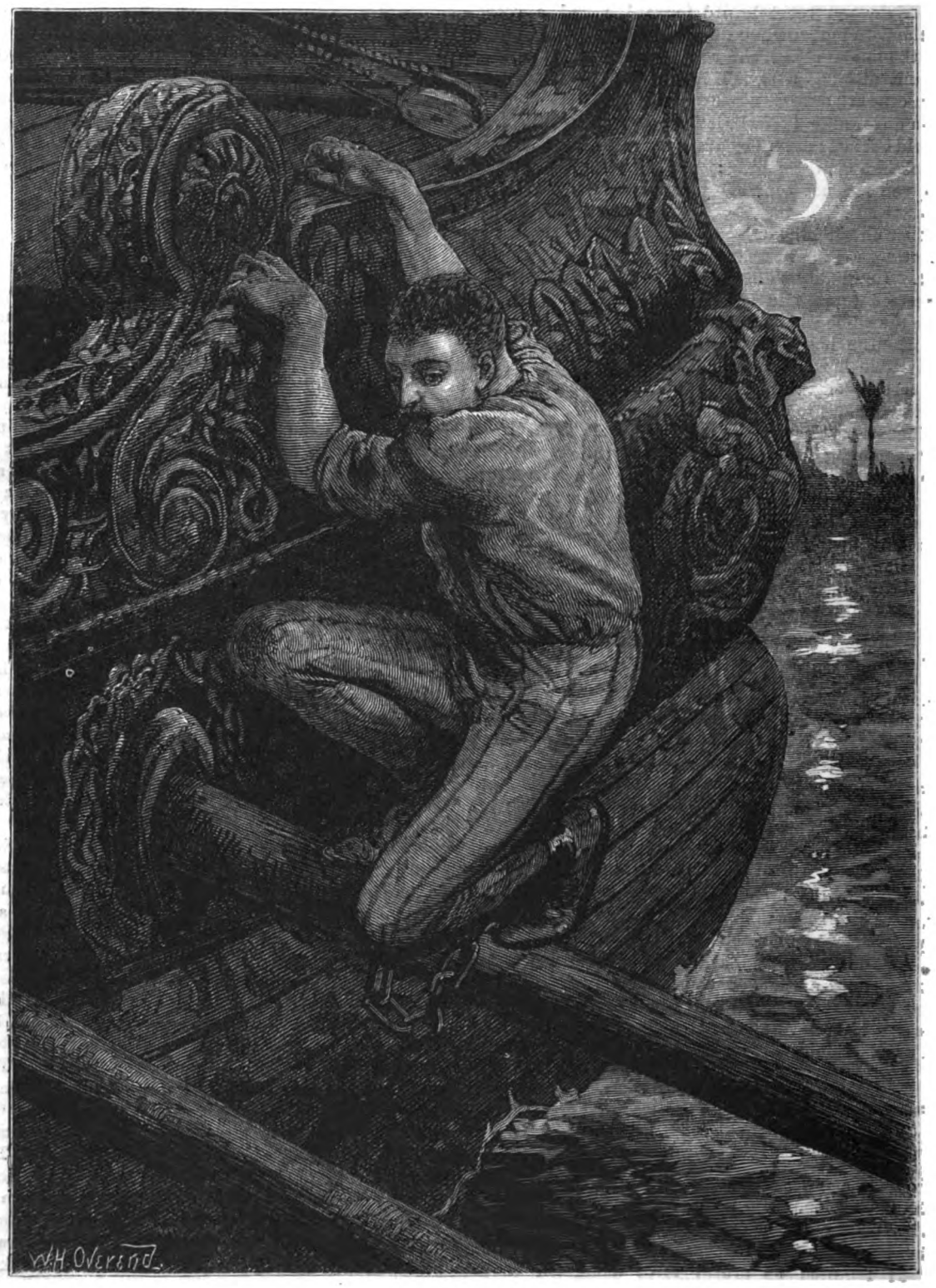
In 1500 he was on the coast of Paria. Then we find him with a large grant in Hispaniola. Then he set out to colonize Coquibacoa, and with two associates and a well-equipped fleet reached Cumana. Here he began a settlement, but his associates were discontented. They lured him on a vessel and put him in irons, to carry him as a prisoner to Spain. While the vessel lay at anchor off the western coast of the Island of Santo Domingo, a stone's throw from the land, Ojeda, confident in his strength and skill as a swimmer, let himself quietly slide down the side of the ship into the water, during the night, and attempted to swim for the shore. His arms were free, but his feet were shackled, and the weight of his irons threatened to sink him. He was obliged to shout for help. A boat was sent from the vessel to his relief, and the unfortunate governor was taken back, half drowned, to his unrelenting partners. A litigation followed, in which he was condemned, and though the King reversed the sentence, he was utterly ruined.

Some years later, with Juan de la Cosa, he obtained a grant on the Isthmus of Darien, but his rash invasion led to the destruction of his whole party, including the great pilot, Juan de la Cosa. An expedition under a rival, Nicuesa, soon after reached the coast. In a tangled and almost impervious cluster of mangrove-trees they caught a glimpse of a man in Spanish attire. To their astonishment, they found it to be Alonzo de Ojeda. He was lying on the matted roots of the mangroves, his buckler on his shoulder, his sword in his hand, but so wasted with hunger and hardship that he could not speak. They revived him at last, and listened with wonder to his amazing story of his escape to the coast.

Still undaunted, he raised a new force, and founded the city of San Sebastian, and held it against the Indians, often sallying forth to punish their attacks. In these operations he was ever in the van. He slew more Indian warriors with his single arm than all his followers together. Though often exposed to showers of arrows, none ever wounded him, and the Indians began to think he had a charmed life. They then made him the sole object of their attack, and drew him into an ambuscade. Three arrows struck his buckler and glanced off harmlessly, but a fourth, dipped in poison, pierced his thigh. With a yell of triumph the savage foe vanished, certain that he would now expire in agony. But Ojeda ordered a red-hot iron

to be applied to each side of the wound, never shrinking or groaning during the frightful operation.

San Sebastian was then beleaguered more fiercely than ever, till relieved by a piratical craft and party under Talavera, who finally carried Ojeda off. They fell at last into the hands of justice, and Ojeda, for bearing witness against them, exposed himself to their vengeance. They attacked him one night on Santo Domingo, but Ojeda displayed his usual spirit. Setting his back against a wall and drawing his sword, he defended himself admirably against the whole gang, and not only drove them off, but pursued them through street after street.



THE ESCAPE OF OJEDA.

Full of religious feeling, he bore with him amid all his dangers a painting of the Mother of the Redeemer, and dying asked to be buried at the portal of a Franciscan church, that all might trample on his grave.

HANGING HIGHWAYS.— MONKEYS THE FIRST ENGINEERS OF A SUSPENSION BRIDGE.— SEE PAGE 595.

HYMN OF THE TREES.

METHOUGHT I heard the leaflets ring
Sweet chimes of praise:
Again I heard the bare boughs sing
The self-same lays:
Would God that I through youth and age,
Through weal and woe,
When suns do shine and storms do rage,
Might praise Him so!

Out of the starless night
Cometh the day;
All the world groweth bright
With the sun's ray:
While the day waketh praise ye the Lord!

Noon gilds the flow'ry land,
All nature sings;
Weep not when night's at hand—
Night morning brings.
While the sun shineth praise ye the Lord!

If the sun setteth soon,
Autumn be here,
Halos surround the moon,
Leaflets are sere—
While the earth dieth praise ye the Lord!

When Winter's silver mist,
With chilling breath,
All the bare trees has kiss't
Softly in death,
While the earth sleepeth praise ye the Lord!

JACK OF CLUBS.

"MY dear Jack, I tell you you are a fool not to go in and win; why, any one can see the game is yours, if you will but lay down the trump card. What! Who ever heard of Jack of Clubs not winning the Queen of Diamonds, if he was a trump?—and you are that, lad! Suppose the girl is an heiress, she is none the less a woman for that; and I hold, with the immortal bard—

"'That man who hath a tongue, I say is no man,
If with that tongue he cannot win a woman.'

Fancy what a place this is to be owner of! and what a woman! Why, man! without her money, she would still be the most lovely and lovable creature in existence."

"That's just it, Phil. If it were not for the cursed money, I would be eager to try my fortune; but I prefer my pet name of Jack of Clubs to that of fortune-hunter. Besides, even were she to wed me, I doubt the prospect of our future peace—for my wife must hold it honor to obey, and our queenly Kate has never yet had her will curbed."

"The more likely," said Phil, "she will enjoy the new sensation of having a master. Believe me, a woman is never truly happy until she has found 'her king, her governor.' But come, Jack; begin to dress—the first dressing-bell has rung a long time since. We are to be a large party to-night—so pray put your hair straight, and with just a suspicion of carefulness."

"Nonsense, Phil; those who don't like me, can leave me. You fellows dress carefully enough, heaven knows, to excuse any apparent negligence on my part. I'll be after you in two ticks. I know you are longing to resume your chat with Conny Power. The dressing-bell interrupted it just as it was becoming interesting."

At the crowded table, later on, Phil Demmings shook his head severely as his friend the artist, Jack Henderson, lounged leisurely in, late, as usual; and, as usual, looking as if he thought valets vanity, and a dress-suit a real vexation of spirit.

He tumbled his rough dark head with his hand, as his hostess—a lovely woman, absurdly young to hold such a position as that of first lady of her county, which dignity she held by virtue of her domineering will, her love of hunting, and her marvelous pluck, so that she was universally styled by the squires of the county "their queen"—motioned him to a seat by her side. Never had a woman such a splendid seat on horseback, or such wonderful courage in difficulties or danger, as this second Helen. Then the was so young, rich, lovely, and all that was desirable, that she had her will in all things but one, and that one made her coquettish heart ache. She could not make Jack of Clubs—as he was named, through owning no home but such as the public homes of gentlemen commanded—her slave. She could not make poor, proud, stubborn, plain-faced, clever Jack bend the knee in homage to her sovereign power. Even now that she had kept the seat of honor for him, he stepped into it ungratefully, offering no apology for his tardy appearance, but, as his hostess spitefully thought, sat sipping his soup like a bear; and Jack smiled grimly to see the cloud he had planted on her fair forehead.

She seemed determined that evening to subdue him, for before they said good-night, she made him lead her out on to the moonlit balcony, and plied him with such witchery that he had to assume his most surly manner to disarm her charms.

The next day was devoted to skating; and, as Jack said he did not care about going, he was left at home to sketch in peace. He found the face of his fair hostess creep in between him and his work, so he amused himself by making pretty little sketches of her—sketches which would have gone far toward healing the wound on her vanity his coldness had inflicted, could she have seen them; but now she was from pique endangering all future happiness.

Finding she could not induce Jack to leave his work for her sweet sake, she consoled herself by flirting shamefully with an empty-headed, good-looking earl. Truly, as Tennyson has said, "the earl was fair to see," but, beyond that, he was or should have been a myth; but, somehow, to-day his foppery pleased her—perhaps because it was so great a contrast to the man her heart hungered for. At any rate, his straw-colored lordship had to-day his own way with the fair lady, of whom, notwithstanding his admiration and tender liking for her, he stood considerably in awe.

"She had such a deuced fierce tongue, don't you see."

At any rate, to-day her tongue was not fierce, and the earl found courage to ask her for her hand. In amazed silence, she heard him out, then said, coolly:

"I like your impudence so well (mind, it's the only thing I like about you), that I'll accept you, on one condition; and that is, that if I find, during our engagement, I can't stand your nonsense, you'll let me off easily."

He agreed, so she returned discontentedly to the house, determined to startle Jack into some acknowledgment of her power by the announcement of her engagement. She found him in the picture-gallery, fast asleep.

"Such a romantic situation," she observed, as he awoke, just in time to rescue his best sketch of her from the flames.

She said:

"What do you think I have done to-day, Mr. Henderson? I have engaged myself to be married."

"What?" said Jack, startled out of his usual caution. "Oh; then I suppose you were about to burn that

sketch, considering that I had been poaching on my neighbor's preserves?"

"How bitterly you speak! Does my news vex you?"

"Vex! Bless the woman, why should it? I'm heartily glad. This will put an end to the army of martyrs who are continually flinging themselves beneath your chariot-wheels. Who is the happy man?"

"The Earl of Noreleigh."

"Impossible! You could not marry such a noodle."

"Sir!" exclaimed Kate.

"I beg your pardon; but surely, now, a woman of your age—I believe you're thirty—would have too much sense to accept that noodle of a boy. Even though he can give you a title, I pity you—upon my soul, I do; for, as I live, I believe you'll shoot him ere the honeymoon is ended."

With hot cheeks and indignant eyes, Kate flew from the room in such a rage that, as her maid said, it was as much as one's place was worth to dare even to sneeze before her.

A few days later a ball was given in honor of the distinguished betrothal; and at its close, a fearful scene, which afterward became matter of history in those parts for generations, took place.

Kate Minton's robe caught fire, and she, fringed by flame, flew about amidst the crowd like a firebrand.

Her noble lover shrank from her wild despair with fear; while she, in agony, rushed into the conservatory, where Jack was making a moonlight sketch.

"Save me! save me, Jack!" shrieked Kate Minton.

In a few short seconds his manly arms and ready will subdued all danger, and she lay, a panting, painful wreck, upon his honest breast.

No need to doubt then the fervor of his love, as in agonized entreaty he called her from the gate of death to life by the pure strength of his devotion, and she, poor weary heart, heard and was happy.

A few weeks later, looking very weak and ill, she tottered into his studio, and said, with eyes downcast and lips which quivered like a timid child's:

"Please, Jack, will you have the goodness to marry me? You see, you saved my life, so 'tis fairly yours; and, if you refuse, I really don't see what I can do with it. My only employment of late has been ill-treating the earl, who has proved Tennyson a falsifier, for he really is far from fair to see when out of temper; and, oh, Jack! he just was out of temper when I told him I was coming to ask you to marry me."

Jack had stood spellbound while she spoke; now he came forward, and taking her hands in his, said, in a tone of surprised emotion:

"Do you know what you are saying, Kate? Is this some cruel jest to try my patience? Before heaven, I would rather die than you should make sport of my deep devotion for you; for, indeed, I do love you, but am so poor, my sweet, I never dared hope to win you. If you mean all you have said, come here and kiss me of your own sweet will. See, I am athirst for the dew of those sweet lips. What! coming, Kate? Then now, indeed, is your ugly boy rewarded for the kicks and lack of half-pence fortune has cast at him for so many years."

Kate, thinking surrender but half complete, or finding the new mastery of his tone refreshing after the surfeit she had received of homage, rendered him truest obedience, saying:

"Jack, could you take me if I said I came with no other dower save my true-love?"

"Could I, Kate? Try me, my darling."

A sudden glad light sprang into his fine eyes. It was not that he did not find money enjoyable—who does not? but the blessed hope came to him that he might benefit his wife instead of she him. So too quickly the fire died out of his eyes as she answered, strangely moved by his glad look:

"No, Jack, I cannot try you, but heaven will, for riches are but sent as trusts from heaven in bondage to hell. Dearest, we'll share life's duties together, and in them you'll forget you were ever Jack of Clubs."

HANGING HIGHWAYS.

By Arthur V. Abbott.

The traveler in the forests of the upper Amazon often finds his onward progress barred by one of the numerous tributaries of the mighty river. The stream is too wide to leap, too deep to ford, and its dark and sullen waters so suggestive of concealed snakes and alligators as to render a plunge beneath its surface anything but attractive. While he seeks some more agreeable means of transit, there appears in the treetops a wandering tribe of monkeys, who now find themselves in the same predicament, and to judge by the chattering that ensues, are considerably more disturbed; for even the proverbial antipathy to water manifested by the feline race is far exceeded by the detestation with which the monkeys regard that fluid, and it is only at the last extremity that one will venture into it.

What is to be done is certainly a most momentous question; and while the younger members are, with all the officiousness of youth, each advocating a different plan, the old chief assumes the office of engineer-in-charge, and after carefully reconnoitering the banks of the stream, selects a tree having, high up among its branches, a strong projecting limb overhanging the water. This tree is chosen with much skill, so as to stand as nearly as possible opposite a similar one on the other side, also furnished with an over-reaching branch. A shrill call from the chief puts a summary period to the clatter of the infants, and summons the entire tribe to the chosen tree. Taking his place on a convenient limb, he commences an operation usually supposed to call forth all the knowledge of the human race—the construction of a suspension bridge.

Selecting a number of the strongest members of the tribe, the leader directs one of them to climb out on the overhanging limb, and by means of his tail and hindlegs to suspend himself, head downward, from its very end. Creeping cautiously over number one, a second monkey advances, and in a like manner hangs himself from the head and shoulders of the first. Another and another follow, until, from the sustaining branch, there depends a living string long enough to span the narrow stream. Now comes the difficult part, wherein the aged chief must exercise all his skill, or he will never bridge, with his animated rope, even so narrow a brook. The last monkey of the chain gives a push against the tree, setting the whole line in oscillation, and, just as in a swing, a series of well-timed impulses causes the swinger swiftly to glide through the air; so a series of pushes against the tree at last enable the end monkey to seize fast hold of the projecting branch opposite, and, behold! a living way stretches over the dark water.

A squeal of triumph and applause from the monkeys in the tree announces the success of the enterprise, and then, one by one, the whole tribe passes over, until, at last, the old chief, like a ship's captain, the last to leave, finds himself alone, and sedately crosses. With a hearty shove the terminal monkey releases his arboral abutment, and with

a swing and a bound the living bridge scampers off through the treetops.

After such a scene, the invention of the suspension bridge can scarcely be claimed by the human race as an original idea, unless, according to Mr. Darwin's theory, we are willing to admit at least a distant relationship with the more advanced primates. However this may be, the use of suspended bridges of various kinds is so ancient that its origin is entirely obscured in the mists of the past; for it is found that the aborigines of India and South America were familiar with such structures long before the discovery of their countries by Europeans; though it has not been until within the last half-century that the development of iron and steel has rendered possible such structures as now span the Niagara and the Ohio, giving to the suspension bridge its perfect development.

PRIMITIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGES—A BRIDGE IN CEYLON.

It would be difficult to find more curious or interesting specimens of primitive bridge architecture than some which at present span the gorges of the Andes; and of all, perhaps, "The Bridge of Twigs" is the most unique. Out of the flexible palm-branches a long, narrow, cradle-shaped structure is woven, and supported on either side of the stream by a rough pile of stones, forming, while it lasts, a bridge that is far stronger and stiffer than one would have supposed it possible to construct out of such materials. The early bridge-builders of Honduras have certainly, according to our illustration, taken a hint from the monkey engineer, and selected for their abutments two trees conveniently placed on either side of the stream to be spanned. Across two accommodating branches ropes of palm-fibre are stretched, the ends being made fast to the branches or trunks of the neighboring trees. From the cables so constructed a roadway, interwoven of rope and twigs, is suspended, and the whole structure is rendered complete by the addition, on either side, of a ladder, giving to those desiring to cross some facility for ascending to the platform level. From our illustration of a Cingalese bridge it will be seen that a similar method of suspending the roadway has there been adopted.

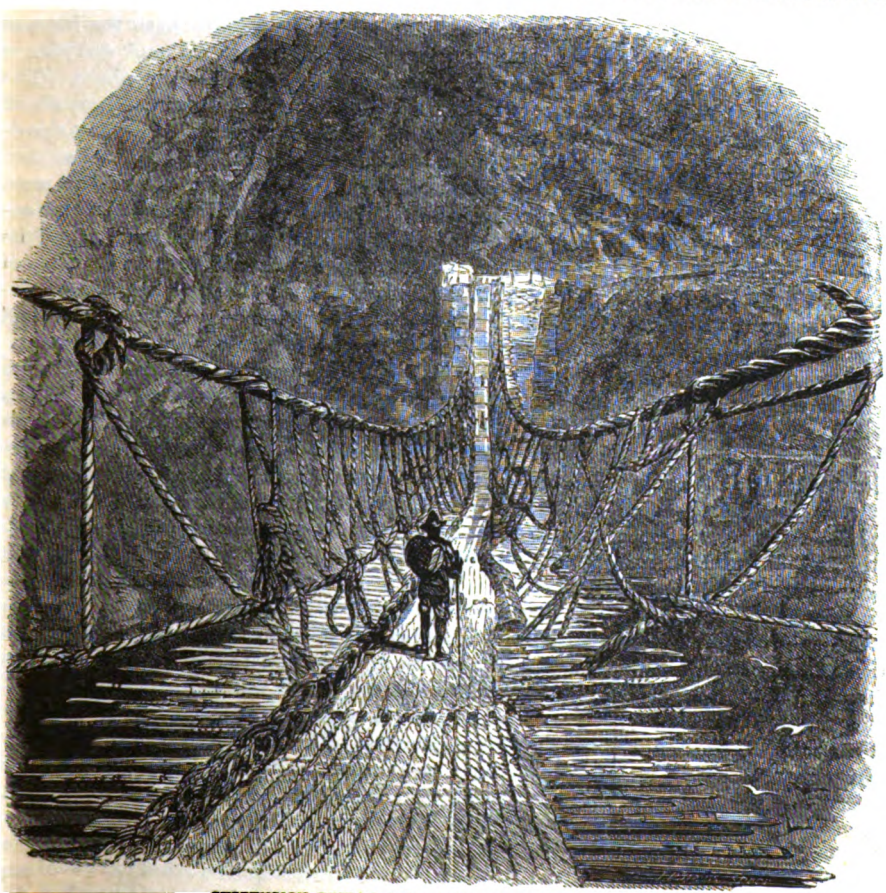
There are in the Andes of Peru a number of bridges, some of them having considerable span, built entirely out of rawhide. The bridge over the Pampas River is one of the largest and best examples of such structures. From the general view it is seen that the bridge spans the river at a considerable height, extending from the rocky cliffs that line the shores. On either side are erected two large piles of stone, that serve as anchorage for the leather cables, and sustain the entire weight of the bridge and load. A nearer view reveals the fact that the cables are composed of four ropes of twisted rawhide, two large

PRIMITIVE SUSPENSION BRIDGES—A BRIDGE IN HONDURAS.

ones extending across at some distance above the roadway, while beneath and nearly on its level, are stretched two smaller ones. Woven between these extends a system of raw-hide braces, thus making a stiff support for the narrow roadway of slats, barely wide enough for two men to pass, that is suspended beneath them. Such structures are only possible for very short spans where the travel is very light, and being made of such perishable materials, they only endure for a few years.

Three things are requisite to the successful completion and permanence of a suspension bridge. The entire roadway, with all the load that can ever be brought on it, is hung from chains or cables; hence, for their construction, it is necessary to secure the strongest and lightest possible material. If a rope be fastened between two points, and allowed to hang in a long curve, there is little or no strain produced in it beyond the weight of the rope. If, however, the slack be gradually hauled in,

SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PAMPAS RIVER, PERU.



SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE PAMPAS RIVER, PERU.

it is found that the strain very rapidly increases as the rope approaches the horizontal, and that even the strongest material cannot withstand the necessary strain required to pull it to a perfectly straight line. This is just the case in a suspension bridge. Not only must the cables be strong enough to hold the weight of the loaded platform, but they must be strong enough to resist the stretching force necessary to make the bridge span the opening it is intended to cross. Theoretically, almost any material would answer, provided a sufficient quantity were taken; yet practically, only the strongest iron and steel can be used with any success, especially in long spans. If other material be used, the cables, from increased size, become so bulky and clumsy as to be unmanageable.

In the early days of English suspension-bridge building, it was customary to use very large and heavy iron chains for cables. In moderate spans, where the traffic over the

bridge was very light, these chain-cables answered quite well; but for large structures, subjected to severe usage, they were found to be inadequate, as it was almost impossible to obtain a chain several hundred feet long, in which all the links should be perfectly sound and strong, and free from all defects due to the welding necessary to make the chain. Again, the oval links usually composing a chain must contain considerably more metal than is actually necessary to resist the strain which the chain is intended to bear. This extra metal is necessary to give the links sufficient stiffness, and prevent them from closing under the strain, and pinching together so tightly as to convert the previously flexible chain into a solid rod. These objections soon proved almost fatal to the use of chains as suspending cables, and it became necessary to devise some other method.

The experiment was tried of building cables of enormous iron links, each composed of a flat bar of iron, about an inch thick, eight or ten inches wide, and ten or twelve feet long, having forged at either end a large eye. The necessary metal section to meet the strain coming on the cable could be obtained by placing a series of such links side by side, while a chain of any length could be made by placing a number of such series end to end, and connecting them by a pin passed through the previously mentioned eye. Such an arrangement works quite well, and at present there are a number of bridges in Europe built on this plan. Curiously, however, large bars of metal are much weaker in proportion to their size than smaller ones. For example, an iron bar one inch square generally requires about 50,000 pounds to break it, while a bar that is four inches square will break at about 40,000 pounds per square inch. Conversely fine wire will stand 75,000 to 80,000 pounds per square inch before breaking. It was soon found that the large link cables were expensive to build and inconvenient to manage, on account of the great weight of metal.

Taking advantage of the superior strength of iron wire, all the modern bridges have been built by weaving together a great number of fine wires, generally a little smaller than ordinary telegraph wire, so as to make a cable of any desired size. By this means a perfectly flexible rope of iron, having all the extra strength of wire, and of any length, can easily be made.

The next consideration of importance is some method of securely fastening the cables, so that they shall not pull apart, and drop the bridge and its load into the water beneath. When the shores of the stream are composed of a firm, hard rock, this is a comparatively easy matter, for all that is necessary is to excavate on either side a number of large, deep holes, called anchorage tunnels. The wires of each cable are made fast to a large spider-shaped plate of cast iron, called the anchor-plate, which is placed at the bottom of its anchorage tunnel, and then the entire hole is filled with a mixture of broken stone and mortar, so as to cement the cable and anchor-plates fast, and make them part and parcel of the surrounding rock. Where there exists no such natural rock it is necessary to construct a large pile of masonry, into which the cables are fastened in a similar manner, and which must be large and heavy enough to resist, by its dead weight, the pulling action of the cables.

It is usually impossible to set the anchorage high enough to give the cables the requisite slack, without allowing the roadway to fall at too low a level. To avoid this difficulty it is usual to carry the cables over the tops of high towers, set as near as possible to the river's edge. By this means the cables are elevated sufficiently to allow them to hang in a graceful curve, giving the least possible stress. The entire weight of the cables, bridge, and load rests, on the tops of the towers, which in the case of long spans require to be two or three hundred feet high. So it is essential to have them built in the strongest possible manner. Furthermore, it is necessary to support the cables on rollers where they cross the tops of the towers; for if they were made fast to the summit the variations produced by temperature and unequal loading would subject the tower to strains that would soon cause its destruction.

The general characters of suspension bridges are admirably shown in our illustration of the Charles Albert Bridge, which, stretching through the air like the web of some immense arachnid, spans, with its iron threads, one of the deepest gorges of the Savoy Alps. On either side, as near to the brink as is consistent with safety, stand the two stone supporting towers, sufficiently high to allow the wire cables to hang in an easy curve. Crossing the tower-tops, the cables run down to their rocky anchorages, the entrances to the tunnels being protected from the attacks of rain and snow by two little sheds, best seen on the left of the picture. In the centre, slightly arched to give stiffness, hangs from the cable by its wire suspenders the platform or roadway of the bridge.

One of the most curious of modern structures is the Uri Suspension Bridge, in Switzerland. It is simply a bridge intended for foot-passengers, so that a level roadway is not essential; and as on either side there stood, fresh from the chisel of the glacier, two natural towers in primitive rock-work, strong enough to hold any amount of pull, the ends of the cables were simply made fast to the natural abutments, the roadway being directly fastened to and following the curve that they assumed.

The wide rivers of America afford a better opportunity for the development of bridge architecture, especially in the direction of suspension bridges, than any other country; so here, in our own land, we have the longest spans, placed in more difficult situations, and carrying a heavier traffic, than anywhere else on the globe. The railway suspension bridge over the Niagara River, about three miles north of the Falls, is one of the finest specimens. This bridge was constructed in 1854, when but little iron was made in this country, in one of the most difficult situations, against all the advice of the best engineering talent of both Europe and America; and its successful completion, and endurance for nearly a third of a century of the heaviest traffic of one of the largest railways, is the most lasting testimony to the wonderful skill and ability of its engineer, the late Mr. John A. Roebling.

North of the Falls the Niagara River cuts its way through a rocky gorge, nearly 250 feet deep. On either side two stone towers, some 80 feet in height and 821 feet apart, are erected to support the four cables that carry the bridge. These cables are ten and a quarter inches in diameter, and are made of small iron wire, about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, having a breaking strain of 1,600 pounds, each cable containing 540 wires, making in all 2,160 wires in the bridge. There are two roadways, the upper one carrying the railway track, while the lower one is used for carriages and foot-passengers. In order to guard against accident, the cables are fastened to each roadway by wire rope suspenders, set every five feet, and between the roadways is constructed a system of trussing that rigidly connects together all parts. This double roadway acts like an immense beam, and makes the bridge very stiff.

In 1877 a very careful examination was made of all parts of the Niagara Bridge, in order to ascertain whether or not, during its twenty-five years of existence, it had deteriorated. The most minute investigation failed to reveal any defect attributable to age, with the exception of a few

wires in one cable, which from some leakage in the anchorage tunnel had been exposed to moisture, and were somewhat rusted. These have been replaced, and at the same time a few good ones were removed and tested, and found to be as strong as on the day they were laid. Since the completion of the bridge the rapid extension of railway travel has led to a great increase in the number, size and weight of the trains that daily cross, above that which the structure was designed to bear. To meet this demand, and render the structure perfectly safe in the future, an extra set of anchor fastenings have been skillfully introduced, and the old wooden bracing has been replaced by one of the most modern steel trusses, and now the Niagara Bridge stands stronger than ever. If its past is any assurance of the future, it bids fair, through many centuries, to stand a monument of America's early engineering.

A story, perhaps more pretty than true, is related of the way by which Mr. Roebling first succeeded in carrying a rope over the river. No boat could live in the boiling water beneath, and for some time the problem seemed almost insoluble, until one day a runaway kite suggested an idea, and the next windy day beheld a grand kite-flying match on the banks of the Niagara, under the stimulus of a promised five-dollar gold-piece to the boy who should first waft his kite to the Canada shore. Who the happy youth was, history saith not, but doubtless that evening some one was fortunate enough to go home with weighty pockets, and a mightier sense of the dignity of having spanned the Niagara.

In order to accommodate the visiting travel at Niagara, there was built, in 1868, a light suspension bridge, intended only for foot-passengers and carriages. This structure is only a short distance from the Falls, and is generally known by the name of the "New Bridge." The span is 1,268 feet from centre to centre of towers, being at present the longest single span in the world—though the completion of the East River Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, will deprive it of that glory, as the latter, with its span of 1,600 feet, will exceed the former by nearly a third of its own length. The "New Bridge," being only intended for very moderate travel, is made much smaller and lighter than the railway structure. The stone towers are here replaced by light tressle supports of wood. Instead of four cables of straight, even wire, there are here only two, made of seven strands of wire rope; and the roadway is a narrow wooden platform about ten feet wide, strengthened by a light wooden truss. In fact, so narrow is the bridge, that two carriages cannot conveniently pass—and so, for a time, all the travel has to move in one direction, while on the other side the waiting unfortunates are compelled to stand until their turn comes to have the bridge all to themselves. When the bridge was first completed, much trouble was experienced from winds blowing along the river; for the roadway was so light, that even a moderate breeze tilted it up on one side, making the crossing anything but agreeable, not to say dangerous. This difficulty has to a great extent been remedied by attaching a series of under-floor guys, extending from various points on the lower side of the platform, and secured to the rocky shore beneath. Our small illustration gives some idea of the way in which the roadway is suspended. Along the cable at equidistant points are attached a number of iron bands having a strong iron pin passed through the under side. The wire-rope suspenders are furnished at one end with a pail-shaped socket, through the bail of which is thrust the pin of the cable-band, while, by means of a screw and nut, the lower end is made fast to the wooden frame of the truss.

In the bridges so far examined, only the central portion of the cables, extending between the two towers, has been utilized for sustaining the roadway; while, after crossing the tower-tops, the cables simply run down to the anchorages. The Cumberland River Bridge, at Nashville, Tenn., presents a good example of the plan of building the towers as near as possible on the river-brink, and then carrying the cables some distance back before entering the anchorages, in order to employ the short space thus obtained in bridging part of the entire distance. There are many advantages in this method; very long, unbroken spans are to be avoided, as they are difficult and expensive to construct, and are much more subject to injury from vibration, winds, etc. Again, by their means the whole length of the cable is utilized, and the short spans on either side help to balance the long centre one, and materially assist the anchorages by relieving them of part of the load they would otherwise have to sustain. The Cumberland River Bridge has a centre span of 650 feet, and a roadway 23 feet wide, consisting of a carriage-way in the centre, with footpaths on either side.

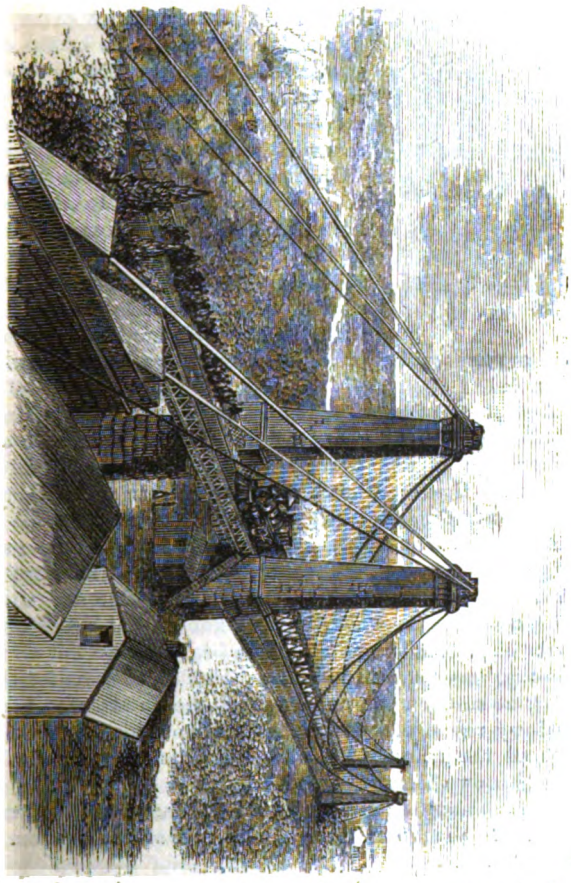
Probably the finest suspension bridge now existing is the Covington and Cincinnati Suspension Bridge, which spans the Ohio at Cincinnati, and was built by John A. Roebling in 1869. The towers of this structure are immense piles of limestone masonry, 200 feet high, and 86 broad, by 52 wide at the base. Above the roadway the towers are pierced by a lofty arch, enabling all the travel of the bridge to pass directly through them. From centre to centre of towers the main span is 1,057 feet, while each of the side spans is 281 feet, making a total length of suspended work of 1,619 feet, or about a third of a mile. There are two cables, each 12½ inches in diameter, consisting of 7 strands, containing 740 wires, one-sixth of an inch in diameter, thus giving a total of 10,360 wires. Every wire is regarded as having a tensile strength of 1,700 pounds, so that the ultimate strength of the cables would be about 9,000 tons. The cables on either side run down into solid piles of masonry, which act both as anchorages and as approaches to the bridge. Here the cables are made fast to a long chain of iron bars that, running down 50 feet under the surface, are fastened to the large spider-shaped anchor-plates. On the tower-tops the cables are placed in immense circular iron coatings, called saddles, which rest on steel rollers, so as to allow them to move backward and forward over the tower. By this means the expansion and contraction of the cable in Summer and Winter, and the effect of varying loads, is provided for, so as not to bring injurious stresses on the masonry. The platform of the bridge, extending at a height of 100 feet above the water, is of wood, having a carriage-way in the centre, and foot-walks and horse-car tracks on either side, and is fastened to the cables by wire rope suspenders, placed every five feet. The whole bridge is stiffened by four iron trusses, that, in addition, are arranged to serve as guards, to prevent falling into the water on the sides, and the encroachment of the horses on the sidewalks. The estimated cost of this structure was $1,750,000. In addition to the suspenders, there will be seen in our illustration a series of ropes extending from the tower-tops diagonally to the roadway, and appearing like a number of supplementary cables. This is, in fact, just what the stays, as these ropes are called, are, and they very materially assist the cables by relieving them of a greater part of the weight of the roadway near the towers.

The Brazos River Bridge and the Ottawa Bridge present us with very fine examples of the typical features of suspension bridges. The two towers, standing close to either bank, support the cables running from their artificial anchorages, while the roadway is suspended

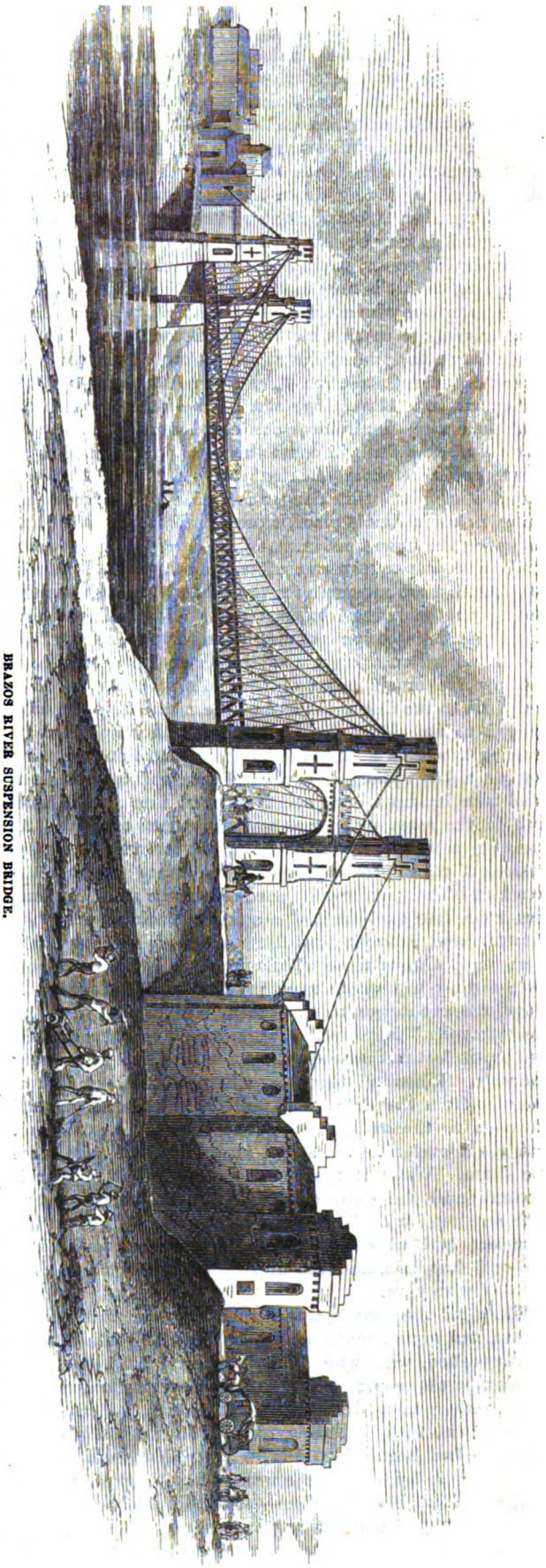
CHARLES ALBERT SUSPENSION BRIDGE, SAVOY.

by systems of stays and suspenders, and stiffened by trusses.

The construction of the cables, especially in long-span bridges, is a work of great difficulty, requiring all possible care and skill on the part of the engineer, and for its accomplishment much curious machinery has been invented. There are three methods at present employed in building cables. The simplest and easiest plan consists in stretching several ordinary wire ropes across the river to be spanned, and when the requisite number are in position to form a cable they are all lashed together at short intervals, in order to make them act as a single rope. By this means a cable may be made very rapidly, for it is only necessary to buy the wire rope, which may always be obtained in large quantities, at short notice, from the various manufactories. While the rope is being made, a large-



NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.



BRAZOS RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

sized hemp rope is stretched between the towers, on which are placed a number of pullies, intended to carry the weight of the wire rope, as it is taken across the span. When the wire rope arrives the end is made fast to one of the pullies, and then, by means of a rope leading to the opposite shore, it is quickly hauled over and placed in position on the tower-tops. Another and another are in like manner stretched, until sufficient strength is obtained to hold the bridge. For bridges only intended for light loads, as in the New Bridge at Niagara, this method is the most economical, and has been frequently employed. But cables made in this way have the disadvantage of being quite bulky, and present quite a large surface to the action of the wind, and as the wires are twisted into a rope they lose about ten per cent. of their strength; so for the largest structures, it has been found better to make the cables by laying the wires side by side, parallel to each other, great care being exercised to prevent any

twisting or mixing of them as they are stretched. In order to insure this, the cable is built in strands; that is, such a number of wires as can be conveniently handled at a time are laid in place, and bound together at intervals with lashings of fine iron wire. Another and another strand is made, until a sufficient number are completed to form the cable, and then all are bound together in a solid mass. If there is sufficient room in a line directly back of the proposed bridge, each strand may be constructed on the ground, by laying down successive wires, until a sufficient number is obtained; and then, after the strand is completed, it may be hoisted into place on the tower-tops. Generally, however, there is not sufficient room to accomplish this, and it is necessary to build the cable in place, taking over one wire after another, until all are laid. There is an advantage in this method, for if each strand is built lying flat on the ground the wires are strained in a very different manner than when they assume the curve of the cable, and in a wire bridge it is of the utmost importance that each wire should have one equal tension, or else the extra load on a few will cause them to break, and soon the entire cable becomes disintegrated. If the cable is constructed in place this danger is avoided, for each wire is hung in its ultimate place, close beside its neighbors, all receiving the same tension.

To place separately, one after the other, the hundreds of wires that are required for the cables of a large bridge, is a very laborious and tedious undertaking. The wire is usually made in coils containing from forty to seventy feet, and is wound on a large wooden reel or drum, capable of holding five or six miles of wire. As soon as one coil is reeled on to the drum, the end of the next coil is carefully spliced to it. With iron wire this is accomplished by leveling the ends, and wrapping them with fine iron wire, just as a boy splices a broken fishing-rod tip; while if steel wire be used, each end is screwed into a small steel nut, in the same manner as water-pipes are coupled. As the wire is wound upon the drum, it receives a thorough coating of oil, to protect it against the future attacks of the weather. The paying-out machinery consists of an endless rope, like the band of a sewing machine, stretched between and encircling two large wheels placed on either anchorage. One of these wheels is driven by steam-power, thus setting the whole rope in motion, and drawing it from one anchorage to the other. On this rope, called the "traveler," is placed a large wheel, or sheave, some five or six feet in diameter, the office of which is to carry the wire. When all things are in readiness, one end of the wire from the drum is carried around the sheave and attached to the anchor-bars; then the engine is started, and the traveler moves along, unwinding the wire from the drum. When it reaches the other side, the wire is secured, and the *empty* sheave sent back, ready to start with another load. This process is repeated until all the wires are laid, when the end of the last wire is spliced to the end first laid, and the whole strand hangs a mighty skein of wire yarn.

When all the strands are finished they are gathered together, and wound continuously, or "sewed," as it is technically called, with wire. This wrapping binds together so closely the separate wires, that a single one would break rather than draw out, thus making a firm, solid and uniform, though flexible, rope. This method of cable-building has been adopted with marked success on the three largest bridges in the world—the Niagara, Cincinnati, and East River Bridges—and is doubtless the most successful way of constructing long spans.

Like all human structures, suspension bridges sometimes fail, though generally such a failure is due to some unforeseen and extraordinary combination of circumstances. There was, some years ago, a very fine bridge at Port Jervis, which would have remained doing good service for many years had it not been for an unusual spring freshet, which carried the ice so high as to completely cut the roadway from the cables. One of the first bridges over the Niagara was built at Lewiston, near Lake Ontario. After some years of service an unusually high wind completely stripped from the centre the roadway. In spite of such occurrences, suspension bridges are now regarded, and probably will always be considered, the safest of bridges.

THE POOL UNDER THE BEECHES.

Chapter I.

WHO did it? What was it?

Nothing but a splash in the deep pool, which was black with overhanging trees and shadows; and a pale moon peering down amongst them saw what was done, and who did it.

But we must go back one turn of the hour-glass — back to the large house in the park, whose chimneys in the daytime were within sight of the pool, and before whose windows a solitary figure stood looking at them with the uncertain air of a man who has a purpose, but who scarcely knows how to accomplish it.

And he, the figure, went up into the glare of the largest window as it fell far out on the gravel. Rain had been falling, but it was over; and the light clouds drifting away from the moon left her to shine out in pallid contrast to the warmer glare in which the solitary man stood.

A haggard man he was, with that light upon him; with bright, restless eyes and sallow cheeks; and he crept forward and put his face to the window. He saw within the faces of many whom he had known, but out of whose books of remembrance he, whose life had been but a reckless one, was probably blotted. He did not care for that. His gaze rested upon one amongst the guests, who bore a shadowy resemblance to himself, without his haggardness, without the marks of a wild life which lay indefinably upon his own features—yet like him.

But the shutters flew up into their places, and he turned away. In that room there was no one, after all, whom he cared to see.

A light breath of Autumn air shook the drops from the trees, and reached him, laden with the freshness that follows rain, but it failed to refresh him. And suddenly a light flashed upon a window to the left, a shadow passed before it, and then the sash was raised, and a face leaned out in the still, beautiful night. This was what he wanted to see; for once fate had favored him, and he sprang forward out of the shade with a cry, in which rang out the pent-up passion of sorrow and disappointment.

"Isabel!"

The figure in the window started, and turned aside, so that the light might fall full upon him.

"George—you here?"

"Yes, I am here. Here, where there is no place and no welcome for me," said the wanderer; "where nobody wants me."

"You wrong us. There is a welcome for you. Come in."

"Do I wrong you? Do I? It is with you I must

speak, Isabel; I have nothing to do with the Squire of Beechwood or his guests. They don't want a skeleton at the feast; neither would I have any communication with that double of myself, whose smooth life flings my own back at me as a taunt. Let me speak to you."

The squire's daughter drew back a little from the window. This wandering spirit, whom she had known from boyhood, should have divined that she was not likely to hold converse with him in so seemingly clandestine a fashion.

"Come into the house, George Redfern, if you have anything to say."

"To tell you my secret before your father and his guests! Is there no mercy in you? If I do come in, will you listen to me in this room, alone, for five minutes?"

Isabel hesitated, but not for long. He was no burglar, that she should refuse him entrance. Moreover, there was that in his tone, as well as in her own consciousness of what she had to say to him, which touched her to pity. She crossed the hall, and let him in.

"You do yourself and us injustice, George," said Isabel. "Why not come as other people do—as your brother does?"

She stopped abruptly. An expression of ferocity, which had struggled to be appealing, had come over George Redfern's face at the last word.

"My stepbrother, you mean—I have no brother. Well, since you will speak of him, be it so. I owe him nothing. What is the accident of birth, that it should elbow one man aside at every turn to give place to another? Do you remember the pool under the beeches?"

"Out of which your brother dragged you, half drowned? Yes, I do."

"Rather where he robbed me of my right when you were in danger. If we had been alone there, would he have lifted a finger to save me?"

"For shame, George!"

"Yes, people were looking on—and it was a brave deed. Do you remember the coppice above the pool?"

"Where I saw you strike him, unprovoked? I remember that, too."

A bright spot had come into Isabel's cheek, and she stood with one hand pressed upon the table, looking at the intruder, with a steady gleam of displeasure in her eye. But he could not see it.

"It was not unprovoked. He stood in my way then, as always. Was it my fault that I was a penniless younger son, that he should insult me with his advice and his offers of help? Before that day in the coppice I was an idler, and people have called me scamp; but since then, for the last two years, I have worked with a steady purpose. Isabel, what am I?"

A hard answer rose to Isabel's lips, but below all anger and impatience against the headstrong younger brother, lay still a substratum of pity for him.

"A foolish fellow, George Redfern—who distrusts his friends, and nurses an absurd antagonism against those who are anxious only for his welfare."

George Redfern leaned forward a little, with his two hands clasped before her, and the gloom of his face changed and softened into an eager tenderness.

"What is the purpose for which I have worked steadily these two long years? You know. There is but one thing that can save me. What I am now I have made myself—what I may yet be is in your hands. Such as I am, I love you, Isabel."

Having said this, it did not seem as if he had power to break the silence which succeeded, or the spell of that questioning eagerness with which he watched the color rise up slowly to her face, until, by an impulsive movement of the hand pressing upon the table, he saw suddenly the bright flash of a diamond.

With a rapid spring to the conclusion which perhaps she had meant him to draw from her movement, he started forward—all the tenderness gone from his face in its quick lighting up with stormy passion.

"Tell me, is it—is it——"

"George, I shall care for you—do care for you—as a sister would for her brother. Try to believe me when I say that we both care for you."

A cry of uncontrollable passion broke from George.

"Godfrey again! my blight—my evil genius!"

That gentleness which is due in all cases from a woman to a man whom she rejects struggled with Isabel's indignation against this denouncer of his brother, and she was silent.

"Thrust aside once more for him!" cried George. "This time shall be the last. Isabel, good-by."

And before a word or gesture of hers could reach him, the light was flickering in a gust from the wide-open window, and he was gone.

Chapter II.

"Isabel, we want you."

A chorus of voices greeted her as she re-entered the drawing-room, with the burden of that interview and its strange ending upon her. Was it possible that not half an hour had passed since she quitted this room? Its aspect was unchanged; knots of talkers were congregated here and there; the squire was still a victim to that long, lean Colonel Cardan, who took so profound an interest in Italy, past and present; and the young cornet with coal-black mustaches was yet talking bagatelles with the group of young ladies who had called to her as she opened the door.

Before her was the party of guests to whom as hostess she owed her attention, and behind her the moonlight, a wide-open window, and a dark figure hurrying away across the park—who knew whither?

Dully she listened to the buzz of conversation around her, with some faint effort to separate the topics of the different speakers, yet hearing them all in a confused maze which refused to clear itself; for to add to her preoccupation, one single guest of all those whom she had left there was absent—Godfrey Redfern. Where could he be? And how could she ask of these chattering girls a question which would surely turn upon herself the whole of their fun?

Chorus—"Isabel shall settle it."

Cornet—"It being a question between the merits of a black retriever and a muddy Skye."

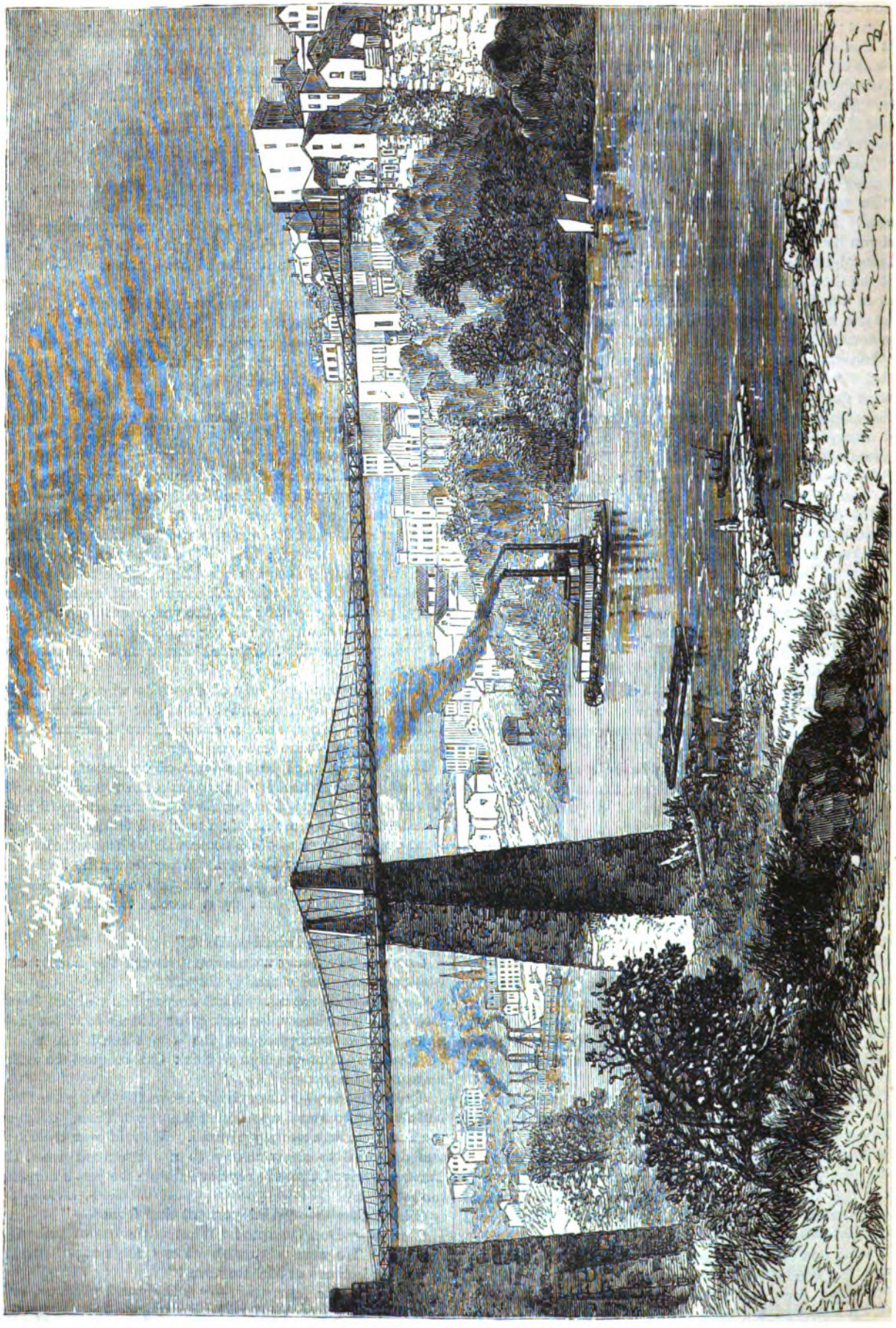
Chorus—"Not at all. What do you know about dogs? Isabel, do you know, he took your Guinea-fowl for jackdaws, and a cock-pheasant for a pea-hen! A pretty sportsman! The question is this: Can croquet be called an unmanly pastime?"

Squire Bourne—"Everybody knows that the poor Doge hadn't a leg to stand upon, and the secret Three managed the Lion's mouth as they pleased. Why, if ever the Doge was disposed to show mercy to a condemned man, the Three contrived that the reprieve should be just a moment too late."

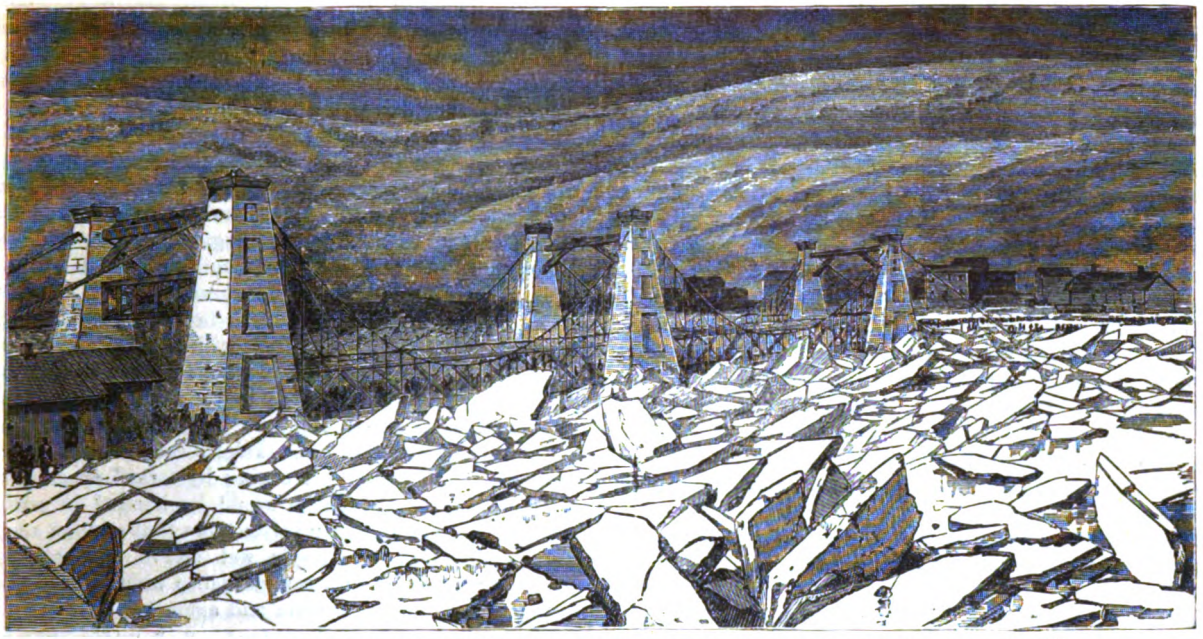
Colonel Cardan—"Ah! you got that from——"

Chorus—"Don Quixote! What is the use of bringing him up? We were talking about croquet, not windmills. What has become of Mr. Redfern?"

Squire Bourne (escaping)—"A thousand pardons, colonel! Who wants Redfern? He is gone to look up the



HANGING HIGHWAYS.—CUMBERLAND RIVER SUSPENSION BRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 595.



HANGING HIGHWAYS.—WRECK OF SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE DELAWARE AT PORT JERVIS.—SEE PAGE 595.

keepers. Some one heard a shot, or fancied they did, in the direction of the Beeches, and Godfrey volunteered to spare my old legs. What are you ladies about there? Isabel, are we to have no music to-night?"

Isabel sat down to the piano, but other sounds were in her ears as she touched the keys, and other sights blurred her vision as she looked at the notes before her.

Then, when her mechanical performance was over, she got up and resigned her seat to some one else with the air of one who had accomplished a tiresome duty. And again snatches of the conversation between the squire and his tormentor reached her, but this time the subject was not Italy. It drew her attention in spite of herself; it seemed to be endued with an importunate power of fascination for her, as it was for the squire himself, who had started it upon the dissolving image of San Marco and the state gondolas.

"Here, in England," said the squire—"where justice is not administered by a secret Three, and where a man is secure on his estate, his farm, or his country house——"

Colonel Cardan—"For all that, it is a fearful thing, that circumstantial evidence. It has hanged many a good man and true before now, and may put its tangible claws about the neck of many another."

Squire Bourne (excitedly)—"I can't agree with you. Certainly I have read cases of that sort; but who will assure us that the written statements were not garbled? In fact, I myself have been able to detect in such tales palpable discrepancies, which would at once invest them with suspicion, and therefore render them valueless as authorities. To tell me that an honest, respectable English gentleman, in his own free country, amongst his own friends, can ever be in danger from any posterior evidence of a fact whose existence he denies. It is monstrous! Would not his word—my word, for instance, or your own—be sufficient, backed as it would be with all the substantial surroundings of position, name, friends, and well-known honor?"

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Colonel Cardan (calmly)—"We are so hedged in by subtle influences; the web which men call chance is of so mysterious a warp! Allow me to tell you of a case which happened under my own observation."

But Isabel had heard quite enough. What was such a discussion to her, that it should have drawn her to listen with a strained interest? She could bear it no longer. In the belief that the speakers were too much absorbed to notice her absence, she wandered out into the hall; the vexed subject haunting her with a vague oppression, falling, as it did, upon those other circumstances which, in themselves unusual, were sufficiently disturbing. It did not seem possible to stay there playing her part calmly, as though no urgent question of life and death had found its

unwelcome way into her brain. What was happening in the park just then? What malevolent spirit had drawn out Godfrey Redfern on that September night?

Oh! if all the game in all the squire's covers were gone past recovery, what would it matter, compared to that grave dread which hung like a cloud over the moonlight!

If they did meet—if George Redfern encountered his half-brother with the passion of rage and disappointment she had seen unabated—encountered him suddenly, unexpectedly—what might happen?

A blessing on the volunteer musicians who kept the pianos going, so that she might not be missed! If she had only dared to go out herself into the park and search! Action of any kind would be better than this silent misery of waiting. And then she looked down at her light dress, and thought of it amongst the dewy grass; thought of it in the thickets of a coppice which she knew well, and which rose up before her in this vague terror with the human footsteps of a Cain flying from it, and blood on the trodden grass.

A step on the gravel, slow and measured; the step of a man full of thought; and she sprang forward.

"Godfrey!"

But for that cry he might have passed on without seeing her, in his abstraction. His hair had fallen over his eyes, and he had no hat; and he looked at her hazily, as though struggling with some distant image which had shut out the present.

"Isabel, my love!"

And then his face cleared a little, and a light came into it, half tender, half reproachful.

"Was it the gun and the poachers? Little coward! Ah, Isabel, what is it worth, think you, to a lonely fellow such as I am—was, I mean?"

"Godfrey, your sleeve is all wet, and your hair; your coat is muddy, and your cheek—what have you done to your cheek?"

"Is it bleeding? I had a fall, Isabel, in the coppice above the beeches. Never mind. A bit of plaster will set it all right, and my coat is easily changed."

"And your hat, Godfrey?"

"Have I lost it? So I have. Say nothing about it in there, Isabel; they will ask questions. Sometime I will tell you about my fall, but not to-night. Why, Isabel, you are trembling still. What is it?"

And Isabel, looking up at him, did not utter the name which had been on her lips. She could not tell him what it was that George had said to her; neither could she say, "It was no fear of poachers that troubled me, but a fear more terrible still. I feared lest George should murder you in his ungoverned rage."

"Let me pass," said Godfrey, pressing his damp cheek upon her forehead. "And go in now, my best treasure; they will miss you."

Chapter III.

Why had they not left to the dark pool its secret undisturbed? What prying eyes had spied it out? why, of all places in the world, was this quiet house the one chosen for those stealthy feet to enter with their ghastly burden? and why had not George Redfern's dead lips unclosed to refute this monstrous calumny, this horrible lie?

So dark a cloud had come over the hall, suddenly, so intolerable a trial upon Isabel, that it seemed to her as if the daylight itself must be false, and the whole tale a dream! It could not be true. A brave, innocent man; generous all his life to an unthankful stepbrother; they could not mean that people were to believe this most iniquitous lie!

"Take courage, Isabel. Be brave, my own!" They were his words; but how long it seemed since he spoke them! How terribly long since she had seen him! Was she ever to see him again? His own! In life or death his own; but which was it to be?

Isabel had no bravery left. Great crises are so apt to take us unprepared. All our lives, perhaps, we have been preparing for something, but not this; not this which has fallen upon us now; this is intolerable; only let it be removed, and we will suffer anything. She, too, had been prepared, as she thought, for something on that night of anxious watching for Godfrey, but not this.

The subject which had caused her so inexplicable an oppression that night came back with terrible significance now; the colonel's calm tones were for ever in her ear, with their unmoved testimony to the condemning power of that circumstantial evidence which had acquired so fearful an interest for her. Tales bearing upon it had begun to float through her brain; hysterical speculations as to whether or not a man would be hanged in such a case as this; and mixed up with them that strange night, the open window, Godfrey's wet sleeve and bleeding cheek; a mass of ghostly remembrance which would leave her suddenly to combat again and again her own disbelief in the monstrous truth that Godfrey, her Godfrey, was under arrest—to take his trial for the murder of his half-brother, George Redfern.

And she herself was about to stand forth and bear witness—against him, or for him; how did she know which? How did she know what such a wisdom as could look in his face and still suspect him might make out of her words, whatever they were? Who had done this deed? Was it, as Godfrey suggested, a suicide; or had some unknown hand in reality sent George Redfern to his death; and, in either case, was there any hope of discovering the truth?

None, so far.

At the entrance to the coppice above the beeches the brothers had met; at the opposite end of the same coppice there had been a struggle, if, indeed, that might be called a struggle which consisted only of self-defense against a violent attack. This was Godfrey's own tale. Knowing nothing of his brother's visit to the house, he had refrained from telling Isabel the story on the night of its occurrence; and he had not known anything of his brother's fate until the strange bearers met him and uncovered before him the dead man's face.

But the coppice was close to the pool; the ground was trodden with footmarks, signs of the struggle, which Godfrey never denied; and on the very brink of the pool was found the elder brother's missing hat.

That no marks of violence had been discovered on the body proved nothing, since a sudden push would have effected the thing as surely as a violent blow, and it was well known that the younger Redfern could not swim.

All was against Godfrey. What could the squire testify, except, indeed, to his knowledge of the lifelong ill-will between the brothers; to the quarrel which had terminated their intercourse two years ago, in that very coppice, when they had been fellow-guests of his own.

What could Isabel say in Godfrey's favor, except that he was dearer to her than life? They would not spare him for that, those heartless accusers of an innocent man.

As to the squire, the whole affair was so enormous, so impossible, according to his ideas, that he half expected to be roused up suddenly from a fit of nightmare. With a crestfallen looking back upon his theory, that an honest English gentleman could be in no real danger from circumstantial evidence, he could but confess that the case

had an ugly appearance. Frightful that it should be so—that Godfrey Redfern, in whose praise a thousand lips would unclose, in his own neighborhood as well as here, should yet be in danger. It was true that many lips would speak in his praise, but none could deny the fact of the enmity between the half-brothers. And the squire had now to discover, chafing at the inevitable toils which seemed to be gathering closer about the young man, that it was totally useless to assert his own belief in an innocence of which the law demanded proof. It was useless to cry out, "Godfrey Redfern never told a lie in his life!" What did the immovable calmness of the personated law care for that? And worse than useless to vociferate that the younger brother had been a much more likely subject to commit murder than the elder.

The squire might, in fact, look round his broad acres, upon his good name, his position and character, and find how impotent they were to save his friend, soon to have been his son by marriage.

And it added to his exasperated sense of injury to find that even his evidence, sifted, seemed to contain rather a cold-blooded acquiescence in the justice of the accusations than any proof of the innocence of the accused.

According to his own admission, the brothers were not on friendly terms; probably they never met without quarreling, and had more than once been known to exchange blows; and they had not met since the last fierce encounter in the coppice at Beechwood, two years ago, until the night of the supposed murder. As to the assertion that the younger Redfern was more likely to be guilty of violence than the elder, that fell to the ground harmless; since, George being dead, it could only prove, if it proved anything at all, that in the use of such violence his arm had been weaker than his brother's.

The squire's head keeper had deposed to having seen the two Redferns enter the coppice; they had been using what he called "high words," and one of them had said, distinctly, "It is the last time for one of us." Cross-examined, he could not be sure which of them made use of that speech. He knew both of them well, as most people about Beechwood did; they resembled each other both in person and voice; he fancied that the voice was Mr. Godfrey Redfern's, but could not swear to that. He had not followed them, as it might seem natural to suppose he would do. It was generally understood that they were not on good terms, and he had thought it probable that nothing unusual would result from their meeting. Besides which, he was aware at the time that there were poachers abroad, and he had his duty to attend to. Some time later in the evening he had met Mr. Godfrey Redfern returning alone from the coppice, and had mentioned the coincidence to his wife as strange. Cross-examined by Mr. Redfern's counsel, he did not know what time it was when he met the elder brother returning, neither could he be sure that Mr. Redfern came straight from the coppice; he came from that direction.

The testimony of the squire's daughter had added nothing to the hopefulness of Godfrey's case. The excitement, indeed, seemed to reach its height, and the throng its greatest density, during her brief examination; but the cross-questioning about the time of the supposed murderer's return, the state of his dress—his manner and words—was pitilessly uncompromising, even in the respectful compassion which softened the questioner's voice, and made his marks of interrogation less sharp. And then there had occurred a little bustle in the crowd as the squire went to take care of his daughter, who had fainted; and perhaps the general excitement and expectancy received rather a stimulus than a quietus from that casualty.

There seemed, however, to be little doubt as to the result of the trial. Godfrey Redfern had met his brother in the coppice, had been heard to use threatening language; the significant remark had been made that "it was the last time for one of the two"—time had proved which one. At that end of the coppice nearest the pool there were marks of a desperate struggle, and it had been proved that Mr. Godfrey Redfern left the coppice alone. Mr. Redfern, the elder, asserted that his half-brother had taken him by surprise and felled him to the ground; that he, Godfrey, was stunned for the space of some seconds, he could not say exactly how long; that when he did recover himself he had looked round for his brother, but failed to see anything of him. He was then so dizzy from the fall that he had to cling to a tree for some time before he could stand upright. He never saw his brother alive afterward.

It was, however, remarkable that Godfrey should have returned bareheaded, and, by his own admission, unconscious of the loss of his hat, and that the hat should have been found on the brink of the pool, which he stated he had never reached. A feeling of suffocation began to creep over the squire, as a voice in the crowd muttered eagerly: "He'll be hanged, for all he's a gent, as sure as his name's Redfern;" and another responded, "Unless they make it manslaughter." And then all at once he was conscious of a hand insinuating itself over his arm, and a bit of soiled paper was pushed at him. The next moment he had left the court.

Chapter IV.

"All we want is your promise that you will take no advantage of anything we may say to hurt us."

"Is it about Mr. Redfern?"

"Your promise first, sir."

"Promise! of course I promise. Good God, men, if you know anything to right the innocent, how on earth can you stand to barter about it?"

"We must look to ourselves, and we have wives and children, squire. You have promised, however; and even if it concerned a bit of poaching, you wouldn't hurt a man for doing you a good turn?"

The squire made an impatient gesture.

"Well, then, I was there; we were both there, in the park, that night."

"Go on."

"We were in hiding from the keeper. We are not regular poachers, squire, though I dare say you'll always suspect us now; but we were hard up. The gun you heard was mine; it went off unawares. I'm not used to a gun, and I was dragging it through a hedge after me, full cocked. The report scared us a bit, but we thought perhaps it mightn't be noticed, and after we had got away from the place we agreed to wait a bit and see if anything happened; for, as I said before, we were hard up, and there wasn't a morsel to eat in my house. We got into the bushes by the big pool. Once or twice we thought we heard voices, but the wind carried them away. All at once a man came out of the copse toward the pool. 'Keep close,' my mate whispered; 'it's young Redfern, from the hall.'"

"Mr. Godfrey Redfern?" interrupted the squire.

"At first I thought it was, but he came close to us, and the moon shone full on his face all at once out of a cloud, and I saw that it was Mr. George."

"You will swear that?"

"I'll swear it wasn't Mr. Godfrey, for Mr. Godfrey's alive, and that chap isn't. He came pretty close to the bushes, and he was looking wild like, and talking to him-

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self. And all at once he turned his face up to the sky and said, quite loud: 'God forgive me, if there is a God.' Them's the very words, for I've heard them in my dreams since, many time. And then he threw up his arms, and there was a splash."

"You saw all this," cried the squire, excitedly, "and yet made no attempt to save him?"

"Well, I did do just that. My mate was for darting out, but I held him back. Just you look at it, sir; how did I know but what the keepers might come up at any minute? We had no business in the park at all, and if a man has got a name for poaching, there's nothing people wouldn't suspect him of. Over and above being caught with a gun, it would have been awkward for either of us to be found meddling with a drowning man. Anyhow, I didn't fancy risking it."

"And you held in your hands the clearing up of this horrible story, and yet waited to be sure I would look over the poaching before you would tell it!"

"We didn't know it was going to turn out this way; the general notion was that Mr. Redfern would get off, and then we should have peached upon ourselves for nothing. As soon as we dared we went out of the bushes, but the body must have sunk like lead, for there was no sign of it. As we went through the copse I stumbled over something, and stooped to look what was there; it was a hat. I thought, if it belonged to the drowned man, I'd rather have nothing to do with it, so I pitched it after him toward the pool. That's all, sir; and we are ready to tell it wherever you like."

CHAPTER V.

SAVED!

A great shouting and uproar, a triumphal procession, from which Godfrey would fain have hidden, and at which the poor squire cast looks of mingled wonder and satisfaction. It certainly was all wonderfully like an ugly dream. The whole thing had a certain element of unreality about it of which he could not yet rid himself. That Godfrey Redfern should actually have been arrested and tried for murder, escaping only at the last moment, when his condemnation seemed inevitable; that he, the Squire of Beechwood, should have been on the spot, firm in his own conviction of Godfrey's innocence, and yet powerless to help him in the slightest degree—it was prodigious! It seemed like a judgment upon the contemptuous security with which he had argued about such cases.

And then the shouting people set the bells of the principal town church to ring, and Godfrey leaned back in the squire's carriage and hid his face.

Those bells must have fallen like a melodious blessing upon Isabel, waiting in dull misery for the verdict, looking with hopeless eyes upon the spires and chimneys of the town wherein the light of her life threatened to go out. For surely some miracle must have saved him, or joy-bells like these would never sound in her ears to mock her misery. Never were bells so beautiful before; never was the roll of wheels so musical an accompaniment.

And at the hall-door, long after Godfrey had rushed away from his congratulations, the squire halted, listening with a somewhat rueful face to the felicitations of his old friend and tormentor.

Colonel Cardan—"I confess that the case had assumed a threatening aspect. From my heart I sympathize with you."

Squire Bourne—"Colonel, you are a generous man; you were right, and I was wrong. But for the testimony of two rascally poachers, the case would have been lost. You are right; we are but helpless creatures, after all, and the web which men call chance is a mysterious and fearful power."

THE training of children is a preparation for the gravest and most important relations of life, and upon the character of our home life must rest the well-being of our nation, and the permanence of our institutions.

THE POOL UNDER THE BEECHES.—DEATH OF THE WANDERER.

RUSSIAN SECULAR NUNS.

By Charles Victor Sass.

It is not until comparatively very recently that the world has begun to learn anything definite about the institutions, the social life of the people, of the great Russian Empire. The Russian nobleman, the Russian princess, were well known at the scenes of gayety and at the gaming tables of Europe; but they were no longer Russians in their habits and manners. They were cosmopolites. If they aimed at any distinction, it was to be considered French. Of their country they knew little, except that it furnished them the means to indulge their extravagant tastes. Concealing under an outward polish an amount of ignorance and brutality and downright barbarism which would seem incredible in the nineteenth century, they could give next to no information about the land which gave them birth. To the foreign traveler there were too many difficulties, too many obstructions, to study this vast domain; and thus it happened that the land which Napoleon's far-seeing genius feared would eventually rule the world if France should not prevent it, was practically a *terra incognita*.

RUSSIAN NUNS IN CHURCH.

Recent events, however, have done much toward raising the vail which concealed this land. Russian novelists, portraying Russian life and manners, have sprung up. Their works are being translated into other languages, and thus the world is gradually getting an insight into

the institutions of the country which kept the greater number of its subjects in slavery until scarcely fifty years ago.

One of the most peculiar institutions of that peculiar land is that of the Djernizy. The traveler through Russia will frequently touch upon out-of-the-way villages which contain not even an inn. In such a place he will be directed to the house of a Djerniza, where he will get such refreshments as the place can afford. If he be a painter of saints' pictures, or a pious pilgrim to one of the numerous sacred spots of Russia, she will even give him a lodging, receiving in payment therefor whatever may be given her. If the choice be left to her, however, she will prefer a picture of a saint to anything else. Give her a book of psalms, and she will be your friend for ever after. Djerniza, literally translated, means a woman dressed in black—a nun. The Djerniza, the Russian *secular nun*, as she might be termed, is not a nun in the ordinary accepted sense. The monastic rules of poverty, chastity and obedience govern her but little. Obedience she has none to show, as she does not live in a convent, and hence has no superior. Poverty, of course, she maintains, for the simple reason that she cannot change it for wealth; and as regards chastity—she will marry when she gets an opportunity. The Djernizy come almost entirely from the lower classes in the towns, and from poor peasant families in the country.

The proper age for a girl to marry is held in Russia to be between eighteen and twenty. Over twenty her chances are virtually equal to zero. The question now arises, what is to become of the girl. If she cannot already read and write, she learns it as well as she can, perfects herself in the use of the needle, and in seven cases out of ten puts on a black dress and becomes a Djerniza, "to live and work for the greater honor of God," and to eke out her existence as well as she may. There are no vows to take, no ceremonies to undergo. At times widows and deserted wives also take the black dress. The fact that she becomes a Djerniza does not oblige the girl to leave her father's house. She continues to enjoy all the advantages of the other children, with the additional one that she is regarded as a superior being. Her share of the work about the house is very slight, because a great part of her time is devoted to prayer.

If she has no parents, she lives in a house with several others of the sisterhood. They support themselves by sewing, knitting, weaving, framing saints' pictures, and the like. The remainder of their time is devoted to reading prayers, lives of saints, the psalms and prophecies in the Bible, but rarely, if ever, of the Gospels. If the nun be educated above the average, she will instruct her less fortunate sisters, or even instill the seeds of learning into the minds of the peasant children.

In cases of sickness in his family, the peasant will always call in a secular nun to pray for the diseased. At deathbeds, too, she is always to be met with, and her prayers there are regarded as very effective, for she never gets less than two rubles from even the poorest for her services. The Djernizy also assist in the preparations for birthday, wedding and other celebrations. Some even go so far as to tell fortunes and to keep *quasi* inns—all to add to their very slender incomes; thorough secular nuns, however, never engage in these enterprises.

The ideal Djerniza, in the popular view, is a chaste, pious virgin, watchful over herself in word and deed, able to read the lives of the saints, and well versed in religious ceremonies. As regards her religious views, the secular nun is a fair representative of the great mass of the Russian people, their belief, their practices, and their opinions of the hereafter. Their religion, at best, is but a sort of pious superstition, and its practice a conglomeration of prayers to saints, whose import the peasant does not understand, and ceremonies of the meaning of which he is ignorant.

Among the nuns, the difference between the two great divisions in the Russian Church—the Great Russian and the Ruthenian—can also be clearly traced. The religion of a nun belonging to the former consists almost entirely of exterior practices. She has the ceremonial at her fingers'-ends, knows the psalms by heart, may have even discovered some mysterious word in them which contains neither a B nor a Ch, carefully distinguishes the ranks of the angels, condemns the use of meat and tobacco, considers singing after vespers, or on the eve of certain festivals, a public scandal, and on every possible occasion makes the sign of the cross. The spirit of Christian charity, patience, and submission to the will of God does not, however, enter into her mind as much as in that of the Ruthenian nun—"Chochlushka," as she is called.

The Great Russian nun reveres the saints according to the degree of influence she believes them to hold with God. She honors aged monks, because she is confident that they will be God's particular friends in the hereafter. The Chochlushka, however, does not classify the saints, but regards them all as models of sanctity to be imitated.

By continually reading devotional works, the secular nun gradually acquires great oratorical readiness, and her words are usually rendered more effective by tears. In some churches these women form choruses which at times are really very good. Her very limited education would naturally make one assume that the Djerniza is very superstitious, and this, in fact, she pretty generally is. The most natural occurrences are frequently distorted into miracles by her; and the secular as well as the religious authorities are frequently placed in great difficulties to stop the consequences of her zealous ignorance. Among their religious exercises is also that of making pilgrimages, and every nun tries hard to collect the necessary means. The further the pilgrimage, the more agreeable it is to her. Their favorite places are Potshajew, Kijew and Jerusalem. The nun who has been to Jerusalem regards herself as more perfect and holier than the rest. At times they set out with very insufficient means, and suffer great want and misery on the road. But they seem rather to like this, since it enables them to stop at convents on the way, and on their return home to relate their wonderful experiences, and to boast of their acquaintanceship with famous "holy fathers."

As a rule, the secular nun is pious and chaste. Of some, however, the people say they are only "painted" with godliness. Still, if occasionally a nun does make a *faux pas*, she is judged very leniently by the people. They think it impossible that a person, even if she be a religious, can withstand every temptation. One thing, however, must be admitted. If a secular nun has once forgotten herself, she does not fall from bad to worse, but strives by redoubled energy to make good the scandal she may have given.

It is not unusual for a Djerniza to marry. They seldom marry young men, but prefer widowers and old cavaliers. Most generally they marry retired soldiers, whom young girls will not have. Almost invariably they make good, prudent and industrious housewives.

As her house, so the dress of the secular nun is always neat and clean. The more wealthy of the Djernizy allow themselves a certain luxury in their dress by selecting finer stuffs, while the poorer are satisfied with cottons and coarser cloths. All, however, are extremely neat.

The Djerniza can scarcely be regarded as a product of religion. Her state can scarcely be viewed as a religious vocation. She is rather to be regarded as the outgrowth of that longing of unmarried women to obtain a surer and less dependent position in the struggle for existence termed life. In a measure she is analogous to the *Stiftsfräulein* of Germany, though there is not much resemblance in the details. The latter is a lady of noble birth, but without means and with no hope of settling herself in marriage. In the *Stift*, the home, she finds a haven of rest, which secures her from want, and also gives her a status in society which she could never maintain as a penniless old maid. The Djerniza is likewise a poor woman whom circumstances have prevented from obtaining a husband. But she is almost always young when she devotes herself to this semi-religious life. She has no *Stift* to go to. She has to struggle for existence all the same, but her state provides her with advantages which under other circumstances she could not possess. In a word, the institution is a crude and perhaps unconscious effort to solve the social question of women's rights, or, as they perhaps more clearly and properly term it in Europe, the emancipation of women.

VIOLETS.

On the blue ocean of air
Slow drifts the ambery moon;
The dew hangs its pearls in the willow's pale hair;
But my soul drifts on dreams to a moonlight more fair,
When the dusk came too late, and the dawn came too soon,
One long-vanished June.

Lily-bells shake at my feet;
Heliotropes nod at my head;
And the rarest of roses make the air sweet:
But I think of a blossom-time—precious and fleet—
Till the ghosts of dead violets over me shed
Lost odors instead.

LONE TREE KNOB;
Or,
THE DWARF'S REWARD.

Chapter I.

THE wagons of the emigrant-train had stopped for their noonday rest by the side of a miserable, muddy wreck of a river, that sluggishly dragged its remaining waters along from pool to pool, although it was yet but June. A few weeks later, and there would be left but a dry channel across the plains, until some freshet came down from the mountains. No fires were built, for even "buffalo chips" were not to be had for fuel, and the lunch would have to be a cold one.

There was water, though, such as it was, and that was a good deal.

A tall, dark-haired girl, not beautiful precisely, but fine-looking, and with more than a little decision of character in the resolute lines of her expressive face, had dismounted from the horse she had been riding, and stood by one of the wagons, looking wearily out on the desolate plains, with the far-away mountains rising low and cloudlike in the horizon.

"Well, Hannah," said a deep, clear voice behind her, "this can scarcely be the paradise that Eph Gridley has been promising us."

"No, Harvey Moore, I should say not; but I am glad to see those white-capped ridges away yonder."

"So should I be, perhaps," was the reply, "if these others did not see them at the same time."

"Hush! they may hear you."

"I had almost said I did not care. It is getting more horribly unendurable every day. I must speak plainly, Hannah Ford. This cannot go on for ever. I am here because you are here. You are here because your brother is. But what if anything should happen to him or me? It is not unlikely——"

"Harvey Moore!"

"No, I am not saying too much, and I have thought of you alone on the plains, or among the mountains, with such as they."

And as he spoke he motioned with his hand to a group on the river-bank, not twenty paces distant.

Hannah turned and looked. There were nearly a dozen men, shaded down from the gentleman loafer to the full-fledged ruffian, and half as many women, of an outward semblance worthy of their company. Harvey's lip curled as he looked, and he added:

"What a settlement they will make!"

"But what shall I do?" asked Hannah.

"Go. Fly!" said Harvey.

"And leave my brother to his fate? Even if I would, I could not."

"Hannah Ford, your brother's fate, as you call it, is the evil life he has chosen, and his wretched infatuation with Eph Gridley and his gang. It is not your duty to make such a sacrifice of yourself in following him; no, not a step further. As for *how* you are to get away, if you dare to make the trial with me, I am ready."

"Ready? Yes, but do not I know what a fight means? Not only to leave my brother, but to be pursued; perhaps to be overtaken."

"I would dare that," said Harvey.

"It means hunger, thirst, almost certain death——"

"I do not think so; but I would rather face that," firmly interrupted her zealous friend.

Hitherto Hannah Ford's pale face had worn only the wearied expression with which she had gazed upon the landscape, but now it warmed into a look of gratitude, and even admiration.

"You are only too kind," she said.

"Kind? Why, Hannah, my life belongs to you, and you might as well have it in one shape as another, since you value it so slightly."

"Harvey!"

"No, Hannah, I do not wish to speak bitterly, much less to embarrass your decision; but fly you must, before worse evil happens."

"We will see," she replied. "But here come Murray and Eph Gridley."

Harvey Moore was a splendid specimen of stalwart Saxon manhood, with a bronze, soldierly cast of countenance, and in all this he was a strong contrast with the two men who were now approaching. As for Murray Ford, Hannah's brother, he could scarcely be called a man. Not only was he barely of "voting age," but his irresolute mouth and uncertain gray eyes spoke of boyish infirmity of purpose, even more than certain other lines of his face did of coarse tastes and untimely dissipation.

Eph Gridley, on the other hand, was by no means lacking in muscular proportions, and his face indicated more than a little mental acumen, but his force of character was almost exclusively of the kind that had already gained him

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an evil prominence as a leader among the violent, the vicious and the degraded. Much of his true nature he had concealed while among the settlements, even as he had the true object, direction and destiny of his present expedition; or else, perhaps, even her obstinate love for her brother would have been insufficient to have entrapped Hannah Ford as one of its members. Among the things, however, which Eph Gridley made no attempt to conceal, was his bold-eyed, insolent admiration of Hannah herself. And poor Murray Ford was so lost to self-respect and manly honor as to consider the admiration of such a man a compliment, if not, indeed, a flattery.

Even before the new-comers had spoken a word, Hannah turned away from them in her almost uncontrollable repulsion, and again looked out upon the open prairie.

"Mr. Moore," she suddenly exclaimed, "what is that yonder? Somebody is coming into the camp."

"It's a human being of some kind," said Harvey. "I wonder he managed to get so close in without being seen."

The others had now their attention similarly arrested, and a chorus of remarks arose from all parts of the little camp. The object, human or otherwise, had continued to advance rapidly, as if aiming directly for the wagons by which Hannah and her friend were standing. It might have been a man, but it was so very small. It was dressed like a man, in a weird and unique sort of half-Indian way, and it carried an appearance of a rifle, but this latter was an army carbine, and the figure's head would not have risen above its muzzle when standing on the ground.

"It *is* a man!" said Hannah.

"Of course it is," said Harvey.

"It's a dwarf," said Murray Ford, in his drawling, uncertain voice.

"It's a Digger Indian," growled Eph Gridley, "and we won't have any of them around *this* camp."

Even as he spoke Eph had jerked his rifle to his shoulder, as if to draw a bead on the stranger. Whether or not he meant to fire, Hannah Ford sprang lightly forward and exclaimed, as she fiercely pushed the barrel of the weapon upward:

"For shame, Eph Gridley——" But as the last words left her lips the weapon exploded, sending its leaden messenger harmlessly into the air, and she added: "It would have been a murder!"

"I guess not—not to shoot a Digger," half angrily laughed Eph, as he lowered his piece. "Hallo, here he comes, eend over eend."

Sure enough, the diminutive stranger had made the remainder of his way into camp by a series of quick, cat-like bounds, whose marvelous agility had brought him almost within reaching distance of Hannah Ford. He was now standing erect, with a very pleasant smile on his tawny face, and as he held out a tiny and odd-looking hand, he said, in excellent English:

"No, no, don't shoot; I'm only Dwarf Dick. I don't mean to hurt you."

The whole camp was around the stranger now, and he was vigorously plied with questions, but all that could be learned was that he had been on a mining or prospecting tour among the mountains, and was now on his return, but that he had lost his mule, with his tools and provisions, and had come into their camp to look for some.

"I don't want to beg," he said; "I can pay for what little I get."

Eph Gridley had been watching the dwarfish stranger narrowly for some minutes, and the keen, animal outlines of his face had rapidly undergone a change, from contemptuous indifference and heartless mockery to an intense and almost feverish interest. Much to the surprise of Hannah Ford, if not of the whole camp, Eph said, with a great appearance of heartiness:

"We don't sell provisions in this camp. You can have just all you want. Reckon 'twon't be a very big pack. Here, you, Lize, Jim, get the little fellow as good a dinner as you can, and a big drink of whisky."

"No whisky," said the stranger. "I never drink any."

A RUSSIAN SECULAR NUN.

LONE TREE KNOB. —"'TRUE AS YOU LIVE!' REPLIED THE LOW VOICE OF DWARF DICK FROM THE GRASS."— SEE PAGE 611.

"You don't say so!" said Eph. "Well, that beats me. You're the first chap of your sort that didn't drink, that ever I saw."

"My sort? Why, what do you mean?" asked Dwarf Dick.

"What do I mean? Why, if you ain't a Digger you're a half-blood; you can't fool me on that sort of thing. Where on airth did you ever pick up your English?"

"Born with me, just as yours was," growled the dwarf, and Eph could see that he had given offense.

The provisions had now been brought, and Hannah contributed sundry delicacies out of her own stock, for she had taken a degree of interest in the odd-looking stranger which she was unable either to define or account for.

Although it was readily to have been seen by any one that there was none too much good-will between Eph and Harvey Moore, the two were standing so closely together as they watched their dwarf guest eat his dinner, that something like conversation was unavoidable.

"Eph," said Harvey, "I can scarcely account for your sudden interest and politeness."

"Well, if you can't, I can," was the rejoinder. "If we're going into the mountains, as we talk of, that fellow's worth his weight in gold to us—if we can get him to go along. I'll bet he knows more mines than you could shake a stick at, if you could only get him to show them."

"But what will you do with him?"

"Keep him," said Eph.

"How?" asked Harvey.

"I'll show you, and him, too," said Eph, as he walked away toward where the dwarf was sitting.

It was evident to Harvey Moore, however, that a feeling very nearly akin to superstition mingled with Eph Gridley's notions concerning the dwarf's value as a mining prospector. He had some sort of idea that, either because he was a Digger, or was a dwarf, he had occult faculties of discerning the whereabouts of the hidden depositions of the precious metals.

As for the dwarf himself, though now he had nearly completed his dinner, he seemed by no means desirous of talking, but was busied, even while his small jaws also were at work, with making as compact a mass as possible of some bacon and other items of provision which had been furnished him.

He had straps with him, ready for his pack, and in a few moments more he rose quickly to his feet, slinging his burden over his shoulders and buckling it firmly. Eph had already addressed him quite earnestly on the subject of remaining with the train, and he had seemed to be considering the matter; but now he said:

"No, I reckon I won't. I'll just go on after my mule. Maybe I can find him."

"Oh, we'll send a fellow with you to help hunt," said Eph, "if you'll come back and go with us."

"Don't want any man with me," said the dwarf. "I'm always better alone."

"I know that," angrily replied Eph, "and I swear you sha'n't go. We've got ye this time, and we mean to have ye show us some of them mines."

As he spoke he made a fierce motion toward the dwarf, as if to seize him; but "Dick" dodged, with a motion like that of a conjurer's fingers, and placed himself for the moment behind Hannah, as if appealing to her for protection.

"Indeed, you shall not hurt him, Mr. Gridley," said Hannah.

"Who want's to hurt him?" said Eph. "I only mean to tie him up for a while, till we've made out to get some good of him."

"You've no right to tie him up, no right to touch him."

"I'll show him what right I have. Come out here, you——"

"Eph Gridley!" energetically exclaimed Hannah, "I know you, and you shall not keep that poor creature in your power. He'd better be somewhere else than in this camp."

"Come out!" roared Eph, with more semblance of passion than the occasion seemed to call for.

Hannah had retreated somewhat toward a wagon which had halted by a bunch of sage bushes, and, for the moment, Dwarf Dick had been entirely concealed from the sight of everybody. Now, however, Eph brushed somewhat rudely past her, and peered under the wagon, loudly repeating his command; but, to his astonishment, no dwarf whatever made his appearance.

The sage bushes were pulled over, one by one, the inside of the wagon thoroughly examined, but all to no purpose, and Eph Gridley felt a thrill of superstition dive at his heart, that might have been spared him if he had seen the dwarf winding his way with such marvelous swiftness under cover of the river-bank, and now nearly half a mile away. The only mystery had been in his own lightning-like movements, and his presence of mind. It may be, however, that Eph's superstition tended to temper his wrath at Hannah Ford for her interference.

Chapter II.

It would have been a beautiful day anywhere else than on those dreary plains; but the floods of warm June sunshine failed to bestow anything of beauty on this wearisome expanse. The mountains in the horizon were too distant, and the stunted wild sage bushes and scrubby mesquit trees were too sparsely scattered, and too insignificant, to break the dull uniformity of the landscape.

It was an hour after noon, and not a living thing was visible—yes, there was one, a mere dot, yet an animated, moving, talking dot, that plied its way onward over the heated plain, growling to itself in half a dozen or more distinct languages, not to speak of dialects. English, Spanish, German, French, might have been detected, and the deep, harsh gutturals of Indian tongues; but we can only render one of them all.

"Thanks to that young woman, the brute didn't put a ball through me, or tie me up either. I'll pay her for that yet, and him, too, or my name isn't Dwarf Dick. I hate that, too, but I've got to wear it till I get through with this body. Tie me up? The villain! If he'd have tied me up for three hours, I'd have been too late. Maybe I'm too late now? I guess not. Loaded mules don't travel so very fast. Stolen gold is a heavy load, too, even for stolen mules. I wonder what they want of the Lone Tree? They can't steal it. Why didn't I shoot them, when I could so easy? I don't know. I'm odd at times. It makes me feel odd to think of that young woman. They call her Hannah. Well, she didn't stand up for Dwarf Dick for nothing, or I'm mistaken."

All this while the dwarf had been pressing his way forward, and making wonderfully rapid headway, if his size and length of limb should be taken into consideration. No one who looked at him could long question the correctness of Eph Gridley's surmise as to his parentage, and his features wore other remarkable characteristics besides their show of Indian blood. His aquiline nose and ears were large and prominent; his keen, glittering black eyes were deeply sunken, and his mouth, though almost constantly smiling, had a quick, nervous shiver of the lip that indicated anything but a heavy or stolid nature.

A very remarkable personage was Dwarf Dick, the half-breed Digger, for even that fact had not prevented him from being a traveler, a student, and a man of education in his own queer way.

At about the same time of the day, the emigrant-train, under the leadership of Eph Gridley, was getting slowly under way again, and its direction across the plain seemed to have scarcely a more definite purpose than to reach the foot of the mountain-ranges.

Hannah Ford and Harvey Moore were riding on, side by side, and their subject of conversation, when they did speak, seemed to divide itself between their unpleasant position as members of that company, and the curious incident of their meeting with Dwarf Dick.

"There was something almost comical about him, after all," said Hannah, "and it was actually a pleasure to look on a new face. Except for our presence, this prairie country seems to me to be a perfect solitude."

"No, not quite," said Harvey. "I can see others even now."

"Where?" asked Hannah.

"Away off there to the right. Don't point. I don't want any more of Eph Gridley's men going off, to be gone all night, and come in again in the morning with extra horses. Maybe these two men will get by without being seen, unless they are fools enough to come in."

"Oh, dear me," sighed Hannah; "we are indeed a band of Ishmaelites!"

No eyes less keen than Harvey Moore's would have detected the presence of those two men, so far were they, and so completely were they blinded most of the time with the inequalities of the plains.

They, on their part, however, had seen the wagons, almost at the same time; and so far from manifesting any disposition to "come in," they at once began to urge their jaded animals in a different direction.

Each was mounted on one mule and leading another, and all four animals were evidently packed and burdened to the extent of their ability.

"I say, Sandy," said one, "it's a good thing these yer mules haven't a great deal furder to go. They're e'en a'most played—they are."

"Pretty much used up, that's a fact, Bill; but, I reckon they can stan' it for about an hour and a half longer."

"Is that all?" said Bill.

"That's all," said Sandy; "an' then we'll have the safest kind of a *cache*, an' a tiptop landmark."

"But, Sandy, sometimes I can't help thinking we'd have been about as safe somewhar among the mountains."

"Bill, my boy, it's harder to find any place among them rocks than it is out in the open. Besides that—an' I don't mean to be a fool, neither—you know, that dwarf. I wouldn't feel safe burying anything he had a claim onto up among the hills. It's his own ground thar, you know. I'd have felt all the while I was digging as if them gimlet eyes of his'n were onto me from somewhar. Now, out yer, we're all right, for we're plainsmen, an' no Digger medicine dwarf's of any account. Mebbe you think I'm a fool——"

"No, I don't, Sandy," said Bill. "I know some folks laughs at sich, and says it's nonsense; but don't you and I know better? Didn't that little big-eared cuss take us right straight to whar we could shovel the stuff right up? An' ain't we goin' thar again, soon's we've got the cargo safe landed?"

"I don't know 'bout that, Bill," said his friend, as he stirred up the lagging mules. "I'd like to go, if we'd made the dwarf all safe; but as long as he's above ground—— I tell ye what, Bill, it was bad luck on missing of him."

"Wasn't we goin' to shoot him that night soon as ever he come in, and then he never did come in! The varmint! We ain't neglected nothing that we had a fair chance to do—an' we ain't one bit to blame, as I see. I'm for going back again." Bill was very much in earnest, and now he added: "How long before we can begin to see this tree of yourn?"

"Not a great while," said Sandy. "But then, you don't see it so very far off. All the better for that."

"Is the Knob much of a peak?" asked Bill.

"No, only a bit of a low down little hill; but it looks a'most as if it was made by humans; and this yer tree is right on the top of it, all alone like."

"Well, Sandy, I must say it's a queer trick for a mesquit to grow to that bigness in such an out-o'-the-way place as that, and mebbe it *will* be a good mark for a *cache*."

"You bet it will," said Sandy.

And so the two rode steadily onward, urging their overtired mules to their very uttermost, and, by some good luck as seems often to attend men of their kidney for a season, no other eyes than those of Harvey and Hannah caught sight of them from Eph Gridley's somewhat dangerous caravan.

Both Bill and Sandy were impatient, little as they showed it externally, and both were visibly relieved when, at last, the latter rose slowly in his stirrups, and pointed with his long arm toward the eastward, exclaiming:

"And thar's Lone Tree Knob!"

Bill looked and looked, and could but just discern something that rose above the level, and replied:

"What! is that it?"

"Wait a bit," said Sandy; "when we've cleared this rise, it'll look a heap bigger."

Differences of elevation on the plains are exceedingly treacherous and deceptive to the eye; but Bill knew that, and so he was not at all surprised that a few minutes' riding brought them out on the brow of a high knoll, or roll, from which the plain swept swiftly away to a lower country, and from which the entire singularity of Lone Tree Knob was strikingly visible.

It was a round, smooth, earthy elevation, scarcely a hundred feet in height, and less than a quarter of a mile in circumference, and on its very summit and centre there stood one single, lonely, desolate-looking tree.

It was no wonder that such an object had gained itself a name and fame among the keen-eyed rovers of the American Desert.

The very mules seemed to have an idea that the end of their labor was approaching, and the remaining distance was briskly hurried over.

The ascent of Lone Tree Knob was by no means difficult, for either wild animals or tame had kept a path well worn along the side of the declivity. This, too, might have been a wonder; but when Sandy and Bill had reached the summit, the former again raised his arm, and pointed.

"Thar's the spring, Bill, over yon, to the left of the tree; an' it's allers full, an' it never runs over, an' it's as clar as crystal all the year round. That's what brings the deer and buffler up yer, and the Injins, too. Brutes and humans, everybody onto these yer plains knows all about Lone Tree Knob."

"Mebbe 'twon't be so good a place for a *cache*," said Bill, "after all."

"Yes, it will," said Sandy, "because, you know, no one'd ever dream of any feller hiding anything up on top

of Lone Tree Knob. Besides, that thar dwarf can't be a-watchin' of us up yer, like he might a'most anywhar else, an' we can keep the best kind of a lookout over all the prairie, for ever so many miles."

Bill was compelled to admit that his friend was right, and so they halted their mules at last, under the Lone Tree itself.

It was a very miracle of a mesquit, and an exception to all its kind. For fifteen feet the gnarled and knotty trunk arose without a limb. Then the closely matted, thorny, woven branches spread out with an all but impenetrable shade on every side, while the total height of the tree could not have been less than forty feet.

It must have been a tree of great age, and strange things, beyond all doubt, had passed under the spreading shadow which it cast.

"We mustn't waste any time, Bill," said Sandy. "Lone Tree Knob isn't a safe place to camp on, nohow."

"Well, then," said Bill, "let's get to work as soon as we can."

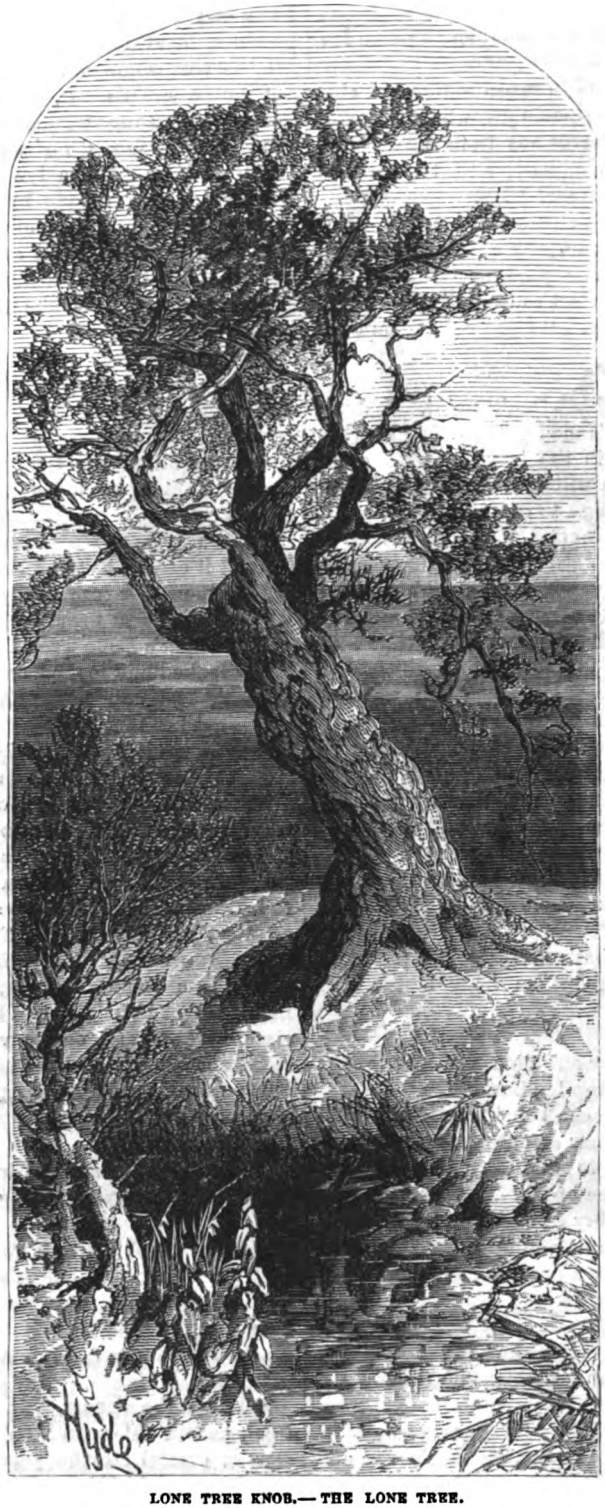
They were a brawny, sun-burned, ill-kempt, ragged-looking pair, of the lower and more reckless grade of miners, with faces that had long since ceased to indicate much for other passions than the greed of gold, and the lust to which that greed for ever panders.

They were well able to attend to the business in hand, however, and in a few moments the mules had all been relieved of their burdens.

None of the packages were large. On the contrary, most of them were quite small, but very heavy.

No wonder that the poor brutes grew weary under them, for those banded sacks of skin, close drawn and carefully secured, contained no other merchandise than *gold*. Gold in dust, in nuggets, in scales, in bars, in bricks of bullion—all that those four mules could journey under, of that dangerous metal, whose lust is the root of all earthly evil.

There it all lay, bagged and strapped, in one little pile, under the old mesquit tree, and as he looked at it, Bill turned to Sandy, and said:



LONE TREE KNOB.—THE LONE TREE.

"Now, if we only *had* shot the dwarf, it would have been all right."

"May *be*," replied Sandy, "we'll come across him somewhar, an' have another chance yet."

"If we do!" growled Bill, with a meaning, menacing nod.

"You bet!" replied Sandy, with another.

"I say," said Bill, "be we goin' to make our *cache* right yer, under the tree? I don't like that."

"No more do I. I'll show ye. I reckon the spring's about thirty yards from the tree, an' thar's nothin' round it but them willers."

"Yes," said Bill—"only the willers."

"Well," said Sandy, "thirty paces beyond the spring we'll dig the *cache*. That's the mark we'll find it by. Don't ye see?"

Bill had dug *caches* enough in his day to understand very well, and in a few minutes more they were at work.

The only very large pack from the mules turned out, among other things, a miner's pick and spade, and the two friends were expert enough in the use of them.

In a marvelously short space of time a hole was dug, wide enough and deep enough to have held a much larger matter than that pile of buckskin bags; but the men knew what they were about, for, after the treasure had been spread as flat and thin as possible over the bottom of the hole, the light and porous soil was so packed and trodden down above it that, when the last shovelful had been thrown back, and the last sod replaced, there was no visible variation on the surface of the ground. After that, the most minute and skillful attention was paid to the restoration of the natural and undisturbed appearance of everything, so that when at last Sandy pronounced their job complete, he declared that in a week more they themselves would be compelled to measure by the tree and the spring, in order to find their own *cache*.

"And you see, Bill," said he, "nobody but you and me knows the measure."

"Let's take it over again," said Bill; "now we've got

it all done. It ought to be just sixty paces from yer to the tree."

"Well, Bill, tell ye what ye do," said Sandy. "Stand whar ye are, an' fire a slug right into the centre of the tree, an' then pace straight ahead, an' count till ye put yer finger on to the bullet-hole."

Bill slowly raised his rifle to his shoulder, took a long and careful sight, and blazed away; and, as he lowered his piece, he promptly strode off toward the tree, counting carefully as he went. He had done a great deal of counting in his day, had Bill, but never any paces so fearfully important to him as were those.

Sandy had watched his "mate" start away from over the *cache*, with eyes in which a very strange glitter was swiftly rising; and, as Bill's measuring footsteps neared the tree, Sandy also drew himself to his full height, and his rifle arose with mechanical precision to his shoulder. Even now he was superstitious, for, as Bill reached out his searching forefinger for the bullet-mark, Sandy exclaimed:

"Yes, left foot first, and left hand touching. It's his fate!" and, as Bill turned his head toward the *cache*, exclaiming, loudly, "Sixty-one!" the flame leaped from the muzzle of Sandy's rifle, and Bill sank heavily back at the foot of the Lone Tree, with a ragged hole in his forehead.

LONE TREE KNOB.—THE INDIAN CHIEF, SANTANTA.

Chapter III.

No blood at the foot of the Lone Tree, only that stiffening corpse, with the blue hole in its forehead, and the brawny, ragged form of Sandy standing over and looking down upon it.

"It was a rough thing to do," he muttered to himself; "but somehow I mistrusted Bill. He wasn't a very good one, nohow, an' I reckon it's just as well that only one of us knows the measure of that *cache*, or can get back to dig it out. Now," he added, with a bitter oath, "if I could only git to draw a bead on that thar dwarf! I'd feel a heap easier if that feller was clean wiped out. Next time I meet him'll do, but I'd kind o' like to make one job o' him and Bill yer."

As he said this, he started suddenly and looked up, as if he heard some unaccountable noise among the shadows of the Lone Tree. Perhaps he did, and perhaps not; but out from among the matted branches came a sound that Sandy never heard, for the bullet travels faster than the report, and the miner staggered back across the body of his murdered mate, with precisely the same terrible sign in his forehead.

There was only this difference in the two wounds: that Sandy's head was more crushed and broken, for the ball went clear through, and came out at the back. There they lay—the two dead miners—and the four mules stood gazing at them, with staring eyes and distended nostrils, straining at their lariats as if ready for a stampede.

A moment more, and the mystery of the Lone Tree was solved; for down from among its gloomy recesses writhed and twisted the agile, sinewy, diminutive body of Dwarf Dick. He did not climb down the trunk, but dropped lightly from the lower limb, alighting catlike on his feet.

"They'd surely have shot me," he growled, "and it was a necessary thing to do. The gold's mine, too, the half of it—and now they're dead, the other half, too. But what'll I do with them, or it? The mules could pack the gold; but where could I take it to without provisions? Those two knew what they were about when they hid it, an' I reckon I'll let it stay for the present. Hullo! What's that?"

The dwarf turned his large, keen ears to listen, as an

animal might have done, and in a moment more the sound which had startled him came once again pealing up the side of Lone Tree Knob.

Was it a human halloo?

Yes, it was a signal-whoop of some red man.

"I don't think it's anybody that will hurt me," said Dwarf Dick. "Not unless there happen to be white men along. Anyhow, I'd better take to cover till I know who he is. Here goes for safety."

Up the gnarled trunk he went with the easy activity of a monkey, and in a moment more he was altogether hidden. Then followed minutes of silence and waiting, and the mules once more began to nip away at the scanty herbage, and then, rapidly filing along the slanting path on the declivity of the Knob, came the gayly caparisoned horses of a strong war party of Indian braves.

"Sioux," muttered Dwarf Dick, from his perch in the tree; "but I'll wait till I know what band they are, and what their errand is."

The prairie warriors had seen at a glance that others were before them on the Knob; but their numbers—for there were threescore of them—prevented their caring who or what the strangers might be, and they were quickly gathered around the Lone Tree, chattering and gesticulating, as only Indians can, in spite of their "show day" taciturnity.

The mules, the two dead miners, the nature of their wounds, the bullet-mark in the tree—not the minutest particular escaped them, and their conclusions were sagacious, if erroneous. Dwarf Dick understood every word that was uttered, and he found that the Sioux had decided that a *duel* had been fought by the two miners, both of their rifles having evidently been just fired; that one had fallen in the duel, and the other afterward by some third party, whose foot-tracks they had discovered on the ground under the tree. Just then a tall, stately-looking savage came for the first time within Dick's line of vision, and the dwarf chirped to himself:

"All right, Santanta! But then there must be mischief brewing when he is out on the war-path with such a party as this. And now I don't want them to know I've been up in the tree, if I can help it."

And he did help it, somehow, by watching his chance to drop unseen from the branches; for, in a few minutes more, Dwarf Dick suddenly stepped out from behind a mule, right in front of Santanta, holding out his right hand with a strange, wavering sign of peace and recognition, speaking, at the same time, some few words in the Sioux tongue.

Even the iron-nerved Indian warriors were startled at the strange and sudden apparition. Not that Dwarf Dick was a stranger to most of them, but they had long regarded him as "big medicine," and this sort of "coming in from nowhere" was decidedly in keeping with that idea. Perhaps they were none the less prepared to receive him with amity and respect, for a redskin is as superstitious as a Congo.

Still, Santanta asked Dick very freely about the story of Sandy and Bill, and was pleased to be informed that his own sagacity had already discovered the truth. Dick added that, not knowing that the newcomers were his friends, he had deemed it necessary to "disappear" on the approach of Santanta and his warriors. Now, however, he would take his four mules and go onward.

Some of the warriors looked a little cloudy at the claim put in for the mules, but Santanta was on the war-path, and he was anxious to have such a tremendous amount of "medicine" go along with him. So earnestly did he plead with Dick on this subject, hinting, at the same time, pretty distinctly, that the mules depended on it, that the dwarf allowed himself to be over-persuaded, and after a sufficient rest and refreshment the whole band, accompanied by their new ally, once more sprang into the saddle, and descended the grassy side of Lone Tree Knob.

The bodies of the two miners, stripped of all that was useful or valuable, lay at a distance from the tree, dragged away by Santanta's orders, for the Lone Tree also was "big medicine," and not one of the careering warriors had for a moment suspected the existence of the fatal *cache* and its heap of hidden treasure.

They had not ridden far before Dick was made aware of the special errand of Santanta, and that a *white* prey was before them.

Chapter IV.

Ever and anon that day, as Harvey Moore and Hannah Ford had ridden onward, side by side, they could detect the bitterness and hatred of the glances cast upon them by the rest of that evil company, and only a fear of the former's strong arm, and the known influence of the latter over Eph Gridley, if not her misguided brother, prevented the sly and muttered slurs from assuming the tone of open ribaldry.

Still, they were compelled to admit to one another that this state of things could not endure for ever, and that, sooner or later, an open collision must come.

"There is nothing else for it, Hannah," said Harvey; "we must fly."

"You must, if you value life."

"And you, if you value more than life," he fiercely whispered.

"But my brother?"

"He is utterly unworthy of your unselfish devotion. He has lost his manhood, if he ever had any, or he would himself be first to protest against your remaining."

"How can I leave him?"

"Leave him? Do you suppose that by remaining you can lengthen the space of his forfeited life any more than you can win him back to good?"

"His life forfeited?" exclaimed Hannah.

"Yes, indeed, even as mine is. He is an obstacle between Eph Gridley and that which Eph has determined on possessing—I mean your brother's own gold, that which you and I retain, and more than that——"

"No more, Harvey—say no more. It is dreadful, but—— Please say nothing for a while. I must think."

In a moment more she added:

"See how it is clouding up. It will be a dark night, if not a stormy one."

"Just the night for an escape from the camp," whispered Harvey.

Before long an eligible place for an encampment made its appearance, and as the sun went down Hannah observed that the mountain ranges were visibly nearer than they had been at the noonday halt. The same fact had been noted by the others, and it seemed to arouse in them all a perfect fever of mining enthusiasm, with the wildest and greediest visions of golden wealth to come.

"Ah—agh!" exclaimed Eph Gridley, as he was holding forth to an excited group by one of the wagons, while the darkness was fast settling over the camp. "If we only *could* have caught and caged the Digger dwarf! I'd give a good deal to have him along. If I put my hands on him once more he won't get away, I tell you."

The loud, harsh tones of his voice could be heard all over the camp, and scarcely had they ceased to jar on the ears of Hannah Ford, as she stood somewhat apart by her own wagon, when she felt her dress pulled gently, and on

looking down, she was half frightened to discern, peering up, almost from the ground itself, the keen visage of Dwarf Dick.

"He will not catch me," hissed the dwarf. "He will himself be caught. I do not care for him, and I could not help him if I would; but you, I must save you, for you were good to me."

"Save me from what?" asked Hannah.

"Why, from being scalped by the Sioux. There won't be a living soul in this camp by daylight."

And Dwarf Dick followed up his assertion by additional assurances that fairly convinced the reluctant Hannah.

At first she proposed to warn the camp, but Dick objected, as she must have given the source of her information.

He would rather do it himself, he said; and so he did, for he disappeared in the shadow, and in a few moments more a Sioux war-arrow came hissing through the air into the very midst of the camp, barely missing a lodgment in the capacious form of Eph Gridley himself. That was warning enough for anybody, and the camp was on the alert in a moment.

All the surrounding prairie was searched by the men, as if they expected to catch Sioux warriors in the dark; but when at last they were ordered in by a loud, shrill call from Eph Gridley, and each in turn was summoned to report on what he had discovered, the leader called again and again, in vain, for Murray Ford.

"If the fool has gone too far to-night," growled Eph, "he will never bring his scalp into camp again."

A long, hollow, shrill whoop from the surrounding darkness was the only comment on this brutal speech; but while Hannah Ford buried her face in her hands in an agony of apprehension, she again felt a gentle pull on her dress, and almost at the same moment Harvey Moore came up to her, muttering:

"Hannah, if harm has come to Murray Ford this night, it is not from the hand of any Indian warrior. I believe all this to be a plot. If we would escape, we have no time to lose.'

"True as you live!" replied the low voice of Dwarf Dick from the grass, and the startled youth was rapidly made acquainted with the facts of the case.

"Your wagon is here in the shadow," said Dwarf Dick, "and your horses are picketed behind it. Hurry their sacks and provision-packs onto them, while the rest, over yonder, are fixing the other wagons against Indians."

Harvey rapidly and silently followed the suggestion, while Hannah earnestly questioned her almost invisible friend concerning her brother; but the only reply she received was:

"There was no Indian near enough to hurt him, though there soon will be; but there were white men enough. Eph Gridley was the first man to get back into camp, and he probably knows why."

Further and further into the now deepening darkness the two horses seemed to be gradually "drifting," rather than being led, and then, as they disappeared altogether, Harvey Moore laid his hand upon Hannah's arm, saying:

"Come, Hannah, we have no time to lose, and your friend says *haste*."

Hannah lifted her face from her hands, and whispered, hoarsely:

"I will *not* go until I know what has become of my brother!"

"Come, then, and I will show you," again spoke up from the ground the voice of Dwarf Dick. "Keep in the shadow of the wagon, and make all the haste you can."

If Hannah was yet undecided, Harvey Moore was not, and he almost carried her along with him by force. Nor were they more than fairly out of reach in the darkness, before their absence was discovered by Eph Gridley and the rest, and the chorus of angry threats, shouts and profane exclamations which followed bore witness to the excitement which it created. Perhaps they would have been pursued, even then, but scarcely had they been in the saddle three minutes, guided by the persistent and earnest urging of Dwarf Dick, before all the night that darkened over the camp seemed suddenly to be vocal with savage and appalling sounds.

The dwarf himself was now, in some mysterious way, provided with a horse.

"On, on!" he exclaimed, in low, intense tones. "Haste now, for Santanta and his men are charging on the camp."

"But my brother!" despairingly exclaimed Hannah Ford.

"If the missing man was your brother," said the dwarf, "I am sorry, for you will never see him again. Please ask me no more. Santanta will be sure to avenge him, and that right promptly."

As they looked behind them, they could see fierce figures dashing by between them and the dull glare of the camp-fires, and from the twanging sound of bows that was almost as incessant as the yelling, it was evident that the war-arrows were not now falling "one at a time" among the devoted denizens of the little camp.

It was terrible, but it was indeed a place to ride fast away from, and the three pressed rapidly forward, only the dwarf knew whither.

Chapter V.

Far and wide, wherever the English tongue is spoken, has traveled the fame of Santanta, the terrible, eloquent, cruel, unconquerable war-chief of the Sioux, and none would dream of looking for human life in the encampment over which had passed the destroying energy of his band of picked braves. Not even the "Red Cloud" itself, the pride of all his nation, could have left a more perfect devastation. Eph Gridley and his men had struggled desperately for their lives, but they knew little of Indian warfare, and they had been confused, disordered and swept away by the sudden and appalling onset of their red destroyers.

It will therefore be of no use for us to return to the encampment for further information. We should only find smoking wrecks of wagons, and yet more ghastly assurances of the perfect workmanship of Santanta and his men.

That night, after once bringing his two charges to what he deemed a safe distance from the camp, Dwarf Dick had led them for some time in what seemed to Harvey Moore a semicircle, and then, after a brief absence, during which Harvey and Hannah waited anxiously alone in the darkness, he reappeared, leading with him a string of four mules, very lightly laden. Then again he urged them rapidly forward, but for all direction they were compelled to yield unhesitatingly to him. All attempts to draw him into conversation were failures, although he frequently and freely expressed his warm admiration of Hannah Ford, and his gratitude for her kindness and courage in his behalf the previous day. He seemed to care nothing especially for Harvey Moore, except as the friend and protector of Hannah, and he was gruff enough, at times.

Before morning dawned, they found themselves slowly clambering along a narrow path, up a somewhat steep declivity, and Harvey said:

"This is odd; where are we now?"

DEFENDING HER NEST.

"Never you mind," snapped Dick. "Yes, I don't care if I tell you. You're going up Lone Tree Knob, and I'll tell you what for when we get to the top."

Harvey had already begun to feel something like awe of the strange being to whom he owed so much, and he said no more; but the novelty of their position, with its weird excitement, was fast aiding Hannah to throw off the stupor of grief which the certainty of her brother's fate had occasioned.

A few moments brought them out upon the gently curving plateau of the summit, but the darkness was too great to allow objects to become very sharply defined. Still, as they went forward, Harvey asked their guide:

"Is not that a tree yonder?"

"Yes—it is the Lone Tree of the Knob; but there is blood there, and we must not go near it to-night; it would bring us nothing but evil fortune. Come this way."

And so saying, he led them to the spring. As they dismounted, at the dwarf's request, by the stunted willow shrubs, he said to Harvey: "Now, turn your back to the tree and walk forward thirty steps."

"What for?" said Harvey.

"I will show you," replied Dick, in such a tone, that somehow Harvey at once obeyed.

"Thirty," called he, as he finished it.

Dwarf Dick had been picketing the animals by the spring, and now he went forward to Harvey bearing two spades and a pick.

"It is all right," said he; "we have hit the spot, for the sods are loose. Now we must dig."

"What for?" again asked Harvey.

"For my fortune and hers. Yours, too, it may be. But we must dig fast, while the mules have a rest."

Strong as Harvey Moore was, the perspiration rolled freely from him as he labored to keep pace with the weird activity of his friend.

Just as the sun was rising, Harvey felt his spade strike on something that rattled strangely, and in a moment more Dwarf Dick began to lift, one after the other, the little bags of skin, that gave a dull, chinking thud as he threw them out upon the grass above, and before the light had grown fairly clear he sprang out of the hole, exclaiming:

"That is all. Now, Hannah, you go back to the horses and look at the tree, while Harvey goes a little way with me. Come!"

So complete had now become his ascendency over both, that he was obeyed without a word.

It was strange work for Harvey Moore, for Dwarf Dick led him to where the bodies of Sandy and Bill were lying, nor would he vouchsafe any other explanation than that they must be buried. Harvey could not oppose him, so the two dead miners were made to take the place of their ill-gotten treasure, and the soil was heaped above them.

That duty accomplished, and Dwarf Dick began to separate the bags into two equal heaps, exclaiming, as he tossed each bag on its pile:

"Mine—theirs! mine—theirs!"

"What do you mean now?" asked Hannah, who had again joined them.

"I am making a division with you."

"But it is not ours?"

"It is mine to give, and I give it to you. You are the first, for many a long day, to give a smile and a kind word to Dwarf Dick."

"What is in it—in the bags?"

"Gold," said the dwarf. "Gold enough to make you rich when you get safely home."

"Gold!" exclaimed Hannah.

"Yes, gold that I dug in the mountains. But, after all, why should I divide? You can use it, and to you it will be pleasure in the using. It could never do any good in my hands. I can neither spend nor keep it. My only pleasure is in finding, and I know where to get more when I want it. Will you not take it all?"

At first both Hannah and her lover positively refused, but the dwarf waxed eloquent in his gush of sudden generosity, and all the time he was busily packing the bags upon the mules. At last he said:

"It's of no use to talk. You have a pocket compass. Travel due east for two days, and you will strike the overland trail. You will reach good water at noon. Do not pause a moment, for no man knows if Santanta may not come back this way. You are rich, but all the gold in the mountains is mine if I choose to find it. Good-by, and do not forget Dwarf Dick."

In an instant he was in the saddle, and as he rode by where Hannah Ford was standing, he bent, and caught one light kiss from her cheek, and was off at full speed.

The two stood watching him in breathless astonishment as he disappeared over the declivity, and then they, too, accepted the full meaning of his friendship and his warning, and pressed forward on their journey homeward.

On that we cannot follow them, but this is only one of the many tales which the miners tell of Lone Tree Knob, while the wonderful exploits of Dwarf Dick, the mysterious half-breed Digger, are the staple of many an evening talk around the prospecting camp-fires of the eastern spurs of the Sierras of Nevada.

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.

By Lieutenant H. D. Smith, U. S. R. M.

Did I ever catch a smuggler? Yes, indeed. I ran foul of one when I first entered the service. I was full of enthusiasm and zeal then, which the increasing infirmities of accumulated years have somewhat cooled.

I was indebted to the first luff for the adventure. He

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"MANY A GREEDY EYE WAS TURNED UPON THE ROLL OF BILLS WHICH THE YOUNG MAN HELD IN HIS HAND."

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"LOCKED IN EACH OTHER'S EMBRACE, BOTH STROVE TO THE UTMOST OF THEIR STRENGTH TO OBTAIN THE MASTERY OVER THE OTHER."

was an old barnacle, who for years had been backing and filling around the head of the list, always failing to round successfully the point which to him was as formidable as the Cape of Good Hope proved to the *Flying Dutchman*.

The *Detective* was the first cutter I had the honor of joining, and the station was one affording unusual facilities and advantages to the smuggler.

It was during the Spring overhaul, which usually consumed a month or more, that, through the Executive's instrumentality, I was placed in command of a small sloop-boat, chartered for the purpose by permission of the Department. Five men composed the crew, and my instructions were to cruise actively and look out for Black Ralph.

He was a smuggler whose renown extended along the whole coast. Strong of nerve, cool of head, with a large frame and great strength, his career had been one continuous round of hairbreadth escapes and daring adventures. No one knew the spot he had selected for his home; no one could tell where his renowned schooner lay concealed while discharging the valuable cargoes of liquors, teas, cloths, drugs and other valuable as well as dutiable articles.

Bound together by a bond of sympathy, poor and wretched as they were, gold would not have tempted the miserable denizens of the isolated islands fringing the coast to have betrayed the smuggler.

A revenue cutter was hated fervently; looked upon as an instrument of oppression to wrest from their hands articles theirs by right of possession. Their ideas of flotsam and jetsam did not extend beyond a fair distribution of the plunder, and a speedy market for the goods.

I hoisted the ensign and pennant over my craft, placed my commission in my pocket, to be used in case of emergency, and soon after I bade adieu to my comrades, who waved a last farewell as the sloop rounded the entrance to the harbor.

The afternoon was well advanced as a beautiful, fast-sailing yacht, her white hull flashing in the slanting rays of the sun, came to anchor in a cove situated to leeward of an island seemingly one vast mass of towering crags and pinnacles of granite, which for centuries have braved the fierce storms of the Atlantic, the waves thundering and roaring incessantly along the base of the rock-bound shore, casting the spray high up the smooth face of the gray, quaint rocks.

A scarlet ribbon skirted the water-line of the graceful

craft, upon whose deck the forms of three men were perceptible to the eager, astonished gaze of the inhabitants, who, irrespective of sex, had hurried down to the beach to watch the new and unusual arrival.

With a quick stroke the light skiff of the yacht neared the sloping beach. The two men handling the oars were attired in the ordinary garb of seamen; but the third occupant, who stepped languidly ashore, instantly arrested the undivided attention of the islanders, who had never before beheld such an exhibition of wealth and magnificence.

Attired in clothes of a texture new to them, with light curly hair, surmounted by a soft felt hat, blonde side-whiskers, eye-glasses, and a heavy gold chain, rather ostentatiously displayed on his immaculate vest, with which he toyed from time to time with a hand superbly gloved, no wonder the stranger who had so suddenly dropped amongst them created a sensation amounting almost to awe.

"Kin I be of sarvice to yer, kernel?" inquired one of the fishermen, a beetle-browed, squint-eyed, shuffling-gaited fellow, who rejoiced in the name of Jake. A fawning smile parted his thin, parched lips, displaying the yellow, irregular teeth, with an expression at once grotesque and repulsive.

"That depends upon circumstances, old Cross-jack Eye," replied the young man, as he motioned him to walk one side, when the two men engaged in a deep, earnest conversation.

The balance of the crowd rallied around the boatmen, who, in a loquacious manner, informed their audience that they had been hired to sail the yacht for the young fellow, who had piles of money—that his father was a banker in some city, and the son was out on a little fishing and hunting cruise of his own.

"What did I tell ye?" chuckled one of the yachtsmen, pointing to their employer. "Just look at the ballast he's pullin' out. Oh, he's got lots of it, and can throw it around, too."

Many a greedy eye was turned upon the roll of bills which the young man held in his hand.

The dull, sunken orbs of Jake flared up with a sudden wolfish light as he beheld the mass of crisp notes, and his long, lean fingers worked convulsively, as if impatient to clutch a portion of the coveted wealth.

The banker's son waved them to and fro in his careless, indifferent manner, apparently unmindful of the hungry eyes watching every movement, and the evil passions called into action by the temptation displayed in their midst.

More than one significant glance was exchanged between the rude, rough-garbed islanders, which was not lost upon Jake. With a stealthy glance from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, he eyed his neighbors with no loving expression as he drew the young man still further aside.

In a husky whisper he called the yachtman's attention to a narrow, rugged path winding around the base of a cliff, disappearing amid a growth of low, scrubby trees, already enshrouded in the fast-approaching gloom of night.

"I will meet you there, beside that fallen tree. Land further down when you come ashore, so as to keep out of sight of the folks. It wouldn't do for them to know what we are up to. Don't let on to one of 'em." And with a slight nod the young man returned to his boat.

It was dark when he again clambered over the rocks, stealing cautiously forward, keeping within the shadow and gloom of the rough granite boulders. Carefully he avoided all observation from prying eyes, never hesitating but once, and then only to look back for a moment in the direction of the yacht, which, in the rays of the moon just rising, casting a broad belt of dancing light across the sparkling waters, stood out in bold relief, the white hull looming up to twice its natural size.

The next moment a dark shadow fell across his path, and Jake started from behind a huge rock, his form bent and inclined forward as he rubbed his skinny hands together.

"Have you brought the dosh with yer?—the picters with which to pay for the brandy I am ter git for yer?"

"Ay, more than would suffice to load her down twice over with the choicest vintage of Europe."

"Oh, never mind yer big jingo. I doesn't understand the half on't. But the money—that's all right—eh?"

"In my pocket, old Turk, where it will remain until you show me the house of Black Ralph, I believe you called him."

"Sh-h-h! not so loud. Somebody might be listenin' in the shadow hereabouts. But come on; it's a right smart walk, but will pay ye in the end. Many a man would like to see what I shall point out to you this night, and that is the cottage of Black Ralph. You see, this island is surrounded by sunken ledges and rocks without number. Nary a chart has 'em all down, so the cutter—blast her!—never troubles this spot of granite. She has sent her boats in afore now, but they have always happened to diskiver nothin' but shoal water. But beyond, I'll show yer the cliff, which has a narrow opening leadin' to the sea. You might pass it a dozen times from the ocean, and fail to notice the channel. But Black Ralph knows the way, let it be ever so dark, and by aid of a signal light he takes his range, running the schooner safely by the rocks through the break in the cliff, and, once inside, there is good anchorage, where all the revenue cutters afloat would sarch in vain for the hooker."

"You do not appear to like revenue cutters, Jake?"

"Like 'em? No! And as for the reptiles that sails in 'em, I would cut the throats of every cussed one on 'em, if I could!"

"How is it that Black Ralph has been so fortunate in evading capture?"

"Wal, we've all helped him out, and lied to the cutter folks when they asked for information. Then when we had reason to suppose there was pryin' eyes about a-watchin' the moves, then we would slip outside, do yer see, run alongside of Black Ralph, and, in the twinklin' of an eye, take his cargo into our own crafts. A deck-load of wood or a net or two over the stern does the rest of the business; and the cutter officers, with all their gilt lace and buttons, are no match for us, for they have never caught anybody foul yet."

"So, so—o—o! that is the way it is done, eh? But come, Mr. Jake"—and the short, sharp tones of the young man, so different from his usual affected drawl, caused the shuffling figure to start nervously and peer suspiciously from beneath the tattered brim of his hat, as they clambered over the numerous obstacles which obstructed the path leading to the highest point of the island, "how much further have I to travel in order to purchase the brandy? I am about exhausted, and I must say the location you have brought me to would cause the witches in 'Macbeth' to howl with joy."

"A few steps more, just in the shadow of that rock ahead, and we shall see the light in Black Ralph's cottage. It is carefully hid from passing craft, who would not dream of anybody living in such a place. Here we are, sir, and there, ahead—do yer see the light?"

The two had halted on the verge of a declivity, un-

broken by the slightest obstacle for full eighty feet. At the base of the precipice, broken masses of rock, piled about in the wildest confusion, lined the shores of a small bay apparently hemmed in on all sides by the smooth, solid walls of granite, where no sign of an opening was perceptible.

In a small hollow, or species of cave, which must have been hewn from the solid rock, the outline of a small house could be dimly made out, from which the rays of a lamp streamed faintly forth.

"Do you see yon pine—the bare trunk, I mean—standin' up stark and grim like ag'in the sky?"

"Yes. What of it? Is it there where we are to obtain the brandy?"

"No; it is the mark which guides Black Ralph to his hiding-place."

"Ah, ha! and what does that mean?"

A train of glittering sparks from seaward suddenly rose upon the arch of heaven, mounting higher and higher, until it culminated in a shower of colored stars. At the same instant a powerful light streamed from the concealed cottage, glancing across the dark waters, tinging them with a blood-red glare as the beacon streamed out its welcome.

"What does it mean?" hissed the low voice of Jake in the young man's ear, as his hot breath fanned his cheek. "It means, you cussed fool, that you have seen all that you will ever see of Black Ralph's doings! Give me the greenbacks—quick!" and springing forward, he threw his long, sinewy arms about the form of the stranger, his fingers failing, however, to reach his throat.

"So, so! that is your game, is it? Now, then, look out, for I'll have no more mercy on you, you treacherous rascal, than I would mete out to a rabid dog!"

Locked in each other's embrace, both strove to the utmost of their strength to obtain the mastery over the other. No doubt the islander, inured to hardship and fatigue, anticipated an easy victory over his adversary, but he soon discovered that he had no child to deal with. Gradually, in their efforts and struggles, the two had approached in dangerous proximity to the verge of the precipice, a fact that was apparently known to both, for they redoubled their efforts; a furious struggle ensued, without resulting in the favor of either party.

Suddenly Jake evaded the grasp of his adversary, who stood panting before him.

"Give up the money—let me have the greenbacks—and you shall go back in safety."

"Not a dollar! Besides, you lie! You intend to murder me."

"Then murder be it!" howled the enraged rascal.

With the rapidity of lightning, he sprang toward his foe, a long, wicked-looking knife gleaming in his hand, which he held in readiness to strike.

"Two can play at that game, Mr. Jake!" exclaimed the other, as he leaped nimbly aside, leaving the fisherman with his back to the cliff. "I am not quite such a fool as you supposed me, eh!" and leveling a revolver, which gleamed with an unpleasant lustre in the moonlight, his eye glanced firmly and steadily upon the shrinking, cowering form of the would-be murderer.

"Don't shoot, kernel—for God's sake drop it, it might go off! I was only foolin' with——"

But the sentence was destined never to be completed; the lie he was uttering changed into a scream of terror so wild, so unearthly, that it resembled more the screech of some wild animal, as the tones echoed through the ravines and hollows of the rocky chasms.

Retreating in terror before the threatening muzzle of the revolver, the wretch had forgotten the precipice in his rear.

For a moment the dark form clutched wildly at the empty air, spun half round in its mad efforts to regain a footing, then disappeared in the dark chasm below, from which no sound ascended save the gentle lapping of the miniature waves as they broke on the narrow belt of sand.

In the meanwhile the signal-light from the cottage had disappeared.

It was no longer necessary, for in the bay below, in the full light of the moon, a schooner had anchored.

At that time of night, surrounded by unknown currents and sunken ledges, no one but Black Ralph could have threaded the narrow, intricate channel leading to his haunt.

It was close upon midnight that the watch on board the sloop heard a slight ripple and plashing astern.

The next instant a dark form glided alongside, clambered over the rail, shaking the water from his clothes like a pure Newfoundland.

"I have been on the lookout, lieutenant, for your signal, but I did not dream of your swimming aboard——"

"Just as well, Cate," I replied. "Call all hands quietly now, and drop out of the cove here with the ebb. We have work and glorious game before us! I have discovered the hiding-place of Black Ralph, where his schooner is at this moment moored."

"Jerusalem! lieutenant, but you are a born detective! When I seed you with the wig and fancy toggery on a-talkin' to them fellers ashore, it was as much as I could do to keep from hollerin' right out."

Yes, gentlemen, as you have probably surmised, the exquisite, the banker's son, and my noble self were all one and the same person.

I had disguised the yacht, fixed myself up, and wound all the greenbacks I had left from my previous month's pay (and that was not much), around some waste paper, until it assumed the appearance of a goodly pile. My whiskers and wig were relics from a set of tableaux in which I had figured the Winter before.

The ruse had succeeded beyond my wildest expectations. For once—and I am inclined to think for once only—the natives had been completely fooled by a revenue-cutter officer. I had gained the all-important clew to the smuggler's stronghold, feasted my eyes on the schooner, marked the cunningly contrived entrance, and now all that remained was to seize the prize.

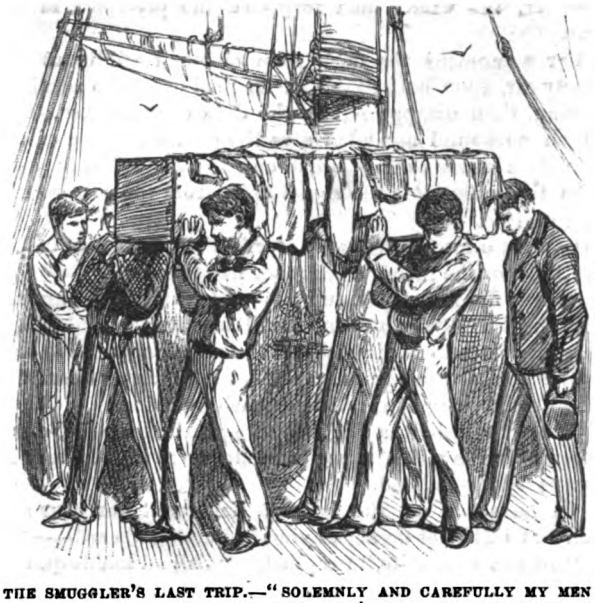
The thanks of the commanding officer, congratulations from my messmates, a favorable mention to the Department, with, perhaps, a change of station to some favored spot, flitted pleasantly through my brain, with other castles in the air, as I proceeded to change my wet attire for my uniform, over which I threw a coarse gray coat.

When I returned to the deck we had drifted beyond the sight of the villagers, who must have been somewhat mystified at our sudden and mysterious disappearance.

There was but one feature of the entire adventure which I regretted, and that was the death of Jake. But he had precipitated his fate upon himself; it was either his life or mine, and, after all, the treacherous rascal received but his just dues.

Daylight, with a roseate hue, was tinging the eastern horizon as I guided the sloop through the singular cleft in the solid wall of granite. The men were all on deck, armed and equipped, the ensign floated proudly from the gaff, while the pennant spun out its trailing length on the sharp, crispy morning air.

We were alongside before the drowsy watch clearly made out what all the noise and commotion was about. dozen men rushed up from the forward hatch, only to



THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"SOLEMNLY AND CAREFULLY MY MEN RAISED THE BURDEN, AND THE SHIP'S BELL TOLLED FORTH IN MEASURED TONES."

meet the leveled weapons of my men, while I hurried aft, revolver in hand, to be met in the companion-way leading to the cabin by a large, square-built man, whose face, naturally good-natured, was distorted by excitement and passion. My uniform instantly arrested his eye. A heavy frown contracted his brows, a revolver was half raised in his hand, as if he was on the point of using it.

A sharp report—the ping of a bullet, as it sped in close proximity to my head—a cry from the broad-chested figure before me as he fell back into the cabin, and I knew no more.

When consciousness returned I was stretched out on the quarter-deck, with the cool sea-breeze fanning my cheek, while one of my men with a bucket of salt-water was laving my temples with a hand as gentle as a woman's.

In ten minutes I was myself, and understood all that had happened.

It appeared that, as I was on the point of entering the cabin, and was confronted by the individual, who proved to be no less a personage than Black Ralph himself, a portion of the hoisting purchase aloft, blocks and all, became detached in some unaccountable manner, falling heavily to the deck. I had been struck down by a portion, narrowly escaping death, while one of my men, who was a few paces behind me, was knocked senseless, his revolver accidentally going off and inflicting a mortal wound on the smuggler, who had made his final trip and run his last cargo.

Attended by his daughter, who resided in the cottage, the unfortunate man even then lay in the cabin, breathing his last.

I forbore from intruding on the scene of misery and affliction, keeping the men out of sight as much as possible, while the ex-crew of the schooner I allowed to go backward and forward between the vessel and shore, at their pleasure.

The daughter, whose face and form I had merely caught glimpses of as she flitted to and fro in the cabin, was really a comely-looking girl, with as roguish a pair of black eyes as I ever encountered. Of course they were dimmed with grief then, and no one deplored the sad accident more than myself.

I could not very well move the vessel and the man dying in the cabin, so I delayed two days, keeping a vigilant lookout on the prize. But not a suspicious movement, a sign or whisper, did I discover either on board or among the crew; and still the smuggler lingered, clinging to life to the last.

It lacked but a few hours of sundown, and the deep shadows from the towering cliffs cast their sombre lengths across the smuggler's deck. I was leaning over the low bulwarks, watching the tiny waves as they lapped up against the schooner's counter, when a soft hand and a low voice requested me to enter the cabin.

"Father is dying, sir," she said, "and he wants to see you before he—he departs," and her sobs found an echo in my own heart as I complied with Black Ralph's request.

The old smuggler was lying in his berth, with his back turned partially toward me. The cabin was darkened; but I was struck with the ghastly pallor on the old veteran's face, which betokened the near approach of death.

I knelt beside him, took his hand, and, in the solemn stillness of the dark apartment, begged him to forgive me for the ruin I had brought upon him. Yes, when I saw the man I had so eagerly pursued lying still and mute before me, heard the labored breathing coming short and rapid, beheld the bent form of the maiden convulsed with emotion, destined soon to be an orphan, I felt like a criminal—a felon who deserved death for the misery I had brought about.

It was a painful interview, and I felt relieved when I again reached the deck. Soon after the old steward informed me that all was over.

The arrangements of the funeral had been completed, and at the request of the daughter, I, with all my men, were to form the escort of honor around the coffin as it was carried to its last resting-place, in a shaded nook ashore.

I suggested the propriety of some of his own men performing the duty, but was silenced when I was told that Black Ralph had particularly requested that we should pull the barge containing the corpse.

The coffin was a rude affair, hastily put together, and the cover nailed on, the whole covered with the ensign of the schooner that, under Black Ralph's command, had weathered many a gale, and run many a rich cargo of the contraband.

Solemnly and carefully my men raised the burden; the

THE SMUGGLER'S LAST TRIP.—"A PEAL OF MERRY LAUGHTER FROM THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER, AS SHE BOUNDED OUT OF THE BOAT, MADE ME RISE IN ASTONISHMENT AND DISMAY."

FOUND DROWNED.—1. "LISSA'S HEAD GREW WEAK AND DIZZY. WHO WERE THEY TALKING ABOUT?" 2. "KNEW HIM BY THE CLOTHES; MUST HAVE BEEN IN THE WATER A WEEK."— SEE NEXT PAGE.

ship's bell tolled forth in measured tones, ringing out a funeral dirge across the bay, and, as the oars struck the water, the ensign at the schooner's masthead was lowered.

In the stern-sheets of my boat, her face thickly shrouded with a vail, half reclined the form of the smuggler's daughter. I scarcely ventured to look at her as we pulled up the bay, my heart reproached me so.

The tones of the schooner's bell gradually became fainter, and as the boat grated on the beach, the flap of canvas, as it shivered in the wind, fell like a peal of thunder on my astonished ear.

A peal of merry laughter from the smuggler's daughter, as she bounded out of the boat, made me rise in astonishment and dismay, as I gazed after her lithe form disappearing up the rocky slope leading to the cottage. Good God! could it be possible that grief had bereft her of her senses?

A cry of surprise from my men, a ringing cheer from the schooner, almost convinced me that all hands were tinged with madness; but when I beheld the prize under way, with mainsail set, colors flying from the gaff, jibs run up, and the lug foresail hanging in the brails, imagine, if you can, my horror—my utter amazement.

Heeling over to the land-breeze, the schooner headed straight for the opening. With a sharp twang the main boom gybed over, the tall form of Black Ralph was discernible for a moment, waving a final adieu, and that, gentlemen, was the last I ever saw of my prize.

"But the coffin—what was in that?"

"Nothing but old iron, and sufficient junk to keep it from rattling. It was the last exploit, the most daring trick of Black Ralph's famous career, and I, the unhappy victim of his superior skill in deceit and duplicity, returned to headquarters, having finally succeeded in completing a report of the affair, after demolishing fully one-third of the year's allowance of official paper.

It is needless to add that I failed to receive the flattering communications from the Department, praising my zeal, all of which my lively imagination had pictured forth in glowing colors, to say nothing of the minor honors I had so fondly anticipated.

But nevertheless, gentlemen, I had my revenge on Black Ralph.

"How so?" was eagerly demanded.

Two years afterward I was ordered to a large city. There I met the black-eyed damsel, who had just graduated from a celebrated institution, and it ended in our joining both hearts and destinies for life. The old gentleman never made another trip, but we often fight the affair over again, with a bottle of rare old Burgundy between us.

A VERMONT dog belonging to H. M. Beebe, of Andover, is a wonder in training. It is a thoroughbred Scotch shepherd, and never makes a mistake when sent after anything. Mr. Beebe has cattle, which are kept in different stables, and he will open a stable door when the cattle are all in the yard, and say to the dog, "Leo, drive them in." The dog will pick out such cattle as belong in the stable and drive them without any mistake. Leo is great on devotional exercises. When told that it is prayer-time he takes his position in a corner of the room, with his nose in a chair, and will remain (although they may call him and offer him his dinner) until he hears the final amen. The past Summer Mr. Beebe left his vest in the cornfield, where it remained a number of days. Wanting it one day, he said to the dog, "Leo, my vest is down in the cornfield, go and get it." The dog went directly to the field, and soon returned with the vest.

FRIENDSHIP AND FLATTERY.

By JOHN SHEEHAN.

I.

When Friendship first came down to earth,
With heart of generous mold,
And soul of truth and heavenly worth,
'Twas in the age of gold.
She taught the love that came from God
For all humanity;
Sweet Pity in her footsteps trod,
With Faith and Charity.

II.

But Flattery, as the world grew old,
Stole Friendship's honest face;
When Truth's stern accents grew less bold,
And Falsehood taught grimace.
Th' indignant martyr did not wreak
Her vengeance upon men,
Nor soar on refluent wing, to seek
Her home in heaven again.

III.

She left her rival to reign o'er
The sunny paths of life,
And loved the dark ones to explore,
With sad misfortune rife.
Both to their own their aid extend,
Each in her way a mother;
Success still finds the one a friend,
Adversity the other.

FOUND DROWNED.

LISSA ELLIOT sprang into the hall, between daylight and dark, and ran plump into somebody's arms.

"Somebody" seemed not unknown to her, and clasped her very closely, while she struggled to release herself. Somebody's lips touched her forehead very daintily, just as a faint light illuminated the hall, and the little figure slipped, blushing, from her lover's arms.

"Just a minute outside," whispered Ned Allyn, as Lissa threw back the stray locks from her blushing cheeks. "Dandy is in the parlor, and I hate the gas — only one minute, my darling."

Lissa had been utterly taken by surprise, and forgotten to be saucy, as her impulse generally was. Besides, all the way home she had been thinking of this same Ned Allyn, whom she had first met in a country village choir, both being visitors from the great City of New York.

"Is there nobody in the parlor to entertain Dandy?" she asked, as they sauntered to the piazza at the back of the house. "I thought I heard some one playing."

"It was him—busy as usual with the new music," Ned replied; "he's all right for an hour yet. I brought twenty or thirty pieces from New York this afternoon. By Jove, there *is* a new moon, and I saw it over my left shoulder. Deuced unlucky, they say."

"Do break yourself of such hard words," said Lissa, looking up at the shining crescent that struck faintly through the ragged fleece of a snow-white cloud. "Mamma would say it was swearing."

"Not a deuced bit of it—begging pardon. It is an ugly habit, and my dear old grandmother would lift her hands in holy horror if she heard 'her boy' swear. I never do

it there, by—kettledrums. You perceive what a habit it has become; but I promise you, on the word of a gentleman, I will stop it, just as I stopped smoking, you know. But—Lissa?"

"Well?"

Ned thrust his hands into his pockets, looked at the moon over his left shoulder again, grew crimson, and then said, catching himself with a jerk:

"I would like to own property on these highlands, by—ta, la, la, la!" he sang, looking foolish, and laughing. "You see how hard it is to break even a senseless habit," he added.

"*Perseverentia*," laughed Lissa, back; "the only Latin word I ever learned."

"Then you don't know the meaning of the word *amo?*" queried Ned.

"I—I—expect I do," stammered the beautiful girl.

"It means 'I love'; and if I may be permitted to monopolize the verb, I should say it is exclusively my case. I do love, Lissa—I love you—there, it is out; and now, I suppose, you will laugh at me for my pains," he added, sheepishly. And then, suddenly losing his diffidence, he went up to Lissa, with a look in his face that quite transfigured it, as he placed his arm about her and drew her unresistingly to him. "I love you, darling," he whispered; "I want you to be my wife; don't say it cannot be—don't say you won't be my own for ever."

Ned was triumphant, and scarcely knew how to bear his good fortune. He had said to himself, when he first saw Lissa's face, "Oh, how I could love that woman!" And then, when he did love her with all the strength of his generous nature, he was such a coward in his love, that he dared not tell the fair girl, who seemed so much above him in every quality of mind and heart. Now he challenged all the world to find a happier man than himself. He was thoughtless in his happiness, and boasted too much in the society of his confidential friends.

"When is the eventful day to come?" asked Dandy, whose real cognomen was Andrew, but whose solicitous regard to appearances, and really elegant face and figure, gave rise to the nickname.

"Fortunate man," he replied, with a cynical smile, as Ned named the time, six months ahead. "Wish I had been so lucky; hang it if I don't believe I should have stood in your shoes if I had only plucked up courage to go ahead sooner. I flatter myself I could have cut you out, Ned."

"Hadn't you better try it, now?" asked Ned, with quiet sarcasm. "I'll give you leave."

"Will you?" asked Dandy, his dark eye suddenly flashing.

"Certainly," replied Ned, without flinching, though he would fain have gone back of his word. "I merely wish you to see the futility of your schemes. I am not at all troubled as to the result. To-morrow I start for New York, to be gone a month."

"You give me leave to try in any way I think proper?"

"Yes; but try as you will, it will not redound to your credit," muttered Ned, with a sudden heat.

"That's my lookout," retorted Dandy, curling his delicate mustache, and smiling. "If I was a betting man, now——"

"None of that," responded Ned, angrily, yet striving to speak with calmness, as he remembered how naturally Lissa took the admiration of men, and how, by prudes, her artless merriment might be construed into the worst kind of coquetry.

"It will be no harm to put her on her guard," he whispered to himself. Easier said than done.

When he came to broach the subject, it seemed impossible to avoid the imputation of jealousy; and, like most people attacked by the green-eyed monster, he would have died sooner than confess it. Lissa opened the way unconsciously.

"After all," she said, "a month will soon pass. George (her brother) has promised to buy a boat, and we shall make up a few parties among ourselves. Then, for music, you know Dandy is always on hand, and he is so amusing, time seems to fly in his presence."

"I am very glad you have so pleasant a guest," said Ned. It was quite dark, now; Ned hated gas; and Lissa could not see the expression of his face.

"Yes, Dandy is always obliging; and don't you think him handsome? George used to praise him up so, that we were all anxious to see his paragon, as we used to call him. I think his nickname is against him, and told him so."

"What did he say?" Ned asked, uneasily.

"Oh," laughed Lissa, "that he didn't care what they called him, if it was only in time for dinner. Still, I don't think he quite likes it."

After that Ned tried to be sociable, but failed utterly. The poor fellow was, for the first time in his life, jealous, and did not like to own it. Lissa overlooked his taciturnity, supposing it to proceed from the pained consciousness that he was to part from her for a month.

* * * * * *

"No letters!" exclaimed Lissa, as for the fourth time the mail was brought in.

"Your true knight is recreant," said Dandy, lifting his handsome eyes to hers. "His business claims, no doubt, the largest share of his attention. With some, the motto invariably is, 'Business before pleasure.' Ned hates letter-writing. He told me so."

Lissa flushed, and sipped her coffee in silence.

"He promised to write every day," she said to herself, and invented a hundred excuses for his neglect.

At that moment five of her letters were lying in an old tobacco-box in Dandy's room. He had bribed the postman, assuring himself that it was all for sport. For a week, however, no letters had come. "Ned is a fool to be balked by so small a failure," he said to himself; "and Lissa is another. Confound it, the girl is really growing pale."

Lissa sat in the parlor one evening, looking, quite dejected, from the window. In vain Dandy flourished, in vain he sang his sweetest songs, and played with ravishing skill. It was his one talent, improvisitation. Afar off could be seen the Hudson, like a blue thread, narrowing between opposite cliffs, that took on a thousand gorgeous colors. A soft, purple haze caught the sinking sunlight in huge masses, so that great bodies of crimson fire seemed rolling down the heights, extending far along the horizon. Beautiful gardens gleamed in the shifting light; a soft, damp wind, redolent of Summer showers, and the perfume exhaled from beds of roses, blew in upon the girl's forehead; but of none of these was she thinking. The dark eyes saw no beauty in tree, nor field, nor flower; they were fixed, and painfully distended.

Dandy rose from the instrument and sauntered toward the window. Faultless in manner and dress, as usual, he leaned against the casing and looked at Lissa. Presently she was conscious that he was regarding her. Their eyes met, and a faint crimson surged over her cheeks.

"You are not looking happy this evening, Miss Lissa," he said, in his softest tones, drawing a chair near her.

"I was not conscious of it," she returned, straightening herself up a little; "how very lovely the evening is."

"Yes; we only want Ned here to enjoy it with us. He thought there was not such another place under the wide heavens," said Dandy, carelessly.

"He has probably changed his mind," Lissa responded, a slight pique in her voice.

"Forgotten his old friends, eh? Well, that is a weakness of his. Out of sight, out of mind—that is, I mean, of course, with ordinary acquaintances. Ned's a good fellow, but rather fickle in his attachments."

Lissa was silent. There was something in her throat that felt hard, and almost strangled her. She was glad when she saw George hurrying up to the window.

"There's a man found drowned close here, they say, Dandy. They're bringing him ashore, now, at the Point. Want to go?"

"Yes," responded the young man, stepping out; and presently the two disappeared.

Lissa sank back in the great easy-chair, and closed her eyes, to which the hot tears brimmed. She felt utterly desolate, and she had done with inventing excuses for Ned's silence. What could it mean? Was he really fickle, as Dandy said? Might he not be ill?—ill, and alone in that great city? But surely, if that was the case, some one would have told her.

"Why did I not write him?" she cried—"because of my foolish pride. He may be dying; he may be dead—nothing short of some great calamity would cause him to forget me. I am sure of it," she added, springing to her feet, and walking back and forth.

Darker and thinner grew the horizon, and the faint stars began to sprinkle the mighty space overhead. The wind blew cooler; the landscape faded out. Here and there were twinkling lights starring the distant gloom. Lissa, utterly exhausted with her varying sensations, sank again into her seat. Presently, as she sat there, footsteps sounded near, and voices. Lissa recognized them; they were two of the farm-hands, who had been hired by her father for the Summer.

"He was a friend of the family, wasn't he?" asked one of them.

"Engaged to the young lady here, I've heard—at least, so Jim says," replied the other.

"Kind o' stunning, ain't it? Them things is worse to bear than when the parties is married. I remember when poor Katie Stores lost her man—going to be married next week, poor creetur; jest the same as widdered. Kate couldn't stand up under it; she jest sunk, and sunk, and followed him in a year."

"Are they sure it's him?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. Knew him by the clothes. Must have been in the water a week; badly ate by the fishes. Nothing stands long in these waters—ravenous fish here, they say."

Lissa's head grew weak and dizzy. Who were they talking about? She tried to rise, but could not; her lips were parched and dry; a nameless horror kept them motionless.

"Did they not find a paper in the pocket?" the voice queried, growing fainter and fainter in Lissa's dull ears.

"Business cards, just—nothing more. Business cards, and the name not rubbed off; there it was, in big letters, 'Edward Allyn.'"

A little while after, George coming in pale and shaken, saw a white heap lying in a great easy-chair by the window.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

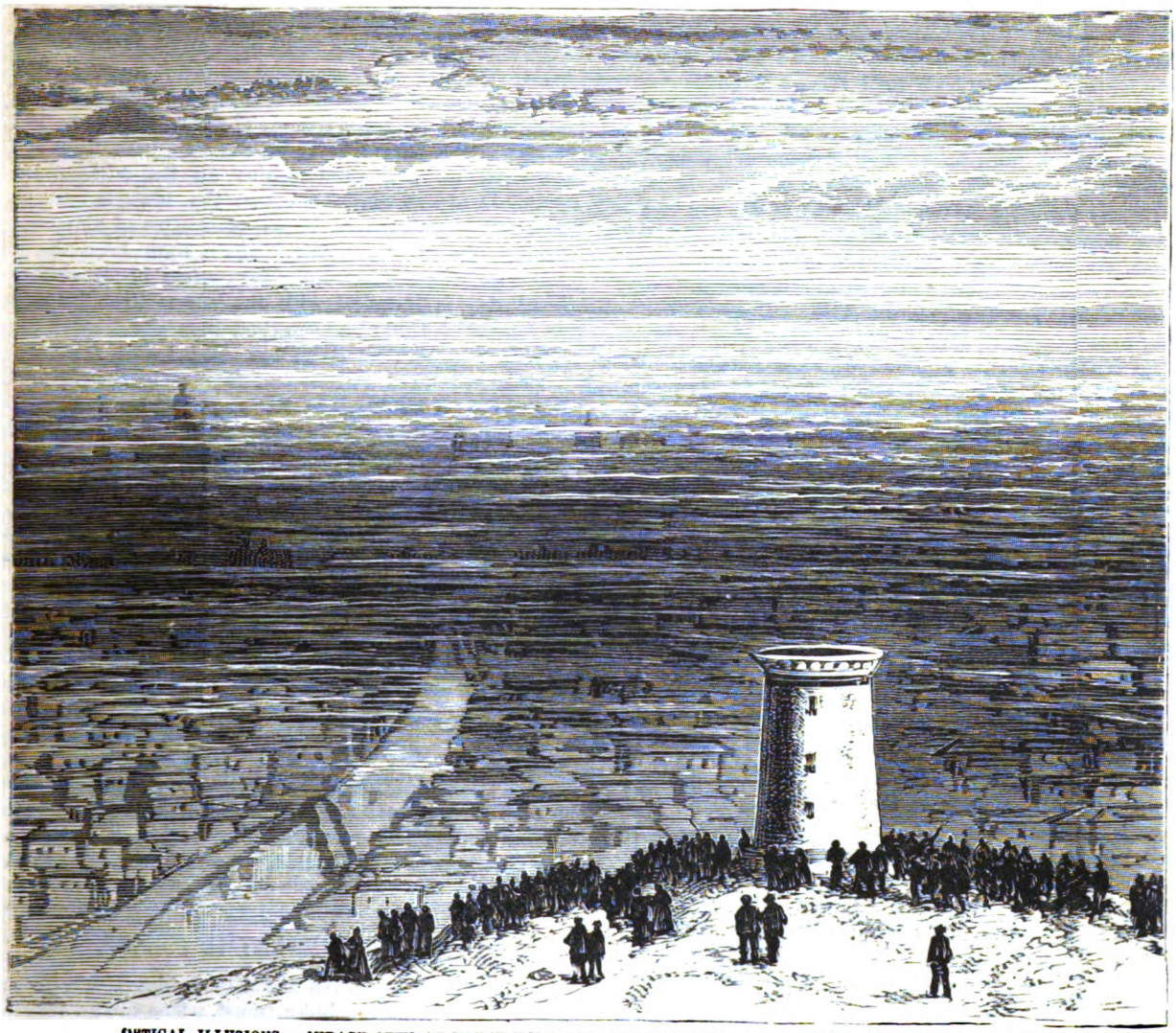
MRS. MOREY-ANTICK—*"I really don't know what to wear to-night, Tibbits."*
MRS. TIBBITS (imported lady's-maid)—*"That is not surprising, you being what one may call a 'nouvelle riche,' and unaccustomed to society. So, perhaps, you'd better leave the whole matter to my taste."*

"My God!" he cried, "who has told her?" and summoned the servants. Meantime, Dandy was walking distractedly about his room.

"He got no letters from her, and the jealous fool drowned himself," he said, over and over again, biting his lips, and trembling to the very heart. "I meant to make a joke of it," he muttered, taking the intercepted letters from his box, "but I'd better burn them. I wish I'd never done anything in this deuced unlucky affair;" and, presently, putting the letters in the stove, he applied a match to them.

The body was brought to the house. The face was mutilated beyond recognition, but the clothes and cards were Ned Allyn's.

Lissa kept her room. She had not spoken, only to ask



OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.—MIRAGE SEEN AT MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY, ROCHESTER, APRIL 16TH, 1871.—SEE PAGE 631.

one question, as yet. It seemed to her, when she thought of how severely she had judged him, that her heart would break.

But for Dandy were reserved the harder lashings of conscience. Not naturally a bad man, the thought that he had kept from Lissa the last words of her lover, and the no less painful consciousness that he had utterly destroyed them, took all the peace out of his soul. Twenty times a day he determined to confess, and each time he was withheld by the utter shamefulness of the thing. It seemed more like a brigand's act, the longer he thought of it, and he would have given worlds to undo it.

That dreadful accusing thing down-stairs, waiting for its coffin, haunted him—but the pale face of poor Lissa accused him with a more mournful sadness. It seemed to say, "You tried to strike at my heart, to trifle with my peace of mind; and, perhaps, my death and his will lie at your door."

"Comfortable reflections these, for a young man of twenty-three, by Jove!" he muttered, under his breath.

Of course George telegraphed directly to Allyn's firm. No answer came till early the next morning, when the following was received:

"Mr. Allyn left town on Thursday last for ——. Expect him back to-day. Very strange. Will be up by afternoon train."

George and Dandy looked at each other in blank perplexity. The town named in the dispatch lay in a totally different direction. How in the world did the body get up there? Only three days ago, besides, he was alive and well. This body looked as if it had been in the water a fortnight.

They were talking it over toward evening, beside the shrouded form that lay near, when a slight rustling noise attracted their attention. It was Lissa. She had crept down, thinking herself entirely unobserved, to weep over the dead body of her lover.

"My poor darling!" said George, placing his arm about her, while Dandy stood off like a guilty thing, "this is no sight for you."

"I was lonely," she sobbed; then started forward, gave an unearthly cry, and flew with outstretched arms to the open casement.

George and Dandy looked on like men in a dream, incapable of moving, for there stood the real Ned Allyn, veritable flesh and blood, and in another moment he was in their midst.

"So you've had me dead and drowned!" he said, gravely, as he came forward, leading and supporting the half-fainting Lissa. "How came it all about?"

"He had on your clothes, and your cards in his pocket," said George, pointing to the body.

"Easily accounted for," said Ned. "I gave three complete suits away two months ago, and you know I always

wear gray. As to the pockets, if they don't jingle, I seldom trouble myself about turning them. Well, you have had a pleasant time of it, I should say. These poor cheeks are washed of all their roses. Why did you not write to me, Lissa?"

"Because I got no letter from you."

"No letter from me! Why, I wrote every day for a week."

Dandy turned away suddenly, and Ned's eye followed him suspiciously. The household was soon electrified with the news, and even the servants came thronging to see the drowned come to life, for so it seemed to them.

Both Ned and Dandy had received a lesson which bade fair to last them all their lives; but they were never very firm friends after that. Dandy never confessed the burning of the letters, and Ned never accused him, only in his heart. He did not wait till the six months were out, however, before he made Lissa his wife. He has bought one of the best properties overlooking the Hudson, and there, with Lissa, spends the happiest hours of his life.

Dandy is married to a pretty girl, an heiress, and lives in even greater style than Ned; but that secret exploit weighs upon his conscience, and the two men avoid each other. Under a little knoll, aside from the highway, lies all that is mortal of the poor unfortunate who was supposed to be Ned Allyn.

LEGEND OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

THE German legend which accounts for the poetical name of this tiny floral pet runs thus: A knight and his betrothed were walking on the banks of the Danube, when the lady espied a bunch of the *Myosotris palustris* floating away down the stream; and expressing a wish to possess it, with chivalrous promptitude the mail-clad warrior plunged into the river and grasped the flower. But, alas! encumbered by his armor, he was unable to remount the slippery bank. Finding himself sinking fast, he flung the blossom ashore to his agonized lady-love, crying, ere he sank for ever, "Forget me not!"

It is said that when Lord Scales, brother to Elizabeth Woodville, wife of Edward IV., tilted against a French knight of Burgundy, the ladies of the Court presented him with a golden collar brilliantly enameled with these little blossoms, as a fitting reward for his success, proving that in olden times this simple flower was greatly admired.

The forget-me-not flourishes in great luxuriance on the banks of a beautiful rivulet in the vicinity of Luxembourg; one particular portion of this stream, facing the sunny south, is known as the "Fairies' Bath." Hither come the young city maidens to hold dances upon the blooming sward, wreathing garlands for each other of the blue-petaled forget-me-nots.

"But of the flowers that deck the field,
Or grace the garden of the cot,
Though others richer perfume yield,
The sweetest is forget-me-not."

THE UNFAITHFUL MAN.—The unfaithful man is more untrue to himself than to any one else. Every promise which he breaks, every trust which he dishonors, every responsibility which he throws off, every rightful labor which he shirks, weakens the force of the inner law, destroys his firmness, impairs his energy, hardens his conscience, and renders him not a free man, but a slave. In being unfaithful to others, he is still more unfaithful to his own nature; in trying to secure some paltry gratification, he has lost the richest treasure of his being.

A TOWN BUILT ON DIAMONDS.

NO TOWN in Africa can boast such rapid growth as Kimberley, the seat of government of Griqualand West, and the headquarters of the South African diamond diggings. Eleven years ago not a hut stood where now some 16,000 people, with a trade of over $2,000,000 a year, form one of the most thriving communities on the African continent. It is now discovered that the town is built upon land which promises to be as productive of diamonds as the neighboring "diggings," which have been the very source of its wealth and the very origin of its existence. Kimberley is identical with the "New Rush" diamond settlement of 1870; and the thousands who flocked to the locality to secure a "claim" in the valuable reefs, which have been worked further and further to the east of the site of the future town, were in such a hurry to seek their fortune in the diggings, that they forgot to inquire whether the soil on which they pitched their tents or erected their log huts was not equally diamondiferous. As the wooden shanties have given place to more substantial buildings, it has been found that Kimberley itself has been built on a diamond field, and that the west end, or residential part of the town, is as full of gems as the actual diggings themselves at the eastern or working end of the town. New claims are being taken up in all directions, and land which was beginning to acquire considerable value as building sites has suddenly assumed fresh importance as possibly containing some new "Star of South Africa." How many houses will be pulled down in the search for the diamonds upon which they are built, it would be difficult to say. But it will be interesting to watch the future progress of a town which owes its existence and its subsequent partial destruction and removal to the same cause—the abundance of diamonds, in the midst of which it appears to have grown.

HOW THEY MARRY IN POLAND.

IN Poland it is not the would-be bridegroom who proposes to his lady-love, but a friend. The two go together to the young girl's house, carry with them a loaf of bread, a bottle of brandy, and a new pocket-handkerchief. When they are shown into the "best" room the friend asks for a wineglass; if it be produced at once it is a good sign; if not, they take their leave without another word, as they understand that their proposal would not be accepted. Suppose, however, that the desired wineglass is forthcoming, the friend drinks to the father's and mother's health, and then asks where their daughter is, upon which the mother goes to fetch her. When she comes into the room the friend (always the friend) offers her the glass filled with brandy. If she puts it to her lips she is willing, and then the proposal is made at once. But it is the fashion to refuse it several times before finally accepting. Then the friend takes out the new handkerchief and ties the young people's hands together with it, after which it is tied around the girl's head, and she wears it as a sign of betrothal until her wedding-day, which is very soon afterward, as on the Sunday following the proposal the bans are published.

FASHIONS IN JAVA.

IN an evening promenade the gentleman arrays himself in a dress suit and carries a cane, but he sallies forth bareheaded, and makes you think some one has stolen his hat, until you learn the custom of the country. The ladies are likewise bareheaded, but they have their hair dressed

rather elaborately, and there are unkind gossips who say that some of them have it so arranged that their maids can dress it in the ante-room while the owner is slumbering in the dormitory. The fashions of Europe prevail, but with a good many modifications. Dresses are generally worn without trains, except at grand balls and other festivities, when the wardrobes vie with those of Paris or London.

The morning array of the ladies is the oddest of all when viewed through foreign eyes, and it takes one several days to comprehend that it is proper to gaze upon the fair creatures that are visible upon the verandas, or whom one encounters in the streets of Batavia or Buitenzorg. Their dress is the loose sarong, or native petticoat, which resembles an embroidered tablecloth gathered about the waist, and held in place by a knot tied in one corner and pushed into the fold.

Above this sarong is a loose sack of white muslin, coming well up on the neck and falling below the waist. As far as a stranger can judge, these garments comprise the morning dress of the European lady in Java, or at any rate they are the only ones visible. The slippers that cover her unstockinged feet must be mentioned, and with her hair hanging loose over her shoulders, and her hands innocent of gloves, is it any wonder that a bashful bachelor averts his eyes when he first meets dame or maiden in her morning walk ?

OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

By Conrad W. Cooke.

It is admitted by everybody that, of all proofs that can be adduced in support of facts, none are so convincing to a man as the evidence of his own senses. That which he has seen or heard or handled becomes fixed upon his mind as a reality far more vividly than it could be by any other kind of evidence. It is a proverbial expression that "seeing is believing," and the evidence of the ear, of the sense of touch, and in certain cases of the senses of taste and of smell, are scarcely less convincing. All this shows the marvelous perfection of the various organs of sense through the instrumentality of which the mind is made acquainted with the outer world.

The eye, considered as an optical instrument, is of extraordinary perfection and adaptability to the purposes for which it is employed; it combines in itself the instruments known as the telescope, the microscope and the camera obscura, and it has in addition the property of automatically adjusting itself to the continually varying distances at which objects are presented in succession before it; in other words, the focusing of the eye to insure clear vision of objects at different distances is, except in certain special cases, an almost involuntary act. If we look at a landscape through a window, it is perfectly easy to obtain in succession a clear view of the distant horizon, or of the window-bars which are close to the eye; and, apart from the exercise of the will or inclination to look from the one to the other, the mind is not cognizant of any effort by which the focus of the eye is adjusted for the longer or the shorter distance. But just as it is necessary for a photographer to alter the position of his lens to obtain upon his sensitized plate a clear image of objects placed at different distances from his camera, so it is necessary for an adjustment to be effected within the eye when it is directed to objects nearer or further off.

The human eye is, in fact, a little camera which, by means of lenses and optical contrivances (identical in principle with, but far more perfect than, those employed in a photographic instrument), forms upon a sensitive film an image of objects to which it may be directed. This sensitive film (corresponding to the prepared collodion of the photographer) consists of a membrane at the back of the eyeball, traversed by a system of nerve-filaments of extraordinary delicacy and sensitiveness, so interlaced as to form a network, which is in consequence called the *retina*. Upon this network of nervous matter is thrown, by means of the lens, a minute inverted image of whatever objects the eye is directed to; and the phenomenon of sight may be defined as the reading of the telegraphic message, which the retina transmits through the optic nerve to the brain, descriptive of the image that is falling upon it. But, while this message is, in a healthy state of the eye, always correctly transmitted by the retina, and is almost always correctly interpreted by the brain, the proverbial statement that "seeing is believing" has, like every other rule, its exceptions; and it is the object of this paper to bring before the readers a few of the most striking of those exceptions, which are known as "Optical Illusions."

Every boy is familiar with the experiment of making a ring of fire in the air by swinging round the red-hot end of a burning stick. The luminous ring so formed is obviously an illusion, for it is clear that the light from the incandescent point can come from only one position in its path at any one time. It cannot be at the same instant at both ends of the diameter of the circle, and yet the eye can detect no break in the continuity of its path. This experiment is a simple and characteristic illustration of a large class of optical illusions, which result from a very necessary property of vision, which is called the "persistence of visual impressions on the retina"—that is to say, an object placed before the eye and suddenly removed, is seen for a certain appreciable time after its removal. This persistence of the image on the retina—or what is for practical purposes the same thing, the impression on the brain of a persistent image—facilitates the exercise of sight; it gives time to the mind to take in the message, and to interpret its meaning. Were it not for this property, the eye in the act of reading would be compelled to rest for a longer period on each word, to enable the mind to understand it, and by the necessary and involuntary act of winking the eye would be plunged into darkness at every few seconds. The time that this impression lasts has been variously estimated at from the sixth to the eleventh part of a second, but it is very generally regarded as about one-eighth of a second. The explanation, therefore, of the luminous ring formed by a lighted stick is that the impression made by it at any one point of its course remains on the retina until it again reaches that point.

For the same reason, a vibrating string, such as that of a harp, or other musical instrument, appears as a flat, transparent film, filling up the space included between the two extremes of its amplitude of vibration. Similarly a red-hot cannon-ball fired at night appears like a long line of light, or as a luminous stick traveling through the air in the direction of its length. Were it not for this phenomenon of vision, some of the chief attractions of fireworks would be lost altogether; the rocket would have no fiery train, the catherine-wheel would exhibit but a shower of sparks, and the larger revolving "set pieces" would be but slightly more attractive.

Upon this principle is founded a large class of optical toys, of which the following may be mentioned as examples. The Zoetrope, or "Wheel of Life," consists of a shallow cylinder of zinc or cardboard, open at the top, and centred on a vertical axis, so that it can be rotated rapidly. The circumference of this cylinder is pierced at equal

distances by a number of vertical slits, through which the inner circumference may be seen when the instrument is in rotation. On the inside, and below the slits, is placed a strip of paper, having drawn upon its surface a series of pictures representing the different attitudes successively assumed by an object in completing the cycle of a given movement. Thus a juggler may be depicted in the act of throwing up and catching a ball, by say twelve drawings, of which the first six respectively represent the ball at various positions in its upward flight, and the next six at as many positions passed in its descent, the successive positions of the arms and body of the figure being similarly portrayed. When this series of diagrams is rotated in the zoetrope, and looked at through the rapidly-moving slits, the effect is that the pictures appear to be suddenly endowed with

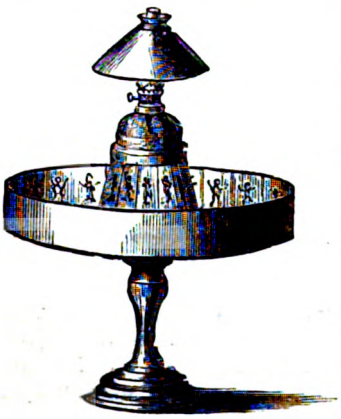


FIG. 1.—THE PRAXINOSCOPE.

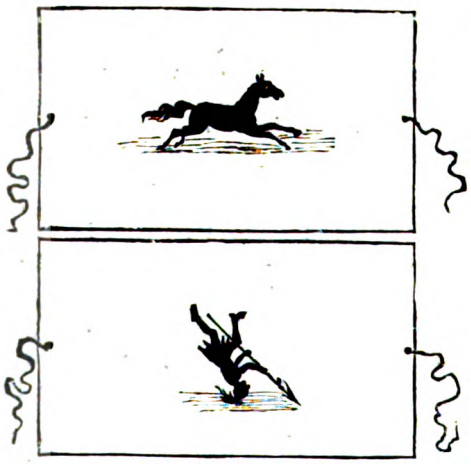


FIG. 2.—THE THAUMATROPE.

life, and if the phases be correctly drawn, the illusion is complete.

A very ingenious modification of the zoetrope, which has recently been brought out, is represented in Fig. 1. In this instrument, to which the name Praxinoscope has been given, the vertical slits are dispensed with, the figures being seen in succession in a set of small mirrors arranged round the frustrum of a cone placed at the centre of and revolving with the drum carrying the figures. This is a great improvement upon the zoetrope; for, on account of the substitution of mirrors for rapidly-passing slits, a much smaller percentage of light is lost, and the use of the instrument is unaccompanied by the unpleasant and fatiguing effect on the eyes, of which so many people complain with respect to the older form. A candle or a small lamp is placed above the conical drum carrying the mirrors, for the purpose of illuminating the figures.

FIG. 3.—STROBIC CIRCLES.

FIG. 4.—STROBIC CIRCLE EXPERIMENT.

Another optical toy depending upon the same principle is the Thaumatrope, shown in Fig. 2, which consists of a card, which can be rotated about its middle line by means of strings attached to its edge; if upon one side be painted the representation of an object, such as a horse, and on the other side be depicted a rider, when the disk is made to rotate the man and the horse will be seen at the same time, and if properly placed with respect to the axis of rotation, the man will appear to be riding on the horse. The Phenakistoscope, Anorthoscope, and many others, are modifications of the two instruments which have been described.

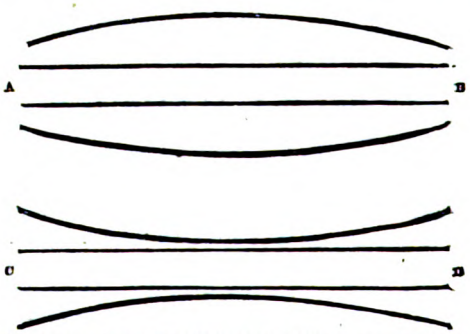


FIG. 5.—APPARENT CONCAVITY AND CONVEXITY OF PARALLEL LINES.

One of the most beautiful applications of the principle upon which the simple experiment of making "a ring of fire" is founded, is the method by which M. Lissajous analyzed the harmonic combinations produced by two tuning-forks, by the curve traced out by a spot of light upon a screen, reflected from small silver mirrors attached to the tuning-forks. The curves so produced are known

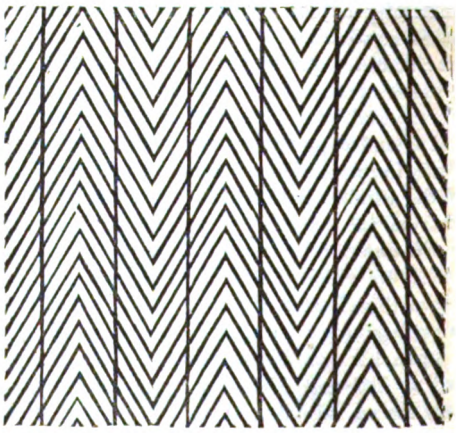


FIG. 6.—EXPERIMENT WITH PARALLEL PERPENDICULAR LINES.

as "*Lissajous's figures*," and are of great beauty, which is due entirely to the optical illusion which gives to the spot of light the appearance of a continuous line illuminating the whole length of its more or less complicated path. The blending of colors, and the other experiments with the well-known color-top, are examples of the persistence of optical impressions on the retina.

At the Plymouth (1877) meeting of the British Association, Mr. Silvanus P. Thompson, Professor of Experimental Physics in University College, Bristol, exhibited some very remarkable optical illusions, to which he has given the name "Strobic Circles." These illusions depend partly upon the persistence of impressions on the eye, and partly upon the effect of the movement of the optical image across the retina. If a set of concentric circles (Fig. 3) be drawn in black and white upon a card, so as to present the appearance of a black and white target, and the card be moved in circles before the eye, the whole target will appear to rotate on its centre, the effect being heightened by the appearance of a hazy cross rotating in the same direction. This effect can be explained by the fact that those portions of the black circles which are nearly coincident with the path of motion of the card are not by that motion blended with the white circles, and therefore remain distinct and clear; while those portions of the same circles whose direction is perpendicular to the path of the card become confused with the white spaces, and are rendered nebulous and indistinct. It will be found that if one of these targets be moved rapidly vertically up and down, the top and the bottom portions of the circles will become hazy, while the parts to the right and left will be comparatively clear; and, similarly, the effect will be reversed if the card be moved horizontally from right to left. When, however, the card is moved in a circular path, the position of the diameter along which the circles are blended by the movement is continually changing, rotating with the rotation of the card, and then the whole figure appears to be turning on its central axis. In Fig. 4, the effect of moving the card in a similar way is to give to the toothed wheel the appearance of rotating in the opposite direction to that in which the card is being moved.

A very remarkable series of optical illusions are derived from the influence of neighboring forms upon one another, either by making violent contrasts, or by leading the eye to form an erroneous idea of form, size, or distance, by presenting a standard of comparison whose tendency is to mislead. In illustration of this, let two pairs of perfectly parallel straight lines be drawn—A B and C D (Fig 5). Outside A and B, draw two curved lines, or arcs of circles, having their concavities directed toward the parallel lines; and outside C and D draw two curves, presenting their convexities to the lines. The effect of these curves will be to destroy the appearance of parallelism between the lines—A and B appearing to be closer at the middle than at the ends, and C and D appearing to be more widely separated at the middle, and to be contracted at the ends. In this case, the eye unconsciously measures the distances between the curved and straight lines at various points along their length, and is led to assume

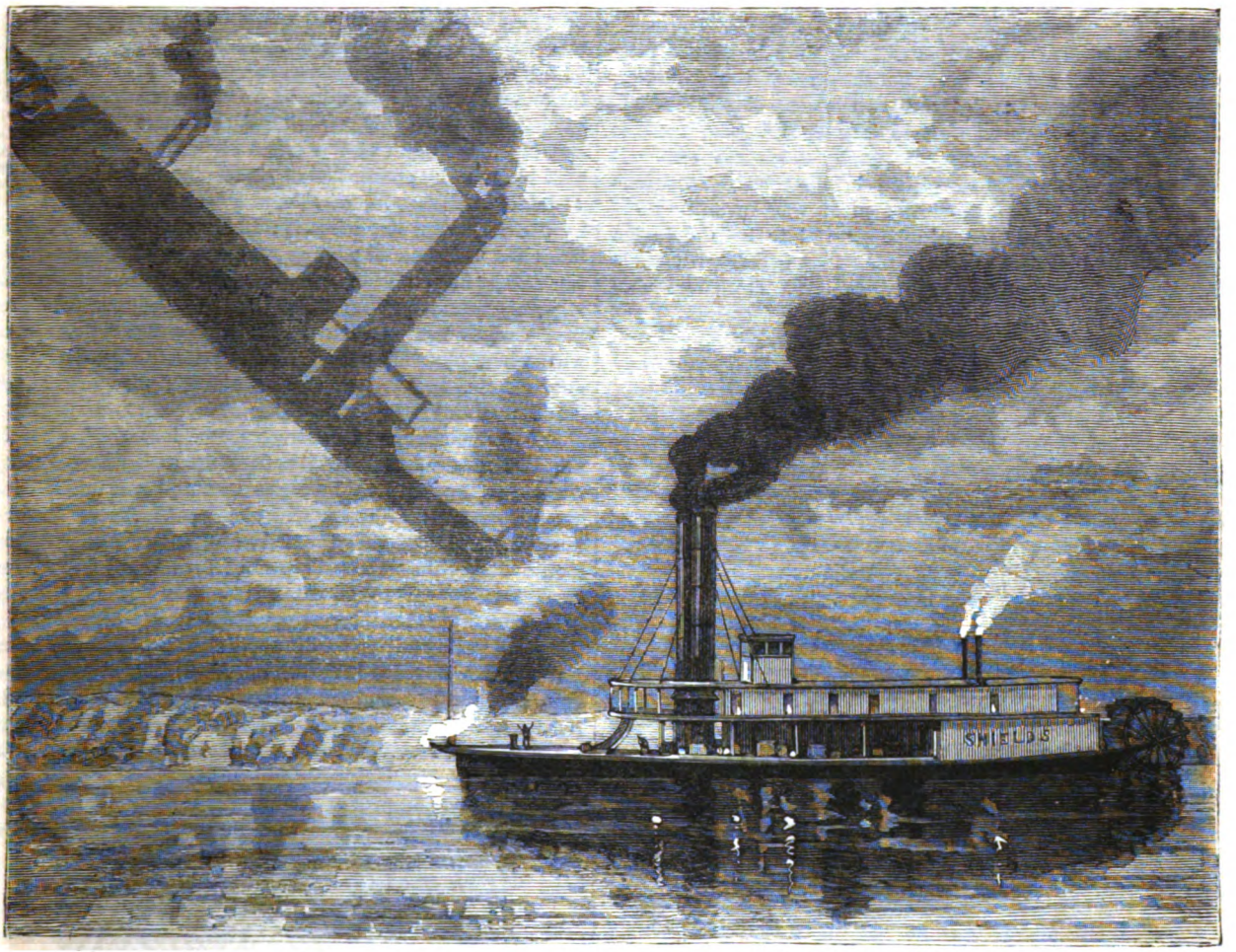


FIG. 13.—EFFECT OF MIRAGE AS SEEN AT COMMERCE LANDING, TENN., IN 1880.

that the variation of distance is due to a variation in direction of both lines instead of only one.

Lines drawn diagonally in alternate directions across parallel lines have the effect of destroying their appearance of parallelism. This phenomenon was first pointed out by Zollner. It will be noticed in Fig. 6 that the vertical lines, which are perfectly parallel, appear by contrast with the diagonal hatching to be tapering in alternate directions. Fig. 7 is an illustration of an illusion closely related to the last. The lines C D and E F lie in the same straight line; but the effect of their being separated by the parallel straight lines A and B is to make E F appear to be considerably higher than the line C D would be, if produced.

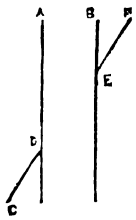


FIG. 7.

The effect of contrast upon the appearance of the relative size of objects may be shown by the following simple experiment: Cut out two pieces of white cardboard, of the form shown in Fig. 8, and take care to make them in every respect exactly the same size. It will be found that, when placed in the relative positions shown in the figure, the lower piece will invariably appear the larger, which can be proved to be a delusion by their being interchanged, when that which previously looked the larger will appear the smaller. This effect is no

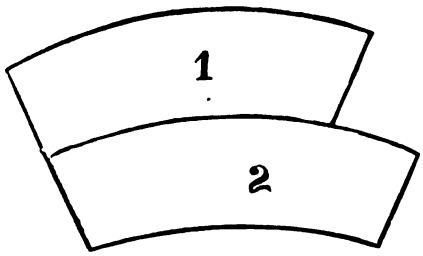


FIG. 8.— APPARENT VARIATION IN SIZE BETWEEN TWO EXACTLY SIMILAR OBJECTS.

doubt due to the fact that, in the relative position shown in the figure, the widest part of the lower figure is in close juxtaposition to the smallest part of the upper figure; and, as comparisons by contrast are always more striking when the objects compared are near to one another than when they are further off, the eye forms its estimate of the relative sizes of the figures by comparing the parts of each which are nearest together, and the result is in favor of the lower figure.

A very amusing illustration of the different estimates which the eye makes of the size of the selfsame object in different positions may be made with an ordinary "chimney-pot" hat. Let a mental estimate of the height of a gentleman's hat be made, when it is on somebody's head, and let the person who has made that estimate draw a mark on the wall, at a height above the floor equal to what he thinks is the height of the hat. If now the crown of the hat be placed on the floor, with the brim against the wall, it will be found that the estimate is almost invariably too great, and that scarcely one in twenty persons estimates within two inches of the correct height, some being as much as six inches out.

The relative brightness or illumination of objects affects very considerably their apparent size—bright objects appearing larger than dark ones. Thus, if two equal-sized wafers—one black, and the other white—be placed side by side upon a table, the white wafer will appear to be considerably larger than the black one; and the effect is still more striking if the white wafer be placed on a black card, and the black wafer on a white card. Similarly, a white line drawn on black paper looks thicker than a black line of the same size drawn on white paper. If a branch of a tree, or a telegraph-post, be seen with the sun's disk for a background, it will appear to be carved out on each side, so as to appear narrower for that portion of its length which traverses the disk of the sun, the light of the brilliantly illuminated background appearing to encroach beyond its legitimate boundary (see Fig. 9). And if a much narrower object than the post be looked at, with the sun behind it, it will disappear altogether, the two portions of the sun encroaching the boundary so far as to unite and obliterate the object. This phenomenon may be observed by placing the eye so that the smaller branches or twigs of a tree, or the wires from the telegraph-pole, traverse the sun's disk, in which case they disappear as completely as they would if the sun were in front instead of behind them. But perhaps the most striking illustration of the effect of brightness upon the apparent size of an object, which is known as *irradiation*, may be made by the following experiment: Let a fine platinum wire, stretched between two supports, be so arranged that it can at will be rendered incandescent or white-hot by passing an electric current through it. It will be observed that a wire so small as to be invisible a short distance off will, when glowing with incandescence, be rendered not only visible, but will appear as a thick wire or rod, capable of illuminating a small room.

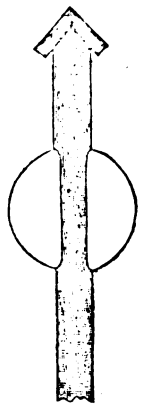


FIG. 9.— TELEGRAPH POST WITH SUN BEHIND IT.

From the effects of contrast upon form and size, the mind is naturally led to its effect upon shade and color. An object appears to be light when placed on a background darker than itself, and *vice versâ*. Every observer must have noticed that the flakes of snow, while falling, look white against the background formed by houses and trees, but appear to be black when seen against the sky. The following is an interesting illustration of the effect of the close juxtaposition of different shades of tone or color: Let a parellelogram (Fig 10) be divided by vertical lines into, say, six compartments, having previously received a light wash of Indian ink. When that is dry, let the first five divisions receive a second wash of the same color, the

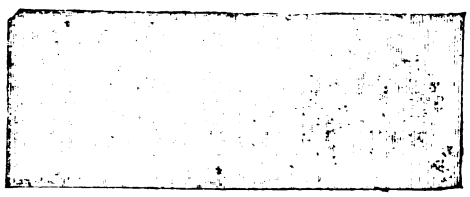


FIG. 10.— EFFECT OF CONTRAST UPON SHADE.

first four a third wash, and so on, each succeeding wash being taken over a number of divisions which is less by one than its predecessor. The first division will, therefore, have had six washes, the second five, the third four, and so on down to the sixth, which will have had but one faint wash of tint. The effect of contrast in this diagram is most apparent, the stripes appearing darker toward all their right-hand boundaries, which are contrasted with their lighter neighbors, and lighter toward their left-hand edges, where they are bounded by darker stripes. However evenly the color may have been laid on, each division will appear to be shaded across its width from light into dark; and it is only by covering up all other divisions that the true appearance of a uniform shade can be observed.

The illusionary effects of colors upon one another form a very important subject to painters; and the great masters of color, Paolo Veronese, Titian, and in more recent times Turner, knew well how to use them to produce upon the eye of the spectator the effects intended to be portrayed. If a strip of red paper be placed against a strip of green paper, the brilliancy of both colors is heightened; the one supplies to the eye what the other lacks, and the fatigue which would be caused by regarding one color is relieved by the other; so it is with the contrasted colors blue and orange, and with violet and yellow; the colors in each of these pairs together constitute white light, and are, for that reason, said to be *complementary* to one another; and it is the property of all complementary colors to heighten the effect of one another by contrast.

If, however, a blue object be placed close to a yellow one, it will acquire a more violet hue, and the color of the yellow object will incline toward orange. In looking at this contrast, the eye appreciates what is wanting in each color to make up the constituents of white, just in the same way as in comparing the lengths of two rods, placed side by side, one of which is a foot long and the other eleven inches, the eye is struck rather by the last inch in the longer rod which is wanting in the shorter, than by the eleven inches which are common to both. Now, in order to bring blue and yellow to white, the blue requires the addition of yellow and red, and the yellow requires the addition of red and blue. But the effect of looking at blue is to diminish the discriminative power of the eye for blue light—in other words, to fatigue it, so that other colors have a predominating effect. The eye, therefore, after looking at blue, appreciates the colors yellow and red, or their mixture, orange; and, after looking at yellow, is more sensitive to red and blue, which constitute violet. M. Chevreul, whose researches in this subject have been very extensive, constructed a table, in which the modifications undergone by colors by being contrasted with other colors are recorded, and some of the results of his experiments are most interesting.

A more curious series of optical illusions in connection with color are those which are known as *accidental* or *subjective images*. If the eye be fixed for a few moments upon a red wafer laid upon white paper, and then be suddenly turned to another part of the white ground, a spectral image of the wafer will be seen, but of a bright-green color. Similarly, a green wafer will produce a red image; in fact, gazing at an object of any bright color will cause a spectral image of its complementary color to appear when the eye is directed to another spot. Here, again, the effect is produced by the flooding or fatiguing of the eye by one color, temporarily destroying its power of appreciating that color, and rendering it proportionately more sensitive to the remaining or complementary hues. The white ground may be looked upon as a mixture of all the colors, or, for convenience, of the primaries, red, blue, and yellow. If then, after the sensibility for red of a portion of the retina has been diminished by the fatigue caused by gazing at a red object, the eye be directed to a white surface, that portion of the retina which has been fatigued will see in the white ground only the blue and the yellow, being blind to the red, but the surrounding portions of the retina which have not been so fatigued will be able to appreciate the white ground in its integrity. Thus the real image of a red wafer on a white ground is succeeded by a spectral image on a white ground of a green wafer. In all these cases the brain notices just what constitutes the difference between the color of the object gazed upon and that of the ground upon which the spectral image is formed. An analogous illusion of another sense—the taste—will, perhaps, explain this phenomenon. A mixture of sugar and common salt will appear sweet to a person who has just tasted a solution of salt, but it will seem to be salt if sugar has been previously tasted. Here, then, is an instance of one and the same compound substance having apparently two distinct flavors, according as the organs of taste have been fatigued by one or the other of its constituents. Comparing this with the color experiment, the white represents the mixture, and the red and the green its two separate constituents, corresponding to the salt and to the sugar. Sudden contrast will cause a mixture of red and green to appear green after seeing red, and red after seeing green. There are, however, instances of analogous illusions by contrast in all the senses.

At the meeting of the British Association, which was held at York in the year 1844, the late Sir Charles Wheatstone exhibited a very curious chromatic illusion, to which he gave the name of "Fluttering Hearts." Upon a greenish-blue ground were painted, in bright scarlet, a number of hearts. When this was viewed in the brilliant light of a beam of sunshine coming through a hole in a shutter in an otherwise dark room, the hearts appeared to flutter over the paper, producing a very extraordinary and dazzling effect. The explanation of this phenomenon must be sought in the inability of the eye to focus itself at the same moment for two colors of so great a difference of refrangibility as blue and red. We need not remind our readers that if a beam of light be passed through a prism it will be split up into its constituent colors, forming upon a screen a figure which is called a *spectrum*. Now, as this separation of the colors is due to some being more diverted than others from their original path during their passage through the prism, it follows that a refracting instrument, such as a magnifying glass, must be focused differently for different colors. The eye is such a refracting instrument; but although it possesses a marvelous facility for adjusting itself in focus, yet some time must be occupied in making the change; and in looking at the "Fluttering Hearts" diagram, a succession of adjustments and readjustments in focus for the red and for the blue take place with great rapidity, giving a fluttering appearance to the hearts, and accompanied after a short time by a painful sensation of fatigue.

Deceptive impressions may be produced from either the want of magnifying power in the eye for small objects by which their structure could be detected, or from want of power of discernment of the details of objects at a distance. Of the former, instances may be cited in the white opacity of milk, and the crimson appearance of blood. Both these animal fluids consist in reality of a vast number of ovoid bodies suspended in a clear, almost colorless medium; and in the case of milk these bodies are almost as transparent and colorless as the medium in which they are suspended; but as the unassisted eye is not able to detect these minute bodies, the rays reflected from them and from the colorless medium become so intermingled as to present the appearance of a homogeneous color. If a circle, one inch in diameter, colored in alternate straight stripes of red and blue, each about one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness, be viewed from a distance of a few feet, the distinction between the stripes will become entirely lost; their colors will be blended, and the disk will appear as if colored by a uniform wash of violet color; if the stripes be wider, the same effect will be produced, but at a greater distance of observation.

All the foregoing illusions can be observed equally well with one eye as with two; but there is a very large and important class of optical illusions which depend upon the

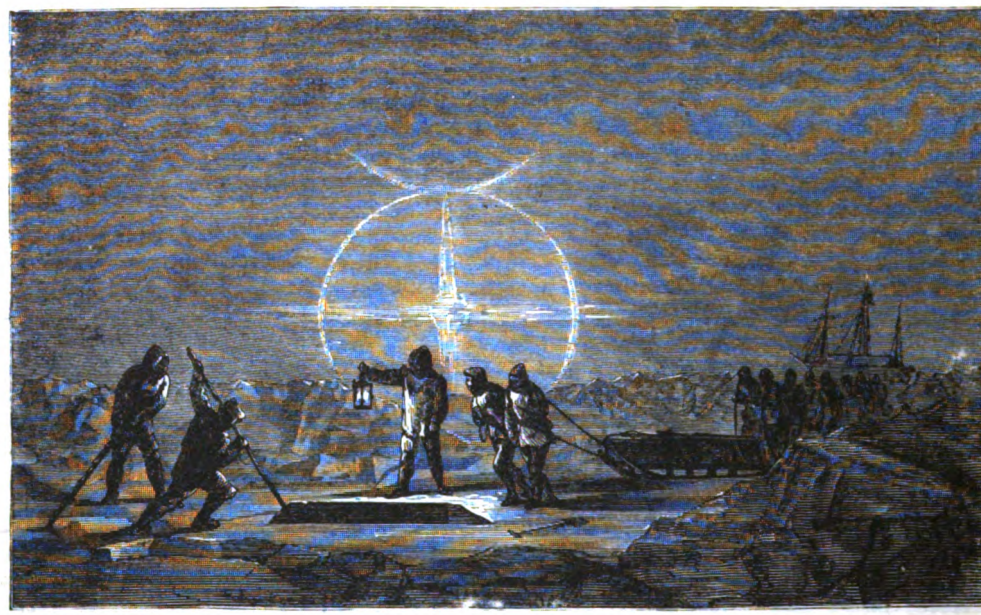


FIG. 14.—"MOCK SUNS" (PARHELIA).

phenomena connected with binocular vision, or the simultaneous use of the two eyes. A very amusing and at the same time very striking experiment is the following: Let a tube, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, be formed by rolling up a sheet of writing-paper; keeping both eyes open, look through the tube with the right eye, and with the other look at the palm of the left hand placed against the side of the tube at a spot about the middle of its length. The effect is almost magical, for the hand appears as if a hole of the diameter of the tube had been cut through it, through which objects may be seen; and with this simple apparatus many interesting modifications of the experiment may be made.

The well-known optical instrument, the Stereoscope, has for its sole object the production of optical illusions of great beauty, and is too familiar to require any description. The principle of its action is derived entirely from the phenomena attending binocular vision. If a cube standing on a table be viewed from different sides of the room, two different pictures of it will be obtained, one taking in more of the right-hand face, and less of the left, and the other more of the left-hand face, and less of the right. The same applies in a less degree to the appearance of objects when seen by one eye or by the other—a slightly different view is obtained, the one letting in a little more of the one side, and the other a little more of the other; and it is by the union of these two views that the appearance of solidity is obtained. But, besides seeing to a certain extent round an object, there must be a difference of convergence of the axis of the eyes when looking at objects at different distances. This is apparent in the case of a man trying to look with both eyes at the point of his own nose; the convergence in that case is so great as to be painful, and he is said to squint; and as the distance of the object looked at increases, so the convergence decreases, but never entirely disappears. The diagram shown in Fig. 11 will make this clear. Let L and R represent the left and right eyes, respectively. If an object be placed at A, the convergence of the optic axes of the eyes will be equal to the angle *a*; if the object be removed to C, the angle of convergence will be reduced to the angle *c*; and at any point (B) intermediate between the two, the angle of convergence *b* will be larger than *c*, but smaller than *a*.

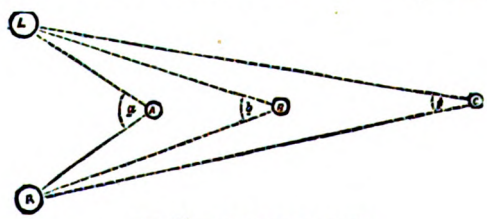


FIG. 11.—THE STEREOSCOPE.

Now, the stereoscope is an instrument which, by means of either prisms or reflectors, assists the eyes to combine pairs of dissimilar pictures, so as to convey to the mind the impression of only one view; and as the two pictures so combined represent the object seen by the two eyes respectively, the combination conveys to the mind the impression not of two flat pictures, but of one solid object in relief. In order to heighten the effect, in preparing the pictures, the distance between the eyes is, in practice, assumed to be much greater than it is in reality.

It has been shown, in reference to Fig. 11, that it is mainly to the degree of convergence of the optic axes of the eyes, that the mind is enabled to judge of distance. The more a man has to squint in order to see an object, the nearer it must be to him. It is clear, then, that if by any means this order of things could be reversed—if by looking through an instrument the angle of convergence could be increased with an increase of distance—then near objects would appear further off than distant objects, and everything would appear to be turned inside out. The Pseudoscope is an instrument also devised by Sir Charles Wheatstone for producing this result; and of all optical illusions, those produced by this instrument are, perhaps, the most extraordinary and striking. It consists (see Fig. 12) of two rectangular prisms of glass fixed at such an

FIG. 12.—THE PSEUDOSCOPE.

angle that the relative direction of rays reaching the eyes from objects seen through them is laterally inverted by internal reflection, so that the convergence of the optic axes increases with the distance of the object looked at, and *vice versâ*. If a globe be looked at through the pseudoscope, it appears like a concave cup, because the point on the globe nearest the eye appears furthest off, and parts further off appear nearer in the inverse order of their distance. Similarly, the inside of a basin appears like a globe, and a hat appears to be turned completely inside out; this last illusion is far more difficult to see in perfection, on account of the great difficulty of overcoming the inherent conviction that the contrary is the case. If, however, a hat be specially made with the lining outside, the delusion is instant and complete. For the same reason, although a bust appears through this instrument as a hollow mask, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a similar delusion with the living human face.

In the preceding pages no mention has been made of the deceptions produced by reflectors or other optical contrivances, such as the effect known as "Pepper's Ghost," and other experiments of that class. These are not, strictly speaking, optical illusions at all, but are applications of optical principles for producing perfectly regular physical results. The effects of a common looking-glass can scarcely be called optical illusions, although they convey the impression that a second self is standing as far behind the mirror as the observer is in front; and the removal of the silvering from the glass, which would make it identical with the apparatus employed for producing the "Ghost" effect, would not bring it within the legitimate scope of this paper. Nor has it been deemed necessary to describe those optical toys and contrivances, such as the apparatus for apparently seeing through a brick, which, by means of reflectors, simply diverts the beam of light *round* the obstruction, whether it be a brick or anything else.

The celebrated *Fata Morgana* of the Straits of Messina, in which the spectator on shore sees images in the sky, of men, houses, trees and ships, is a special instance of the phenomenon known as the *Mirage*, in which, in certain thermal conditions of the atmosphere, reflection takes place from the bounding surfaces of laminæ of different densities, as from the surface of a sheet of water, and very remarkable effects are produced. All these phenomena are physical rather than physiological, and only on account of their abnormal appearance and rare occurrence can they be called optical illusions.

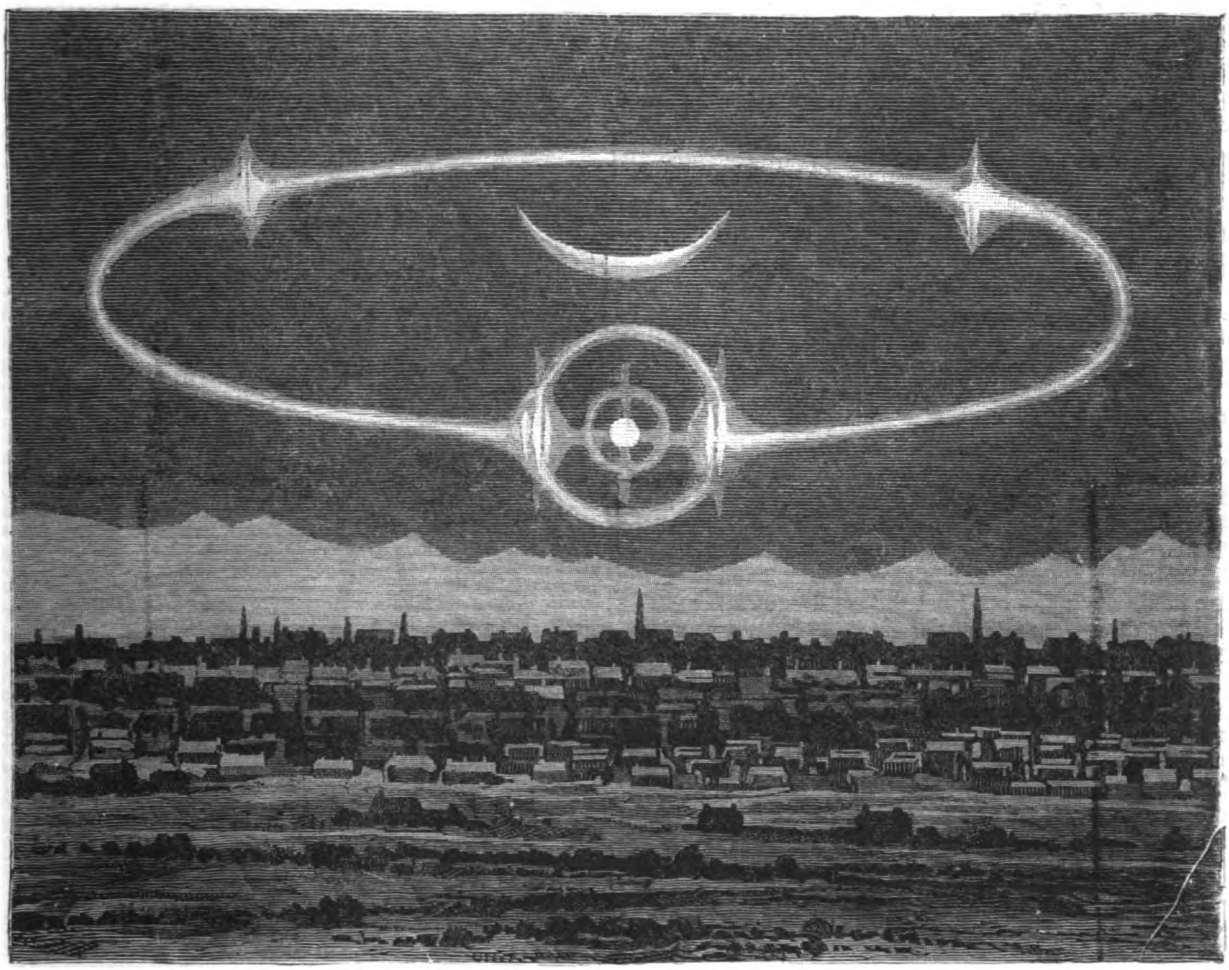


FIG. 15.—"MOCK MOONS" (PARASELENÆ), SEEN AT DENVER, COL., IN 1881.

Those extraordinary and rare phenomena in Nature which are called "*Mock Suns*" or parhelia (see Fig. 14), or "*Mock Moons*" (paraselenæ), Fig. 15, chiefly seen in the Arctic and Antarctic regions, owe their origin, like the rainbow, to reflection by particles of water, but, unlike the rainbow, those particles are in their crystalline or frozen condition. The phenomena of *halos* and *coronæ* are caused partly by diffraction in the aqueous particles constituting a misty atmosphere, and partly by reflection and decomposition of light, as produced in the rainbow.

The celebrated *Spectre of the Brocken*, to be seen in the

Hartz Mountains, under favorable conditions, is nothing more than the shadow of the observer cast by the rays of the rising sun upon the mists lying in the valleys below, and cannot, therefore, be classed among illusionary effects.

The useful applications of optical illusions are not numerous, being almost exclusively employed for scenic effects and for decorative purposes. Every picture is, by its very nature, made up of optical illusions; and the more perfect the illusive effect, the greater, of course, is its merit. The science of perspective teaches the principles upon which a very important branch of the illusionary effects of the painter's art is produced; and scenic effects upon the stage depend in a great measure upon an exaggeration of the effects of perspective. For instance, for the purpose of giving to the stage greater apparent depth, the floor is made higher at the back of the stage than it is toward the auditorium, and the side walls in an interior taper both vertically and horizontally from the front to the back. For a similar reason, an avenue of trees planted in two tapering straight lines appears longer or shorter, according as it is viewed from the wider or the narrower end; in the one case, the tapering of the avenue adds to the effects of perspective, and exaggerates them; and in the other it subtracts from, and to a certain extent neutralizes them.

We cannot conclude this paper without mentioning an interesting optical experiment which, though scarcely to be classed among optical illusions, is closely related to them. It has been pointed out that the nerve-filaments of the retina diverge from a common centre, to which is attached the optic nerve leading to the brain. It is a curious fact that this spot, instead of being, as might have been supposed, the most sensitive to optical impressions, is absolutely and totally blind, as may be proved by the following experiment: Let two small black wafers or disks be placed on a sheet of white paper, about four and a half inches apart, then let the left eye be closed and the right eye be fixed on the left-hand wafer. If now the head be steadily drawn back from the sheet of paper, a point will be found at which the right-hand wafer becomes totally invisible; this invisibility will continue over a short range, while the distance is increasing, becoming again visible when the further limit of that range is passed. On again slowly approaching the paper, the effects reappear in their inverse order. With a distance between the spots of four and a half inches, the usual range of invisibility is between the distances of ten and twenty inches from the paper.

It is impossible, within the limits of the space at our disposal, to do more than mention some of the more characteristic of the abnormal phenomena connected with vision, which together form a most interesting branch of physiological inquiry. We trust, however, that, notwithstanding many, and, perhaps, obvious omissions, a sufficient number have been recorded in this paper to suggest further experiments, and that the reader may be led by them to investigate the subject for himself.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Mr. A. A. Nesbit has proposed what seems to be a very hopeful plan for rendering a forged check an impossibility. He suggests the application to the paper of a dye which is sensitive to both acids and alkalies, and which will change color on being brought into contact with either one or the other. He would then have the necessary printing executed upon such prepared paper in two operations—in one case using an alkaline, and in the other case an acid, ink. This would render the task of altering the written words or figures an impossible one, for it is a well-known fact that all ink-removers are of an acid or alkaline character. The attempted application of any solution of the kind would at once become apparent, and the forger would be successfully baffled.

Telegraphic Photographs.—A New York correspondent of an Indianapolis paper tells the following astounding story: Another of the achievements of electricity is called "telegraphic photography." The claim of the inventor is that he can, by a single flash of electricity, telegraph any amount of printed matter simultaneously for a distance of at least fifty miles. This, in fact, he claims to have done. Before me, lying on the table where I write, is the printed prospectus of a mine, about twelve by fifteen inches, arranged in newspaper columns, and with a displayed head over it, and four handsome engravings illustrating the text. It is a beautiful print, but apparently in diamond type so small as to be read with difficulty. On the other side of the table lies a sheet four times as large, in brevier or long primer, evidently the original of the first-named prospectus. "This small one is the telegraphic copy; it was telegraphed fifty miles," says my friend, who is in the new company. A comparison shows that they are precisely the same to the most minute particulars, but the smaller one shows no indications of an impression, and the man who brings it—an intelligent person, who knows what he is talking about—declares that it was not printed in any sense, but was, in fact, printed by telegraph. He also shows me a picture, apparently a bit of spatter work—a submerged anchor beautifully entwined and overgrown with marine flora and corals—and then he brings another exactly like it in size and style. They are both apparently lithographs, with the strongest light and shade. There is no difference between them. "One of them is the original," says the man, "and the other, I cannot tell which, is the telegraphic copy." He goes on to explain: "The picture was put into a little box at one side of the laboratory, and was reproduced on this paper on the opposite wall before my eyes. There was only a wire between—a wire twenty feet long, say. That is why it is of the same size. When we telegraph a picture or a newspaper fifty miles, it becomes much reduced in size—reduced in proportion to the distance. It is that the inventor is now trying to overcome. If it cannot be overcome by some reversing process, we shall have to go to the trouble of rephotographing the matter sent at its destination, so as to get it back to the same size."

The color of lightning is altogether due to the nature of the substance which is made incandescent in its track. The blue, red, purple, or silver tints, which are ordinarily much more brilliantly marked in warm climates and inter-tropical countries than they ever are here, are due to the same circumstances as the color which is designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. It is a result of the intrinsic natures of the vaporized particles which are made to shine. The vapor of iron has one kind of sheen, and the vapor of sulphur another. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The broad flashes of light that appear in the clouds during a thunderstorm, and that are distinguished as "sheet" lightning, are very often merely the reflections from the cloud-mists of the discharges that pass from one part to another with each redistribution of the internal charge, as the tension at the outer surface is changed by an external flash. This redistribution of the internal charge is sometimes also marked by very beautiful lines of coruscation playing upon the dark background as the storm drifts away. There is a table-mountain a few miles away from Pietermaritzburg, in Natal, over which this kind of display is continually exhibited. The retreating storm-clouds linger over the flat top of this mountain, where they can be seen from the city in the advancing night. In this dark canopy of the mountain, bright coruscations, accompanying each distribution of the electric charge, can be watched for hours at a time—now assuming the form of coronals of electric fire, now running along in machicolated horizontal lines just above the flat top of the mountain, and now radiating out in all directions from a central loop, like the cracks of starred glass.

Some cavalrymen near the Cape of Good Hope were in a heavy thunderstorm. A flash of lightning flung seventeen horses with their riders to the ground, killing ten men and five horses on the spot. Those who were not killed were all seriously injured, and it was long before animation could be restored in the case of seven of the men. All the bits and stirrup-irons were blackened, and many of the men, though personally uninjured, had their clothing rent by the force of the electric discharge. The greatest difficulty was naturally experienced in preventing a general stampede among the frightened horses.

Professor Minchin has hit upon a strange discovery in connection with electricity. He has found that a cell consisting of plates of tinfoil in water containing acid carbonate of lime, is intensely sensitive to light. In other words, such a cell behaves much in the same manner as the selenium cell used in Professor Bell's photophone. Experiments tend to show that its action is not quick enough to enable it to replace the selenium in the photophone; still, it generates a powerful current; and, looking to the simple means employed, the discovery is one of a most interesting nature.

An interesting report upon the "Artificial Propagation of Sponges" has been prepared by Prof. Ray Lankester. It chiefly deals with the results obtained in some experiments initiated by Professor Oscar Schmidt in the waters of the Adriatic during the period 1863–72. From these experiments, it has been proved that a sponge cut into small pieces will form independent masses of growth. Each piece was fixed to a movable support, and sunk in a suitable locality in salt water, when it was found that it grew into a well-formed sponge of marketable size in about seven years. One condition of success was, that the cuttings must be left in open, unprotected beds, where the natural food of the

sponge is not withheld from them. This condition unfortunately led to the abandonment of the experiments in 1872; for the regular fishers were so hostile to the scheme—considering that it might in time to come endanger their trade—that they continually robbed the experimental beds, and finally brought the trials to an end. The results obtained are nevertheless valuable, as pointing to the possibility of growing sponges in localities at present free from them. It seems but yesterday when the sponge was regarded as a vegetable product; we now not only recognize it as an animal, but are considering schemes for its artificial nurture. Human knowledge indeed makes rapid strides; but how much there is still to learn about the embryology of a bit of sponge, those who have studied the subject most alone can guess.

THE peculiarity of goat's milk, as recently pointed out by Dr. Voelcker, is that the cream globules are smaller than in cow's milk, and, the milk being more concentrated, are contained in a more perfect state of emulsion, the result being that scarcely any cream rises to the surface, even after the milk has stood for twelve hours or longer. This quality of the milk explains the fact that it is more easily digested than cow's milk.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHY are the glories of Greece like iron?—Because they are o'er.

IT was the man who was arrested for stealing a mirror who discovered that he had a glass too much.

ONE of the first requisitions received from a newly appointed railway official was, "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger-lamps."

A TALL man having rallied his friend on the shortness of his legs, the friend replied, "My legs reach the ground. What more can yours do?"

"Whit name are ye goin' to gie the bairn?" "Oh, we want a fancy yin! We'll gie't Leonora." "Leein' Nora! Puir lamb! Siccan a name for a Christian!"

JAMES: "Have you read the letters to the heditor to-day, Tummas?" *Thomas:* "No, Jeems; I never read the productions of anonymous writers that are fond of seein' their names in print."

COUNTRY parson, to bereaved widow of doctor in Yorkshire: "I cannot tell how pained I was to hear that your husband had gone to heaven. We were bosom-friends, but now we shall never meet again."

WOMAN IN THE WITNESS-BOX.—"Why are you so precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" asked an attorney of a female witness in a police-court. "No, sir," was the prompt reply.

PEDESTRIAN, who has dropped a penny in front of a "poor blind man": "Why, you humbug, you're not blind!" *Beggar:* "Not I, sir! If the card says I am, they must have given me the wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb."

A NEWSPAPER thus describes a talkative female: "I know a lady who talks so incessantly that she won't give an echo fair play. She has such an everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait until she dies before it can catch her last words."

A BRIGHT little boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched into him." "Well," exclaimed the little hero, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight!"

A CONTEMPORARY tells us that a distinguished R.A., in responding recently to the toast of "The Royal Academy," delivered one of his characteristic addresses—smooth, oily, glib, verbose, elegant, and enervated, which may be qualified as the Rowland's Macassar, plus the Kalydor, plus the brown Windsor soap, of eloquence.

AN AMERICAN SKETCH.

His heart is all of English oak,
His trousers all of English kersey,
He always rows the English stroke—
And yet he came from North New Jersey.

He docks his horses' flowing tails,
He drives an English cart, with buttons;
His beard is like the Prince of Wales',
His eyeglass like the Earl of Mutton's.

His satin scarf is Oxford-blue,
And cut-away his English coat is;
And when he speaks, oh, English too
The difficulty in his throat is.

He calls his cousins' dresses "frocks,"
And rides upon an English nag
To hounds—although the English fox
Is started from a pudding-bag.

J. Edmonds Jones he writes his name;
And yet, if you'll believe me, sirs, he
Was known as "Jim" Jones when he came,
Some years ago, from North New Jersey.

"THERE is no place like home," repeated Mr. Henpeck, looking at a motto; and he added, "I'm deuced glad there isn't."

"IS THAT a deer park over there?" asked a gentleman of a laborer. "Yes," he replied—"a very dear park. It almost ruined the owner to fit it up."

MCFLANNERY heard a gentleman say of another that he had a too benign countenance, and remarked: "A 2 by 9 countenance! What a face, to be sure!"

"LEMMY, you're a pig," said a father to his son, who was five years old. "Now, do you know what a pig is, Lemmy?" "Yes, sir—a pig is a hog's little boy."

MILTON was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages; to which he replied: "No, sir; one tongue is sufficient for a woman!"

MRS. COODLE was telling Jane that the potatoes had an oniony smell, when that monster Coodle suggested that perhaps they had been cooked in a saucepan with a leak in it.

"BLESS me, Emily, you don't look as well as usual—Indeed, I do not think I ever saw you looking so old as you do to-day!" "My dear, I never was as old as I am to-day."

"HAVE you in your album any original poetry?" asked one young lady of another. "No," was the reply; "but some of my friends have favored me with some original spelling."

"POOR man!" said Mrs. Partington; "and so he's gone at last! Ninety-eight, was he? Dear, dear! to think how that if he'd lived two years more, he'd have been a centurion!"

WHEN a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" it is a provoking thing for him to answer, "No, I'm blacking the stove."

A FASHION magazine wants to know "why the young men do not marry?" Maybe it's because the girls haven't asked them. Mighty bashful young men, this generation, Mrs. Grundy—powerful bashful.

SAID one friend to another, "Did K——, after marrying his second wife, take a bridal tour?" "I don't know as to that," was the reply; "but I've heard that after marrying his first wife, he took a paddle to 'er."

COUNTY CALLERS.—It doesn't take long for a rural neighborhood to find out what kind of carpets and furniture a newly married couple possesses after the usual round of formal calls have been made by observing women.

THE last piece of rustic laziness encountered by out-of-town correspondents is that of the man who, being asked what ailed his eye, answered: "Nothin'; I shut it coz I can see well enough with one. Sometimes I shut one, sometimes t'other."

THERE is nothing so charming as the innocence of children. "Mamma" said a five-year old, "I wish you wouldn't leave me to take care of baby again. He was so bad that I had to eat all the sponge cake and two jars of raspberry jam to amuse him."

MITES.

A WOMAN dropped a coin upon
The missionary plate;
Another broke her husband's head
For staying out too late.

The former deed will sure be blest—
It was the widow's mite:
The latter, too, as may be guessed,
Was just the woman's smite.

THE senior Greek professor, in his lecture to the juniors the other day, speaking of the marriage of Venus and Vulcan, remarked that the handsomest women generally marry the homeliest men, adding, grimly, "There's encouragement for a good many of you."

A YOUNG dentist was introduced to a fashionable beauty the other evening, and gracefully opened the conversation by saying: "Miss, I hope I may consider that we are not entirely unacquainted. I had the pleasure of pulling out a tooth for your father some time ago."

"How do you manage him?" This is a question we heard asked of one of the "dearest and best" wives, who was conspicuously happy in her domestic relations. "Ah," she said, with a merry twinkle in her soft eyes, "the best way to manage a husband is not to manage him."

TO A LADY WITH A BOUQUET OF WHITE ROSES.

THESE roses tried to blush like you,
Warm tints suffused each waxen cup;
They found they had too much to do—
Turned very white, and gave it up.

AFTER an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor over a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few minutes, and then draws a circle around the blot and tells her it is a kiss, and she, poor thing, believes it.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

A festive board, with plenty crowned
By Providence to-day,
My girls and boys, you gather round,
In dutiful array.
Ah! five-and-twenty years agone,
The triumph of my life
Was compassed, when I'd wooed and won
Your mother for a wife.

I well recall the blush of pride
That lighted up her face,
When at my humble ingleside
I led her to her place—
And how I told her, land nor sea
Could such adornment bring.
She was a very queen to me;
I, happier than a king.

And when two fair-haired little elves
Stole into our wee nest,
To share our love, we deemed ourselves
More, more than ever blest;

And though succeeding seasons brought
Fresh rosy cheeks to press,
We ever found the bread we sought,
And peace and happiness.

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ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.— SEE NEXT PAGE.

ALEXANDER III., CZAR OF RUSSIA.

By Alfred H. Guernsey.

Alexander III., now Czar of Russia, was born March 12th, 1845, and thus, at the time of his accession, was just about to enter upon his thirty-seventh year. A fortunate age, for he was not young enough to allow himself to be a mere tool in the hands of others, and not too old to learn by experience and observation. It was, perhaps, fortunate for him also that he was not born heir to the crown, only becoming such at the age of twenty, by the death of his brother Nicholas, two years his senior.

Nicholas, whose health had never been robust, was the favorite of his parents. Having fallen into a decline, he was sent, early in 1865, to the genial climate of the Mediterranean; he died at Nice on the 24th of April. He had been betrothed to the Princess Maria-Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark, and the marriage was soon to have taken place. She had come to Nice to be present at the last moments of her betrothed. The Grand-Duke Alexander was there, with the Empress and others of the imperial family. At the bedside of his brother, Alexander was naturally thrown much into the society of the princess, and a mutual affection, growing out of a common sorrow, sprang up between them. It is said that the dying Czarewicz urged that his promised bride should become the wife of that brother who was soon to take his place as heir to the imperial crown of Russia. This affection ripened into love, and they were married in November, 1866, the Czarevna lacking a few days of nineteen, the Czarewicz being not quite two years older. She was baptized into the Greek Church under the name of Maria, but she is usually spoken of by her Norse name of Dagmar.

The education of Alexander had been much neglected. He had grown up a stout young man, with the manners of the barracks rather than of the court. Of matters of government and politics he knew little or nothing. The Princess Dagmar was beautiful, clever, intelligent and well-trained. She belonged to a royal family in which such matters were of high importance; for a daughter of the poor King of Denmark—whose kingdom has less than one-third of the area and less than half the population of our State of New York—has little to look for in this world, unless through a fortunate marriage. The three daughters of Christian IX. of Denmark have done well in this respect. Dagmar is Empress of Russia; Alexandra, her elder sister, is Princess of Wales, and in due course of nature will become Queen of Great Britain; and Thyra, the youngest sister, is the wife of the wealthy Duke of Cumberland, despoiled of the crown of Hanover by the grasping ambition of Prussia.

The marriage took place in the Chapel Royal of the now too well known Winter Palace. The white walls, copiously studded with bronze garlands, festoons and diminutive angels, looked then on a gayer and brighter crowd, assembled to see the marriage crowns held over the heads of the bride and groom, than met there recently while Alexander's mangled body lay cold in another part of the palace. The faces now were stern and severe, and though applause rung out and the two fingers were held out in sign of the oath of allegiance, as Alexander III. stood beside the Czarina and raised the imperial crown above his head, the chill of death was on all who were present.

The Czarewicz sympathized deeply with his mother and the sorrow she experienced, to see her husband's love transferred to the Countess Dolgorouki. The Winter Palace would have been a gloomy residence; but in a separate home, with a beloved wife, all his better qualities have been nurtured.

The people, in whom the mode of administering the Government, with its frauds, peculation and oppression, had excited deep and grave discontent, spread by secret societies, and producing the wild and desperate schemes that finally cut short the Emperor's life, began to look to the Czarewicz as their hope of better things.

Certain it is that he conferred with many of the popular leaders and made himself familiar with the actual position of affairs, and the feelings of the people. What was carefully withheld from his father, was clear to his mind. The students in the capital, liberal to excess in their ideas, as is common with youth, excited stringent measures on the part of the Government. A manifestation before the palace of the Czarewicz, though it was dispersed by the Government troops, showed how these young men regarded at that time the present ruler of the Empire.

A little family grew up around the prince and his Danish wife. Nicholas Alexandrowicz, who now assumes the title of Czarewicz, was born May 18th, 1868, and even at his early age is at the head of the 65th Regiment of the Moscow infantry, and the infantry reserve regiment of the Guards. George Alexandrowicz, the next son, was born at Zarskoe Selo, May 9th, 1871, and at a still earlier age commands a regiment. The Grand Duchess Xenie Alexandrowna, their only daughter, was born April 6th, 1875. The youngest son, the Grand-Duke Michael Alexandrowicz, was born December 5th, 1878.

The young Czarevna saw that in her husband there was the making of a man; and she at once set about the task. She found in him a willing and not unapt pupil. The Russian usage had been that the heir to the crown should reside with his father in the imperial palace. The Czarewicz and his wife besought and received permission to establish a home of their own in the Anitschkoff Palace. "Here, in this voluntary retreat," says a French writer, "and under the beneficent influence of the angel of his hearth, the young heir hastened to transform and complete himself. To her gracefulness, her watchfulness, her constant and intelligent care, it is owing that Alexander has been enabled to acquire that completeness of education needful for him in order to occupy with dignity the high position to which he was henceforth destined."

None of his predecessors since Peter the Great had shown any high military talent. His grandfather, Nicholas, was a mere drill-sergeant, and not a general. His father, Alexander II., not quite so much a martinet, was no more a commander. Alexander III. showed in the late Turkish war decided capacities as a general in the field. He was placed in command of the army of the Lom, and showed that his military training had not been in vain. His first movements were characterized by decision and judgment. Though he was outgeneraled by Mehemet Ali, it was no disgrace to a young general. He fell back from the Lom upon the Jantra, and in his new position contributed to the final success of the Russian arms. But the capacities which a Russian Czar will for the present generation be most likely to need, are those of a ruler rather than those of a soldier. To rule well, he must put himself in accord with the feeling of the nation; for there is in Russia an intense spirit of nationality, although it lacks the forms of expression to which we are accustomed. Of late years this feeling has come to take the form of a deep dislike to the Germans and to German

influence. The Czars have for long been by blood more than half German. Their mothers have been German, their wives have been German. Germans have found their way into high positions in every department of the Government, very much as the Scotch did in England when the Stuarts came in, and as the Dutch did when William III. displaced the Stuarts. Alexander II. was more German than Russian. He was trained by his German mother, and under the influence of her German kindred; after marriage he was ruled by his German wife. Long before he became Czar, the "Old Muscovites," as they were called, began to look askance at him, and it was more than whispered that they would do their best to place the crown upon the head of his younger brother Constantine, who shared in their feelings. The two young princes were on the worst of terms. More than once was their father, Nicholas, forced to take measures against the possible contingency of a disputed succession. When Alexander's first son was born, in 1843, Constantine was compelled to take an oath of fidelity to the new-born heir to that crown which he was not to live to wear. And upon his deathbed, the Czar demanded that his two sons should forego their quarrels, and become united, in order to secure the peace and prosperity of their common country.

When Alexander II. came to the throne, Russia was undergoing the stress of the Crimean War, which was already going against her, and all parties had to unite for a time. It was Russia against all the great powers of Europe, save Prussia, who at least kept Austria in check, and prevented her from actively joining the unnatural coalition between England and France. Alexander II. naturally flung himself into the arms of his kinsmen, the Hohenzollerns, and became more a German and less a Russian than ever.

Alexander III. comes to the throne pledged in a manner to the anti-German party and its foreign policy. That the Czarina will have a preponderant influence in Russian affairs no one can doubt; and a daughter of the King of Denmark could not well be other than a hater of Germany. She was in her cradle when her native land was foully dismembered, and the fairest part of it seized by Prussia. The French writer whom we have cited goes on to say: "It is, moreover, beyond doubt that under the influence of this most noble daughter of a constitutional King, whom Germany had so brutally despoiled, have been nurtured in Alexander those liberal and anti-German sentiments which will, in no long time, insure him a wide popularity."

If Alexander had come to the throne in the ordinary course of nature, it would have been safe to predict at least a prosperous beginning of his reign. As Czarewicz he was noted for the strict economy with which he conducted his affairs. In his palace there was no waste and no unseemly extravagance. His father had surrounded himself by a gang of altogether questionable character, who ran recklessly into debts, which their imperial master was held bound to liquidate. In spite of all pretensions of reform, it is quite certain that official peculation was never more rife than during the last unhappy six years of the life of Alexander II. The nation might at least feel assured that when his son came to the throne he would wage relentless war against the great army of peculators, and would not allow friend or minister to fill their pockets from the public treasury.

It would seem, moreover, that the Czarewicz was in full accord with that great Slavophilic scheme, which looks primarily to the deliverance of all Turkey in Europe from Ottoman rule. This idea lies nearer to the Russian heart than any other, even than that of the acquisition of Constantinople, and, apart from all political aspects, has the sanction of the highest religious feeling; for Greeks and Slavs are alike members of that Eastern Church of which the Czar of Russia is the real head. To enfranchise all the Christians in every part of the Balkan region has to a Russian something of that deep religious sentiment which eight centuries ago banded all Christendom into the Crusades. This scheme is for many reasons distasteful to Austria, who aspires to be the head of the Slavic races. It is alike, though for quite different reasons, distasteful to Germany, who wishes Austria to become more and more Slavic, and consequently less and less German, hoping that the German-speaking States of Austria will in time gravitate to that now overshadowing empire of which the House of Hohenzollern is the head.

Moreover, Poland is the sore spot in the Russian Empire. Poland is to Russia much what Ireland is to Great Britain. And yet one cannot see why this ulcer might not be healed. If Russia would place the Poles upon an entire equality with the Russians, there can be little doubt that the Poles would in a generation gladly accept the Czar as their sovereign; for all thinking men must agree that a separate and independent Kingdom of Poland is no more to be thought of than a separate and independent Kingdom or Republic of Ireland. In any case, Poland would be a weak State—and for a State, even more than for an individual, to be weak is to be miserable. Those who know best believe that the Czar is not disinclined to try the experiment of fully incorporating Poland with Russia, instead of holding it like a subjugated province.

The Czar has reasons, apart from that of weakening the Ottoman Power, for favoring the territorial enlargement of Greece far beyond the limits which have just been assigned to it by the Berlin Conference—giving to it, indeed, the rule over all the Greek-speaking population of mainland Turkey, and the islands of the Archipelago. Not among the least of these reasons is that of his family connection with the reigning sovereign of Greece. George I., "King of the Hellenes," is a brother of the Empress of Russia, and Queen Olga is a niece of Alexander III. Thus the new Czar has every outward motive for sundering the intimate relations which have for some time existed with the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and joining himself with the Western Powers in a policy the immediate aim of which would be to free Slavs and Greeks alike from the long, weary and destructive rule of the Turks. Russia and the Western Powers have no valid reason for shoring up the tottering fabric of the Sublime Porte. Metternich, looking from the purely Legitimist point of view, was justified in declaring to the absolute rulers of Europe that "The Sultan has every claim upon us, for he is a legitimate monarch." But we imagine that the constitutional kingdoms of Europe, and the French Republic, have advanced beyond any such idea of the "right divine" of kings, emperors, or sultans.

But while the newly crowned Czar has so many reasons for holding a liberal policy which shall in effect transform Russia from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that other reasons press upon him at the outset of his reign for throwing himself into the reactionary current.

If Alexander II. had resigned his sovereignty, as he is said to have meditated doing, or if he had died in the ordinary course of nature, his son would have come to the throne under very different circumstances. But his accession was the result of a great crime in which he had no share, and which he cannot do other than avenge to the uttermost. That the murder of Alexander II. was the

work of the "Nihilists" is unquestioned. But who are the Nihilists? We believe that this mysterious organization is composed of only a very few members. Had its secret been intrusted, even partially, to many persons, it could scarcely have failed to have been brought to light. One clew would have led to another. The fact that the secret has been so well kept, seems to evince that it existed in only a few heads and hands. But those few hands had means of penetrating the inmost recesses of the imperial palace. And the directing heads, whoever or whatever they may be, had hands, few perhaps, but enough, ready to carry out their most desperate plans.

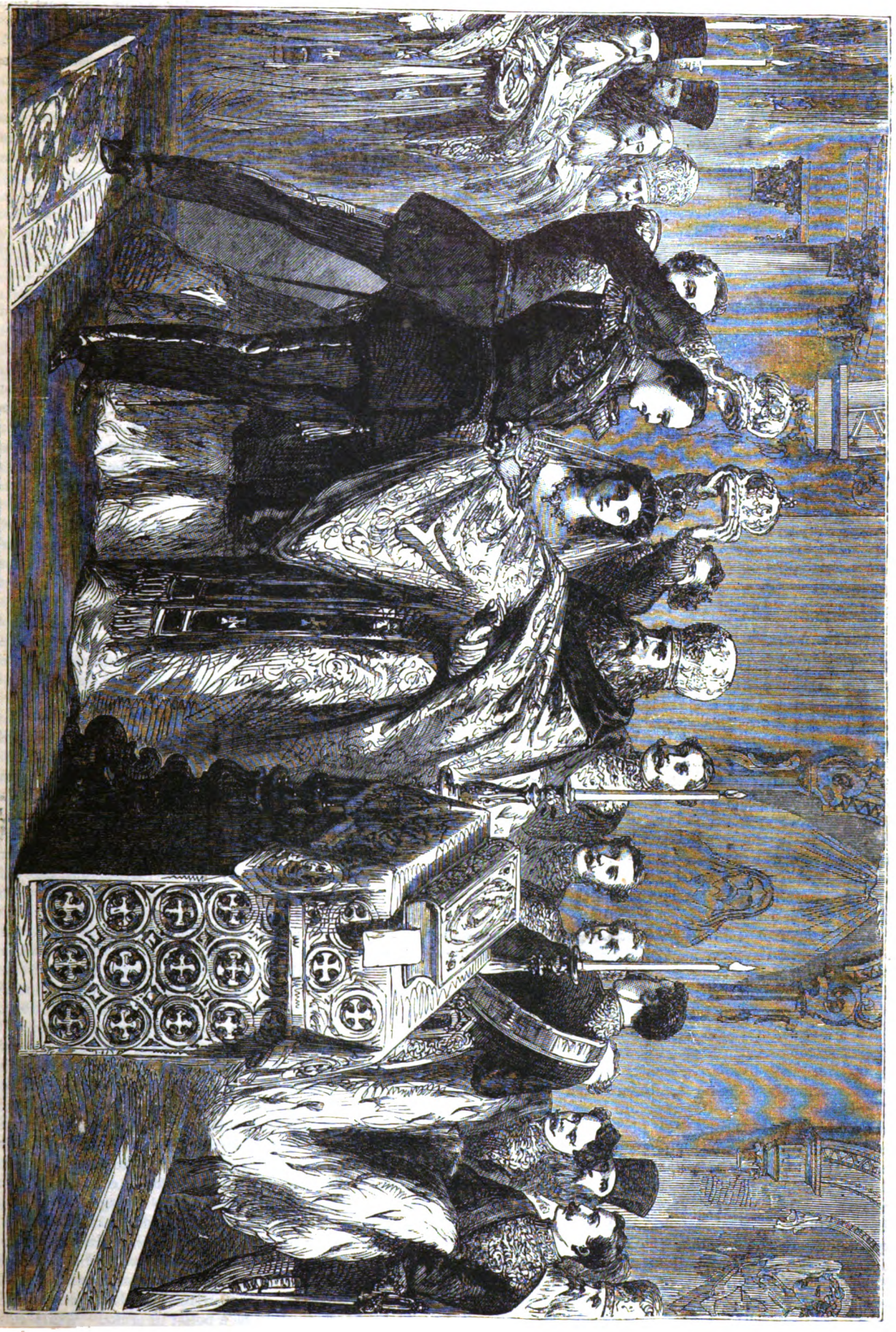
They had at their disposal all the terrible enginery of secret murder, against which no human forecaution can effectually guard. The dread of assassination is the skeleton in the closet of every absolute sovereign. It takes its uninvited seat at his most private table. Its shadowy form glides ominously among his most trusted servants, and penetrates the thickest lines of his surrounding guards. Monarchs have been sadly taught that there is no divinity which watches over the person of a king. Be his soldiery ever so numerous, his police ever so ubiquitous and subtle—nay, let him be ever so much a favorite with his people, he is at every moment in peril of his life. If there be anywhere even a small body of discontented spirits, the more especially if they are banded together by the ties of some political theory, and bent upon assassination as a means to carry it out, they will, most likely, sooner or later, gain their end. Nine attempts may fail, but the tenth will succeed. Nothing works such a change in a weak man as this constant dread of an unseen murderer. It not infrequently shatters the strongest nerves. The Fourth Henry of France was haunted by it. In fancy he felt the blow of the fatal knife long before Ravaillac armed himself therewith. When a man knows not whom he may trust, he is apt to distrust everybody.

MARIA FEODOROVNA DAGMAR, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Alexander III. is heir to this fearful inheritance of suspicion and dread. The same mysterious threats which drove his father into absolutism and half-madness have been darkly made against the son; and he must feel that they may at any moment meet with their full accomplishment. He cannot but feel that the gauntlet of defiance has been flung at him.

How shall he meet the challenge? Will he brave it in the spirit in which it was braved by Elizabeth of England, under circumstances not very dissimilar? She knew that the subtlest precautions could not be effective, and so she wisely took no precautions at all. She went abroad unguarded among her people. Her palace doors stood so widely open that plotters and conspirators might enter unchallenged. Her very boldness proved her best safeguard. When actual plotters were detected, they, indeed, met with condign punishment; but for the rest, she and her wise counselors took no great pains to ferret out possible plots against her life; although they were wary enough in watching over anything which looked toward a change of government; as in the cunning way in which Mary Queen of Scots was beguiled to her doom.

Will Alexander of Russia follow the bold and wise example of Elizabeth of England? or will he follow the weaker and more unwise example of his unhappy father? Will he, in a word, yield to craven fears, and give over the great career which lies open to him? In any case, the burden which has devolved upon him can be no light one. In what spirit will he bear it? There can be no question that the immediate effect of the assassination of Alexander



MARRIAGE OF THE CZAREWICZ AND THE PRINCESS MARIA FEODOROVNA, IN 1866.

II. will be to give new hopes to the upholders of despotism in Russia. It will not be hard to convince many that the murder was the outgrowth of that desire for reform which has come to be so pressing, and that the only thing to be done is to tighten the cords of despotism; to make Russia still more an autocracy than it has heretofore been. The argument will be: Those who style themselves Reformers are Revolutionists, aiming to put down all Government; and Government must, therefore, put down all Revolutionists, no matter by what name they may call themselves, or may be called by others. The Czar must make no concessions to them, and enter into no terms with them. Too much has already been conceded, and these concessions must be annulled now and for ever.

We do not hold that this reactionary scheme, even should Alexander III. fall in with it, can meet with more than temporary success. We hope, indeed, and certainly not "against hope," that the Czar will be more wisely taught; that he will rise to the greatness of the occasion, and will perceive that the welfare of his vast dominions can be permanently secured only by the institution of a rule which shall be a free one, at least so far as this: that the people shall have an audible voice and a real part in the government. They must in some way or another have a representative body—call it Parliament, Diet, Congress, or what you will—which shall have the right of open inquiry and free speech; which may openly and by authority search into the multiform evils in the empire; pass authoritative censure upon incapable or unworthy officials; and, in the name of the people, point out to the Czar the manner in which he shall exercise the mighty authority resting in his hands. The title of the Czar need not of necessity be changed; still he and his successors must cease to be in reality "Emperors and Autocrats of all the Russias," but instead of this, Czars of the Russians—that is, rulers of the people, ruling by fixed law, and amenable to it as truly as is the humblest subject. Between this, at least, and utter absolutism there is no half-way stopping-place. Should the Czar go over to absolutism, that principle may have a temporary success; but the Spirit of the Age is against it; and in the long run the Spirit of the Age is mightier than any man; the many will be found stronger than the few. The contest may not, indeed, result in the establishment in our day of a settled free government in Russia. Russian history may have to run the course which French history ran during and after the Revolution. Or, what is worse, anarchy may for a while take the place of despotism.

If Alexander chooses the wiser course, and puts himself at the head of the movement of progress and reform, he has open to him a nobler career than has been presented to any other man of our century. From the little that we yet know of the man, and of the influences which have been paramount around him, we trust that he will take the wiser course. He is said to be a man of firm will, not given over-much to speech, coming slowly to his opinions, but tenaciously clinging to them when once formed. Months may possibly elapse before men will be able to see clearly in which direction his course will be taken; but when once fairly taken it cannot but be of weighty import in the history of his age. While not without fears for the worst, we have strong hopes for the best. Carlyle not very wisely sneered at the idea of a "Reforming Pope." Pius IX., who started in that direction, soon went quite the other way; but if we rightly apprehend the course of his successor, a Reform Pope fills the chair of St. Peter. Alexander II. of Russia set out with the promise of being a Reforming Czar; but ended with being the ostensible head and front of the mis-called "Holy Alliance" of European sovereigns. Let us hope that in Alexander III. the world will have to recognize a true Reforming Czar. Under such an one Russia will be able to place herself in vanguard of European progress. Should he take the side of absolutism, the shadow upon the dial will go back for many a weary degree.

On his sudden accession to the throne, the new Czar issued immediately the following manifesto, which may be considered as expressing his real feelings:

"We, Alexander III., ascending the throne with the firm intention of securing and strengthening the tranquillity and welfare of the Empire, and following the example of Nicholas I. and Alexander II., deem it our sacred duty to decide certain measures to be adopted under extraordinary circumstances. In view of the minority of the heir to our throne, it is our will and in accordance with the fundamental laws of the Empire we do ordain as follows: In the event of our demise before the Czarewicz has attained the requisite age, we appoint the Grand-Duke Vladimir Regent of the Empire, the Kingdom of Poland and the Grand Duchy of Finland, until the Czarewicz shall have attained the requisite age. In the event of the death of the Czarewicz, after our demise, before he attains his majority, the Grand-Duke Vladimir shall remain Regent after our next son shall have ascended the throne, in virtue of the law of succession, until the latter attains his majority."

He is hailed already as a Zemsky Czar by the adherents of old Russian ideas, in allusion to the popular assemblies which took part in government before the days of Peter the Great.

Up to that time, the Muscovite rulers used to convene the "Zemsky Dume," or Land's Council, which raised and discussed all State questions, though it was possessed of merely advisory power, and had no authority to carry out its decisions.

The really sound part of Russia have always looked back to this popular assembly, and on its restoration found their hopes for the future. They and the new Czar are alike averse to the kingcraft and red republicanism of Western Europe.

His first steps, personal rather than otherwise, have made him hosts of friends. He will reside at the Anichkoff Palace, the state to be maintained at the Winter Palace being too expensive for his tastes. Many palaces will be appropriated to benevolent or useful purposes. Useless officials are dismissed, and the imperial stables greatly reduced.

All this gives earnest that a thorough reform in all parts of the Government service will be carried out, and that honesty and economy will prevail, to the great alleviation of a tax-burdened people. Recently the new Zemsky Czar, while giving an audience to the deputies (over 600) from the different provinces, cities, classes, corporations and societies, showed plainly his preference for those of them who represented the people at large, over the nobles and the privileged classes in general. The deputies of Moscow were greeted by him with special kindness. Among the deputies admitted to the Court for the first time were the representatives of the peasants and those of the Hebrews. The former fell on their knees and offered to their master bread and salt, according to an ancient Russian custom.

The head of the Slavophiles, Ivan Aksakoff, in a recent speech said: "It would be unwise to hide from ourselves the fact that we are on the edge of an abyss; one step more, and we shall perish in a bloody chaos. We must awake and throw away the chains brought by us from Europe. A national spirit is our stronghold. Let us pray the Czar to rely only upon the people, as in olden times. Our people believe in and love the Czar, and they will defend him and the country with unconquerable Zemsky power. Unnatural transplantation of European civilization has developed in us a belief in crime. While intro-

ducing that civilization we have been baptized in blood. It was inaugurated in our country by the bloody Terror of Peter; with a bloody Terror it is now terminated by the persons who act according to the last word of the European civilization."

The Emperor of Russia may probably begin his reign with a serious desire to improve the condition of his subjects. Any effort which he makes for the purpose will be regarded with sympathy and good will; and it may be added that eventual success would be attended not only with approving recognition, but with genuine surprise.

At the end of the last century, and at still later periods, there was a popular belief in all European countries that political freedom was the proper remedy of almost all existing evils, and this produced unlimited confidence in the efficiency of representative institutions. It cannot be said that the constitutional experiments which have consequently been tried have wholly failed; but the enthusiasm with which they were once regarded has in great measure subsided. Few political theorists would now anticipate unmixed good from the establishment of a Russian Parliament, though there seems to be no other alternative to the continuance of absolute monarchy. In Russia the aristocracy possesses little influence, and there is no important middle class. The peasantry would take no interest in any legislation which was not exclusively directed to the improvement of their own condition, probably at the expense of the larger landowners. The numerous and powerful official classes, and the actual and former students of the Universities, supply no sufficient materials for a constitutional system. On the whole, the best instrument of Russian progress is probably a wise and beneficent sovereign. In so vast an empire, power, whatever may be its nature and origin, must be concentrated in the hands of the Government, as long as the people are not sufficiently advanced to dispense with almost all internal control. The task of reform in Russia is rendered more arduous by the impossibility of ascertaining the real desires of the nation.

The Emperor cannot disband the force on which alone he relies for personal security, and for the protection of life and property; and the moderation of a police necessarily invested with large powers cannot always be insured. It is not even possible to guard against treachery or incapacity among the guardians of society. Assassins are almost always more than a match for the police, and they sometimes possess accomplices in their ranks. The best precaution against abuse of power is the appointment of honest and prudent directors of the police force, and until lately it was believed that General Loris Melikoff had been more successful than his predecessors. It is not known whether the present Emperor reposes the same confidence with his father in the loyalty and capacity of the late Minister of the Interior. The powers of the police cannot for the present be advantageously restricted; but the vigilance of their superiors may perhaps restrain them from the excesses which have aggravated their unavoidable unpopularity.

It appears strange that the assailants of the Russian Government dwell but little on the system of military service, which might well be deemed an intolerable grievance. The nominal army of the Empire numbers about two millions; and the force in actual service is utterly disproportionate to any legitimate purposes. The rural population, which supplies the bulk of recruits, is by no means of a warlike character, though the soldiers, when they are once enlisted, possess many military qualities.

The Emperor Alexander III. was supposed, before his accession, to incline to a policy of aggression, which would require the continuance of the present establishment of the army. On the other hand, the Emperor has already begun to reduce the expenses of government, and the reduction of the army would be an obvious source of economy. Unless new enterprises of conquest are undertaken, there can be no reason for incurring excessive expense in military preparations. Against foreign attacks Russia is practically secured; and the forces employed in the extension of her dominion in Central Asia are not numerically large. No other great Continental State could so easily reduce its armaments; but no such policy is likely to be pursued in any part of the Continent.

There is some reason to believe that the Emperor is for the present indisposed to external adventures. The suspension of the Russian advance toward the Afghan border probably implies a desire to facilitate the withdrawal of the Indian troops within the former frontier. At Constantinople and at Athens the representatives of Russia are supposed to have supported the compromise which has already been accepted by Turkey.

Six months hence, when the period of mourning is over, Alexander III. will be formally crowned at Moscow with all the pomp and ceremonies that have become established as befitting the occasion.

Meanwhile much is to be done. The Nihilists, claiming to be the exclusive government of the country, have already announced what they demand.

BEGGARS IN ITALY.

By Junius Lorraine.

It is a curious fact in history that no nations degenerate so low as those which have once occupied the most exalted positions. The shining example of this in modern times is unquestionably to be found in Italy. There was not another people which held such sway over so vast a territory as the Italians under the Roman consuls and emperors; and, though their influence grew dormant for a period, it was again revived, and exerted itself perhaps in a greater measure, though in different channels, in the days of her merchant princes and diplomatic experts. Now all this is past, and of Italian greatness there is nothing left but dilapidated ruins. Like all nations which once were accustomed to rule, the instinct of labor is utterly wanting to them. They prefer the tatters of former glory to the homespun of honest labor. It is thus that begging, the exercise of which means the discarding of the last remnant of manly principle, has come to be practiced so generally in the sunny land.

Of course it would be saying too much to declare that every member of the lower classes begs in Italy. But the traveler who passes some time among them will soon find that there are very few who do not. The repulsive features of mendicancy seem to be entirely lost sight of. Frequency of practice has familiarized them to such an extent that they are no longer recognized. In walking through the country you will be accosted for *carita* almost wherever you meet a human being. You pass by a peasant's humble cabin. Near the door there is a group at which you involuntarily stop and look. It is an old woman with a sleeping child on her lap. Like all old women in Southern countries, she is ugly, but the child is a picture of loveliness. There is an air of picturesqueness about the two, in the pose, in the colors of their raiment, and in the background to the scene. The old lady seems to be dozing, but no sooner does she hear your step than out goes her hand, and you will painfully distinguish the word "*Carita!*" Disgusted, you move on; but she is

ALEXANDER III., AS CZAREWICZ, COMMANDING THE ARMY OF THE LOM, DURING THE TURKISH WAR, 1877.—SEE PAGE 642.

not affected in the least. She returns to dozing, only interrupting it now and then to brush a fly from the infant's face.

Or, again, you are sauntering along the road. It is hot, as noon is approaching, and you keep to one side so as to get the shade. As you turn a bend, a pretty little peasant woman coming from the other direction meets you face to face, apparently bringing her husband, who is working somewhere in the fields, his noonday meal. She returns your look of curiosity, but without stopping. She has already passed you, when, as if by a sudden impulse, she comes back. In an *apropos* tone, she addresses signor. The chances are that he does not know much Italian, but a wonderful intelligence will soon be aroused in him as soon as he hears the familiar word *carita*. No? Signor will not give anything? Very well, there's no particular harm. Was just passing by, and thought might as well inquire. No offense—and she is off. Of course, she does not say all this, but her air as she leaves you, humming a song, fully expresses it.

Children follow the same amiable custom. They seem to be born with a natural instinct for begging. They may be in the midst of an exciting game, nay, the boys may be just at the crisis of a fight—and everybody knows of what momentous interest that pastime is to boys of all degrees—and they will leave it to try in some way to get an alms from you. Young and middle-aged men do not as a rule practice the art. Whether there is a remnant of manliness in them, or whether they are too lazy, is hard to say. Begging, however, seems to be the special prerogative of old men. If one of those veterans gets hold of you, you must indeed gird on "the triple armor of brass" to protect yourself against him. The old gentleman does not approach you with that distinguishingly abject look so common in our unpoetic land. There is a sort of dignity in the manner in which he asks you whether you have not "a little something" to spare. You say "No." But, bless you, don't you understand? He does not want the aforesaid "little something" for nothing—he means to pray for you. How is that? you can pray for yourself? Very true; but don't you remember that the prayers of the poor are all-powerful with God? And he goes on with the persistency of an advertising agent who tries to persuade you that he is proposing an excellent business speculation to you in which, by laying out a small amount of capital, you are sure to get a fabulous return. Should you still refuse, the veteran will leave you with a look of compassion on his face to find that you have so little business instinct in you as not to go for a good thing when it is within your reach.

This is a peculiar feature of begging in Italy. To the majority of the peasants it is not so much a regular trade as an occupation which serves to make their leisure time—and as a rule they have a great deal of it—remunerative. To ask a man for alms is to them a commercial speculation. It may or may not succeed. If not, there is no harm done, and no loss to either party. If it does, so much the better for the enterprising mendicant. In the

DEMONSTRATION OF STUDENTS BEFORE THE RESIDENCE OF THE CZAREWICZ, IN 1879.

larger cities people invest in lotteries. In the country the Italian takes chances of another kind, at which he risks no loss.

But it is not alone among the peasantry where begging is found to flourish; it is also to be met with among the middle classes in the cities. True, it is practiced in a more or less disguised form, but the very fact that it exists at all is lamentable. It is but a few months ago that a glaring proof of its existence came to light in Naples, and the Italian press at the time made it the basis of bitter reflections on the state of affairs in Italy. For some time a little old woman had been noticed every day in various thoroughfares, stretching a shriveled, trembling hand out for *carita*. She was bowed down with age. Her face was bronzed and wrinkled, and the few gray hairs that straggled from beneath her worn hood inspired many with pity. One day, while crossing the street, she was knocked down by a passing carriage and slightly injured. She was taken to the hospital for female mendicants. When the attendants began to remove her tatters a surprise was in store for them. The hands were found to be covered with long gloves, and when they were pulled off two delicate white hands were exposed. The bowed-down appearance was produced by a strap, which ran from the neck to the right foot. The face was painted, and the gray hairs which had caused so much compassion belonged to a wig.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III., THE EMPRESS MARIA FEODOROVNA, AND THEIR CHILDREN, NICHOLAS, GEORGE AND XENIE.

In a word, the old mendicant was transformed into a beautiful young lady, the daughter of a public officer who was believed to be in comfortable circumstances. By day she was a beggar to raise means of dressing herself more expensively than her father could afford, when she received his guests in the evening. The authorities took hold of the matter, and as she swore that no one of her family knew of her practice, she alone was punished by imprisonment. Now, this is a single instance, and, perhaps, a rather unusual one; but there is no doubt that begging is carried on to a great extent under various other disguises among the middle classes.

Akin to the practice of begging are certain classes of peddling. Now, it is scarcely necessary to enumerate all the different grades from the pretty, picturesque flower-girl, to the lazy, happy-go-lucky itinerant baker of waffles, who opens business wherever it suits his fancy; but there is one class which deserves particular notice, and that is the ticket speculators. Theatre-goers in this country are but too well acquainted with that nuisance, who, in spite of all the attempts that have been made to exterminate him, still lives and flourishes.

Now, the Italian ticket speculator is a fellow of a different kind. He is not aggressive, nor insolent, nor has he any desire of cheating you. His mode of operation is as easy as his temperament. He purchases a few tickets at a reduced rate, and then goes to the first fine house that he finds, raps at the door, and, as the servant opens the door, inquires politely whether the signora does not want to purchase tickets for the opera. As he expects, the servant says no. Beppo thanks him kindly for the information, and departs—half-way down the staircase, where he rests from his exertion, admires the beauty of the skies, and thinks of nothing in particular. When he has fully recovered he walks up again, raps, and to the servant's indignant question what he wants now, he humbly replies that he desires to know whether the signora would purchase some tickets now.

"But I told you no, before," bursts out the servant.

"Very well, let it be no, then," replies Beppo, imperturbably, and trudges off.

Perhaps he will take a short walk, now, until he finds a shady corner to rest. He throws himself down at full length, and eats an orange, perhaps. Now, any other man would be discouraged by two such pronounced failures, but Beppo is not. He goes back again. The servant thinks he is a little off his balance.

"Have I not told you twice that the lady does not want tickets?" he exclaims.

But Beppo is mindful of the axiom that a soft answer turneth away wrath, and suggests that perhaps the lady has changed her mind since he was here last.

"Just go up and ask her," he says.

By this persistency he finally induces the servant to take the tickets in, and in nine cases out of ten succeeds in disposing of them.

Such are the Italians. That restless work, ceaseless hurry, and attendant anxiety, characteristic of our country, is not to be found there. The Italian of low degree believes in hastening slowly. His wants are simple, and easily satisfied. Bread, onions, fruit, and perhaps a little wine, make up the sum total of his happiness. To fill the cup to overflowing, give him the means to gamble a little, or to buy a lottery-ticket. He is content to let the sun shine on him in tatters, and as far as seeking to improve his condition is concerned, he would as soon think of that as one of our millionaires would entertain the thought of exchanging places with his coachman. Happy, miserable people!

THE HAMAWEND.

By August Locher.

Just half-way between Bagdad (the capital of Mesopotamia) and Bassora, a city almost as large as the former and situated on the right bank about seventy miles above the mouth of the mighty Shâtt-el-Arab—as the joint waters of the Euphrates and Tigris are called—there stands, close to the right bank of the latter river, an old Turkish fortress, known to the natives of that region as "Scroot-el-Cantára."

The walls of this fort are about five feet thick, composed of blocks of clay, which somewhat resemble huge bricks, and were evidently manufactured of moist clay or loam, exposed, after having received the requisite shape, to the action of the broiling sun, which in a short time baked them as hard as common brick.

The fortress, however, has been abandoned long ago. Its walls are rapidly crumbling to pieces, and the dismally solitary ruins loom gloomily over the endless barren plains all round, wrapped in grave-like solitude.

A short distance below the fort is the memorable spot where Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, the famous conqueror, intent upon invading India, crossed the Tigris with his army—portions of the bridge he built for that purpose being still plainly visible on both banks of the river.

On the left bank, just opposite the fort, spreads the delta of a tributary of the Tigris, called Nahr Mendeli, Congetoon, or Badrâï, names given to the same river by different tribes inhabiting the Loorian Desert, which extends, with the Tigris as its southwestern, and the mountain ranges of Pooshty-Kooh and Milagawân-Kooh (which form the frontier line between Persia and Lower Mesopotamia) as its northeastern boundary, from the dismal Samargha swamps, near the junction of the Euphrates and Tigris, to far beyond Bagdad, and measures at least three hundred miles in length, by about sixty in breadth.

Of the Nahr Mendeli, which originates in the mountains above-mentioned, and traverses, in a southeasterly direction, the upper half of the Loorian Desert, only the sources and its junction with the Tigris are as yet fully known to geographers; the remainder running through a region not as yet explored by any civilized man, owing to the extremely hostile disposition evinced by its savage population toward all intruders, especially toward "non-Moslems"—*i.e.*, persons who do not profess the Mohammedan creed.

The inhabitants of the Loorian Desert are the very numerous tribe of "Beni Lâm" Bedouins, who roam over the whole territory along the course of the Tigris, from Bagdad down to the junction of this river with the Euphrates; and the "Abladâni" Bedouins—a tribe less powerful than the former, and occupying the districts on the southern side of the Pooshty-Kooh mountain range. A third, fortunately very small, tribe of uncertain nationality, of half Arab, half Persian descent, are the terrible "Hamawénd," who wander about the unexplored region along the Nahr Mendeli and the southern slope of the Milagawân-Kooh.

The last-mentioned tribe is notorious throughout Mesopotamia for its ferocity and reckless daring. It is a tribe of professional highwaymen, who live entirely on plunder, and have acquired such a questionable reputation, that the mere mention of the word "Hamawénd" actually strikes terror and dismay among the members of caravans traveling through any part of the Loorian Desert, no matter how strong the caravan may be, for in those outlaws of the desert are concentrated the fighting propen-

sity of the bulldog, the ferocity of the tiger, the agility of the monkey, and the cunning of the fox. They will never leave off dodging and harassing a caravan they have once "spotted," until they have secured their prey. Woe to the incautious caravan which does not constantly keep a good lookout by day and night! Woe to the hapless stragglers who chance to lag behind the main body of the caravan, or to lose their way! Their doom is sealed, for before they are aware of it, the wily Hamawénd—perhaps the most expert horsemen and best-mounted highwaymen in the world—will be down upon them, and never stop in their work of slaughter till not a man, woman or child is left to tell the tale.

These ruffians were never known to show mercy, nor to ask for it; indeed, a more desperate set of vagabonds cannot be found anywhere. Volumes of highly romantic but bloody stories are told by the natives of Mesopotamia and southwestern Persia, of the daring, ferocity and cunning of the dreaded Hamawénd, who, obedient to their lawless vocation, will not encumber their movements with cattle, nor, indeed, animals of any kind, barring fleet horses and ferocious dogs. Their tents are composed of a piece of dark-brown or black cloth of horse or goat's hair, and of the texture of thin packing canvas, supported by two sticks, scarcely longer than a broom-handle, so that the apex of the tent rises barely five feet above the ground. The reason of their using such low tents is evident: it is in order to be enabled to pitch their tents in even the slightest depressions or hollows of the generally flat desert, or behind the low shrubbery and tall grass along the Nahr Mendeli, without risk of having their whereabouts discovered by the mounted scouts of passing caravans.

The tents of the Hamawénd do not weigh more than about ten pounds each, and the whole of their household furniture consists of a small copper cooking kettle, a narghîleh of the kind known in the Orient as *hoboboble* (a very cheap kind of narghîleh, having a scooped-out cocoanut in lieu of the customary glass water-bowl, or the still more expensive metallic water-bowl of the narghîlehs found among the better classes of Orientals, and a stiff tube of bamboo instead of the flexible and more costly tube of the latter), a *tooloch* (goatskin water-bag), and a few straw mats, or sheep-skins (with the wool still on them), which constitute their bedding. Every member of a Hamawénd family above the age of four years possesses a horse, which is mounted by both sexes in the same way, that is, after the manner of male riders. The horses are constantly saddled, and, consequently, always ready for instant use.

The Hamawénd are seldom encamped for more than twenty-four hours in the same locality, and the booty made in their depredations is disposed of by the most cunning members of the tribe, sent in disguise to the frontier towns of southwestern Persia, or to those of Mesopotamia, in every one of which they have their "fences" or receivers.

Though now reduced to less than 500 individuals, all told, they may yet be said to be invincible, for no army can be led against them into that all but totally barren desert, of which they alone know every inch of ground, and every nook and corner of the rugged mountains of the frontier, across which they can always escape into Persia, if too hard pressed on Turkish territory; which is, however, scarcely ever the case, as they are like the atmosphere, everywhere and nowhere, and baffle even the expeditions of their neighbors, the "Beni Lâm" and "Abladâmi" Bedouins, who frequently suffer from their depredations, and would gladly earn the standing reward of 2,000 piastres (about $90) offered by the Turkish Government for every adult male Hamawénd delivered, dead or alive, into the hands of the Government.

Omar Pasha, the lately deceased famous Commander-in-chief of the Turkish armies, in his capacity of Governor-General of Mesopotamia (1857–58), being enraged at the depredations of the Hamawénd, swore, in true Moslem style, "by his beard," that he would exterminate the whole brood of the notorious marauders of the frontier, and actually set out one day from Bagdad, at the head of fifteen hundred cavalry, which he subsequently divided into many smaller corps, and penetrated with them from all points of the compass into the inhospitable waste reputed to be the stronghold of the "vermin," as he used to call the indomitable Hamawénd.

After unheard-of privations and sufferings of his troops, he finally succeeded in encircling a small gang of the tribe, and felt sure that not one individual could escape him. In this expectation, however, the good pasha was sadly mistaken, for all the able-bodied men, women and children managed to give him the slip during the night, and only about a dozen cripples and old women fell victims to the vengeance of the baffled lion, who caused them to be instantly dispatched.

With great difficulty the warlike pasha found his way back to the City of the Caliphs, where he arrived utterly disgusted with the result of the expedition, after an absence of about three months, accompanied by about one-half of the troops and horses engaged in the campaign, the remainder having all miserably perished in the field from hunger, thirst, sunstroke, etc.; and even Omar himself narrowly escaped at the time from being, by a serious fall from horseback, unceremoniously ushered into the presence of the *houris*—black-eyed virgins of exquisite beauty and bodily perfection, and composed entirely of musk, seventy-two of which charming females are promised as constant attendants by Mohammed the Prophet to every "true believer" (stanch Moslem) after his (the latter's) death—*i.e.*, on his entrance into paradise.

The subsequent Pashas of Bagdad, not near as ambitious as Omar of distinguishing themselves among the unruly Hamawénd, contented themselves with offering a "bonus," in addition to the standing reward, for the capture of the slippery vagabonds, and have hitherto quietly stayed at home, leaving it to anybody else to exterminate them; but nobody appears to be particularly anxious to go hunting the Hamawénd, wherefore the latter continue to this day to figure as the banditti of the Loorian Desert.

A PASSING SHADOW.

Maude Thornton, with ten thousand a year and a splendid estate in Warwickshire, was far more miserable that dull October day, because it was raining, than Carroll, the meek companion, who was trying to please her petulant mistress by an account of the vivid interest of some new book.

"It's of no use, Car! To rain like this—to-day, too, when Lawrence promised to come over from Kingston!"

"You will forget the rain, if you will only let me read you the first chapter; it's splendid, Miss Maude," persisted Carroll, opening the brown volume.

Miss Thornton stopped her with a gesture.

"Ring for my cloak and shoes, Car; I am going down to the lodge to see nursie."

"Miss Maude!"

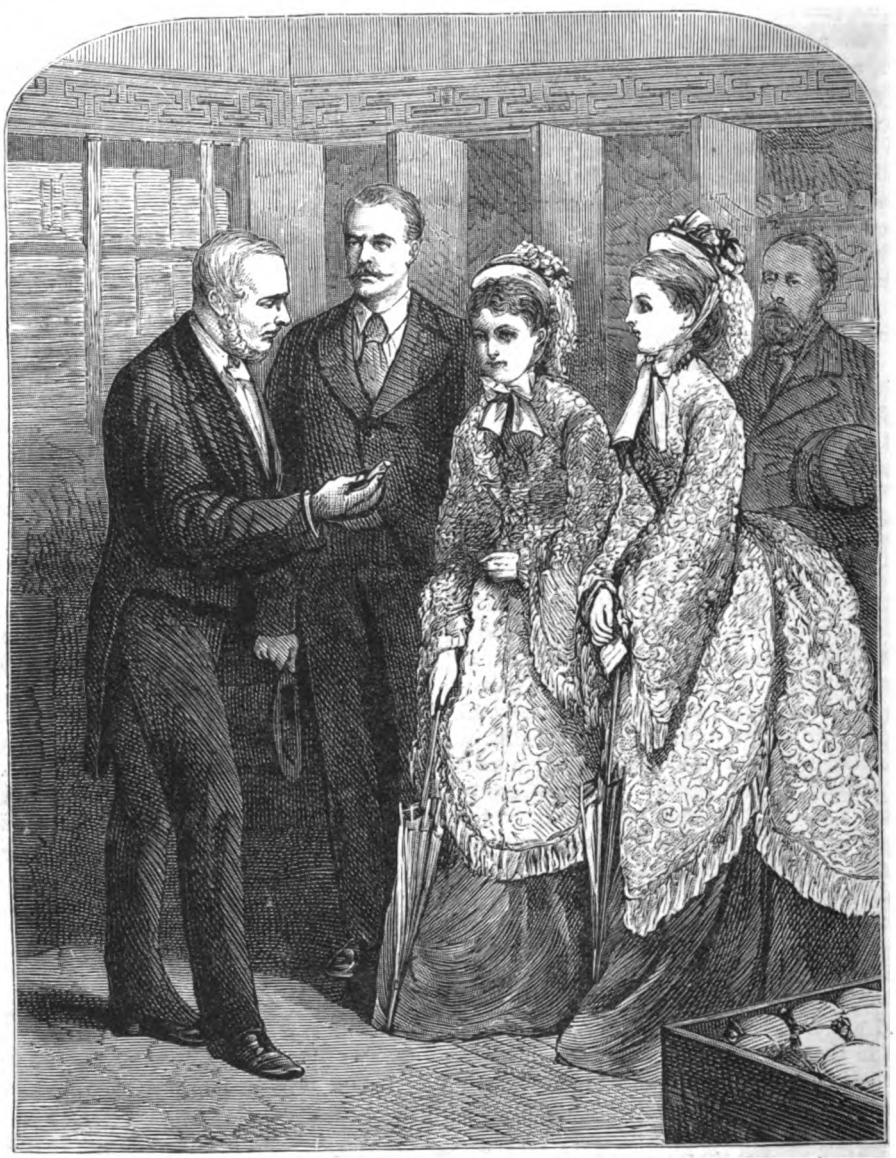
Miss Maude had turned to the window, and was impetuously tapping the pane. She was still young, with a proud fire in her face and shining through her dark eyes,

which was more bewitching than her beauty. Tall and slight, Maude had inherited a rare grace of movement from her mother. That mother twenty-four years ago had married the old squire for his money. They were both dead now, lying together under the gray stones of the chancel pavement, and Maude was their heiress. She lived in the "big house," with an old half-witted aunt and her companion.

It was only a temporary arrangement. Maude was engaged to be married to her cousin, a dashing young officer, whose regiment was then stationed at Kingston. She was very proud of him, and loved him all the better for his poverty; for hers was a nature that felt almost too keenly the joy if giving.

Lawrence was very well pleased, of course, to have the love of the heiress and to excite the envy of all the other fellows, who didn't see "what Maude Thornton liked in her yellow-haired cousin."

Maude had rebelled fiercely at his manner lately. It was too courteous, too reserved for a devoted lover, she inwardly decided; and it was this perhaps that upon that wet day made her so discontented amid all the splendor of the Thornton drawing-room.



THE CZAREWICZ AND HIS WIFE VISITING THE BANK OF ENGLAND IN 1872.

After a few sharp words, Maude obtained cloak and shoes, and went out into the rain. It was coming down more fiercely than ever on the dank leaves and the soft gravel; but she hastened onward bravely enough, down the path and across the bridge, striking away from the main avenue to save time.

Passing Thornton grounds from the rectory garden was a high, thick fence of laurel, which ran for a few hundred yards in almost a straight line. A new thought struck Maude's wayward mind as she reached the fence—she would go and see Polly, the rector's little daughter, whom Maude patronized very gracefully.

As she stood for a moment by the fence, undecided, a low voice, tremulous with pain, reached her from the other side.

"Poor little Polly! It is cruel that fate should part two such loving hearts."

It was Lawrence Gary who spoke. Then came Polly's soft response:

"Never mind. Heaven will help us, Captain Gary."

"May it help you to be patient, dear!"

Maude heard no more. She hastened away, like a guilty thing, back across the bridge, her breath coming in short gasps, the fever-flush of pain on her cheeks.

Carroll met her in the hall, mildly reproachful.

"You'll fall into a consumption and die, Miss Maude, and then what will Captain Gary do? I would sooner have a tame elephant to keep in health."

Miss Thornton threw off her cloak with a little bitter laugh.

"Don't be cross, Car. I was a great fool to go out, I know. I'll go and dress for dinner, and you can read that book if you like, dear."

She hastened up-stairs to her room, and rang for her maid.

"I will wear my new dress Mary; and do my hair in coils, please."

Maude looked queenly when she came into the drawing-room. She was dressed in black velvet, with square-cut bodice, and rich lace drooping over her pretty white arms.

"You look like a picture, Miss Maude!" exclaimed Carroll, admiringly.

Maude smiled, and seated herself by the hearth, the firelight playing on her proud, queenly face, and on her luxuriant hair. She sat there, silent and thoughtful, playing with a pictured fire-screen, each movement of her white hand causing the rings on her fingers to flash brightly.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO THE CZAR ALEXANDER III.— SEE PAGE 642.

"Captain Gary!" cried Carroll, at the sound of wheels on the drive.

Maude's color rose a little higher, but she did not speak, not even when Carroll said something about a book, and left the room.

He came in unannounced—a man of twenty-five, yellow-haired, handsome—a man any woman with unclaimed heart might have loved.

Maude held out her hand with a laugh.

"I didn't expect you to-night, Lawrence."

He took it gravely, but did not attempt to kiss her. There was something in her proud face which checked him.

"What a dreary day, isn't it?" she said, in her softest tones, clasping her hands together lest he should see them tremble, and looking at him, her white lids drooping a little.

How beautiful she was! The soldier's face flushed a little with pride as he looked at this queenly girl—his promised wife.

"It is rather damp, my darling," he returned, gayly.

She played with the rings on her fingers, loosening one, a bright cluster of diamonds, and half drawing it off.

"This old house is dreadfully dull. I am utterly miserable—utterly miserable!"

"Maude!" her lover cried, in grave reproach.

Her eyes flashed as she looked up at him proudly.

"Don't you think it must be dull, with two old women for my companions?"

He bent over her eagerly.

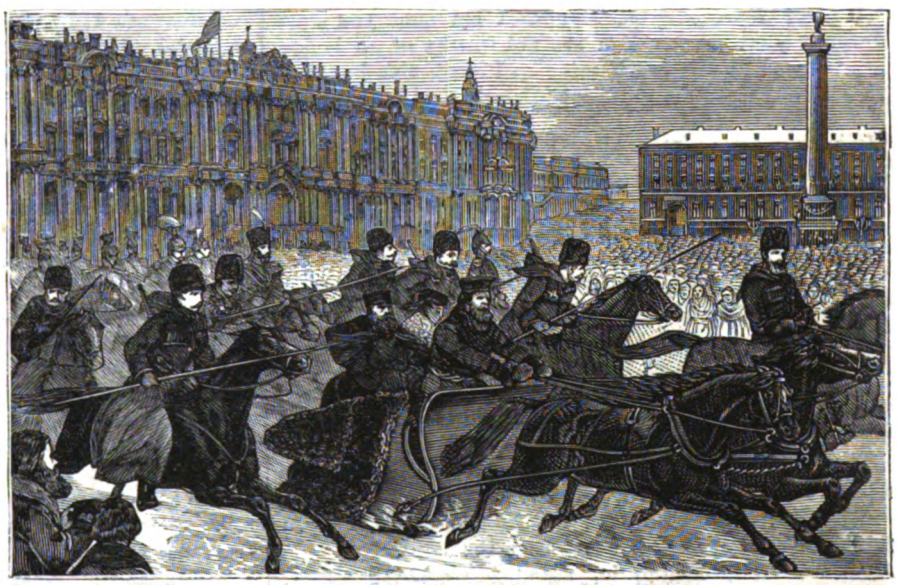
"It must be dull, dear, I know. Don't spend the Winter here. Let it form our honeymoon, passed in sunny Italy, my darling."

Her proud lips quivered with pain, but she laughed lightly.

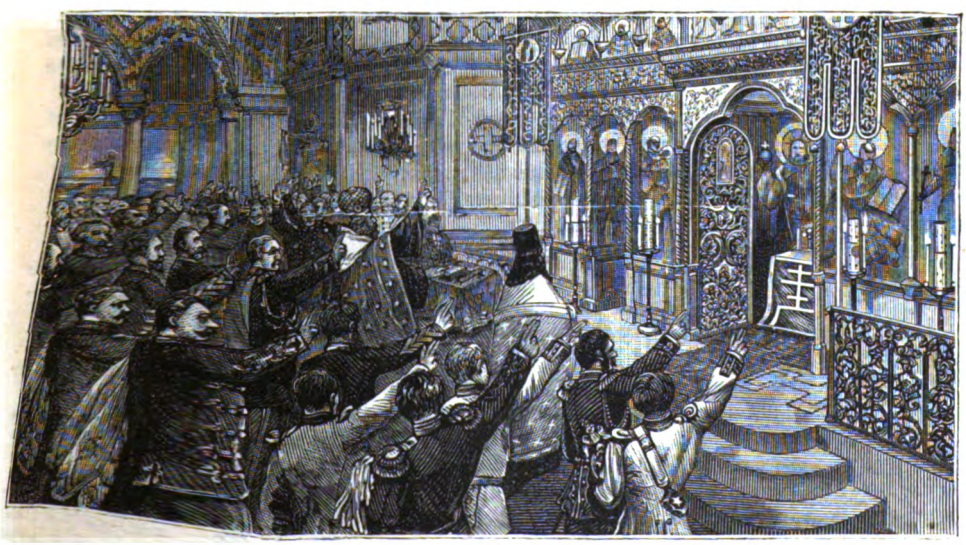
"I shall not spend the Winter here. I am going abroad—to Paris; I have friends there, and I shall see a little of the world. I do not know my own heart, Lawrence."

Lawrence bit his lip with annoyance.

"I scarcely understand you; you are in a strange mood to-night."



THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER III., WITH THE EMPRESS, DRIVING FROM THE WINTER PALACE.



TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE IN A RUSSIAN CHAPEL.

She went on recklessly, twisting that bright betrothal ring.

"It was scarcely fair to claim my promise so soon, Lawrence—I am fettered before I know anything of the world's real life. They may be golden chains to you; to me, they are simply galling."

The insulting words stung him to the quick.

"Fetters, do you call your words of promise? I have no wish to chain you, Maude—Miss Thornton, if you will," he returned, hotly.

She rose up, playing carelessly with her rings.

"They are fetters — easily broken, though, when no love binds the links together. There—take back your ring."

She slipped it off and held it out, laughing the while. He clasped her wrist, and the ring dropped between them.

"What do you mean? Are you playing with me? It has gone too far for a joke."

"Loose my arm, Captain Gary—you hurt me. I tell you my promise has become a galling chain. I like you, you know, but not well enough to give up better chances in life. I am handsome, I have ten thousand a year. A captain in a marching regiment is not a good *parti*."

"For heaven's sake, stop!" he exclaimed, hoarsely. "I won't reproach you, Maude—I am glad you have dropped your mask. You are not worthy of an honest man's love! I will crush mine as I crush this bauble!" He stamped upon the glittering diamonds with his heel as he spoke.

"For shame! You have spoiled a ring worth the rector's yearly income," she exclaimed, lightly.

But he heeded not the words in his angry pain. He caught the girl's hands in his with no gentle clasp, and looked sternly in her face.

"Heaven help and pity you, Maude! The triumphs you covet, the rank you may gain, will turn to ashes at your touch. I know you love me. Nay, let your eyes droop; I know their secret—you have let me read it often enough. And now I say heaven forgive you for the words you have spoken this night, and for the solemn promise you have lightly broken!"

He wrung her hands and strode out of the room, his heart beating fiercely with pain and anger.

With a low, heart-broken cry Maude dropped upon her knees, and covered her face from the light.

Miss Carroll, coming in, found her sobbing wildly. The companion knelt down and put her hands tenderly round her.

"Miss Maude, dear Miss Maude, what is the matter? Where is Captain Gary?"

Maude put up her hands with a passionate gesture.

"He is gone, Car. He will never come back any more. He doesn't love me, Car."

"Not love you!" echoed Carroll, in high disdain.

"He doesn't — he seeks my money!" And Maude sobbed out the whole wretched story — the whispered words behind the laurel fence, and her own hard words to Lawrence.

"Didn't you tell him what you had heard?"

"Tell him?" questioned Maude, her face flushing hotly. "No, indeed!"

"Then you ought to have done so, Miss Maude. Many a heart has been broken by keeping back something that might have cleared up all trouble. Listen, Miss Maude, dear. I am nearly forty, and my hair is gray; but twenty years ago, there wasn't a brighter face or a lighter heart than mine in all the village. I was engaged to a young doctor, and we loved each other dearly. I was a clergyman's daughter, you know, and we lived in the rectory, for the living was in the hands of some canon, and my father was curate-in-charge."

Maude moved her head impatiently. What were the loves and sorrows of these people to her, in her supreme grief? Miss Carroll went on hastily:

"Well, we were engaged; and one day that we had arranged to go to a picnic, some miles away, John came over, looking troubled. He had to go on business to the town, and couldn't join us at the picnic. I was very sorry, but did not think much of it till Lizzie Towell, one of my friends, told me a long story of some young lady John went to see—some beauty of the neighboring town. Jealousy is a strange thing, Miss Maude. It makes one think the worst of our dearest and best. I accused him bitterly. He was proud at first, and angry; but then he begged me to tell him all. I wouldn't, and we parted in anger—in anger, Miss Maude—and I never saw him again till I looked on his dear dead face. He was stricken by a fever, and died."

Miss Carroll's voice dropped. Over the dreary plain of twenty years the flood of pain was surging again.

"Poor dear old Car!" Maude exclaimed, rousing herself. "I am so sorry."

The companion wiped her faded eyes tremblingly.

"Heaven's will be done, Miss Maude; but it's of no use to mistake our foolish pride for the Almighty's will, dear. I wish—I wish you had told Captain Gary."

Maude rose up, shaking out the folds of her dress, with an impatient sigh.

"Go and have your dinner, dear, and send me a cup of tea—nothing else."

Miss Carroll kissed the beautiful heiress, and went briskly away. After seeing that the aunt had all she required, and sending the tea to Maude, the companion took a well-worn cloak from her wardrobe, and left the house. It was still raining, but the wind had gone down, and thick mists shadowed the meadows round the rectory.

Miss Carroll walked quickly up the garden path and pulled the bell, half hidden among the ivy leaves. She was a welcome visitor at the rectory, and the servant ushered her at once into the parlor. The lamp was burning low, and Polly's piano was shut. Polly herself, with a little conscious color, came forward to receive Miss Carroll. She had been standing at the fireplace talking to Lawrence Gary.

"Give me your cloak; it is wet."

She took hold of it and carried it out of the room.

The little companion hesitated a moment. She was terribly afraid of the grand, tall soldier. But love conquered fear. She went up to him, her face flushing and her voice trembling, but strong in her purpose.

"Captain Gary, Miss Maud is breaking her heart about you. She thinks you love Polly. She heard you say something this afternoon."

A great light came into Lawrence's face.

"Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, as Polly came back, saying:

"Sit down, Miss Carroll; mamma will be down in a moment. Captain Gary's horse became lame while driving from the hall, and he is going to stay here to-night."

"Yes—no—that is," exclaimed the young officer, excitedly, "I am going back to the hall—I have forgotten something."

He left the room, and Polly turned up the lamp and sat down to her needlework. Polly's eyes were red.

"You have been crying," said Miss Carroll.

"Yes, I have," the girl admitted, frankly; "I am very miserable. Charlie—you know Charlie?"

"No."

Polly blushed. It seemed perfectly natural to tell Miss Carroll—she was every one's confidante.

"He is in Captain Gary's regiment, and they are ordered abroad to India. Captain Gary was very kind. He came to tell me to-day, as Charlie couldn't leave."

"But who is Charlie? I have never heard of him."

"He is Lieutenant Tillson, and I am engaged to him," said Polly, with a little dignity.

"Ah, I understand. Poor little girl! India is a long way off—Captain Gary won't go?"

"No. I suppose not," said Polly, with a smile that proved Captain Gary had kept his counsel.

Maude had drunk her tea, and was moodily watching the glowing embers, her tears falling unchecked, when the door was pushed open by an eager hand, and Lawrence Gary entered again. He was very close to her as he spoke.

"Maude, don't let us be foolish children and quarrel for nothing."

Maude dashed away her tears proudly.

"I thought you were at Kingston, Captain Gary."

"No; my horse became lame, and I had to stop at the rectory. Polly is in sad trouble, Maude. Charlie Tillson, her betrothed husband, goes to India next month—the regiment has received orders; and I stopped to tell her this afternoon. I had intended to tell you of our going to India, but——"

"Oh, Lawrence, you are not going!"

Captain Gary could have laughed as he caught her in his arms and kissed her again and again.

"You foolish, foolish girl! Did you think I could love any one but you? Oh, Maude, for heaven's sake don't speak to me again as you did just now!"

She clasped her hands round his neck, and laid her head on his shoulder.

"Forget and forgive, Lawrence; I was mad with pain and jealousy. It was my love that made me so bitter."

He held her close in his arms.

"Let it be a lesson to both of us, darling. It might have wrecked our lives for years, if not for ever. But for the laming of my horse I should have gone to India thinking you a false woman, Maude."

"Hush!" she said, softly. "After all, it is only A Passing Shadow."

BOOKS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

As to the origin of books or writings, those of Moses are undoubtedly the most ancient that are extant. Of the rest, the oldest are the poems of Homer. Several sorts of materials were used formerly for making books: plates of lead and copper, the bark of trees, bricks, stone and wood were the first materials employed to engrave such things upon as men were desirous to have transmitted to their posterity. The leaves of the palm-tree and the Egyptian papyrus were afterward used. Wax and even leather were introduced into use, especially the skins of goats and sheep, of which at length parchment was prepared; then linen, silk, and at last paper came into use.

The first books were in the form of blocks and tables, but as flexible matter came to be written upon it was found more convenient to make books in the form of rolls. These were composed of several sheets fastened to each other, and then rolled around a stick, the whole making a kind of column or cylinder. Books have been termed "the remedier of the mind." The famous and learned Dr. Parr observed that he considered them as the pride of his youth, the employment of his riper years, and, perhaps, the best solace of his declining life. Dr. Johnson advised young people never to be without a book in their pocket, to be read at bye times, when they had nothing else to do; observing at the same time that much of his own knowledge—and that was vast, indeed—had been in this manner acquired.

DYING OF JOY.

Recently, near Pompeii, Signor Ruggero has been endeavoring to trace the line of the seacoast, prior to the eruption which destroyed that city. In order to determine some facts as to the Island of Revigliano, he made fresh excavations in a field belonging to Barone Valiante, half-way between the Porta Stabiana and the coast. Here a group of buildings was found, perhaps a bathing establishment, with more than twenty rooms, gayly decorated with paintings. Here a band of thirty-six Pompeians took refuge from the fury of the eruption, hoping to take to the boats; the fury of the sea, however, deprived the fugitives of their last chance of salvation. They were all buried alive; their skeletons were found mixed together as they fell in the last struggle for dear life, and for a last breath of air. They were wealthy people. Together with their bones, the following objects lay scattered on the floor: five bracelets, six pairs of earrings, two necklaces, one chain, one brooch, seventeen finger-rings, fourteen coins of gold, one looking-glass (fancy a girl thinking of her looking-glass in such a desperate flight!) and two hundred and eight coins of silver, besides numbers of engraved stones, cameos, pearls and bronze coins. Barone Valiante, the owner of the place and its contents, could not endure such an eruption of gold and silver, and died within a few hours after it took place.

THE FIRST DAILY PAPER.

The British journal entitled to this description was *The Daily Courant*, commenced on March 11th, 1702, by "E. Mallet, against the Ditch at Fleet Bridge," a site we presume very near that of the present office of the *Times*. It was a single page of two columns, and professed solely to give foreign news, the editor or publisher moreover assuring his readers that he would not take upon himself to give any comments of his own, "supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." Evidently "leader writers," so conspicuous in all our newspapers, were then not in request; but the worthy editor's remark looks somewhat odd, not to say cynical, when read in the light of the year 1881.

The Daily Courant soon passed into the hands of Samuel Buckley, "at the Sign of the Dolphin in Little Britain," and in 1735 was absorbed in *The Daily Gazetteer*.

The apparent length of time depends largely upon circumstances. If we live a quiet, unexciting life, time passes with alarming rapidity. Last Sunday's sermon seems much further away after a week's absence than after a week of customary experience at home. Not only does an event appear to take up different distances because separated from the present by seemingly unequal intervals—the very fact that the one interval has been filled with exciting impressions, the other with comparatively quiet ones, serves to give the mental image of the event a different degree of vividness and distinctness in the two cases. Our mental development is not only a process of retention of the old, it is a process of displacement of the old by the new. The more interesting or exciting the new, the more rapidly does the old tend to disappear.

THE CORONATION OF ALEXANDER III., MARCH 13TH, 1881, IN THE WINTER PALACE.—SEE PAGE 642.

AT STILLWATER FARM.

A SUDDEN, slight tremor, a quick, convulsive start, simultaneously a repressed scream from twenty women, a crash, and then darkness. That was all I knew of the railroad accident; and even that much I did not recall for a long, long time.

When I was first aware of myself, I lay in a delicious half-trance of ineffable quiet of mind and body. Some sweet, fresh scents seemed wafted toward me in intermittent breaths of balmy wind. I felt vaguely that there must be roses and trees out where the sunshine lay in languid, misty softness. A faint, humming sound reached me. It may have been this that surrounded me with all the deep, rich life of Summertime, suggesting first the glowing crimson and deep white of clover-fields, where bees were busy; then, in idle sequence, I saw ruminant cows, knee-deep in succulent, thick grasses, or stopping in the clear, dark-bedded, slow-flowing water, coming home in the silver close of golden day; saw then tangled vines and large, tarnished crimson roses; yellow-fringed honeysuckle; intense, pale skies, with high-floating, soft little clouds; murmurous elms and beech-trees; long, dusty lanes, and thick-blossomed hedge-rows; yellow sunshine lying on waving fields of lance-leaved, tasseled corn; shady spots in the secret places of woody vales, where, year after year, the lichens creep gray on the stones, and dusky red spears of liverwort pierce through the rotting leaves.

But if such thoughts made part of my silent content, they flickered through my mind as aimlessly as motes in the yellow sunbeam; and presently all was lost again in peaceful darkness.

The next time that existence made itself felt, I saw that it was evening. The window was open, and through it I saw long, narrow shadows, streaking a grassy hillside, where were trees and flowers.

AT STILLWATER FARM.—"I STOOD IN A HALF DREAM BESIDE HIS GRAVE. MRS. PERCIVAL—THE MISTRESS OF STILLWATER FARM—TOUCHING MY ARM, AWOKE ME WITH A START."

Two children played there together. I heard them laughing gleefully, and watched their flying shadows follow them, as they ran across the lawn. A placid-looking lady sewed beside the window. She glanced now and then at the children and smiled. Some one came in and spoke to her softly, and she answered in the same gentle monotone, but I understood nothing; and immediately, without a flicker, my spark of consciousness went out.

Then another vision. Shaded lamplight now, a soft gloom enveloping all the room, except the bright circumference on the table where the lamp was placed. A gentleman and the lady of my former dream beside the table. I noticed now that the lady's face was concerned and perplexed. A mist that I was unconscious of, until it seemed all at once to fall from around me, dissipated, and some words they spoke conveyed vague ideas to me. It was the lady's voice that said:

"It is so inexpressibly pitiful, Frederick, to think how some heart somewhere may be breaking, in ignorant anguish, uncertain and tortured; and that she should lie here, breathing her life away among strangers, that, however kind, are only strangers after all. Perhaps, even in her unconsciousness, hungering for the familiar voice and touch; blindly wearying for she knows not what, that is beloved and absent."

The lady lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, and I understood that she was weeping. I pitied her idly, and her of whom she spoke; but the glimmer of the rings on her uplifted hand amused me. It annoyed me that the gentleman should draw her hand away.

"Don't cry, Carrie," he said; "you have done all you could. There is no clew whatever?"

"None in the world!"

There the mist rose again, and I knew nothing more.

It may have been the next day, or many days, after these intermittent flashes of consciousness, that I woke to realities. It was not by degrees, but suddenly, as one starts feverishly, broad awake, on a bright June morning, and finds that the sun has not waited for him, that birds sing and roses bloom while he sleeps, and that all the world is throbbing with the life with which he is just reclothed.

I opened my eyes with a singular sensation of giddiness, a sound in my ears like the voice of many waters, an unaccountable thrill of horror and fear. I started up on my elbow, and called aloud:

"Regy—Regy, darling! where are you?" my voice sounding, even to myself, unnatural, faint and forced, and almost dying away before the words were pronounced.

The lady I had seen twice before came noiselessly to the bedside, and drew me back upon the pillows, smoothing my forehead with a cool, soft touch. She made me no reply, nor did she look as if she understood my question. The painless, easy tears of utter weakness fell down my cheeks.

"Will you please tell me," I murmured, with strange difficulty, "where Regy is?"

"Your brother, my child?" said the lady, doubtfully, and very, very kindly. But she went on without giving me time to answer: "You must not talk at present, my love. You are better now, but you have been ill for a long time. I am so glad to see you better, but you must not talk just yet; in a day or two you shall say whatever you please. But now you must be good and quiet, that you may be well the sooner."

She coaxed me as if I were a child, and, like a child, I wept silently, and murmured again that I would be quiet if she would only tell me where my darling brother was. The lady said that he was well, but that I must not talk any more; that he was very well, but that I must be still and go to sleep. And submissively I lay still.

The days went by as in a dream. Gentle ministration soothed every hour of pain; kind faces were always about me, whose strangeness had vanished before I was well enough to know that they had ever been strange; the long vigils of the night were kept by the same tireless watchers, who for all these days fulfilled my wishes ere I was myself aware of them. But always, if I asked a question, I was confronted with kind words that told me nothing, but that won me back to the easy quietude of slow convalescence.

But now a month had passed, and I was yet at Stillwater Farm, and I knew all. I knew that my Regy—my darling, my sunny-haired treasure, my one link with life and love, heaven had taken from me. They had told me how he lay beside me in my arms, dead, and beautiful in death, when we had been found amidst the frightful wreck of life. Me, these kind people had taken, supposing it would be but for an hour or two at most; and they had laid my little brother beneath the grass and flowers of the country churchyard, beside two darlings of their own.

When I rose from my knees beside his grave that day, the soft July twilight was already spread over the world. But a rose-red flush still lingered in the west, and found a faint reflex on the tall, narrow stones, white once, but bearing now the stains of the kind years that had softened the grief of those who wept over them. In the east the sky was white with the coming moon; some faint, large stars flickered through the pale atmosphere. A low wind moved down the hillside upon which the graveyard was placed, whispering faintly amongst the tall, tremulous, weedy grasses, that pushed up thick and pitiful beside the humble stones. At the bottom of the hill the brook murmured along its stony bed, hidden by the dark line of low trees that marked its course. A silence, inexpressibly sweet and kindly, seemed to descend from the bending, softly gray heaven, filling the whole air with unspoken benedictions. I stood in a half dream, that had in it full as much peace as sorrow.

Mrs. Percival, the mistress of Stillwater Farm—touching my arm, awoke me with a start.

"Come, my love; it is growing late! You are not strong yet, you know."

We said little as we followed the ill-marked footpath that led from the side gate across the hill; and we paused, in our own despite, on the narrow wooden bridge that spanned the brook. In this deep hollow it was almost quite dark. Some small willows bent over the water, touching the rippled surface lovingly with their long, slim fingers—"the dryad in them with the naiad's heart" leaning hungeringly toward the stream that complained for her. Some stones that dotted the shallow rivulet lifted themselves above its green and damp; small wavelets fretted past them, making patches of fine white foam and miniature pools on the quiet side down-stream. Pale-green, broad-leafed weeds, and slim, wavering rushes, stooped from the bank, and sent up their dewfall incense of vague, moist odors. The moon, a little higher now, looked curiously in through the plumy willows, and tipped the upper leaves with pale, flickering silver, sending no light yet into the cool, fragrant gloom in which we stood. One bright star just above us found out the secret of the pool in the one deep curve of the bank, and set its image like a gem upon its bosom.

"I know it is too sweet to leave," said Mrs. Percival, in the voice that is between a sigh and a smile; "but I must think for you. Come, Miriam! what are you thinking of, child? But don't look at me with those eerie eyes of

yours—not here, at least! You don't look mortal! I half expect to see you rise above my head, melting away into a white mist, and mixing with the vapors that are lying all along this hollow."

"Not willingly, at least," I answered, smiling. "My thoughts are altogether human and proper, believe me. I was only thinking how good you are—how very good you have all been to me. Do you know that all my past life seems a dream? And Stillwater Farm, and yourself, and your brother, Mr. Frederick, and the children, the only place and people I have ever known! I was just remembering—but only as one remembers in a dream—all the things that used to trouble me, and the hopes that harassed me, because they were so much more fears than hopes. Now I think of May and Annie, of the little new ducks and chickens, of whether the turkeys have taken their grains of pepper, and if the ducks have gone off with Mrs. Judith's ducks. It is so delicious to me—so quiet and peaceful! But you cannot imagine how much it is so—what a heavenly island I seem to have been stranded on for a little time! Only think, that I have scarcely concerned myself about the letter I have been waiting for; and yet how much depends upon it!"

"You will get it to-night, my dear—of course you will!" said Mrs. Percival, speaking in that voice of cheerful prophecy that almost carries assurance of good. "And it will contain the very news you wish to hear. But suppose it does not—what then? It will make no great difference, after all. Walk faster, Miriam, dear! It is dark. I don't know what Mrs. Judith would say to me for keeping you out so long."

We hurried on. But all the way up the ascent on the other side the brook, up the moonlight-besprinkled avenue, after we had passed the boundary of the grounds, I was pondering her last words to me, "What difference would it make, after all!" Alas! what difference would it not make!

"There! yonder is Frederick in the sitting-room," said Mrs. Percival, glancing through the open window. "Hungry, and waiting for his tea, I know; and pondering the inscrutable nature of women who forget supper-time. Miriam, my dear, never forget supper-time when you are mistress of a house! Bind the hours for meals as a phylactery across your brow. You have no idea how infinitely it will add to your happiness! Come—I am sure he has brought the letter for you, and it is full of good news besides."

In the sitting-room, Mr. Frederick patiently read the newspapers. Seeing them, I knew he had brought the mail from the village; but I sat down on the sofa, waiting until my heart should sink back into its accustomed place, before I tried to ask if the letter had come, for which I had waited and hoped for now three weeks.

"Where are the children, Frederick?" his sister asked, entering. "Not out yet, surely?"

"Janette has them, I believe," said Mr. Frederick, looking up from his paper with the air of a man whose conscience supports him. "They were hungry, I believe. We have been waiting for you for some time. Do you think it was quite prudent, Carrie, to keep Miss Miriam out so long?"

"Indeed, I do not! I am ashamed of myself, and in terror of Mrs. Judith," she answered, laughing. "But look at her! Her cheeks are like roses. I shall have to take you out on midnight airings, Miriam, if the night air is so beneficial."

"I hope that the contents of this will prove even more so," said Mr. Frederick, putting into my lap, with a smile, the long-wished-for letter.

The mother and sister talked on, so as not to embarrass me with the consciousness of observation; yet I was aware that they were interested in what the letter might contain. But I sat, holding it unopened, looking at the delicate, graceful sweep of the chirography, tracing the intricate monogram, examining the texture of the ineffable envelope, and drawing, not knowing why, an unhappy augury from every one. And while I so sat, fearing to make assurance of expectation, the words that were spoken by my two friends slid into my consciousness, half understood, wholly unmarked.

Mrs. Percival, too, had received a letter. She laughed over it, and read from it now and then the exaggerated phrases of schoolgirl fine writing—Mr. Frederick listening with interest and amusement.

"So Angelique is coming, after all," she said, still laughing, as she read the last sentence. "What a pity it cannot be at once! It is unnecessary to say that I shall be glad to see her, Frederick."

"She is considered extremely beautiful," said Mr. Frederick, unfolding his paper again, and fixing his eyes upon it.

Mrs. Percival laughed more merrily than before.

"She loves me so devotedly! And yet I have never seen her. What have I done, Frederick, that Angelique should adore me, as she says she does? One does not worship *all* one's cousins, as a rule. The fame of my good deeds must have gone abroad into the land."

I broke open the seal of my letter, at last, very quietly, and quite prepared for what I read there:

"Miss Miriam Dayta:—It was with sincere satisfaction that I was made aware of the fact that the published list of the killed, in the extremely sad —— disaster, was incorrect in at least one instance. Allow me also to sympathize with you in the afflicting dispensation which deprived you on that occasion of a brother, to whom, no doubt, you were much attached; at the same time, I am sure you will admit the beneficence of a kind Providence in relieving you of a care, which, though willingly undertaken, must have been at times embarrassing.

"As regards the position of governess in my own family, for which I had accepted your application, I should now even more willingly receive your services, and should, perhaps, increase the salary formerly offered—as you would not now have your brother with you—but that, supposing you, if not unhappily killed, at least unable to perform your duties in my family, I have already offered the situation to a lady in every way qualified for it.

"Hoping that this may prove no inconvenience to you, and that your health may be speedily restored, I remain, very sincerely,

"Annie Anderson Marston."

"Well, Miriam," said Mrs. Percival, as I was refolding my letter, "is it not as I said?"

"Read it, dear madame. It is what I anticipated, but not what you predicted."

Standing beside her brother, who still looked abstractedly at his paper, Mrs. Percival glanced quickly down the white, shining pages.

"What an elegant hand, and what a sympathetic heart!" she exclaimed, and came and sat down beside me. "Oh," she said, taking my hand, "did I not prophesy good news? I know not how to thank Mrs. Annie Anderson Marston for the kindness she has done me. Don't look at me with such wild, reproachful amazement, Miriam! I cannot tell whether you will make me smile or cry. Have you forgotten May and Annie? I did not dare to ask you before; but now, will you not let me persuade you to stay at Stillwater Farm, and teach my little girls, and make their mother happy? No, no! I will not have a tear shed to-night! Frederick, come and help me to convince her that it is not so sad a place, after all, but that she may be reconciled to it by the remembrance of the good she is doing."

"And Mrs. Judith will be satisfied, too," said Mr. Frederick, with his pleasant smile. "That is a great thing. We have to consider Mrs. Judith in all we do—from buying a pair of boots to making a confession of faith. You are fortunate, Miss Miriam. She took a great fancy to you while you were lying ill."

"I have heard a great deal of Mrs. Judith, since I got well," I said, "and have even spoken of her myself; but she is a puzzle to me. Every one smiles when she is named, and yet every one seems to like her. Who is Mrs. Judith, Mrs. Percival? A neighbor of yours?"

"A neighbor of mine! Yes," said Mrs. Percival, laughing as usual. "She is a neighbor, in one sense, of every one within twenty miles of her. But she lives only a mile or two from us, quite alone, in a little house on the other side of the hill we crossed this evening. She is a person of singular courage and determination, and is the self-constituted censor and guardian of morals and behavior for the county. Whatever people do that she considers wrong, whether the matter be small or great, she has no hesitation in reproving them in the most public manner. She pays visits of inspection now and then, and sits in judgment on all affairs with the utmost calmness. She has no weakness that I know of, except her black bonnets. She makes them herself, and on her visits she graduates the size of the bonnet she wears by the importance of the business that occupies her. She is said to keep one, especially vast, in which it is her wish to be buried. But, after all, her oddities are nothing, compared with the good she does. To touch her heart, it is only necessary to be in trouble. She is an admirable nurse, too—almost a doctor—and I am sure it gives her the most sincere pleasure to be of use in any way. She was here a great deal while you were sick, Miriam."

"Is she married?" I asked, both interested and grateful.

"I don't know, my dear. They say she is a widow. For my part, I do not know. I would not dare to hint an interrogation. But it is believed that even her name—Mrs. Judith—is part of her singularity, adopted because she disliked her own. When she hears that you are to remain, you may certainly expect a visit of inspection and instruction; but no one is ever vexed with Mrs. Judith."

"I certainly would have little right to be so. Only—I hope she will not come!"

"Don't flatter yourself with hope," said Mr. Frederick. "She will come, of course. *I* hope that I shall be at home when she does."

"If you are," I answered, smiling, "it may be possible to lead the conversation in your direction; then, possibly, you may be glad to retreat before my turn comes."

Now, how shall I describe my peaceful, pleasant days? But, except to the lonesome and homeless, how false and exaggerated would seem the picture of the gratitude that filled my heart!

In more happy lives than mine, how monotonous and weary might have seemed the daily round of delightful duties and recreations, the morning rambles, the lessons, the twilight talks, that to me were like a glimpse of Paradise!

Week after week glided by unmarked by an incident to be chronicled; for calm happiness has no history, and those two words describe my life.

Even the domiciliary visit from Mrs. Judith, with which I had been threatened, had not been paid; and it had been deferred so long that it was almost forgotten.

But at last there came a change. I sat in my own room one afternoon, with the children. They had finished their lessons, but had come to enjoy their daily recreation of "hearing stories." May, the eldest, gravely bent her curly head on one side of me. Annie leaned pensively upon my desk, misty-eyed, for the pathetic history of the woes and final happiness of the "Ugly Duck" appealed to her heart.

"But one fine morning, when the grass was dewy, the sky blue, and the water very smooth and beautiful——"

"Dear me!" said sedate May, lifting her head, and holding her needle suspended while she listened. "What a chattering there is down-stairs!"

"Never mind, sister; don't interrupt!" cried Annie, vivaciously impatient. "'The water very smooth and beautiful,' Miss Miriam. What comes next?"

AT STILLWATER FARM.—"REACHING THE BROW OF THE ASCENT, I LOOKED BACK—THOUGH I HAD VOWED TO MYSELF THAT I WOULD NOT, AND MY CHEEKS WERE CRIMSON WITH SHAME AT DOING SO—AND SAW HER BRIGHT HEAD STILL BENT AS SHE UNTWISTED THE HAIR."

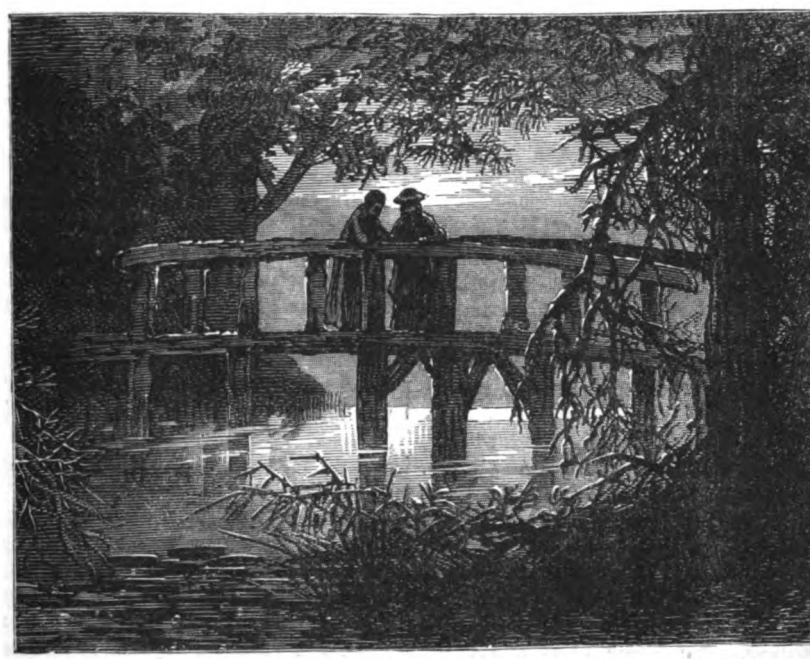
Nothing, just then. For somebody below called the children, and they ran down, wondering.

I, too, rose, and leaned over the stairway to know if anything was the matter. I stood on the landing, unseen, and beheld a picture.

Through the open doorway I saw, as a background, the shadows, already long, stretching across the freshly green grass and the graveled paths. A carriage stood before the door, and behind it a baggage-cart, containing perhaps half a dozen vast trunks.

On the piazza, Mr. Frederick held a traveling-bag and a miniature lunch-basket. Grouped near the principal figure were Mrs. Percival, kind and cordial, and the two children, who, having been greeted, shrank somewhat timidly beside her with wide eyes.

Just within the arch of the entrance stood inframed a little, beautiful creature, who looked, certainly, only half mortal—the rest, possibly, fairy—in fashion. She wore a traveling-dress, of course—that is to say, it was of gray linen; but the wearer, or the dressmaker, seemed to have transformed it into a drapery of cloudy stuff, that fell and floated with every movement. Also, she had on a traveling-hat—gray straw—with a gauzy silver-colored vail twisted round and falling from it, that in human measurement may have been two or three yards in length. But upon her ineffable curls, this vail seemed stolen from a moonlit cloud, and to stream about her, interminable and loving, enveloping her in mist and mystery. Great quantities of golden hair tumbled about her shoulders, tangled in such celestial fashion as to tempt one to forswear a comb and brush for ever.



AT STILLWATER FARM.—"WE PAUSED ON THE NARROW WOODEN BRIDGE THAT SPANNED THE BROOK."

Little, arched, miraculous boots peeped from the hem of her dress. On her small, round, infantile cheeks a pale rose bloomed. Her lips were singularly red and glowing. Her eyes, deep-blue and rather deep-set, sparkled like stars. Her hat hung on one side of her head, and her hands, cotton-white, were ungloved.

She spoke with an infinite deal of gesture, and her tongue was running at a greater rate than can be easily conceived of.

"And you see what an absolute fright I am! When I reached the station here, and found I had forgotten to mail my letter—here it is now!—and that there would be no one to meet me, conceive what I felt! Words cannot picture it! I was in despair! I flew to a man I saw in a blue coat—I thought he was a policeman, *of course!*—and *implored* him to obtain a carriage for me—a carriage, a wagon, a water-cart, a wheelbarrow!—*any*thing that could move, and had something to move it! And then I discovered, to my horror, that the man was *not* a policeman at all! I certainly should have sunk into the earth at that, but I was in such a state of distraction by that time that I cared for nothing. I left the man—I was quite frantic, really!—and ran against a post and mashed my hat—only see it!—and even *that* did not move me. I do not think I should have minded if I had heard the archangel—what's his name?—blowing his trumpet. I never should have suspected it was the archangel at all, I was in such a tumult of every imaginable description. And oh!" said the young lady, with a sudden change of manner, and a fairy-like sigh, "I am so weary of noise! and I so long for the dear quiet of the country, and cows and lambs, and nice bread-and-butter-and-honey!"

At this she wafted herself across the pace or two that divided her from Mrs. Percival, and embraced that lady with dainty ardor.

"You know you are such an angel!" she said, as she lifted up her curls and vail and starry eyes.

Meantime, one of the men outside was swearing over a mountainous trunk, while the other groaned and panted. Mrs. Percival laughed heartily.

"Don't trust to appearances, Angelique. I will convince you of the contrary in a day. Bread-and-butter-and-honey are not ambrosia, you know. Will you not come upstairs now?"

"Anywhere in the world that you wish me to go! Only—have I greeted every one?" But she did not offer to come; instead, counting with her upraised finger: "There is you—you, darling!—and these little angels of children, and that grave Cousin Frederick, whose face makes me think I am naughty to be glad to see him! *Do* you think I am, Cousin Frederick?"

A sidewise glance—meek, provocative, bewitching, and long lashes drooping. Really she looked wonderfully beautiful.

Cousin Frederick proved equal to the occasion; but instead of resuming her former tone, she swept across her eyes a white cobweb, supposed to be a handkerchief, and thanked him sweetly for his kindness—for the kindness of them all—in a voice of such unexpected pathos, that I, who stood amazed, waited for the tears, which her beauty would, perhaps, alchemize to a rain of pearls. But, no; she recovered herself immediately from this passing cloud, and glanced up brightly, timidly smiling.

"Am I not a poor, foolish child? Never mind! I shall become quite strong-minded, with these dear cousins to teach me, and these little darlings to help me learn; for I am *very* stupid about learning. I don't know how to do anything, except love people dearly—dearly! I

almost wish there were more of you to love! And yet, that is silly, too. How could there be more of such people as *you?*" her inflection indicating that nature had broken again the oft-mentioned mold, and her eyes bestowing the compliment principally upon Cousin Frederick.

"But you have not seen us quite all," said Mrs. Percival—I could not help thinking, a little mischievously. "Did I not write you that Miriam was with us?"

"Miriam! Miriam!—who?" cried Angelique, rather sharply.

"She teaches May and Annie; a most lovely and charming girl."

"Do you pay her?" said Angelique.

"My dear! what can you think of us?"

"Oh!" said Angelique, with an accent both of indifference and relief, "then, she is only a governess. Come, cousin, darling, we will go now."

Mr. Frederick had gone.

I walked to my window, and sat down, gazing out rather pensively into the ruddy west, piled with purple clouds, and glorious in radiant and merging hues. I was thinking, however, less of what I saw than of what I had seen a few moments before.

There was a faint, oppressive pain at my heart, as I recalled her beauty and sparkle, of which I knew not the meaning. The tone of her words, "Oh, she is only a governess!" recurred to me constantly. But I tried to argue or scold myself into a better mood.

I told myself that I was—as I was—a shallow, ungrateful creature, spoiled by unaccustomed kindness, and by undeserved happiness. I asked myself if all for which I thanked heaven was lessened because she was incomparably fair? And absolutely a tear fell from my eyes, which I tried to think was one of contrition. But I doubted this, after all, and took yet sterner measures to reduce myself to subjection.

I stood before the mirror, recalling, in vivid reality, every separate gift and charm of the beautiful Angelique, severely and strictly comparing with them the plain traits of the sad and worn countenance that the mirror assured me was mine. Then, instead of dressing myself in such simple colors as became me best, I selected a stuff dress, of sombre color, and of excessive plainness. No curls, no crimps, no puffs would I allow; my hair was as straight as the locks of an abbess. No fleecy folds about my throat, to soften the simplicity of my dress; a tiny ruffle of lace, a brooch that a fashionable lady's-maid would have scorned, but that a lady might still appear in, completed a toilet which afforded me a sort of painful, sacrificial pleasure, when I saw how entirely it annihilated even such poor good looks as Nature had bestowed on me. Then I descended into the twilight parlor, and found it vacant.

Presently, floating through the doorway, a vision paused upon the threshold. A vision of soft white clouds, with rose-colored tintings, from which looked Angelique's bewitching face—her floating, long, bright tresses suggesting the flight of Galatea; her shoulders, delicate, dimpled, yet firm as those of Ægean Juno, shining silverly through the thin drapery.

"Pardon me," said Angelique, daintily hesitating; "but you are the governess?"

"Yes, I am the governess. I am Miriam Dayta. And you?"

"Ah! thank you; I am Angelique," as if she might have added Regina. "Can you tell me, Miss Dayta, where I shall find my cousin Frederick—and the rest?"

"Perhaps in the sitting-room; out walking, perhaps."

"Thank you, again. I think I shall go and look for them. Will you come?"

This over her shoulder, at the door.

"No, thank you. There is Mr. Frederick just now coming up the hill. You will meet him almost immediately."

She did so. Looking from my window, I saw grave, pleasant-faced Mr. Frederick pause, with his critical eyes fixed attentively upon her, as Angelique descended the steps, and moved toward him with graceful swiftness.

In the twilight gloom of the room I sat, watching her enveloped in the lingering flush of sunset—watching her fairy-like ways, her tender, alluring, vivacious airs, with the strangest sense of oppression, and of most unchristian repugnance.

Angelique, falling in love with the place, as she said, paid a long visit at Stillwater Farm. But the first novelty wearing off, we found that her temper was not just such as would have seemed suited to her infantile ways and childish talk. She was excessively peevish, and sometimes, one was almost compelled to think, both selfish and worldly; but for such thoughts as these, which I feared were but too welcome to me, I had almost always to reproach myself with deserved severity; for no such exhibition ever took place in Mr. Frederick's presence, let the temptation be what it might; then, she was ever deferential to Mrs. Percival, polite to me, and patient with the children—charmingly so. And, as I frequently argued with myself, such unpleasant characteristics could not well be hers, if the mere presence of one whom she respected could so obliterate their indications. And hateful as the confession makes me appear, I had learned that her very beauty, and her thousand graces, indisposed me to regard her favorably.

Yet it somewhat consoled me to see that my opinion could not spring entirely from malice and envy, since it was shared by others, whom such feelings could not influence. Even Mrs. Percival, kind to every one, seemed to look forward to the time when Angelique's visit would be over.

The children, for their part, though they had been at first rapturous over the loveliness and sweetness of "Cousin Angel," as she had taught them to call her, began, in time, rather timidly to avoid her, and when she was not present, to slip in unpleasant criticisms.

"Can't walk through the meadow," said May, with an air of great contempt, "because she's afraid of spoilin' her shoes! She would walk through it fast enough if Uncle Frederick——"

"May!" from the governess, admonishingly.

Silence on May's part, broken presently thus:

"And when I said, 'Why don't you put on good, thick shoes, like me and Miss Miriam——'"

"May!" reprovingly from Annie, "you ought to say Miss Miriam *and me*. But as for Cousin Angel, she is the affectedest——"

"Children!" from sententious Miss Miriam, "*neither* of you should think or say anything unkind about your cousin. She is extremely lovely; and you should treat her so that your behavior would deserve the same description."

"She is pretty enough," said May, in a voice so very significant and rebellious that Miss Miriam found it necessary to be entertained with the immediate continuation of the history which the young ladies were reading to her; and so, for that time, Angelique escaped the most scathing of all criticism—that of disaffected infancy.

Time passed on, but slowly now. It had used to be so pleasant before Angelique came! Then Mr. Frederick

had been interested in what occupied the rest of the household, and had done so much to enliven the routine of ordinary life, and to throw the zest of his pleasant humor into the most commonplace affairs. Now he was quite absorbed in the beautiful Angelique.

In the morning he rode with her. In the afternoon they walked together. During the day, if he happened to be at home, she was constantly needing his assistance about her play-work, if it were no greater matter than disentangling her threads. In the evening she played and sang; but she could do neither, she said, unless some one turned the pages for her, and no one could do that except dear Cousin Frederick.

Mrs. Percival, who did not love Angelique so much as she wished to do, began to look unusually grave. The children felt the change in the household atmosphere, and were lonesome and discontented; and for my part, while I think I honestly tried to amuse them, and make them as happy as I could, I was quite aware that a heavy heart did not help me much to the success I wished for. A heavy heart? I blush; but it was true. Struggle as I might, my heart was more and more heavy. An inexplicable, ever-increasing despondency seemed to envelop me like a prison mist, from which there was no escape.

And now all the sad glory of Autumn was abroad upon the hills. Slight frosts in the mornings made the air fresh and bracing; strong, delicious winds tossed the red and yellow leaves on the ground by handfuls; the skies were soft and clear; a pale haze lay upon the yellowing hills; the brooks tinkled with a sound of new merriment, and the squirrels and the children were rivals in nut-gathering.

May and Annie were much out of the house, and I was with them as often as possible, both for their own pleasure and for mine, for their presence did more than anything else to dispel the gloom that haunted me.

Meantime I had seen the good, terrible Mrs. Judith very often. She had been several times at the house, and in our rambles her tall, stout figure frequently crossed our path, as she hurried on, intent upon her own affairs.

The ordinary greetings of life Mrs. Judith seemed to scorn; she had never opened her lips to me, not even saying "Good-morning," or "Good-evening," when I had seen her at Stillwater Farm; but never had I been in her presence but that I was aware of the singular, and to me the very painful, scrutiny to which I was subjected. Consequently, when we met her on our walks, we kept very quiet, behaving in the most ordinary and orderly manner; for I really half shared the children's dread of her, thinking of her as of an uncomprehended power, possibly beneficent in its action, but uncertain at the best, and decidedly better left undisturbed and unattracted in my own direction.

One day we took an especially long walk; returning, we had met Mr. Frederick and Angelique, pacing slowly along together, Angelique quite unable to get over the stones and twisted roots and tiny knolls without constant assistance, and looking the very spirit of the bright Autumn afternoon in her walking-habit, subdued in color, and brightened with gay ribbons. She had fastened some sprays of scarlet sage in her shining hair, carrying her pretty hat in her hands. She looked down constantly, her long, lovely, drooping lashes tempering with a feigned reserve the allurements of her lips. The wind blew her unbound tresses back and forth, and just as we reached them a long lock seemed to have entangled itself around one of Mr. Frederick's buttons, and they paused, laughingly, to disengage it. What a picture they made on the sunny slope where they stood! How exquisite the laughing eyes she lifted to his! How admiring the glance beneath which her own sank and her color rose!

Mr. Frederick did not assist her at all; only looking at her, with a smile on his lips and in his eyes, as she tried to unfasten the radiant strands herself, and, as it seemed, in vain.

The task was long, for, reaching the brow of the ascent, I looked back—though I had vowed to myself I would not, and my cheeks were crimson with shame for doing so—and saw her bright head still bent as she untwisted the hair.

As I said, the walk had been long, and I was very tired. So tired, indeed, that some foolish tears—the meaningless tears of mere weakness—rolled down my cheeks, as I sat, with closed eyes, leaning languidly back in my chair. I was almost beginning to think that the air of Stillwater Farm must be unwholesome for me—that I had better go away. This enervation of mind and body was so surely, so constantly increasing, and, oh, this dull, heavy pain at my heart seemed almost more than I could bear!

These thoughts, both weak and wrong, engrossed me so, that I did not hear Mrs. Percival's voice or step until she entered the room, brightening it with her cheerful face. But now a more than usually decided smile was upon her dear lips.

"I have some news for you, Miriam, my dear," she said, looking at me with sparkling eyes.

Turning from the light, that she might not see the tear-stains, of which I was deservedly ashamed, I asked her what the news was, in a voice quite quiet and natural.

"Philosophy to the rescue!" said Mrs. Percival. "Mrs. Judith has called to see you."

"To see me?"

"To see *you*, my dear. I tried to spare you. I told her that you went out for a long walk early in the afternoon, by I was only rewarded by a terse reproof of my insincerity," said Mrs. Percival, laughing both at herself and at Mrs. Judith, "and by the information that you must be at home, as she had seen you returning an hour ago.

"That is true," I answered, ruefully. "I did not dream she saw me. She only crossed the path fifty yards from us, and I did not catch a glimpse of her face."

"There are few things Mrs. Judith does not see, my love. But you are going down?"

"I suppose I must, ma'am?" with an accent of interrogation, flavored by a faint reflection of hope.

"It would be better, Miriam, dear. She is a good soul, whom every one humors. People suppose—I scarcely know why—that she has suffered some unusual and overwhelming sorrow. That gives her a right to respect. And she earns it otherwise by the good deeds in which she is constantly occupied."

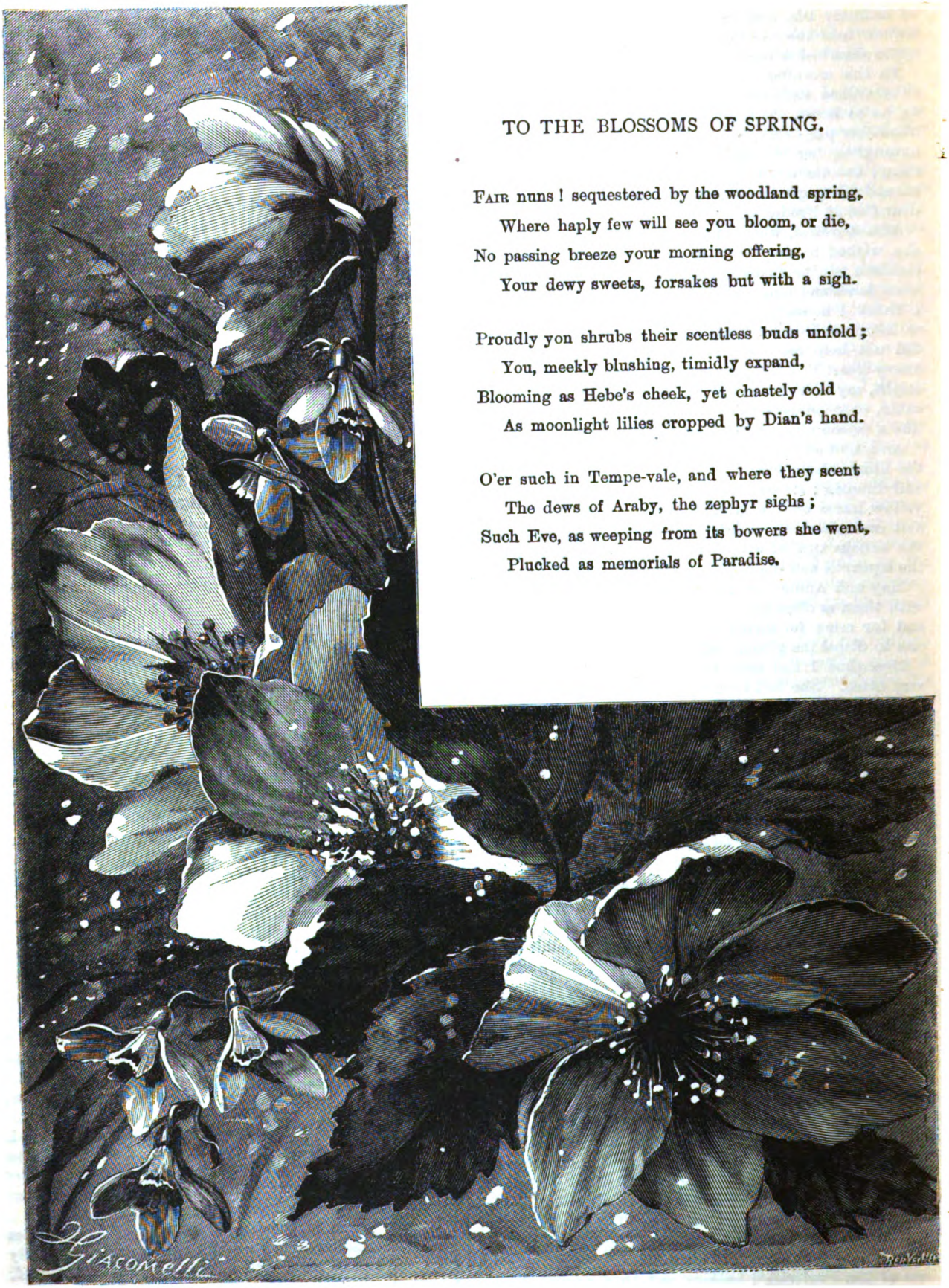
I rose and smoothed my hair, taking off the bright bow at my throat for one of more sombre hue, lest Mrs. Judith should object to crimson ribbons.

For a moment Mrs. Percival watched me in silence; then she said, gently, smiling too:

"Whatever she says, Miriam, dear, don't be offended, please. She means nothing but good. I only warn you because she has on her bonnet of state—the largest of them all—and she never wears that unless she considers her business more than usually important."

I really began to tremble. Mrs. Percival had no idea what her errand was, nor could I conjecture. I earnestly entreated her to come with me, but she shook her head, laughing:

"Mrs. Judith said expressly that she desired to see you alone. Do you imagine I could have the temerity to go



TO THE BLOSSOMS OF SPRING.

Fair nuns! sequestered by the woodland spring,
Where haply few will see you bloom, or die,
No passing breeze your morning offering,
Your dewy sweets, forsakes but with a sigh.

Proudly yon shrubs their scentless buds unfold;
You, meekly blushing, timidly expand,
Blooming as Hebe's cheek, yet chastely cold
As moonlight lilies cropped by Dian's hand.

O'er such in Tempe-vale, and where they scent
The dews of Araby, the zephyr sighs;
Such Eve, as weeping from its bowers she went,
Plucked as memorials of Paradise.

with you, after that? Run along. It will be nothing, no doubt; she may have heard that the children commit verses to memory, and Mrs. Judith objects to verses. But go. Do not keep her waiting."

I went—very rapidly down the steps, more and more slowly through the corridor, and came to a dead pause at the parlor door. I don't know that any feeling assisted me to open it so much as the terror lest Mrs. Judith, incensed at having been kept waiting, might suddenly emerge, and find me there cravenly trembling. I did open it finally, and carefully closed it behind me. Whatever she might have to say to me, I preferred it should be to me alone. Then I lifted my eyes for the first time.

They encountered the steady glance of two small, keen gray eyes—not unkindly eyes—set back beneath the brows further than is usual in female faces. She was certainly what people call "hard-favored," but to me—thus scrutinizing her for the first time—her face looked strong and honest. She wore a black stuff dress of scanty fashion, and a black bonnet that placed her face at the end of a gloomy vista; she sat upright, not touching the back of her chair.

I approached and offered her my hand. But Mrs. Judith informed me in a harsh voice—which yet, like her stern, wholesome-colored face, was not unpleasant—that I had better find out something about her before I shook hands with her, and told me to sit down.

I sat down.

"Why did you keep me waiting so long?" said Mrs. Judith, and she fixed her eyes upon my face, from which she never removed them.

It was very strange. But in a moment I was completely at my ease. An interview with a fine and beautiful lady would at that moment have seemed to me much more terrible. I felt at once that all Mrs. Judith required was sincerity, and that I could give her. The other would have been full of elegance and graces, for which I could make no return. So I answered, quietly, that though I was unable to explain the reason, her summons had made me a little timid, and so I had lingered.

A singular sound came from Mrs. Judith's throat at this, which I am unable to describe, but it seemed to express satisfaction.

For the few minutes during which she now silently considered me, I appeared quite at ease, because I really was so. She then asked me how old I was.

I answered, twenty-three.

"If a woman is without sense at twenty-three," remarked Mrs. Judith, sententiously, "she is without sense for life. Now, you do not look as if you lacked sense. But you ought to know that, if you did lack it, the Lord that made you would be answerable for your folly. But if the Lord has given you sense, and you refuse to use it, your burden is to be a heavy one in the day He makes His reckoning."

"Does my mode of teaching May and Annie displease you, ma'am?" I asked, gently.

"Do you think I have left my work and come to Stillwater Farm to teach you what you ought to be able to teach me?" said Mrs. Judith, sternly, and displaying that blindness concerning herself which seems inseparable from humanity. Mrs. Judith was constantly doing such things, and now she was greatly offended at the bare suggestion of such a possibility.

"Look into your heart; interrogate your conscience. Ask *them* what I have come here for, and you will get a truer answer," said Mrs. Judith, with exceeding severity.

I blushed burning crimson, and the water forced itself into my eyes. How it was I know not, but I did comprehend Mrs. Judith's errand as if by a flash of inspiration, and with an agony of shame and remorse that I cannot describe. To think that to Mrs. Judith that had been visible which I had denied to myself—yes, even in my prayers to heaven! I felt as if I would be glad to die. I lifted my handkerchief to my eyes, my head sank lower and lower.

"I am a woman who has suffered," said Mrs. Judith, presently, but with no less determination in her voice, "and I feel for others. I will not see you throw your life away for nothing. A woman of sense is able to act as her sense directs her. A man of sense—he is a fool his whole life long," said Mrs. Judith, quoting Martin Luther unconsciously, "if a yellow-haired doll that pretends to be an angel chooses to make him so. I have come to tell you that you must leave Stillwater Farm."

I was crying, with a broken heart. Throwing my life

THE AMERICAN SABLE, OR PINE MARTEN.—SEE PAGE 667.

away! Alas, alas! what was my life worth after my heart was thrown away?

"But—but you know I teach the children," I murmured; for, oh, it seemed I *could* not go!

"It will not be so bad as it seems," said Mrs. Judith. "No trouble is, when we face it squarely. I saw a ghost once—yes, a ghost, in a graveyard. I fell down on my knees beside the graves of my children, and said the Lord's Prayer aloud, then I walked up to the ghost, and I found it was my own white mulley cow, that had come in by the gate I left open myself. It is not for the children you wish to stay. You must leave Stillwater Farm at once."

"But, Mrs. Judith," I said, weeping with intolerable bitterness, for both the good sense and the truth with which she spoke oppressed me sorely—"Mrs. Judith, I have nowhere to go."

"You can come to me until you get some children to teach. There are plenty of children."

She waited a little while in silence. I still wept. But now a vague flavor of rebellion mingled with the pain and shame that had hitherto overwhelmed me. Mrs. Judith might be as well-intentioned as she was peculiar, but she was certainly officious. So that when she inquired, with her inflexible voice, when I intended to go, I said nothing; and when, even more peremptorily, she repeated her question, I answered through my tears that I had not even decided to go at all.

"It is not my custom," said Mrs. Judith, quietly, "to ask the sick if they will submit to the only treatment that can cure them. I foresaw that you might resent my efforts to help you. It will be of no earthly use. If you obstinately refuse to come to my house, I shall tell Mr. Frederick plainly that it is *his* duty to leave Stillwater Farm until after you do."

For a moment I was stunned. I gazed at Mrs. Judith in blank amazement. Then, with cheeks burning, looking at her through angry tears, I stammered:

"You cannot surely mean, madam, that it is your intention to offer any such reason to Mr. Frederick as you have given to me?"

"It is very likely that Mr. Frederick would understand me at once," said Mrs. Judith, with unmoved calm. "At any rate, I should think it my duty to make him do so."

I rose in blind indignation. Choking with twenty conflicting passions, I said:

"I suppose that you think you are doing what is right. For that reason I will try to forgive you. But you must allow me to say good-evening at once."

Mrs. Judith also pushed her chair aside.

"Poor child," she said, in a low tone of genuine commiseration, "it would be too much to expect you to know what was good for you. But I have explained matters. I will give you a week to decide in; and if I do not hear from you within that time, I shall speak to Mr. Frederick. Will you shake hands with me now?"

"No, madam!" I said, quivering with indignation and hurt pride.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mrs. Judith, looking sincerely pleased. "It shows that you are an honest-hearted girl. If I had not thought you so, however, I do not know that I should have troubled myself to save you. Good-by, my child! Think over what I have said, and let me hear from you."

Then Mrs. Judith walked out of the house, as calmly as she had entered it.

I went up into my bedroom. I locked the door, and those first hours of mortification, of perplexity, and anguish, must pass unchronicled.

At tea I begged to be excused, and the next day a violent nervous headache kept me close prisoner. But in the afternoon, fearing that my longer absence might be commented on—fearing that that awful Mrs. Judith might come, or send, or write—fearing twenty impossible things, but most that the reason of my indisposition might be guessed—I made a great effort, and succeeded in dressing myself. I had seen no one all day; for they knew my nervous headaches at Stillwater, and kindly left me to the only useful physician, which was perfect solitude. I was shocked at my own appearance—hollow-eyed, wan and haggard. I looked to myself the mere ghost of even the pallid creature I had seen mirrored there yesterday. I did what I could to lessen my ghastly appearance, thanking heaven sadly, meantime, that my much thinking had enabled me to reach a reasonable conclusion.

It must be best, I had convinced myself at last, that I should leave Stillwater. Rough was the treatment that had cured my blindness; but it was cured for ever, and I was ready to accept the consequences of light.

In the city which I had left I had one humble acquaintance, who would, I knew, offer me an asylum, until I could find for myself a new abiding-place. To her I would go, making such excuses here—concerning my health, etc.—as would suffice to shield me from the charge of ingratitude which I knew I was far from deserving.

When I entered the sitting-room, it looked to me more homelike and cheerful than it had done for a long time. A low fire burned on the hearth, for the nights were chilly. Mrs. Percival sat in her own sewing-chair, placidly listening to, laughing at, and now and then commenting on the story which, according to a long disused wont, Mr. Frederick was telling the children, who sat as in the old time, delightedly entranced. Angelique was not visible.

They all welcomed me with cordial kindness, the children with kisses and subdued exclamations. Mr. Frederick placed the most comfortable chair for me in the coziest nook. May brought a footstool, Annie a cushion for my head. Mrs. Percival offered me her salts. They were too kind. My homeless heart ached; the tears filled my eyes, that were so soon to look their last upon these dear faces. I accepted all their pleasant attentions gratefully, but said little, fearing to trust my voice. After a while, I asked where Angelique was.

"Angelique—the beautiful Angelique—has gone!" said Mrs. Percival, smiling at my looks of astonishment. "We miss her—it would be scarcely hospitable to say, we miss her pleasantly."

"Gone!" I ejaculated. "Why, when did she go?"

"On the early train this morning, my love. She received a letter last night, which she said necessitated her immediate departure."

I cannot tell what was the inflection in Mrs. Percival's voice that suggested there might have been some other reason for her sudden leave-taking.

But I interpreted it. Of course she must be at home, I thought, to prepare for her wedding! I pressed my hand to my temples. So sharp and sudden a pang shot through them, that I feared my headache was to return in its former violence.

"She left 'good-by' for you, Miriam, dear, and her love," said Mrs. Percival, with a singular smile.

"I am very much obliged to her," I answered, absently. "I hope you will give her mine, when you write."

Then Mrs. Percival laughed outright. She rose.

"May and Annie," she said, "I am going to see the chickens fed. Don't you want to come with me? Frederick, entertain this poor child with a brilliant flash of

silence, after all this noise of ours. She is not fit for talking."

"Why are you looking so grave, Miss Miriam?" said Mr. Frederick, finally, very gently. "I have been watching your face for half an hour. Are you really so sad, or is it an expression?"

"I am really very sad to-night," I answered, not daring to lift my eyes, nor to speak much above a whisper, lest I should cry. "I am very sad, Mr. Frederick, because I have concluded I had better leave Stillwater Farm. I think so, because my health——"

I stopped—I could not go on.

"Well?" said Mr. Frederick, gravely and tenderly.

I conquered a rising sob with a great effort.

"My health has never been quite recovered, I think; and of late it seems to grow rather worse than better. It may be that teaching——"

Another pause.

"I have thought of that," said Mr. Frederick. "Caroline and I have spoken of it. We think it would be far better for you to stop teaching, even finally."

My heart sank at this corroboration; but I tried to speak bravely.

"As to stopping finally," I said, "that is out of the question. But perhaps a little rest——"

"Not a little rest, my darling! A lifelong rest—a rest in a home where all will love you; and as the mistress of it—as my wife, Miriam! Shall it not be so?"

I suppose no one will expect me to repeat what was said immediately after that, and it would be impossible if I tried.

But just before Mrs. Percival came back, I asked what was the real reason that Angelique went away. Mr. Frederick smiled.

"Caroline gave her some hint of an important affair, which I had told her I had much at heart—why do you blush so, Miriam?—but I think, after all, it may have been the letter that she said she received yesterday evening."

THE AMERICAN SABLE, OR PINE MARTEN.

This little animal inhabits the wooded districts of the northern part of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, varying in numbers according to the character of the forests in which it resides, being found in greatest abundance where the timber is of pine, tall and heavy. The limit of its northern range in America is like that of the woods, about the sixty-eighth degree of latitude, while it is rarely found south of forty degrees.

In general form it is quite foxy, though much smaller, being twenty-five inches in length, from nose to tip of tail, and also shorter and thicker of limb in proportion. In habit, it has a large share of the cunning, sneaking character of the fox, as much of the wide-awake and cautious style of the weasel, a similar proportion (and a little of the smell) of the mink, with the addition of a climbing propensity like the raccoon. This little prowler, as may be inferred from his description, is shy, sly, cruel, shrewd and alert, and partakes of the habits of the predacious animals above mentioned, with the exception that it is not known to approach the residences of man, but rather prefers to keep within the shadow of dense woods, where it can prey, as it does, by day and night, upon birds, their eggs and young, squirrels, mice, shrews, wood-rats, etc., together with beetles and other insects, toads, frogs, water-reptiles, and fish.

The name of pine marten is very properly given, as it favors pine and spruce forests, though it is most generally known to the country people of the North, and to furriers, as the *sable*.

It is very prolific, bringing forth from six to eight young at a time, choosing a hole in some large tree, some twenty or thirty feet from the ground, for its abode, though it frequently occupies a fallen log, and sometimes a burrow in the earth. The fur is—when the animal is in prime condition, and that is about the end of Autumn to mid-Winter—very lustrous, soft, and thick, being composed of two sorts: a soft basal fur, with longer hairs interspersed.

The marten is invariably captured in traps, no other method of hunting being adopted. These traps look very much like little piles of brush and logs, with a small opening on the side from the tree, at the base of which they are always placed. A small piece of dried meat or fish, which is skewered on the trigger of a deadfall within, attracts the hungry sable, who cautiously pokes his head and neck into the opening aforesaid, seizes the bait, and—that's all the animal knows about it, for down comes a heavy, notched log or stick, which falls with great force on the unfortunate marten's neck, breaking it instantly, and pinning it to the snow, where it is found in the course of a few hours or the next morning by the hunter, who visits his traps every day.

The pelts vary very much in color, lustre, and consequently in value. A prime skin is worth, among the Indians of the northwest coast, where the finest are procured, about $2.50. The traders get them for that, then in turn retail them to fur-dealers, in large markets, for about $5 to $8, and our lady friends who ask the price of a set of sables may therefore judge of the handsome profit made by somebody.

SPORT IN INDIA.

The boy is but the father of the man. The first book a boy reads with his whole heart sometimes directs the efforts of his future life, and many a bold explorer has been created by an early and earnest perusal of "Bruce's Travels" or "Robinson Crusoe." My own love of field sports and natural history, which has beguiled the monotony of many a foreign station, and kept me healthy, by constantly giving me employment and exercise, was, I firmly believe, firmly implanted in me as a passion on reading Walter Calder Campbell's exquisite work on Indian field sports, "The Old Forest Ranger." It was one of the first of a class which now contains hundreds of similar character, but none have ever exceeded it for the vivid delineation of Indian sport, and the truthful descriptions of Indian scenery.

Alas, for the effects of civilization and cultivation! many a spot then famous for the quantity of large game may now be beaten over for many miles per day without the chance of a shot. Tea plantations now occupy in the Nilgherry Hills the ground round Coonoor, where, in the old Forest Ranger's day, a good bag was a certainty. Human occupation has driven the game to the far-off *sholas* in the less accessible Koondahs and Wynaad jungles.

It was with a feeling of intense delight that I read my name in orders for India. It seemed like the realization of a far-off dream. I remember an old Indian officer, who had passed but little of his life in Europe, who used to relate his sporting adventures to me when I was a boy. He paraded his guns—a long array of arms, rifled and smoothed-bored, and told of the game he had killed with

them—and with "the long bow." The quantity was prodigious. He was a kind old man, and I was a great favorite with him, for I was a good listener, and had perfect faith in his prowess as a sportsman. His pet phrase when giving advice on Indian sport, was: "If you spare your lead you are nowhere." I never had any doubt of the wisdom of this axiom, but I found by experience, when I had been only a few days at an Indian station, that *tin* is quite as essential to success in Indian sporting as lead, and for want of it I was often, as he had so quaintly expressed it, "nowhere." The distances to be traveled, the shikarri and beaters to be hired—to say nothing of elephants for the pursuit of large game—render shooting in India too expensive a pursuit for any but the rich. It is a luxury only to be enjoyed by the poor man on a small scale.

Native servants who have not been trained to the gun are as utterly useless, and more troublesome, than an unbroken dog, and are a perfect nuisance. Nothing can restrain their clamor. They are at best but grown-up children. I once lost a fine chance of a shot at three nylghai by the senseless vociferations of my servants. I sat one morning at breakfast in my bungalow on the hill at Ramteck, when the antelope came trotting up the *ghat* in front of my open window. They were within range, but before I could seize my rifle the clamor of half-a-dozen voices drove them into the jungle. It is worse than useless to rate them, or to get into a passion. They would do exactly the same thing an hour afterward. I had one capital fellow named Yellapah, who occasionally went out with me, whose quiet demeanor betokened shikarri blood.

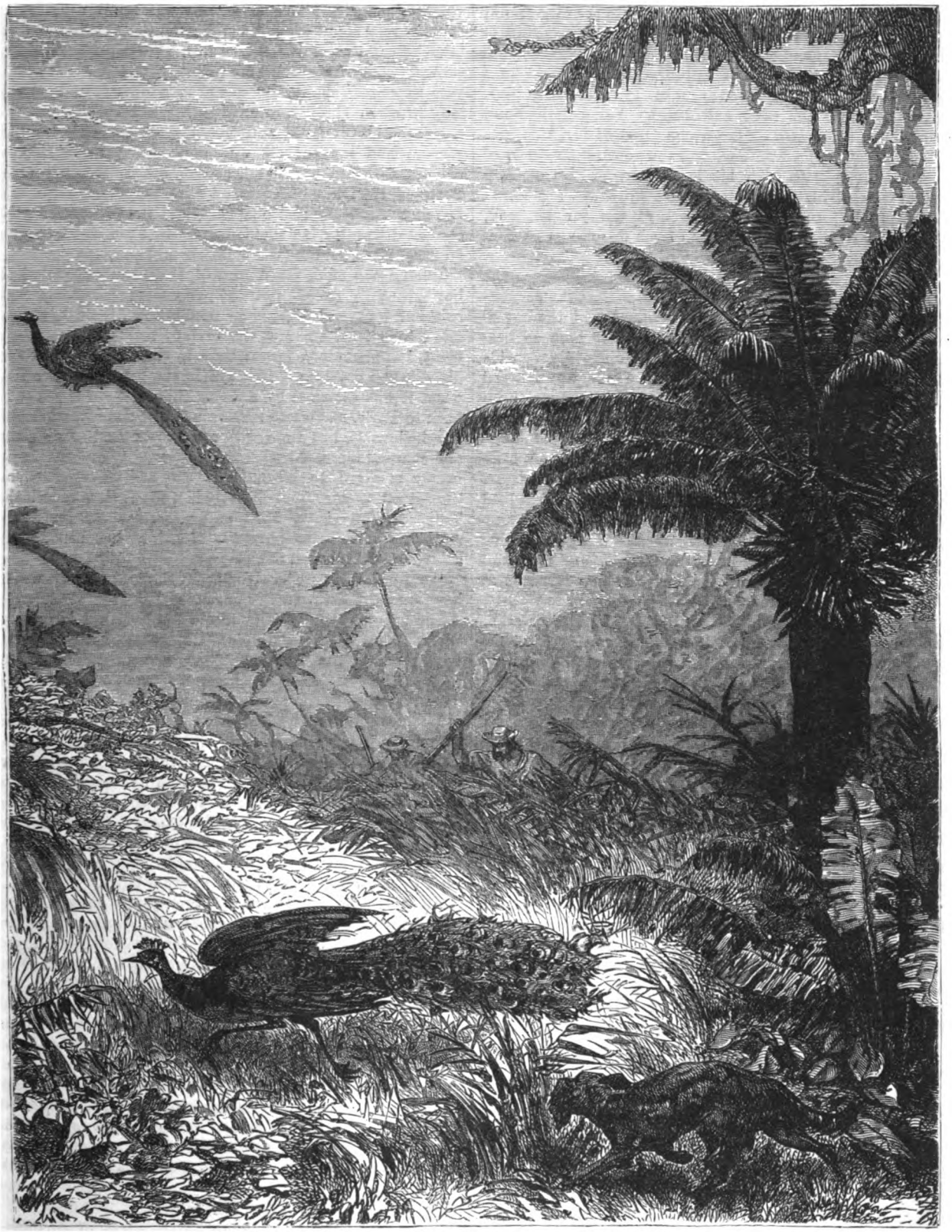
A TEASE OF A BROTHER.

One day I started out with Yellapah through the partly open country in the direction of Seonee, to try for *sambur* in a jungle about twelve miles from Ramteck. I traveled on a native conveyance called a *checkra*. A round chump of wood, like the body of a child's rocking-horse, is the seat. This is supported by four stout legs, just long enough to enable the passenger to rest his feet on the axle. A cross-bar for a handle, at a convenient level, gives sufficient purchase to prevent the rider from being tossed into the air at every rough place; and in Indian traveling rough places are neither few nor far between. A net beneath affords a place for sandwiches and the spirit-flask. The driver sits on the framework, or rather on the end of the pole, and it is well if the rider on this rude vehicle have a strong stomach, for once on the road, odors not of Araby the Blest arise from him and from the pair of oxen which he urges to a speed of about four miles an hour, by twisting their tails. Some poor oxen have nothing of a tail to twist, or at least nothing to speak of, for constant punishment of this sort dislocates the vertebræ, and the whole tail is only a congery of loose joints. The gun must be either carried across the knees, or slung over the shoulders. It would be difficult to conceive a more wretchedly uncomfortable vehicle; but it was the best, indeed the only one, I could procure.

The country through which we traveled is an undulating plain, spotted over with groups of jungle, formed of the usual low, shrubby growth of acacia, with trees of the wild mango at frequent intervals. Here and there spots of cultivated ground are seen, cropped with grain or millet, and carefully guarded from the incursion of wild animals with close-set fences of a thorny shrub.

After about three hours of terrible torture, I arrived within sight of a large *talao* or tank, covered over with a splendid show of water-lilies, gorgeous with pink double flowers. In the small intervals of clear water, a few fowl like our water-hens were feeding. On one side of this

pool rose a high rock, with a path between it and the pool, just sufficient for the passage of one person. I dismounted from my comfortless seat, and walked round the



SPORT IN INDIA.—HUNTING THE PEACOCK.

talao, in the hope of a shot at snipe, but without success. Leaving the *checkra*, with orders to await my return, I went on with my attendant, and we soon came on a similar tank, but of smaller size, from which rose a flight of Braminy ducks. They are beautiful birds, of full size, with cream-white bodies and chestnut-colored heads. I stood perfectly still, whilst round and round they circled in flight at an immense height. Gradually they contracted their circles and drew nearer, but still at a great elevation.

Tired of waiting, I calculated for the height and distance, and to my own astonishment brought one down with a broken wing. He led me and Yellapah a weary dance, as he cunningly dodged from one cover to another. At last we caught and bagged him, and I returned to the large tank, where I thought it possible the rest of the flock might have dropped. I was right in my conjecture, but they were on the wing again the instant I appeared in sight. Again I waited as before, and then brought down another bird, which fell into the tank and dived. Yellapah had not much raiment to strip off before he plunged in.

The search was a vain one, and the poor fellow emerged from his long bath with his legs covered with the sharp spines with which the stems of the lilies are armed. I then turned into the closer part of the jungles, and, although we found the spoor and fresh droppings of sambur, not a deer was to be seen.

As I started homeward, I heard at some distance the call of a peacock—*hank-paoo-paoo!*—as well as the screaming chatter of the buff magpie (*latora*). I told the boy to stay where he then was for ten minutes, and then to beat slowly in the direction I indicated. I made a very wide circuit, and then stood perfectly still. By-and-by I heard the sharp, short run of the peacock. It reached me at intervals. He evidently ran, and then stopped to listen. I stood as silent as a statue. Presently I was startled somewhat, for a magnificent peacock suddenly emerged from the brush, not more than three yards in front of me. He stared at me for a couple of seconds, then he dived down and disappeared. I shouted to Yellapah to beat up to my post, and then I rushed forward. With a roar like a four-pound rocket, the bird rose forty or fifty feet, and then away he went in a straight line. I had a fair shot at him, and killed him cleanly.

He was the most magnificent wild bird I had ever seen. He was in full plumage, and measured seven feet from his bill to the end of his train. I rolled a cloth carefully round his body, and my boy carried him home on his head, with the glorious train of feathers streaming down his back. Many a knight of the olden time has been proud of the crest he bore, but no knight ever wore so splendid a crest or bore one so proudly as did my boy that day, when crestwise he carried home the peacock I shot in the Indian jungle.

The breast of a wild peacock when well roasted, fresh from the fire and rich in *osmazome*, is food worthy of Lucullus; but of his legs and wings, the less said the better. They would require teeth of steel in the jaws of a wolf to masticate, and the stomach of an ostrich to digest. I skinned the head and breast carefully, with the wings attached; and when I retire from the service I hope to make a fire-screen of them and of his train to decorate my domestic den, in utter disregard of the popular superstition that the feathers of a peacock are trophies which bring misfortune to their possessors.

MADAME ELIZABETH, SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.

Among the noblest victims of the guillotine of the Reign of Terror was the sister of Louis XVI., known as Madame Elizabeth, a woman remarkable for her nobility of mind, deep piety, benevolence and love for the poor, and sound political judgment.

The Princess Philippine Mary Helena was born at Versailles, May 3d, 1764, youngest child of the Dauphin, who died before his father, Louis XV. She was naturally quick and irritable, but education and piety had corrected this tendency, and she acquired a gentle, winning way, without losing the firmness which became so necessary amid the afflictions which overwhelmed her family. Her tastes were serious, history and mathematics being favorite studies. Her favorite occupation was the works of benevolence. Brilliant and royal, she was amid a frivolous court a very angel of peace and goodness. When an establishment was provided for her, she requested that a sum of twenty-five thousand francs, assigned for her private expenses, should be given as a dowry to a young lady in whom she was interested.

Elizabeth's amiable and noble qualities won her the respect and love of all who approached her. Several princes solicited her hand, among others the Infante of Portugal, the Duke of Aosta, and the Emperor Joseph II.; but state reasons raised obstacles, and the princess herself seemed to prefer her maiden life. She remained to give an example of sublime devotedness and courage.

During the rigorous Winter of 1789, she exhausted all her means in relieving those who were perishing with cold and hunger. When the Revolution began, her clear mind took in at a glance the certain result of the movement, but she nobly resolved not to leave her brother and his wife and children. She was in the palace at Versailles when it was attacked by a mob. When she was brought back to Paris, she wrote: "We are lost; my brother will not believe it, but time will convince him." Her piety and courage increased with the danger. When the royal family resolved to leave Paris she accompanied them. She stood beside Louis XVI. when the mob invaded the Tuileries, June 20th, 1792, and was mistaken for Marie Antoinette. A sabre-blow was aimed at her head, when an attendant rebuked the assassin.

"Why did you undeceive him?" she said; "you would have spared them a greater crime."

She followed the royal family to the National Assembly, where Louis XVI. was declared deposed, and was confined with them in the Temple. There she forgot herself to lighten the sorrow of the King and Queen, and became a second mother to the young princes.

The Dauphin was taken from her in July, 1793, and when the unfortunate Marie Antoinette was arraigned, Madame Elizabeth was dragged forward as a witness against her sister-in-law. Her conduct amid the vile and indecent questions poured upon her, showed all the greatness of her soul. After the Queen's death, she lavished all her care on the education of the princess, daughter of Louis XVI., whose admirable courage and noble resignation were to undergo such cruel trials.

After an imprisonment of twenty-one months, this woman, whose life had been spent in doing good and in self-forgetfulness, was torn from the arms of her beloved pupil, and conveyed amid the execrations of the mob to the Conciergerie, which she left the next day to hear her death-sentence. The firmness of Madame Elizabeth did not waver. More than twenty victims were hurried to the scaffold that day, and among them several ladies, who saluted her respectfully as they passed before her. Madame Elizabeth embraced them all affectionately, and continued in fervent prayer to the fatal moment. She died May 10th, 1794, at the age of thirty. Her correspondence, which has been published, shows excellent judgment, a firm character, and a pure and sensitive soul.

The savage who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated embers—dark, dead, useless; they neither give nor receive heat, neither love nor are beloved.

BALLAD OF OLD PLAYS.

(*Les Œuvres de Monsieur Molière. A Paris, Ches Louys Billaine, à la Palme.* MDCLXVI.)

LA COUR.

When these old plays were new, the King,
Beside the Cardinal's chair,
Applauded, 'midst the courtly ring,
The Farce of Molière.
Point lace and silk were all the wear,
Old Corneille came to woo,
And bright De Brie was young and fair,
When these old plays were new!

LA COMEDIE.

How shrill the butcher's cat-calls ring!
How loud the lackeys swear!
Black pipe-bowls on the stage they fling,
At Brecourt, fuming there.
The porter's stabbed! A *mosquetaire*
Breaks in with noisy crew;
'Twas quite a commonplace affair,
When these old plays were new!

LA VILLE.

When these old plays were new! They bring
A host of phantoms rare,
Old jests that float, old jibes that sting,
Old faces debonair.
Menage's smirk, De Vise's stare,
The thefts of Jean Ribou;
Ah! publishers were hard to bear,
When these old plays were new!

ENVOY.

Ghosts, at your poet's word ye dare
To break death's dungeon through,
And frisk, as in the golden air
When these old plays were new!

BY-THE-SEA; Or, THE WARDS OF CRANMORE.

By Edward R. D. Mayne.

"MR. BY-THE-SEA, the first lieutenant says you are to go on board the flagship, and answer a signal for a midshipman."

"What boat is called away, quartermaster?"

"The second gig, sir."

"All right. Monteith, hand me my sword. I'll be hanged if it's fair. I always have to copy orders. I think it's nearly time some of you fellows took a hand at it."

"You write so well," said a small reefer (midshipman), "that it would be a pity to spoil the order-book with our inferior caligraphy. The captain told me so in confidence."

"What a yarn! I don't believe the skipper ever spoke to you, except the other day, when he told you that if you didn't keep your hands out of your breeches pockets he'd have the sailmaker to sew them up," said By-the-sea, as he went on deck to receive further instructions from the senior lieutenant.

He found that officer walking the quarter-deck with the captain, Sir Wilfred Mandesley, and was told to answer the signal, and be as quick as possible.

"That boy," said Sir Wilfred to Lieutenant Ransom, as By-the-sea disappeared over the side, "will, I think, make an excellent officer. He is undoubtedly the best midshipman in the ship. Do you ever have any trouble with him, Ransom?"

"Well, no, sir," said the lieutenant, laughing. "He is rather full of mischief, but he always attends to his duty. I must say I have no fault to find."

"For my part, Ransom," said Sir Wilfred, "I don't like youngsters who have no mischief. I have always found that those boys whose love of fun is continually getting them into scrapes, turn out the best and bravest officers in the service."

"There is little doubt of it, sir," said the lieutenant; "and, weighed by that standard, By-the-sea ought soon to be at the pinnacle of his profession."

"By-the-by," said the commander, "did you ever hear of the mystery that hangs over that boy's origin and parentage?"

"Nothing but some undefined rumors. In fact, I don't remember what I did hear."

"It is a strange story. He and his brother were found, when infants, in a basket on the beach at Margate. A letter was pinned to the clothing of one of them, containing the most solemn assurances of their legitimacy, and that they were of noble birth. The only clew, besides the handwriting of the letter, is that their tiny clothing was marked with a ducal coronet and the letter B."

"How did they get the name of By-the-sea?" asked the lieutenant.

"They were adopted by the Marchioness of Cranmore, who gave them the surname that they now use, and which means literally that they were found by the sea."

"It sounds more like romance than reality."

"Yes, indeed. The documents now in the possession of the marchioness informed her that 'they had been christened, and the elder, Henry, would be known by the black ribbon tied around his neck. The name of the other was Charles.' It also stated that 'Henry was the heir to a well-known title and immense estates.' This letter was written by the mother, who closed the extraordinary writing by saying that her whole life would be devoted to restoring them to their rights, which a cruel destiny prevented them from occupying for, perhaps, many long and weary years."

"Does By-the-sea know this?"

"Not all; indeed, I doubt whether he knows that he is a foundling, though he knows there is a mystery surrounding his origin. Lady Cranmore told me that, after he left Eton, he was very importunate as to who were his father and mother."

"Is the marchioness fond of the boys?"

"Yes; Lady Cranmore placed Henry under my especial protection. It is said the Queen takes a great interest in the boys' welfare."

"Where is his brother?"

"He is a military cadet at Sandhurst."

"It was a great act of generosity on the part of Lady Cranmore to incur all the responsibility and expense of the waifs."

"As to expense, her ladyship has been at none. An amount was placed to her credit in a London banking-house, sufficient to allow them eight hundred pounds a year each."

"Could no clew be found from this source?"

"None whatever. Ah, here comes By-the-sea. Say nothing of what I told you in the wardroom."

"Certainly not, sir," said the lieutenant as he walked toward the gangway.

By-the-sea reported that he had copied a general order for the Flying Squadron, to which H.M.S. *Vengeance* belonged, to prepare to sail immediately for the Baltic.

All was bustle and activity. Lighters coming alongside with coal, provisions, water, and last, though not least, what sailors would be very sorry to dispense with—rum, had to be cleared with dispatch, and in four hours the squadron was ready.

"A general signal for the captains of the Flying Squadron," said the signal midshipman to Sir Wilfred Mandesley.

"Very well," said the captain. "Mr. Ransom, man the galley." The galley was quickly alongside, and Sir Wilfred reappeared on deck, buckling on his sword, and was soon dashing alongside the flagship.

MADAME ELIZABETH, SISTER OF LOUIS XVI.— SEE PAGE 670.

BY-THE-SEA; OR, THE WARDS OF CRANMORE.—"'HOW EXACTLY LIKE CHARLIE,' HE SAID. 'OH, HOW SORROWFUL SHE LOOKS.'" SEE PAGE 671.

When By-the-sea ran down to the messroom after the gig had been secured, he said:

"Fellows, we're off for the Baltic. I just copied the orders, and they've made a signal for the captain. Now we'll have a chance of a brush with the Russians. We are off for Elsinore, and are to rendezvous at the Skaw on the 20th of March. Isn't that jolly?"

"You won't find it as jolly as you think," said Curtis, a mate, who was senior member of the mess. "I went up the Baltic a month later than this in '51, in the *Polyphemus*, and there was enough ice to make you think you were in the Arctic regions."

"Well," said Webber (the youngster who, in our opening, made the astounding statement about By-the-sea having to copy all orders), "I don't care. They say there's lots of nice dancing at Elsinore. Lots of balls and parties."

"Was it not at Elsinore," asked a mild-eyed clerk's assistant, "that Shakespeare was buried?"

"Youngster," said Sugden, the second master, "your education was neglected. Shakespeare went out one night and was never heard of again. You were thinking of Macbeth."

"Oh! perhaps I was."

"By-the-sea," said a small cadet, who had never been to sea before, "when are we going?"

"To-morrow, I expect. So you had better say your prayers."

"Why?"

"Don't you know that an advance squadron is like a 'forlorn hope,' and if any of the ships ever come back it will be by chance? How did you come to be appointed to this ship?"

"My father applied to have me appointed here."

"Did he know she was going with the 'flying squadron'?"

"I think so. Commodore Watson told him so one day at dinner, and said it would be better for me to be appointed to one of the ships under his command."

"What did your father say?"

"He said he thought so, too."

"Phillips," said By-the-sea, solemnly, "how many brothers and sisters have you?"

"I have four brothers and five sisters. Why, By-the-sea?"

"Nothing; only I can see through it all. Your governor wants to get rid of you. That's the reason you're here."

"Did your governor have you sent to the *Vengeance* to get rid of you?" asked the cadet.

"I have no governor, Phillips."

"Is he dead?"

"I didn't mean that," he said, evasively. "Lady Cranmore has always been my guardian, and she had me appointed to this ship."

"Ah! that sounds like business," said Sugden, as the shrill pipes of the boatswain and his mates resounded throughout the ship, followed by the hoarse cry of—"All hands!" "Hands in boom-boats!" and in an instant the gunroom was cleared, and every one of the young officers flew to his station.

Poor little Phillips that night wrote a reproachful letter to the Rector of Cranstonwick, for his unnatural conduct in having consigned him to almost certain death, and finished by bidding his astonished father an affectionate and forgiving farewell, and all his sisters a fond adieu.

By-the-sea was delighted to hear from Sir Wilfred that Lady Cranmore and Charlie were coming on board that evening to see him, and was asked to dine in the cabin.

It was nearly six o'clock when the steward came to tell By-the-sea that the marchioness had arrived, and he hastened to the captain's cabin to meet her.

She said:

"Harry, I could not let you go without coming to see you once more. I did hope to have spent a week with you at Portsmouth, but the fleet has been ordered to sea prematurely, so I did the best I could, and brought your brother with me."

"Thanks, dear Lady Cranmore; you are always kind. I am sure I can never be sufficiently grateful!" and he kissed her affectionately.

Dinner being announced, Sir Wilfred led Lady Cranmore into the main cabin, and seated her at the table, the twins following.

The conversation during the dinner was generally connected with the intended operations of the fleet against the Russians during the ensuing Summer. The only guest beside the marchioness being Lieutenant Hare, who had escorted her ladyship from the sallyport. He was quite young, and always had a pleasant, half-mischievous smile on his face, leading one to suppose that wardroom associations had not yet eradicated the deviltry of a "midshipmen's mess."

"I hope that your ladyship did not find the passage to the ship unpleasant," said Sir Wilfred.

"No, indeed," said she; "I was well wrapped up. Mr. Hare is quite an adept at making ladies comfortable."

"Oh!" said the captain, laughing, "Hare is our 'ladies' man'; we never could get along without him. It is his especial duty to escort ladies."

"Then I am afraid, sir, that for some months to come I shall be like Othello—'my occupation will be gone,' as we sha'n't meet many ladies during the cruise."

"Never mind, Hare; all the more treat when we come back. The ice will drive us out before December, and then I hope that the tribute we shall have paid to Mars during the Summer will have made us better cavaliers, and more worthy of worshiping at the shrine of Venus."

"Why, captain," said Lady Cranmore, "I had no idea that naval officers made such gallant speeches. That remark of yours was worthy of a courtier."

"Naval men," said he, "generally speak as the spirit moves them, and what they think. I am afraid that sometimes, instead of being compared to courtiers, we should be considered as far from possessing the courtly style and manners of those knights of the carpet."

"I have always had the highest opinion of the officers of the Royal Navy for gallantry," said the marchioness, "alike in drawing-room, field or on the ocean. If I had not, I am sure I should never have allowed Harry to enter the service."

After dinner the captain and Hare retired to the half-deck to smoke, and the marchioness and her wards retired to the after-cabin.

Lady Cranmore seated herself on a sofa, and motioning the twins to sit beside her, said:

"It is now nearly three years since you asked me at Cranmore concerning your parentage. I then begged you never to mention the subject again, but to rest assured that you were of honorable birth. I am still completely ignorant whom your parents are, but the other day I received this letter, in the same handwriting as one received fifteen years ago, from your mother. I will now show you both of them. Read for yourselves. This one, dated in 1839, was pinned to your dress, Harry, when you and your brother were found in a basket on the sands at Margate. The only clew besides these letters is the fact that the tiny clothes that you wore were marked with a

ducal coronet and the letter B. You were found by a fisherman, and brought to the hotel where I chanced to be staying. I took you under my charge, having no children of my own, and thank God for permitting me to have done so. In two days after I adopted you I received notice from a London bank of a large amount placed to my credit for your use."

The letter read thus:

"A cruel destiny, that 'twere alike ruin to these dear infants and to myself to combat, compels what appears this *heartless desertion*. God knows my soul rebels against leaving them to the uncertain fate of the foundling; but it cannot be otherwise. If earnest prayer to an overruling Providence and just God can avail—prayer so fervent that no pen can describe—then they will fall into hands that will guard and guide them alike in the paths of virtue and righteousness. He who has promised to hear the supplication of the fatherless and oppressed will hear mine, and so direct that they will be cared for as becomes their birth and station. They are no offspring of sin, poverty or shame, but of the most noble blood of England. The children have received the holy rite of Baptism; the elder, who will be known by the black ribbon that I have tied with my own hands around his neck, is called Henry, and the other is Charles. Henry is the heir to an exalted title and immense estates. Charles is also well provided for when the terrible ban shall be removed, and they take their place in the sphere of life to which they belong. There will be a sufficient amount deposited, of which notice will be given, to the kind person who may adopt them, to allow each the sum of eight hundred pounds a year, and more if necessary.

"I, the mother of these dear children, in the presence of Almighty God, do solemnly declare the truth of what I have written, and my whole life will be devoted to but one purpose—namely, the restoration to my darlings of name, fortune and rights, which a cruel fate prevents for, perhaps, many long and weary years.

"May heaven bless whoever their protector may be; and let them not forget to teach my darlings that a mother's prayer for their welfare shall never cease until death."

The twins were much affected at the contents of the letter, and both gratefully kissed Lady Cranmore, who handed them the other letter. It was without date, but had the Paris postmark on the envelope:

"Gratitude, when heartfelt, such as mine, can scarcely be told in words. God has heard me daily returning thanks for having placed my darlings in such hands as yours, dear Lady Cranmore. Heaven has been very merciful to me and my children in giving them such a guardian as yourself. The day that you adopted them I knew in whose care they were, and also that they are your near kinsmen. The clouds seem brightening in the horizon of my existence, and ere long I trust that all obstacles may be removed from proclaiming to the world who they are, backed by the necessary legal evidence. How or in what way they are akin to you, I dare not tell; but they are near. Remember and give my boys their mother's love, as great as if they were with me and had always been. Tell them that I have but one object in life, and that is to hear them call me 'mother'!

"Farewell, dear Lady Cranmore. May God bless and keep you as you have done my darlings!"

The boys could not help weeping on reading this affecting letter, but were greatly rejoiced to find that they were of the same blood as their beloved guardian.

The captain, having finished smoking, re-entered the cabin, and proposed a walk on the main-deck, to hear the magnificent band of the frigate.

They listened to the sweet music for some time, and then returned to the cabin to tea, after which the marchioness and Charlie bade Harry a fond adieu, and departed for the shore. The next morning, at daylight, the Flying Squadron was under way for the Baltic, and in one week were safely at Elsinore.

The operations in which Harry took part, in 1854, were of so trifling a character that they are not worth noticing. Suffice it to say that December of that year found the *Vengeance* safely at anchor at Spithead, and under sailing orders for the Crimea.

The next day after her arrival she was under way, and steering across the Bay of Biscay. All the officers were in the best of spirits at the prospect of brisker work than they had had in the Baltic during the past Summer.

The voyage to Gibraltar was pleasant, and on the eighth day they were anchored under the frowning walls of the fortress.

The week that the *Vengeance* staid at Gibraltar there was a constant round of gayety, and the officers of the frigate gave a grand ball on board, to the general commanding, and the officers of the garrison.

Among the guests was the daughter of the governor, and from the time that By-the-sea met her at Government House, he seemed to be irresistibly attracted toward her.

She appeared to reciprocate the feeling. It would scarcely do to say that they were in love, for they never thought of such a thing. Whatever the attraction was, they liked each other, and mutual confidences were exchanged.

At last Edith—Edith Hensley was her name—said:

"Oh, Mr. By-the-sea, I know some one so exactly like you in the face! She is my dearest and kindest friend. You know mamma has been dead many years, and Lady Elfindale was always more like mamma to me than anybody else in the world. Well, you are exactly like her."

"Indeed! I am afraid it is poor flattery to Lady Elfindale. Where is she? I should like to see her," said Harry.

"Oh, she is in Paris. Lord Elfindale, her husband, always lives in France. He is much older than she is, and awfully cross. I don't think he is kind to poor dear Lady Elfindale. He is a great friend of papa, and I staid at his house for five years, while he was in India."

"I am sure I should like to see her," said By-the-sea.

"I have her likeness," said Edith, "and must show it to you. Won't you come to luncheon at Government House to-morrow, and spend the afternoon? Papa is never there, and I am so lonely."

"Thanks," said By-the-sea. "I will if I can get leave."

"Oh, I am sure you can come. I will go and ask Sir Wilfred;" and, before he could stop her, she laid her hand on the captain's arm, and said: "Sir Wilfred, won't you let Mr. By-the-sea come on shore to luncheon to-morrow?"

"I am sure," said he, "Miss Hensley, I have not the least objection."

"Thank you," said she; and over she marched to By-the-sea, saying: "It's all right; the captain says you can come."

Next morning, after quarters, the captain said:

"You have been making a decided conquest of Miss Hensley, Mr. By-the-sea. You can go on shore in my galley at seven bells. She is going to bring off Colonel Gower of the Artillery."

"Thank you, sir. I'll be ready;" and down to the cockpit he dived to dress.

"Hullo, By-the-sea," said Webber, who was at his chest, getting dressed for the snore, "where are you going."

"I'm going ashore."

"So am I. Are you going to the cork wood?"

"No."

"Are you going riding on horseback?"

"Not that I know of."

"We can both go and have a lark together."

"Thanks. I am going to luncheon at Government House."

"Who asked you—the Governor?"

"No."

"Oh, I know who it was. Miss Hensley, the girl you

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—"A MULE AND A WAGON AND TWO WOMEN CAME ALONG."—SEE PAGE 679.

were spooning with last night. Oh, By-the-sea, you're a 'goner.' I never thought it of you."

"You shut up," said By-the-sea, flinging a boot at him, "or I'll punch your head."

"Well," said Webber, "I'm sorry for you. What did you throw your boot in the tar-bucket for? I hope you have another pair to put on, or Edith will have to peek alone."

"Confound you!" said By-the-sea, letting go the other boot at him. "What do you mean, Webber, by mentioning a lady's name in that manner?"

"Why, old fellow," said Webber, "I did not think you were in earnest. I know it was not right;" and the next minute they were as good friends as ever.

"What boat are you going in, By-the-sea?" asked Webber.

"The galley—the skipper told me I might go."

"By Jove, old fellow, you're in luck. I don't suppose Sugden and I will be able to get the dingy, even."

"I thought that you were so much in the captain's confidence," said By-the-sea, laughing, "that all you would have to do would be to whisper, and he would hoist out the launch for you."

At this moment the galley was reported manned, and By-the-sea was soon on shore at the Governor's house, where he found Edith, who rose cordially to greet him, saying:

"You must excuse this small room, Mr. By-the-sea, but I always like it. The drawing-rooms are so large that I hate to sit there. I feel lonely and lost."

"I have often told my guardian the same about the large rooms at Cranmore," said he.

"Cranmore? Do you know Lady Cranmore, the marchioness?"

"Why," said he, "she is my own and my brother's guardian, and our dearest friend on earth."

"Why, how strange! I have so often heard Lady Elfindale speak of her as a perfect angel. I will go and bring her likeness."

In a moment she returned with a small but finely executed portrait, and handed it to him.

"How exactly like Charlie," he said. "Oh, how sorrowful she looks!"

"She always seemed to have some hidden sorrow," said Edith.

By-the-sea's thoughts could not help running, as to whether this beautiful woman could be any relation to him or not, and the memory of the letters brought the unbidden tears to his eyes.

"I'm afraid," said Edith, "that the portrait has touched the chords of some sorrowful remembrance. Have you lost a dear sister that this reminds you of?"

"No," said he; "I never had any relative but my brother. I have never mentioned our story to any one but Lady Cranmore and Charlie. Miss Hensley, may I tell it to you?"

Harry said this in such a mournful way that Edith's eyes filled with tears as she said: "If you think me worthy of the confidence;" and, without more ado, he poured forth the whole story of his life.

Edith listened with much interest, and when he told her of the letters, she asked him "If he had them with him." He said "No; that Lady Cranmore always treasured them away;" but, in answer to her interrogation as to whether he remembered the writing, he said "That he did so, well; that he would know it in fifty years' time." Edith at once left the room, and presently returned with a large bundle of letters, one of which she handed to him, open.

"My God!" said he, letting the letter drop with astonishment; "that is my mother's writing. Where did you get it?"

"From Lady Elfindale," said she. "Are you not mistaken, Mr. By-the-sea?"

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—FARMERS' AND DROVERS' HOTEL, SINKING SPRINGS.

"It is impossible," said he; "that is the same writing as that in Lady Cranmore's possession. Can Lady Elfindale be my mother? For heaven's sake, Miss Hensley, keep this a secret. If she is my mother, if it were possible, she would make it known."

"I will, indeed," said the girl. "You can trust me. Won't you write to me when the *Vengeance* goes away, Mr. By-the-sea?"

"I will, indeed," said Harry.

After luncheon they had the horses saddled, and took a ride out to the "Neutral Ground." They had not got far out when they saw, flying along the road toward them, two horsemen. The glitter in the sun of the gold bands showed them to be naval officers, and soon the cavaliers proved to be none other than Sugden and Webber, who were endeavoring to solve the problem as to which of the old livery-stable "hacks" that they bestrode was the best racer. That, however, was never determined, as Webber's charger unfortunately performed a curious evolution with its hind-legs, that sent that officer head-over-

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—REGISTERING OUR NAMES.— SEE PAGE 679.

NATIVES INSPECTING THE REGISTER.

heels into a green pool of stagnant water by the roadside, just as they came in full view of Edith and By-the-sea. The old nag, after getting rid of his burden, gave vent to a series of evolutions, in the way of kicking, that made him look like a rocking-horse; and then, taking the bridle in his teeth, started, full speed, for home.

After scrambling out as best he could, covered with mud and the weeds of the stagnant pool, his grotesque figure made the whole party roar with laughter. But, in his usual cheeky manner, he lifted his cap to Miss Hensley, saying: "Excuse my shaking hands, as both mine are full of botanical and other specimens, which I must put in water before I can shake hands with any one."

He then wanted to get on behind Sugden, which honor that officer declined, and poor Webber had to go home on "Shank's mare."

About five o'clock they returned to Government House to dinner, and then he went back on board.

At last the *Vengeance* sailed, and, after calling at Malta and Constantinople, safely anchored off Sebastopol.

Sir Wilfred immediately went on board the flagship, and returned with orders for three hundred officers and men to prepare for landing in the trenches, to join the "naval brigade under Keppel"; the companies to be commanded by Lieutenants Ransom, Hare, Rathbone, and Broughton, and nearly all the junior officers, among whom were By-the-sea, Sugden, Webber, and Phillips.

To follow the operations of the allied armies is not part of our story. The *Vengeance's* men did their work bravely and suffered much.

Among the noble names who fell, the gallant Ransom, and the brave, genial Hare were the first, and in the attack on the Redan, Sugden and Phillips fell mortally wounded—By-the-sea, under a heavy

THE NE'ER-DO-WELL OF THE VILLAGE.

fire, carrying the latter to the rear, for which act of gallantry he received the Victoria Cross.

Sir Wilfred was also wounded at the head of his men, but entered the fortress where many a gallant Englishman that day bit the dust.

When peace was proclaimed, the men were sent back to their ships, and the *Vengeance* was ordered home.

On her arrival at Spithead, Harry procured leave, and at once visited Cranmore, where he found Charlie, who had been invalided from the effects of a wound; and the meeting of the trio was a most affectionate one.

Harry then brought forth the letter, and told Lady Cranmore of the circumstance of the strange likeness of the portraits. The old lady could not remember ever having met the countess, and was puzzled. But it was decided that the twins should go to Paris, and endeavor to find some clew to the mystery. They were cautioned by the marchioness on no account to make anything public.

In Paris they found that Lady Elfindale was in the south of France, but where, could not be ascertained. A joyful surprise, however, awaited Harry, for one day, when in the Bois de Boulogne, he had the inexpressible pleasure of meeting Edith Hensley walking with another charming young lady, who was introduced as her cousin, Lilian Travers.

Charlie was warmly greeted by Edith, and introduced to Miss Travers, whom he thought very charming.

They found that Edith was staying again in Paris with her aunt, the Honorable Mrs. Travers, Sir John Hensley being again in India.

The twins had a very happy time in Paris, and when they left Edith and Lilian, both promised to become their wives as soon as they were of age, or as soon afterward as the exigencies of the service would admit.

* * * * * *

Five years had passed. The twins were again at Cranmore, having seen much active service in India. Harry was a commander, and Charlie was a major, both having distinguished themselves before the enemy, and early obtained promotion.

The letters had just been brought in, and one was addressed to the twins. Harry eagerly opened it with trembling hands, for the writing was easily recognized as that of their mother.

He read aloud the contents to Lady Cranmore and Charlie as follows, his voice trembling with emotion:

"My Dear Children:—At last my prayers have been answered, and I can now declare to the world who you are. In my youth, when barely sixteen years of age, I met your father, the young Duke of Burlington. We became attached, and formed a clandestine marriage, the only witnesses being a French valet of your father and my old nurse.

"The old woman died soon after, as did the clergyman who married us, and your father discharged his servant, who went God knows whither. We had been married only three months when your father met his death in the hunting-field, as is well known to his aunt, your guardian. I dared not tell my grief, for I feared the anger of my parents, as I had been betrothed in infancy to the late Earl Elfindale; and now my marriage with him was accelerated, and I was dragged heart-broken to the altar within two months of my husband's death.

"I then found that I was going to become a mother, and nothing remained but to tell the earl. He heard me, and demanded the proofs. These he took, and informed me that he had destroyed them, and it only remained for me to go into seclusion until the birth of my offspring, or stand a divorce suit. He said, 'You have no proofs of marriage, and I shall deny having destroyed them, and the world will brand you as a wanton.' I prayed for mercy, but he was relentless, and I had to accede to his cruel proposal. For twenty-two years have I been trying to find the man Rosiere, your father's valet; and when you were fifteen, I believed I had found him. 'Twas then that I wrote that letter to Lady C.

"All, however, thank God, is now clear. Lord Elfindale died suddenly three days ago, and I, as a last hope, searched his papers, and in an iron safe I not only found the certificate, but also the leaf of the parish register that Lord Elfindale had torn out.

"My lawyers assure me that everything now is clear. I am settling up all affairs, and in two days will be at Cranmore, to pour out a 'mother's' thanks to your noble guardian, and give my darling boys a 'mother's embrace.'

"I know, Harry, of your attachment to the dear girl who has often been my solace in the past; and if anything can 'fill my cup of happiness to overflowing,' it will be to see Edith the Duchess of Burlington.

"Believe me ever, my dear children, your affectionate and now happy mother, Mary Elfindale."

The sequel is soon told. The marchioness was almost wild with joy and impatience to see her, and the brothers embraced and congratulated each other.

It would be impossible to describe the meeting of the twins with their mother, so we will allow the reader to draw on imagination for that happy scene.

The Duke of Burlington—for so we must now call him—took his title with no opposition, his kinsman gracefully withdrawing. Lord Delacome—Charlie's title as younger brother—was as much pleased at his brother's fortune as his own.

Of course, Edith married Harry, and is now the duchess, and Lilian is Lady Delacome.

Lady Elfindale lives with Harry at the castle, and the dear old marchioness insisted on Charlie and his bride living at Cranmore, making him her heir, and she dotes on Lilian.

There is no fear of the dukedom of Burlington going to any distant branch of the family, for the brothers in due time were each presented with twins.

Sir Wilfred has retired, and lives on his estates, and Webber is in command of one of her Majesty's ships. Hoping all may live long to enjoy their prosperity, we bid our heroes a fond adieu.

A GREAT RUBY.

The first and most famous of existing rubies forms part of the Imperial State crown made for Queen Victoria in 1838, embellished with all the gems left after the destruction of the regalia during the period of the Commonwealth, and subsequently added to by purchases. This ruby, standing in the centre of the Maltese cross, on the top of the British crown, and the most conspicuous gem on it, is believed, on tolerably good authority, to be the same as that worn in front of the helmet of King Henry V. at the battle of Agincourt. Unlike famous diamonds, rubies have no proper names, but this one in the British crown might be called the "Agincourt." Its history can be traced back to the year 1367, when, after the Battle of Nagara, near Vittoria, King Pedro of Castile presented it to Edward, the "Black Prince." This "Agincourt," if so it can be called, has a small hole bored through it, after a fashion common in the East, to be hung by itself round the neck. This hole is now filled in the front part by a small ruby, to be distinguished from the stone only by close examination. Of about the same size as this ruby is another, formerly among the regalia of Austria, but of the present existence of which little, if anything, is known. The Emperor Rudolph II. received it in 1360 from his sister, Queen Dowager of France, it being valued at the time at 60,000 ducats, or about $150,000. It would now probably be worth not far from three millions of dollars, the value of the ruby having increased more than that of any other precious stone.

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

A STROLL ABOUT THE VILLAGE OF SINKING SPRINGS.

IT is not strange that the village of Sinking Springs, Pa., has never acquired notoriety. There is nothing remarkable in the fact that it has not as yet contributed a poet, a sculptor or an author to the world. Sinking Springs cannot boast even a general or a Congressman. But it is the fault of Sinking Springs; the blame cannot be placed elsewhere. Something of the apathy which is intangibly expressed by the name seems to have settled upon it, and although the village is one of the oldest in the country, and is within a ten-cent car fare of Reading, Pa., it has steadily deteriorated as that flourishing town has improved. In fact, so modest and retiring has Sinking Springs been, that the railroad stretching its iron antennæ in its direction seems to have frightened it away; and although the brand-new hotel at the depot—a hotel that seems to smell of white paint—announces the fact that it is the "Sinking Springs Hotel," there is not the slightest appearance thereabout of the village in question. Impressed with this curious circumstance, the writer and artist asked the young man in the spick-and-span hostelry whether his hotel comprised the hamlet.

"Oh, no," he added, laughing; "Sinking Springs is back there," and he flirted the towel with which he was polishing an apple-jack bottle, in the direction of the mirror, as if the place sought was behind it.

"Well named is Sinking Springs," the bartender went on; "it has been sinking ever since the first house was built, and it will soon sink out of sight."

"How do you get there?"

"You go up this road until you reach the top of the hill, and then you will see all there is of it. But what do you want to go there for, if I may be so impertinent as to ask? No strangers ever came here before to ask for the village. Perhaps you are after some one? It's a good place to hide."

We laughed, and told him the object was mere curiosity; but the expression upon the young man's face as he came to the door of the hotel, that by this time did actually smell of white paint, so strongly was the imagination exercised in that direction, was such as to lead us to believe that he seriously doubted our veracity.

It wasn't the most agreeable road to travel, and in that regard resembled "Jordan," as told of in the song. It was a compound of mud, slush and snow. So slippery was the going that we thought seriously of turning around and walking toward the depot again, as the little boy did in the story who started for school, made one step on the icy walk and lost two, and only reached the academy by reversing his direction and heading for home. Then there came the embarrassing difficulty of two roads, that branched off from the main one, as if they had had a falling out, and were running away from each other. Were we to take either, or keep straight on? There seemed to be a hill at the horizon extremity of each. Was it better to keep on to the hill right ahead, or fly to the other hills we knew not of? Fortunately, wheels were heard, and a mule and wagon and two women came along.

The mule was attached to the wagon, of course, and from the careful way in which it was driven, it was fair to presume that the women were attached to the mule. Yes, they did know where Sinking Springs was. Keep straight along to the top of the hill, and then take the road to the right. Good! So we followed on after the queer-looking vehicle, whose inmates turned many times to look at the phenomenal men who were looking for Sinking Springs, and especially on such a day, for by this time a slight drizzle of rain was falling. There was no question about what they thought—they considered the case one of insanity.

At the top of the hill the village was visible—one long, muddy street, with the houses straggling along like soldiers in full retreat after a disastrous battle. Smoke curled up from the chimneys, and floated through the gaunt branches of the moisture-dripping trees. It was nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, and Sinking Springs was undoubtedly getting its supper. The road to the right was reached, and soon it became the main and only street of the village. A few people were stirring about, and a man in a blacksmith-shop ceased shoeing a horse to gaze at the apparition of strangers.

"Is there a hotel here?"

"Farmers' and Drovers', right ahead."

It was raining in earnest, and shelter was necessary. Supper also loomed up as a problem to be solved as speedily as possible. So when the Farmers' and Drovers' came in view, it presented at once a picturesque and agreeable sight.

Architecturally the hotel is not much to look at. The Fifth Avenue and Windsor of New York City are much superior; and even the paint-smelling affair at the depot has a smartness about it which the Farmers' and Drovers' sadly lacks. But it is a comfortable and cozy place, and one that recalls old traditions. The eaves hang far over, like heavy eyebrows, and you go in to the bar by two steps that plunge downward to the sanded floor. There are oaken beams across the ceiling that are black with age. The sign upheld by the pole is weather-beaten and rickety. Lounging on a bench outside the door were rough, teamster-looking fellows, and an old Conestoga wagon could be seen up the lane of mire that ran alongside the house to the kitchen in the rear.

"Shouldn't wonder if General Washington stopped here once," the artist remarked to the clerk and bartender as we prepared to register our names.

"Stopped here many a time; this used to be his headquarters."

Here is a piece of valuable information for the historical societies. Those headquarters are constantly increasing as death diminishes the number of the General's nurses. A correct list should be made of them.

There was, of course, great curiosity manifested in the large room of the Farmers' and Drovers' as to who the new arrivals were. The old-fashioned registry book did not show a strange name for years back. In fact, there had been very little registering at all. Occasionally, as we afterward ascertained, some one from Reading who owned farms thereabout, or who wanted to buy one, would come to the hotel. This was seldom, and when it did happen the visitors were always known. Now here were two individuals who were not known, whose clothes had a far-away, outlandish style, entirely different from the fashionable garments to be obtained in the main street of Reading, and who persisted in not immediately declaring themselves. No wonder the Sinking Springsers who were in the place were mystified, and no wonder that as soon as the new-comers had turned to light a cigar they crowded about the book, and examined the handwriting with all that attention which a connoisseur and collector would give to the autograph of Napoleon that he intended to purchase.

This delicious state of uncertainty, curiosity and expectation commingled was charmingly increased when our artist went deliberately into the middle of the road, stood in a puddle that came half-way up his big boots, and made a sketch of the house. The proceeding was immediately telegraphed inside, and all came to the door, save

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—THE VILLAGE AUTHORITY EMPHASIZING HIS REMARKS WITH AN UMBRELLA.

the ne'er-do-well of the village, who, in the excitement, was left leaning close to the bar, and in close proximity to a bottle of rum. When the bartender returned, the rum was still in the neighborhood of the bar, and in fact not more than a foot and a half from the bottle, which was empty. One could tell, from the expression of entire indifference to surrounding events—to visitors from the moon or to anything else, upon the face of the ne'er-do-well, where the rum really was.

Once the sketching began, argument anent it was immediately instituted. The writer stood near enough to hear the village authority tell all about it, emphasizing his remarks with an umbrella that may or may not have been used by Noah when the shower first came up, and surprised him putting the finishing touches to the ark. He (the authority) said that we were surveyors, and that it was intended to run another railroad from Reading slap-bang through the Farmers' and Drovers'. This conversation was partly in German and partly in English. By inquiry, it had been ascertained that the village and all the vicinage was German, pure and simple. It was certainly simple enough. The population was very primitive and thoroughly agricultural. It did not dabble much in politics, but went on religiously voting for General Jackson. A trip to Reading was a dissipation—a trip so far as Philadelphia was an event of a lifetime. We met one man, and only one, who had any definite idea of New York. That man was the bartender.

"A bad place," said the village authority. "I had a friend who went there once, and he never came back."

This was said impressively, and gave as vivid an idea to the listeners of the wickedness of the metropolis as Talmage does to his Tabernacle flock.

After a nice supper, of fresh eggs, preserves, milk-white bread that was cut from a loaf as big as the moon, apparently, and good coffee, we started through the rain for the depot, the village authority obligingly going along to show us the way. Strangely enough, he never raised his umbrella, but kept brandishing it as he talked. It was clearly an umbrella of rhetorical ornament. We learned from him that there is good grazing ground about Sinking Springs, that the farms pass from father to son just as the United States Senatorship does in the Cameron district; and that a first-class article of cider was made there.

Once more at the white, paint-smelling hotel, the porch of which was now occupied with villagers, who had gathered to see the train arrive. Soon the red light of the locomotive blazed through the mist, and finally shone full upon the wet platform. We got on board; shook the village authority by the umbrella—his other hand was waving in the air—and were off to Reading.

One backward glance, and we saw the last of Sinking Springs, which had been recommended to us as a typical Pennsylvanian Dutch village. And it was.

HOW HE LEARNT HIS LESSON.

Chapter I.

"Oh, what have I done! What have I done!" exclaimed Nellie, under her breath, as sad and dismayed she hurried up the garden-path. "He will never be kind to me any more. How *could* I have said such a thing?" And her hands trembled so that she could scarcely lift the latch of the old-fashioned door, and she turned away to quiet herself a little before going in.

The garden was lovely and luxuriant, and heavy dews, weighing down the heads of all the beautiful blossoms, made it still more lovely in the calm, clear light of the moon which shone so brightly overhead. But with a sigh Nellie crept out of the glory of silver light, and paced to and fro beneath a row of rugged elms, whose far-spreading branches cast a fretwork of shadow over the flowery borders and neatly graveled paths below.

Nellie glanced up at the rambling old farmhouse, which had been her home for so many years. How she loved it! Every nook and corner that it contained was dear to her.

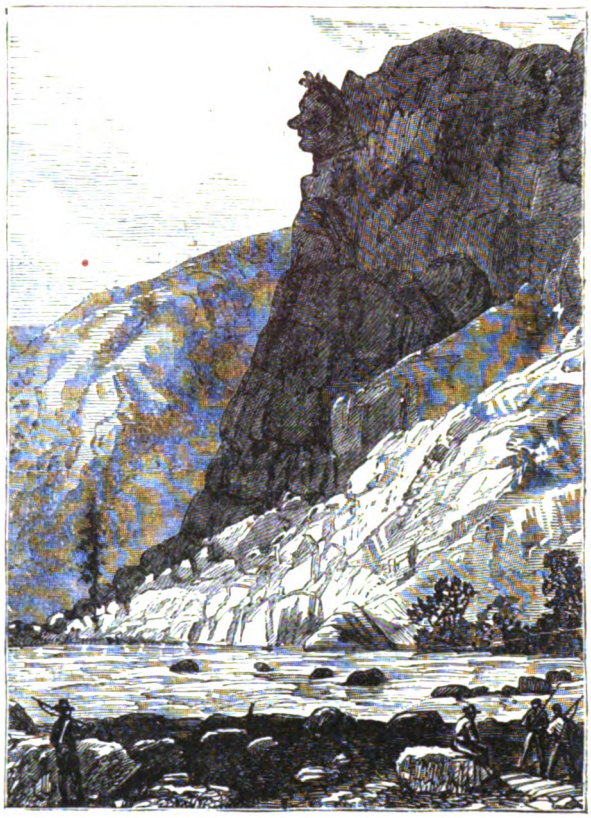
"I have it, and all in it, left to me," she said, in a soft, sad tone; "and dear father and mother, too. A happy, happy home it has always been, and I am thankful for it! But, oh, Edward, how could you be so unkind? Oh! how could you?"

She listened, fancying she could hear his departing footsteps yet. And perhaps she might have done so.

With lofty looks and disdainful curve of his rather thin lips, he was on his way home along the winding lanes.

AMONG THE PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.—"ONE BACKWARD GLANCE, AND WE SAW THE LAST OF SINKING SPRINGS."

FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.—ROSARIO ROCK, CANARY ISLANDS.—SEE PAGE 683.



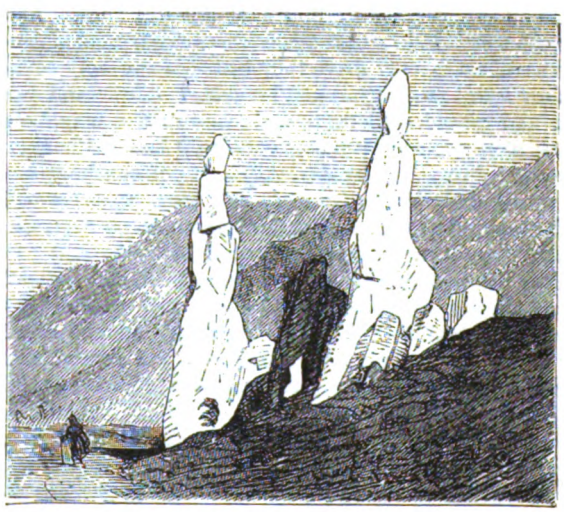
FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.—THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, CLEAR CREEK, COLORADO.

He was a man of five-and-thirty, while Nellie was scarcely twenty. She was simple and innocent as a child; but he had learnt many a lesson in the school of life ere this. Yet another was in store for him, and probably another and another, for while we live we must learn; and we will learn—so foolish are we—in the most costly and laborious way, for the most part. "Experience keeps a dear school," says the proverb, "but fools will go to no other." And are we not all fools until hard and inexorable experience has knocked and kneaded wisdom into us? And one lesson which Edward Melville prided himself on having learnt was the value of money. He was a bachelor, and so he made up his mind he would remain until he could find a woman *with money* who would be his wife. He himself was a country doctor, and, with a very small and not increasing practice, it would never do to marry and have nothing but that to depend upon, he told himself.

He had generally escorted Nellie to her own door, after their evening walks, but this evening he had left her just outside the gate. He was her aunt's stepson. She had known him all her young life, and had always called him Cousin Edward, all unsuspicious of the feeling which was steadily gathering strength within her heart, till this evening. And Edward, for his part, had always treated her as a mere child.

"A glorious night!" he murmured, as he leisurely pursued his way; and as he looked round at hamlet and

THE STONE LADY OF WIESENSTEIG.



THE PETRIFIED MAIDS IN THE VALLEY OF THE BRENG.

trees, and wayside brook, and picturesque farmhouses dotted here and there, all sleeping in the moonlight, the disdainful curve left his lips, and pride and hauteur smoothed themselves away from his brow.

"Poor little Nellie!" he said again, with something like a complacent smile. "I suppose, then, that she cares a little more for me than I deserve. It is a great bore, for of course it is out of the question that I should—that I could——"

He paused, and began humming a tune, and switching the dew-laden hedges with his walking-cane.

"No," he presently recommenced, "one must have enough to be comfortable. And Nellie has got nothing, and I have got next to nothing. One may put up with the want of a little sentiment, I should imagine, if one has a tolerable settlement in life. At all events, I mean to try it."

Chapter II.

"You will go to meet Miss Bassett, I suppose, Nellie?" inquired her mother.

"Oh, yes, mother. Edward was good enough to say that he would drive me to the station in his dog-cart, and he will bring us both home, too. He says that a rich young lady like Miss Bassett will not care to walk a mile, even along our lovely lanes, he is sure."

Perhaps there was the slightest undertone of sarcasm in Nellie's voice, for her mother glanced at her as if in surprise, without replying.

Edward had given Nellie, bit by bit, and with a good deal of tact, his ideas upon the subject of money, and of the comfort to be derived from a proper use of it. Outwardly the two were as good friends as ever. At heart, however, he was carefully on his guard, while Nellie, tender and gentle-natured though she was, could not help slightly despising him.

Miss Bassett was an old schoolfellow of Nellie's and a great heiress, and she had taken a fancy to spend the remainder of the Summer in the old tumble-down farmhouse which Nellie called home.

Edward was very attentive, even especially kind to Nellie, on their way to the station, and her heart went out to him again.

"If only I had not said that to him," she thought, as the dog-cart stopped and he carefully lifted her out. "I hope—oh! I do hope that he may forget it."

The train ran in. There was pretty Gracie Bassett's face at a first-class carriage window; and in a few minutes she was seated in the dog-cart beside Edward, chatting to and laughing with him as if she had known him for years; and Nellie had taken the seat behind. And that was not the only drive they had, nor the only evening they spent in chatting and laughing. Nellie and her father and mother—all three, and many of the neighbors besides, soon saw what it would come to. And Nellie grew older and graver day by day. But as yet she kept her own secret, and she hoped more and more that Edward had forgotten her foolish, thoughtless words on a certain moonlight night, now some seven or eight weeks ago.

At last the engagement was announced. Grace Bassett had no friends to interfere with her, and flattered by Edward's attentions, and quite believing that she loved him "quite enough for happiness," she had agreed that the marriage should take place as soon as all needful arrangements could be made.

"You know, Nellie," said she, as the two sat sewing in the garden one hot afternoon, while Edward was out on his rounds, "it really does not do to love a person too much. You are certain to become a slave to his whims and caprices if you do. I have always made up my mind that I would marry a man who loved me, and that if I had a reasonable liking for him in return, he would not expect or even wish anything more."

Nellie made some reply, she scarcely knew what, and then she went on thinking the matter over. Had she been exalting love to an undue value? With her it had stood before everything. "If a man would give all the substance of his house for love it would utterly be contemned." She had entirely indorsed the sentiment. But now was it possible that she had made a mistake? Gracie Bassett was a year or two older than herself, and probably knew better than she did. Nevertheless, at the conclusion of her cogitations, Nellie shook her head, and half smiled and half sighed, as she answered:

"Well, you have, of course, a right to your own opinion, Gracie, but I must say I don't agree with you. I think that I would rather die than marry a man whom I did not love with all my heart."

And Nellie gathered up her sewing and went into the house, singing, as she went:

"Love shall still be lord of all."

Chapter III.

The wedding was over. The honeymoon was over also, and Mrs. Melville, richly dressed, and looking very lovely, with Edward as an attentive and devoted husband beside her, was receiving her guests.

Nellie was among them. She was paler than usual, and her free, happy, girlish laugh was gone for ever. Yet she, too, looked lovely this afternoon, in her pretty blue silk dress and cottage bonnet, and there was a sweetness and beauty in the expression of her gentle young face that went far beyond any mere beauty of feature.

The house was handsome and well-appointed; the servants were models of attentive respect. All seemed as it should be. Nellie stayed the remainder of the day, and saw nothing that she did not like. Edward was for ever on the watch to please Grace, and she, for her part, took it all as her due, and so far gave him her sweetest smiles in return. What more could be wanted?

Only a few weeks passed. Nellie was invited to dine with them. After dinner they were moving about the drawing-room, and Grace was exhibiting to Nellie some choice bouquets of flowers which had been sent her that morning. They had all been arranged on one table, in accordance with a whim of the young wife, who declared that the effect of their richness and color was lost when they were scattered.

But Edward had not heard her say this.

"Let me put this blue vase here, Gracie," he unwittingly began, removing it, as he spoke, to another table. "There! It shows to advantage now!"

Grace, with heightened color, walked to the table, and taking up the vase, restored it to its former position.

"It is quite out of the way there," she said, stiffly, "and this is where I wish it to be, Edward."

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Edward's color also rose, yet he did not look angry.

"And *I* wish that it should stand here," he returned, once more taking up the vase; and then he added, half reproachfully, half playfully, "You promised to obey me, Gracie, did you not?"

"Don't be so ridiculous, Edward." And her eyes flashed, and she looked as if she would have dashed the flowers from his hand, and before he could set them down she had taken them from him, and finally placed them in the particular spot she had chosen.

Edward looked pained, and Nellie mused wonderingly over it all, as he in moody silence escorted her home. Could all this have happened in a house where love was lord? No, indeed. "A woman," thought Nellie, "who loves, loves also to obey."

But this proved to be only the beginning of small discomforts and disagreements. Many months passed, Grace grew more imperious than ever, and Edward's face lost all its brightness, and he seemed day by day to grow old and silent and sad. And when Nellie went to see them now she found that unless Grace expected visitors she took but small pains with herself, remarking sometimes to Nellie as they went down-stairs for the evening:

"I have not dressed, Nellie. Of course you don't mind, and there's nobody else but Edward."

Nobody but Edward! Love would have made him all the world to Nellie.

"I would wear my prettiest and best dresses for my husband, Gracie," she said. "As for other people, they might go. What should I care for them?"

But Grace only frowned for reply.

Nellie had not been to see them for some time, and various small circumstances caused her to suspect that they had had a serious quarrel. Grace had gone out for a fortnight—all alone—and Nellie's father, taking pity upon solitary, sorrowful-looking Edward, had invited him to spend an evening with them.

After tea he sauntered into the garden, and he was gone so long that Nellie went to look for him. She glanced under the shady trees—it was Summer again, now—but he was not to be seen. Then she came to the summer-house. Ah, there he was, leaning forward on the little green-painted table, his head in his hands, and Nellie heard him murmur, in a low, moaning tone:

"I wish, oh! I wish——"

The rest was indistinct, and his longing, whatever it might be, was still his own secret. And Nellie passed softly on and in-doors.

* * * * * * *

Grace had a little daughter, but instead of rejoicing in Edward's house, there was bitter sorrow, and as the young husband knelt by the bedside of his unconscious wife he felt all the old love for her filling his heart once more.

But what will even the tenderest love avail in hours like these? Grace's last moments were numbered, and she passed away, leaving her little one to Nellie.

And Edward, when the first benumbing influence of his grief was over, sold his practice—he had no need of it now—and went abroad.

Eighteen months passed away. A man, bronzed and bearded, stood at the gate of the old farmhouse. A little toddling creature ran down the path, her fair curls flying in the wind. The stranger caught her up.

"What is your name, little one?"

And in a baby voice she told him, "Gracie Melville," and he covered her little face and hair with kisses. But who was this coming out to look for her?

"Auntie Nellie," she said, in pretty piping treble, and slid down from her father's arms.

"Cousin Edward!" exclaimed Nellie, gladly, the color rising rapidly to her usually quiet, pale face.

And he shook hands with her; then, keeping the hand he had taken, he led her in-doors.

* * * * * * *

"And will you tell me *now*, once more, Nellie dearest, that you love me better than any one else in the world——"

Nellie swiftly covered his mouth with her hand, while burning blushes dyed her cheeks.

"Oh, Cousin Edward, do please forget that I ever said so!"

"Not likely," he returned, smilingly. "Ah, Nellie," and he was serious now, "I have learnt my lesson since that evening. I have learnt to value love, not as it deserves, but at least to set it above everything earthly. My Nellie! do not tell me that your love for me is dead!"

Never mind Nellie's reply. Two months from that day she became Edward's wife, and he never had the smallest need to remind her that she had promised to obey him, simply because she loved him, and to do as he wished was a pleasure.

And having at great risk and cost learnt his lesson, Edward strove to teach it to others, and to more than one young man he gave in confidence the advice:

"If you wish to be happy, marry only a woman who loves you. Neither money, nor position, nor anything else, can bear the least comparison with love, which will outlive them all."

FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.

Leonardo Da Vinci, in his celebrated treatise on painting, advises artists often to observe and examine ancient walls, stones, rocks, etc., as curious landscapes, groups of figures, human figures and profiles, and so on, may be seen among them, and may furnish aid to the imagination and invention of the painter or sculptor. Although we think that an artist may find better employment for his genius than to discern quaint figures and faces among rocks and hills, it cannot be denied that many landscape painters represent in their works other things besides the professed subject of the view—odd faces and grotesque forms so often occurring among the inanimate nature that one feels sure that it cannot be mere accident, and that the painter has here been indulging some comic or whimsical humor. The talented etcher, Everdingen, is a case in point—so many of his spirited studies of rocks, masses of stone, stems and roots of trees, etc., unmistakably representing the profiles of men and animals, generally grotesque or caricature-like. Stones, more than anything else, suggest these resemblances, their stiffness and unchangeableness giving them an especial fitness for taking and retaining these definite shapes. Who has not in the twilight or moonlight taken a large block of stone for an animal; or a tree, or even a sign-post, for a man or woman coming along the road? Such expressions as "neck of land," "belt of country," "headland," "brow," "ness" (nose), "foot of a hill," "backbone" of a country, etc., show how readily fancy connects hills and rocks with animated nature.*

Nor are rocks, ranges of hills and boulder-stones the only objects which take these strange forms. Clouds, also, though but for a few minutes, often assume most singular shapes. There are, indeed, some persons so without imagination that they can never be made to see these resemblances in cloud or stone to a man, animal, or bird; but we know there are some persons quite indifferent to the beauties of nature altogether. An acquaintance of the writer's who made a long pedestrian tour over the mountains always replied, when asked if he admired this or that point in the landscape, that he had no taste for such things, but had simply undertaken the journey by the advice of his doctor, and for the benefit of his health.

Learned men might arrange these curious objects into

* The Cevennes in France, and the Chevin (a hill in Yorkshire, England), derive their names from an old Celtic word akin to the Welsh "Cevn," the back.

LAUGHING HEAD, DARDANELLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

classes, perhaps in different grades, beginning with animals, going on to human beings, and ascending in the scale to the highest point of all, profiles of historical personages; or might divide them into objects on the earth, above the earth, and within or below the earth—the subterranean embracing those in stalactite caverns, which contain all manner of curiosities. Lions couchant, dancing bears, lizards and dragons are to be found in some places. Near Lausanne the form of a cow is pointed out among the rocks. The Crouching Camel, on the wooded heights of Hohenstoffeln, near Holigan, as seen from the side of Hohentwiel, is an instance.

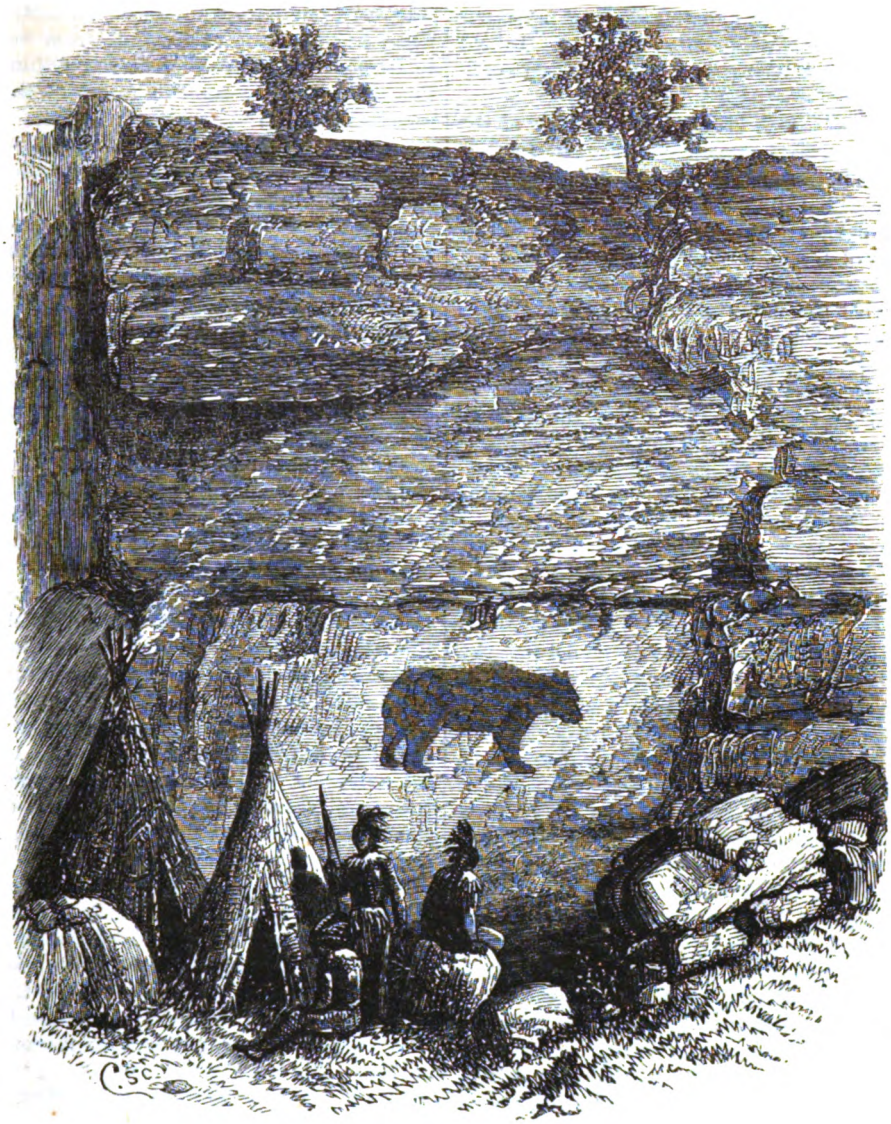
Human figures are, as a general rule, rarer than animal ones. A pretty example is the Praying Nun in the Baumann's Cavern in the Hartz Mountains, near Richeland. Less known, but equally interesting, is the Stone Lady at the Wiesensteig in the Swabian Alps. This statue is a little less than six mètres high, and the hard dolomitic free limestone of which it is formed gives a firm resistance to wind and weather. According to the popular tradition, this figure is the petrified form of a countess, a woman of extraordinary beauty but wicked disposition, who accused of witchcraft, and caused to be burnt, a number of innocent persons of both sexes, and whose cruelty and hardheartedness were punished by her being turned into stone. In spite of her crimes the wonderful beauty of the countess seems to have furnished subject for the verse of some enthusiastic poets of her day.

A somewhat similar curiosity to the stone lady of Wiesensteig is the singular face of needle-shaped rocks in free dolomite in the Breng Valley, known as the Petrified Maidens, or, in more common parlance, the Pointed Maids ("Spitzigen Jungfern") of Eselsburg. They stand halfway between Hertbrecktingen and Eselsburg, at the foot of the rocky declivity beneath which flows the little river known as the Alpbrook, a stream the romantic banks of which are justly admired by all lovers of the picturesque. From whatever side we behold these singular masses of rock the impression produced by them is the same—that they resemble two gigantic human figures just about to ascend the hill; and, what is the most remarkable, the proportions of both forms are precisely the same. The statues are not stiff, but in the attitudes of life, and, if some portions of both bodies appear slightly distorted, this might easily be explained by the superstitious as furnishing a proof that the enchanted maidens submitted to the process of petrification and transformation sorely against their will.

The story is that these maidens were girls, servants or vassals to the noble family, Esel of Eselsburg, who every day had to draw water from the Breng, and take it a quarter of a mile up to the top of the hill on which the castle stood. It is said that one day, being tired and irritated with this hard work, they both declared that sooner than carry water up the hill again they would rather be turned into stone, a wish which received immediate fulfillment. At Schonhuth, however, a more romantic version of the legend is related. The male descendants of the Esel family having all died out, the castle was held by a maiden lady, who, having herself experienced the inconstancy of the male sex, conceived so violent a dislike to all men that she would suffer none but females to enter her castle, forbidding at the same time, in the most stren-

THE OLD DEAD INDIAN NEAR NEW HAVEN, CONN.

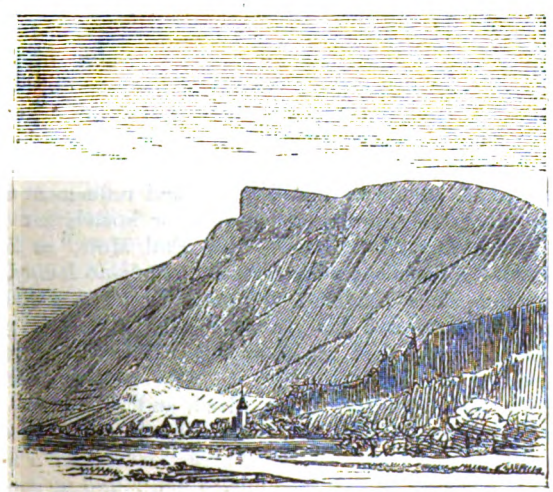
nous manner, the slightest approach to flirtation or attachment between any of her household and outsiders. But down in the valley dwelt a youthful fisherman, whose handsome form and melodious voice seem to have produced more of an impression on the susceptible hearts of two of the castle maidens than their mistress approved. The lady herself was addicted to the practice of magical arts, and punished the two girls by turning them into stone.



THE BEAR ROCK ON THE PURGATOIRE RIVER, COLORADO.

Many of these freaks of nature can only be seen when looked at from some particular point, or when seen at some especial time of day. To this class belongs the so-called Quarrelsome Man—"Hader-Mannli"—on the Fankenfluh, near Interlaken, which from some aspects seems to resemble an old man with an angry countenance. It is the same as the so-called "Dead Monk" in the Valley of the Adige in the Tyrol—a mass of rock formed into its present singular shape owing to a landslip. The figure can only be distinctly seen for a short distance on the road between Botgen and Irelau, and is then gradually lost sight of, with the exception of the nose and forehead, which long remain visible.

The profile of Louis XVI., on the contrary, is to be seen very plainly on the summit of the noble Iraunstein, from a large portion of the shores of the Iraunsee ("Lake of Iraun"). This profile is remarkably characteristic, from the Bourbon nose, the receding forehead, and the projecting chin being all most plainly distinguishable. It



THE DEAD MONK IN THE TYROL.

THE CROUCHING CAMEL.

can only be seen really well, however, when the spectator has the sun in his face, and still better when it is behind the mountain, so that the gigantic profile is beheld shrouded in a thin mist, which prevents details from spoiling the general effect.

The profile of Napoleon I. is shown at the rock of the Lorelei, on the Rhine, so famous for its romantic water-sprite legends. It is better seen when going up than down the river. A still better likeness of the great Emperor may, however, be caught by looking at the Mountain of Lecco, in the Lake of Como, when sailing to Lecco from Bellaggio. It will appear distinctly upon the horizon when the traveler has the mountain range either straight before him or on his left hand.

Among other rock-portraits in Europe is that of Napoleon III., in the Dietharz Valley, Thuringia, about ten minutes' walk from the village. As you follow the carriage road, this rock comes in view, rising to a height of about eighty feet, and, at the top, as it juts prominently out, presents a remarkable semblance to the Emperor Napoleon III. All are struck with the likeness, for not only is the outline such as to recall his features, with the upturned mustache, but the eye with half-closed lids, that habitual look he wore of weariness, which half concealed his wonderful energy.

A very curious rock is that called The Aguja del Rosario, in the Canary Islands, which is in outline an old woman, with projecting nose and chin, muffled in a shawl, and holding a stick in her hand.

Our own country abounds in rocks where nature seems to have delighted in mimicry. The Old Man of the Mountain, in New Hampshire, is one of the best known examples, but the likeness is not as perfect as in the case of the Old Man of the Mountains on Clear Creek, Colorado, discovered by E. A. Mathews, about 1865. The rock rises to a height of 234 feet from the waters of the creek, and is crowned by a clearly defined human face. Small as this appears in our illustration, the profile is eighteen feet high from the chin to the top of the head, and the shrubbery lends itself to the delusion by giving to the head an appearance of hair.

The Old Dead Indian or Giant's Grave, near New Haven, is a curious spectacle. People ride in all directions through the neighborhood, and never see it; but any one who crosses the bay by the long covered bridge, and climbs Beacon Hill, will be rewarded with a sight of it from the summit. From that spot the Old Dead Indian appears distinct and clear, stretching his huge length to the north, a complete outline of a recumbent human body from head to toe. Its real length is about fourteen miles, and the appearance is produced not by one eminence, but by several, some nearer the spectator, and others more remote, whose lines here blend into the semblance of a body.

In Arkansas there is a Laughing Head that is worth noting. From one point on the Arkansas River the traveler who looks at Dardanelle Rock, a part of Magazine Mountain, that juts out opposite Norristown, in Pope County, will see a grotesque face, with wide-open mouth, as if laughing, and even the semblance of an eye.

The Bear Rock is a freak of another kind. In this case the work is not formed by the irregular edge of a rock, but is a picture, so to say, drawn on the surface. On the left bank of the Purgatoire River, just above the mouth of the Alkali Arroyo, and about twenty-five miles from its junction with the Arkansas, in Colorado, is a remarkable object known as the Bear Rock. At this point, and for many miles above, the Purgatoire, sometimes known as the Purgatory, but generally corrupted into Picketwire, flows between sandstone bluffs from forty to sixty feet high, which leave at their base "bottoms" valuable for grazing, and, when irrigated, for cultivation, from one-fourth of a mile to nearly two miles wide. Until within a very few years this stream was a favorite resort of the prairie Indians, especially of the Arrapahoes; and its valley is still exposed to their incursions whenever they are hostile.

The Bear Rock is a comparatively smooth face of a sandstone bluff, that extends about sixty feet above the water, from which it is distant a hundred or more yards. Upon the exposed surface of the rock, about ten feet from the bottom of the cliff, is an excellent life-size representation in profile of a three-year-old cinnamon bear.

The figure is dark-brown, approaching black, being darker on the anterior half. The outline is distinct and perfect, unless exception may be taken to a slight blurring at the bottom of the hind-feet, and a somewhat pronounced excess of the claws of the fore-feet. From the tail to the nose the length is about six feet, and the height at the shoulders is about three and a half feet. The legs are all visible, and the head points straight to the front, as if just about to take, or just having taken, a step. The fore-feet are on a slightly higher plane than the hind ones, as if on rising ground. The expression is one of surprise and alarm: the head is thrust forward and slightly upward, the ears are sharply cocked forward, as if on the alert, and the whole attitude displays the utmost fidelity to that of a bear in some excitement and apprehension.

There is no trace of any paint or pigment, and there is all the difference in the world between the bear and the Indian hieroglyphics lower down on the rock. It is no Indian work, and there is no probability that the Spaniards ever spent their time in executing such a work with instrumentality beyond our knowledge.

A writer in *Old and New* some years ago suggested that it was caused by lightning. There are authenticated cases where pictures of objects have been by that agency made on the human body, and although none similarly made are known to have been recorded, the thing is not impossible, and a scientific body who visited the rock in 1867 also expressed the opinion that it was the result of electricity.

SAVED.

A FULL moon gleamed fitfully through dark rifts of cloud, lighting up a long stretch of beach upon which the foam-capped billows broke with that deep, moaning sound which presages a coming storm. This sound had awakened Lucy Mott, the fisherman's daughter, who now stood leaning upon the sill of her window, looking out half anxiously, half dreamily, on the wild and desolate scene. She was a slight, fair girl of eighteen, with delicate features, and an air of native grace and refinement which seemed scarcely in accordance with her homely surroundings. And yet her father—"old Phil Mott," as he was called—had come of a respectable, well-to-do family, who had long since discarded him on account of his wild and lawless ways, and his marriage with a sailor's pretty daughter, who had made him a better wife than he deserved.

She had been some years dead, and Lucy now filled her place in the humble home. She did what she could to make it pleasant and attractive; but the girl's nature was an elevated and refined one, which found no congeniality in the society of the few fishermen's families by whom

she was surrounded, and nothing to gratify her taste in her humble home beyond her bit of flower-garden, and the sea, always grand and beautiful, and, most of all, a box of books, which had years before been left in her father's care, and never reclaimed. It takes a solitary, pleasureless life such as Lucy's to enable one to appreciate the value of such treasures as Shakespeare, Scott, and others, who have been to thousands, and shall be to millions more, a blessing and a "joy for ever."

But Lucy was not thinking just now of her dearly loved books. Her mind was less pleasantly occupied in anxious thought of her father, who had left home at daybreak, on a fishing excursion, promising to return at sunset. She had watched for him till long after dark, and had then fallen into a light slumber, from which she had been aroused, as we have said, by the premonitory sounds of the coming storm.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," thought Lucy, anxiously.

And, as if in answer to the thought, came suddenly the sound of her father's voice, borne toward her by the breeze. Leaning forward, she saw dimly two figures advancing swiftly up the beach, and she stood still, wondering who could be her father's companion at this late hour. Nearer they came, and paused at length almost at her window, talking earnestly.

"I don't much like it, I must say," she heard her father remark; and in answer came some words in an eager, suppressed voice, at sound of which Lucy drew back with a sort of shudder.

It was Martin Heriot, as he was called—a young man who had suddenly dropped into this quiet little fishing hamlet as from the clouds, and concerning whom nothing was known, except that he was good-looking, clever, and very agreeable when in a good humor, but fierce and desperate when aroused.

He had fallen in love with pretty, modest Lucy Mott, and her father had only yesterday told her it was his wish and his will that she should become the young man's wife. Heriot, he said, was a clever fellow, and could make her a fortune if he would. And so soon as they should be married, they would go, all three, away from this wretched place to another, the name of which he did not mention, but where, he said, their fortune would be secured. And the girl knew that when her father spoke in this resolute way, he was in earnest, and that, therefore, her fate was sealed.

Poor Lucy! It was not only that she instinctively shrank from and mistrusted Heriot, that this match was so distasteful to her, but that, almost unknown to herself, she had allowed her thoughts and her heart to become interested in another. She blushed when she thought of it, and remembered that this other was almost a stranger to her—a young man whom she had seen only as he rode past her father's cottage, and had spoken to but once or twice as he had stopped and asked if her father were at home, and then, lingering, had remarked upon the beauty of the flowers in her little garden. And the last time she had seen him, he had glanced at the old leather-bound volume which lay open on the gate-post, whilst she was busily tying up her roses, and had inquired, with that look of pleased surprise in his deep blue eyes, whether she liked "The Lady of the Lake."

That had been only yesterday, and ever since Lucy Mott had been in a sort of vague, delicious dream, that startled and frightened herself—all born of something inexplicable which she had seen in the look of those blue eyes. But he was the rich young heir of the Rockford estate—she could see the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars rising miles away—whilst she was only a fisherman's daughter.

And now, in place of that sweet, half tender voice, the accents of which still haunted her, Lucy was listening to Martin Heriot's rough, energetic tones.

"I tell you, Mott, the thing must be done at once, or not at all. We have scarcely half an hour left."

"But if he shouldn't have the money with him?" said Mott, doubtfully, as if seeking an escape.

"He *has* got it with him. It was purposely for this money that he went to M—— yesterday, and, as I told you, he was seen to secure it in his wallet before he left the bank. Four thousand dollars! Think of it, man, and what it will do for us!"

And Heriot grasped his companion's arm, and gazed earnestly into his face.

"We may be found out——"

"We *can't* be found out. I have planned securely against every risk, and defy the devil himself to betray us. In the name of——"

And here followed an impatient burst of blasphemous language, in the midst of which Philip Mott, as if yielding to a power superior to himself, exclaimed:

"Well, come along! and if blood be spilt, let it be done by your hand, and rest upon your own head. Blood! and almost my own blood, too—for George Hazelton's father was my cousin——"

The voices died away in the distance, the rapidly retreating figures disappeared, and Lucy Mott stood, white and trembling, with clasped hands, and a heart the wild beatings of which seemed to suffocate her.

Suddenly starting from the stupor of horror, she threw up her arms, and cried, as in an agonized prayer:

"Oh, my Father in heaven, what shall I—what *can* I do?"

What should she do, indeed? For, to save the man she loved, even could this be done, would be to convict her father.

Her first impulse now was to rush wildly out of doors, and, running in the direction in which her father had disappeared, to shriek his name frantically in a half-formed design of pleading with him, of saving him from crime, and George Hazelton from violence, if not death.

But the two men, walking rapidly, were already beyond reach of her voice, scarcely to be heard amid the uproar of the now rising storm. Then Lucy turned, and, scarcely conscious of what she did, ran swiftly across the sands, through the tangled gorse-bushes, and over the low, marshy track, thick with reeds and rushes, which lay between her father's house and the road that ran half a mile from the beach.

It was here that George Hazelton must pass on his return from the distant town of M——, whither she knew he had yesterday gone. She had heard a neighbor say something about his having purchased a tract of land adjoining his own, and that it would be paid for on the morrow.

For this purpose, doubtless, was the four thousand dollars intended, which was now, perhaps, to cost him his life. The thought quickened the girl's steps, and she flew rather than ran, despite the now falling rain, and the violence of the wind, which was tossing her hair and her garments wildly about. Hoarse peals of thunder broke over her head, and vivid flashes of lightning nearly blinded her, but on she ran, never slacking her speed, or pausing to take breath.

Suddenly she caught, amid the roar of the storm, a sound which sent every drop of blood tingling to her heart—the sound of a horse's rapidly approaching tread. If she should be one moment too late! And again the

girl pressed on, with a wild cry, which the wind bore away like the sound of a lost spirit in agony.

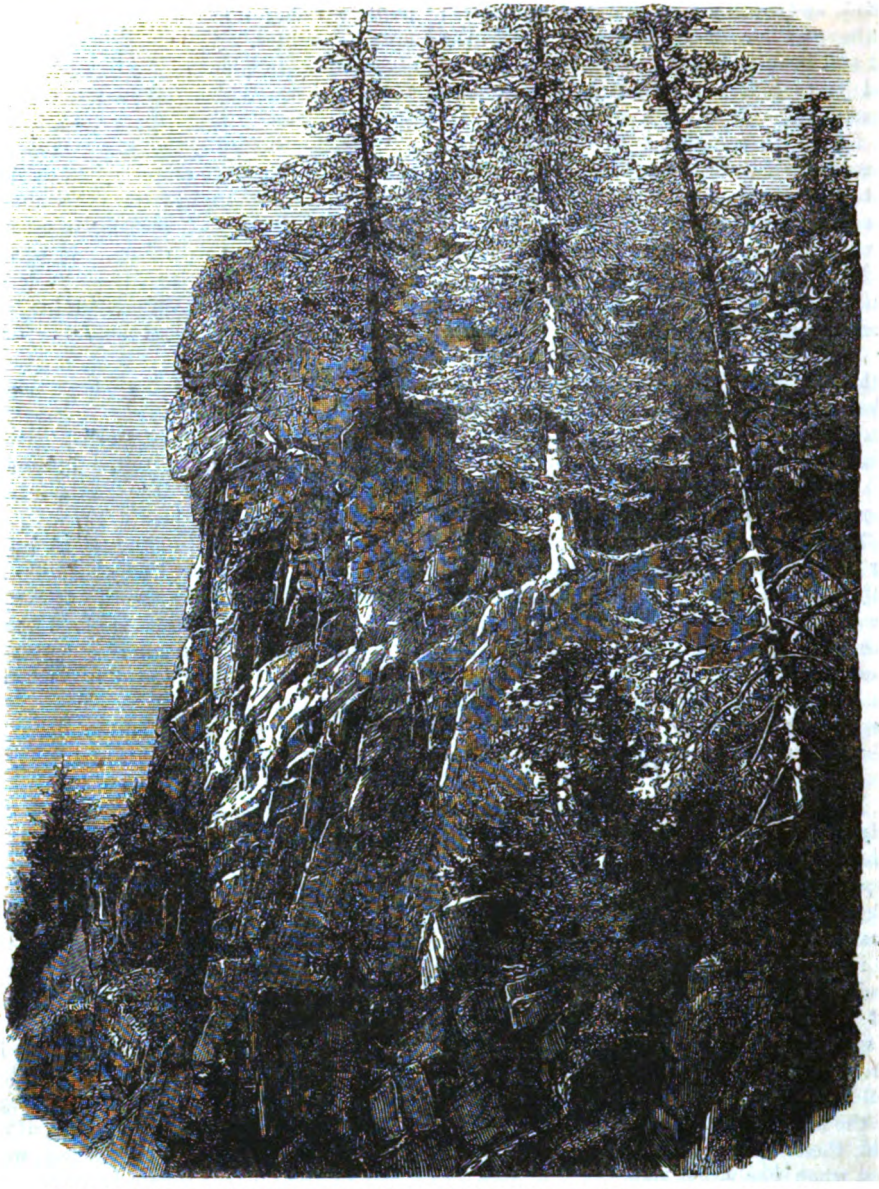
Faint as was the sound, it reached the ears of young Hazelton. He slackened his horse's speed, and turned in the direction whence it came. And then, rushing across the dreary waste, with arms imploringly outstretched, and hair flying wildly behind her, he saw a form which had more the appearance of a spirit than of anything human. The next moment she had reached him, and the lightning revealed to him the white face of Lucy Mott, the fisherman's daughter.

In an instant young Hazelton had sprung to the ground, and caught the form of the almost fainting girl.

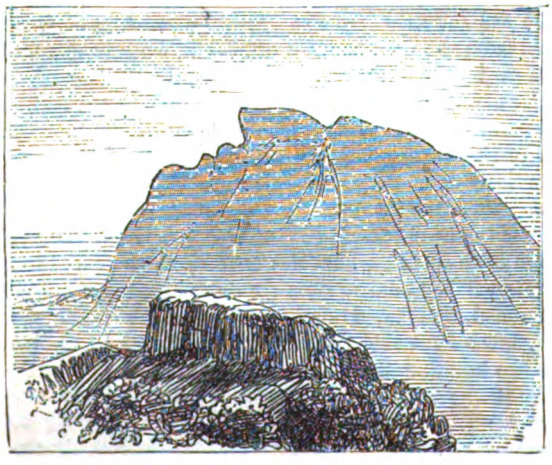
"Good heavens, Lucy, what has happened? Why are you here in the storm?" he questioned, anxiously.

And Lucy could only answer, in breathless, broken gasps: "No further!—no further! Danger—robbery—murder——" and then, utterly exhausted and overcome, she sank fainting in his grasp.

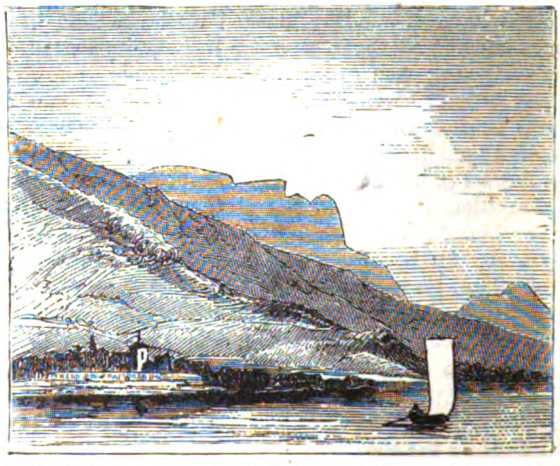
George remembered the money he had with him, together with certain warnings he had received from his friends and had laughed at, concerning the danger of carrying it with him on a lonely ride, and he now instantly comprehended it all. He was armed, and trusting to this and his horse's speed, he would still have braved the threatened danger; but to ride on and leave the girl alone and helpless in the storm was not to be thought of, even had she been less dear to him than she was. Neither, considering the



FREAKS OF NATURE IN LANDSCAPE.—ROCK PORTRAIT OF NAPOLEON III., IN THE DIETHARZ VALLEY, THURINGIA.—SEE PAGE 663.



PROFILE OF LOUIS XVI. ON THE IRAUNSTEIN.



PROFILE OF NAPOLEON I. AT LECCO, ON THE LAKE OF COMO.

SAVED.—"THE LAST TIME SHE HAD SEEN HIM, HE HAD GLANCED AT THE OLD LEATHER-BOUND VOLUME WHICH LAY OPEN ON THE GATE-POST, WHILST SHE WAS BUSY TYING UP HER ROSES."—SEE PAGE 686.

circumstances, could he take her home to her father's cottage.

He knew that Philip Mott, a relative of his own father, was not a very scrupulous character, and that he had of late been very intimate with the young man Martin Heriot, concerning whom vague rumors had but this day reached his ears in M——, in connection with mutiny and murder on the high seas. As this thought flashed across him, he instinctively divined the circumstances of the case, and the cause of Lucy's strange appearance and warning.

It took not a moment to decide upon what course he should pursue, and lifting the form of the still insensible girl, he placed her in front of him on the saddle, and turning sharply off from the road, struck across the low, marshy track, which extended some distance further between the road and his home. His horse floundered on rather heavily at first, for he was weary with his day's journey; but ere long, finding firmer ground beneath him, broke into a swifter pace. In an hour's time the young man had alighted at the door of his own house, and lifting his strange burden, he conveyed her within, and gave her into the charge of his mother and sister.

"Do all you can for her, mother," he said. "She has saved my life."

And good, motherly Mrs. Hazelton, and warm-hearted Alice, prompted partly by kindness, and more by gratitude, did do all that could be done for their fair though humble guest, both then and through the long illness that followed. For the excitement of that evening, together with her fatigue and exposure to the storm, had their effect upon Lucy, in fever and utter prostration of body and mind.

For three weeks she lay ill beneath the roof of the great house with the tall chimneys and Lombardy poplars, upon which she had so often wistfully gazed from the window of her own humble home. And yet—as they told her when she grew better—her own great-grandmother, who was also the great-grandmother of George and Alice, had once been mistress of that house.

Wherefore, said people, it was not so strange or inappropriate, after all, that Lucy herself should in time become its mistress. They would not allow her to go back to the cottage on the beach, but, won by her loveliness of person and disposition, insisted upon keeping her with them at Rocklands; and in less than a year after, she, as Mrs. George Hazelton, claimed it as her legitimate home. And no stranger who now sees her, beautiful, refined and cultivated, presiding at her husband's table, or driving with her two rosy children along the beach, toward the fashionable watering-place which has since sprung up in that neighborhood, could imagine that in one of the fishermen's cottages on the sands the elegant Mrs. Hazelton had once her home.

Martin Heriot was arrested the day after the designed robbery and probable murder of Hazelton, by officers of justice, who had long been in search of him. Philip Mott, who, though reckless, was not depraved, rejoiced that he had escaped the commission of the crime from which his daughter had saved him; and thenceforth, through his own better convictions, and the exertions of Lucy and George, became an altered, and much more respectable character. The latter's money and influence obtained him a good situation, which gratified his seafaring taste, and Lucy, in her prosperity, never failed in her duty as a daughter.

HARD workers are usually honest. Industry lifts them above temptation.

THE FANCIES OF AUTHORS.

CARNEADES, the philosopher, seldom wrote without dosing himself with hellebore. Æschylus, Eupolis, Cratinus and Ennius are said never to have sat down to compose till they were intoxicated. Dryden often had himself bled, and, like Fuseli, ate raw meat to assist, so he said, his imagination. Shadwell, De Quincey, Psalmanaazar, Dean Milner, Coleridge and Bishop Horsley stimulated themselves with opium, as De Musset was helpless without absinthe. Gray seldom sat down to compose without first reading through some cantos of the "Faery Queen." Corneille fired himself with the perusal of "Lucan." Blackstone never wrote without a bottle of port wine on his desk, nor Schiller without a flask of Rhenish within call. When his imagination was sluggish he would sit with his feet in hot water, drinking hot coffee, "to thaw the frost on his wits." Montaigne was never happy without his cat, and with the pen in his right hand while his left was smoothing the glossy back of his favorite tabby, meditated his "Essays."

Boxhorne, the great Dutch scholar, could never write a word without a pipe in his mouth, and as he preferred a long pipe and yet required the use of both hands, he bethought him of a very ingenious device. He had a hat with an enormous brim, which impended in front of his face; through this he made a hole to support his pipe, thus securing the double advantage of shading his eyes and enjoying without inconvenience his favorite luxury, and in this way he produced his voluminous and valuable writings. Hobbes had the same weakness, "ten or twelve pipes with a candle" being his invariable concomitants at the desk, and Dr. Parr was not less dependent on tobacco. Southey could never write a line except at his desk, with his books round him and with familiar objects by.

Milton could, he said, never compose anything to satisfaction except between the vernal and autumnal equinox. At those seasons his poetry came like an inspiration. At other times, in spite of the most strenuous efforts, he would be unable to bring to the birth a single verse. Thomson, Collins and Gray had the same superstition about themselves. Johnson, with his usual bluff common sense, ridicules such fancies, and calls them unworthy of any sensible man—the good doctor's theory being that a man who had the power of writing always could write "if he set himself doggedly to it." Crabbe's fancies about himself are so curious that we will quote the passage in his son's biography of him which bears on the subject: "He fancied that Autumn was on the whole the most favorable season for him in the composition of poetry, but there was something in the effect of a sudden fall of snow that appeared to stimulate him in a very extraordinary manner. It was during a great snowstorm that, shut up in his room, he wrote almost *currente calamo* his "Sir Eustace Gray." Latterly he worked chiefly at night, after all the family had retired."

William Prynne, the voluminous author of the "Histriomastrix," was nothing "without a long quilted cap which came an inch over his eyes." Buffon was helpless without a spotless shirt and a starched frill. Still stranger were the whims of Graham, the author of "The Sabbath," and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who, if we are to believe De Quincey, found their vein never ran happily unless they sat down to their tasks with boots and spurs on. An eminent modern novelist finds his pen and his imagination powerless unless he sits surrounded by lighted candles in a darkened room, and Horace Walpole tells us that Lord Orrery found no stimulus so efficacious as a sharp fit of the gout. The great Dutch scholar, Isaak Vossius, and

the English poet, John Philipps, would employ a servant to comb their hair whilst they meditated their works. Coleridge told Hazlitt that when engaged in composition he never found his vein so happy as when he was walking over uneven ground, or making his way through a coppice with the twigs brushing his face. Wordsworth, on the other hand, preferred a straight gravel walk, where he could wander mechanically, and without any impediment, to and fro; in this way almost all his later poems were composed. Lord Bacon had a fancy for inhaling the fumes of a bottle of claret poured out on earth which had been newly upturned.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

It was a glorious afternoon in the June of last year that I drove out to Schönbrunn from Vienna, two miles, in order to take a peep at the beautiful Elizabeth, Empress of Austria.

After passing through a not very picturesque suburb, albeit Vienna is rich in delightful *entourages*, the carriage entered the long, straight, tree-lined road that leads to the favorite Summer residence of the beautiful and eccentric Empress.

Schönbrunn was begun as a hunting-seat for the Emperor Matthias, by Fischer of Erlach, and finished by Maria Theresa in 1750. It contains a number of portraits of the ancestors of the imperial family, few of which are likely to arrest attention, except those of Maria Theresa, Joseph II., and Marie Antoinette. The building, however, possesses some historical interest, as having been inhabited by Napoleon in 1809, when the treaty of Schönbrunn was signed; and by his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, who died here at the age of twenty-one, in 1832, in the same apartment in the left wing overlooking the garden, and on the same bed, it is said, which his father had occupied. This amiable young prince, who, according to the statement of some writers, lived the life of a prisoner at the court of his grandfather, was in truth brought up with every tenderness and care; and if he was the object of any unusual watchfulness, it was merely with a view of preventing his becoming the victim of some mad scheme of carrying him off to France.

The gardens behind the palace are laid out in straight walks, long avenues, trimmed and clipped like hedges, to a height of fifty or sixty feet, in the French style, and ornamented with statues and fountains. On a fine Sunday afternoon they are thronged with crowds of citizens and their families from Vienna. Stapps, the enthusiastic German student who attempted the life of Napoleon in these gardens, was shot here a few hours afterward, and buried on the spot. He disdained to beg his life, or it would probably have been spared. At the end of one of the alleys is the "Beautiful Fountain," *Schönen Brunnen*, which gives its name to the palace, ornamented with the statue of a nymph. The *Gloriette*, a mere colonnade of pillars, on the high bank immediately behind the palace, commands a fine view of Vienna.

One of the avenues branching off on the right, as you enter the garden from the palace, leads to the flower-garden. The palm-house is very rich. The conservatories and forcing-houses (fourteen in number) are extensive; and the collection of equatorial plants, especially Brazilian, is very fine. There is also a formidable collection of Alpine plants. Facing the palm-house, and near it, is the Emperor's zoological collection, or menagerie. The specimens of Austrian animals and birds are interesting.

In the great courtyard—a vast plain of gravel surrounded by mountains of stone, wrought into a palace—an imperial carriage attached to two magnificent coal-black horses that stepped as though eggs not to be broken were beneath their hoofs, and driven by a coachman weighing about 250 pounds, with an arm that would break the jaw of an alligator, moved gently in a sort of circle, while a knot of people were collected near a door consisting of plate-glass and the imperial arms sprawling in gold.

"They are waiting to see the Empress," said my *cicerone*; "but they will have their wait for nothing. The carriage is there as a decoy. Come with me. It will pass under yonder arch, and, at a small postern-gate connecting with her Majesty's private apartments, it will pick her up."

As we crossed the great plain, a flourish of trumpets was heard, with the gruff voice of the officer turning out the guard.

"Do not hurry," said my *cicerone*. "That is for the Crown Prince; he is going to drive to the "Tir Garten," a preserve on the mountains about thirteen miles from here. The Empress will follow in another carriage. That left wing of the palace is the residence of the Crown Prince. See, there he comes!"

Another flourish of trumpets, and an English high mail-phaeton, such as one sees in Hyde Park tooled by a guardsman, dashed into the courtyard. Rudolph had the ribbons well in hand, and his superb horses seemed to fly rather than anything else, while two great clouds of dust followed the wheels. He was attired in Tyrolean hunting costume, and the *chasseur* who sat behind was similarly gotten up.

"He is a very nice, simple-mannered young man," observed my friend; "very fond of telling very stupid stories when encouraged, for he is both diffident and retiring. Everybody laughs at the stories for their dullness, so he stands the chance of being laughed into a confounded bore unless the coming wife stops it."

"Are you Austrians pleased at the marriage?"

"Yes. We like the idea of our Crown Prince marrying a good girl. It will prevent his going astray, and he's at a very dangerous age."

"Do you like the idea of the Empress going to Ireland for the hunting?"

My friend laughed.

"Que voulez-vous, mon cher?" with a shrug. "It is lucky her strong passion is for *horses*."

We passed beneath an archway leading to a long, straight avenue, one leafy bower of lime-trees, which, on that June day, emitted a most delicious perfume.

"You see that little green gate? Her Majesty will come out by that. Stand somewhat behind this tree, for she hates to be stared at. There; that will do."

Having posted myself quite close to the gate, and partly screened from observation, I awaited, and in a moment or two, click! went the bolt, and out stepped Elizabeth of Austria in a riding habit and high silk hat. A waiting-woman followed with wraps. The carriage was slow in coming round, so I had what is vulgarly termed an eye-full of her.

Never did my eyes rest upon so willowy a form. Never did I behold so *svelte* a figure, such a small but proportioned waist, such a white and blue-veined hand; of which more anon. Her habit, it is scarcely necessary to say, fitted her like the paper on the wall, and revealed every curve of her lissome form. In the forties? Never! A plait of magnificent rich brown hair—all her own, they say—came from under the *piquante* hat; a white stand-up collar encircled the delicate throat, and a neat little bow of carnation acted as a pendant.

HOLLYWOOD RATH HOUSE, COUNTY MEATH.

She cast a sharp, searching glance at me. I lifted my hat, she bowed, and then—yes, then she took a hairpin out of her back hair, like any other woman, and proceeded to button her glove with it. Then I saw the lily-white hand and its blue veins. The carriage dashed up, her Majesty entered it, revealing a foot the height of whose instep would have satisfied even Lady Hester Stanhope herself, and as she took her seat and the carriage drove off she bowed again, this time flinging in a smile.

Her lustrous eyes, bright smile and beautiful features are before me as I write. In the forties? "Forbid it heaven!"

"I saw her this morning," observed my friend, who rejoined me, "crossing the private garden, coming from her bath, her long hair floating down her back. The little Princess, her daughter, was with her, and the child wanted a blossom that grew high on a tree. The Empress at first thought to reach it in the ordinary way, but failing in this, she stepped back a few paces, and then took a flying leap and brought down the flower. It was splendidly done."

I strolled through the imperial stables, and with Bassant, the first pad-groom, went over her Majesty's pet hunters, all of which were enjoying themselves in loose boxes, looking sleek and starry-eyed and happy. Hard Times and Donnybrook were there, and Kildare Maid, who bore her imperial mistress over so many miles of "stiff" in Royal Meath. I then visited the ring, and subsequently the imperial *cirque*, where Elizabeth o' mornings exercises her horses, circus fashion. The former is a vast building very plainly gotten up, and consisting for the most part of the roof and the floor of tan. The latter is a veritable ring, with a private box for royalty, furnished with a carpet, half-a-dozen chairs, and gayly ornamented with evergreens and flowers. It is here that her Imperial Majesty spends her early mornings, witnessing the paces of her pets. It is from this platform that she bestows a caress, or a cake. A basket of dainties is always in readiness; and it is in the dining-room to the right that S. M. I. is sewed into her habit.

I visited the menagerie and botanic garden, and then strolled up to the Belvedere, from which I had a panoramic view of Vienna.

Shall I forget that little dinner at Dommayer's, and the love-story of a certain lieutenant in the Horse-Guards who was *en service?*

The Court dines every day at three o'clock when at Vienna or Schönbrunn. The Emperor, Empress, Crown Prince and Princess dine apart at a round table. At another table dine two ladies of honor, two adjutants, and the officer of the Guard, who is always a noble.

And now for a little gossip anent the horse-loving Empress.

This august lady was born on Christmas Eve, the year that Queen Victoria ascended the throne; she is, therefore, in her forty-fourth year, though she could easily pass for thirty-five with a little assistance from the cosmetic powers. On the father's side she comes of the junior branch of the House of Bavaria, styled Dukes *in* Bavaria. Her mother's father was Maximilian-Joseph II., Elector of Bavaria, whom Napoleon made into a King, and took pleasure in ordering about like an equerry. One day the great man went for an airing with their newly-elected Majesties of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg. In the course of the

"LOUGH OF THE BAY," A WELL-KNOWN JUMP NEAR "REILLY'S OF THE WARD."

THE EMPRESS IN THE HUNTING FIELDS.

drive he stopped to pay a visit to some friend, and left the three Kings in the carriage. Saxony and Wurtemberg were at first sulky, then, as the visit lengthened, indignant. King Max showed himself a philosopher. "Since," he said, "we are treated as lackeys, let us amuse ourselves in lackey fashion"; and he sent one of the grooms in attendance to procure bread and cheese and fruit, with a bottle of wine. When these were brought Max ate and drank, and was merry, and finally induced his royal brethren to follow his example. By-and-by the Emperor made his appearance, and offered no apology.

No wonder the granddaughter of such a man is proud of her ancestry. The Wittelsbachs were always a haughty race, except when it was dangerous to give oneself airs. To do Max justice, he cordially disliked the upstart to whom he had been compelled to truckle, and deserted him the moment it was safe to do so. The Empress Elizabeth has another reason for pride. Her parents were poor, and German royalty when poor invariably displays the characteristic quality of Lucifer. Her father is the best zithern-player in Europe, and he has passed most of his existence traveling about with a Tyrolean, who is also an accomplished performer on this instrument. Her eldest brother married an actress, and lives with her in retirement. Her mother formed ambitious projects for her eldest daughter, Helena, and it was soon arranged that the Emperor of Austria should pay them a visit, and see whether the damsel pleased him. He came, and liked her well enough, but thought her sister Elizabeth charming, and proposed to the latter a few days after his arrival. She was then a romping hoyden. Her father had a house near Munich, and she was never so happy as when scampering about the country alone on a horse. The courtship was soon over, and the marriage took place when the Princess was exactly sixteen years and four months old. Helena was consoled a few years later with the hand of the Hereditary Prince of Thurn and Taxis.

Francis-Joseph was really in love, or fancied he was, and for a time the union proved a sufficiently happy one. The Empress had been accustomed to imbibe daily a glass of Bavarian beer at her dinner. To this the Court officials of Vienna objected, and her right to her national beverage was only secured by the direct interposition of her husband. But the Emperor's heart was too large for a single affection, and the Empress had a temper of her own. It is said she once horsewhipped a gentleman on the grand staircase of the Imperial Palace. Smarting with his wounds, the chastised one rushed into the presence of the Emperor and demanded redress. His Majesty shrugged his shoulders, and bestowed upon him the order of the Iron Crown, fifth class; whereat Vienna laughed all the more. By-and-by, the august couple entered on that arrangement which (in ecclesiastical matters, be it understood) is so dear to the intellect of Dean Stanley: they agreed to differ, and have remained excellent friends ever since. The Empress still cherishes with tenderness the memory of the early Spring of her married life. Amongst her treasures is a jeweled casket, of the rarest workmanship, which holds a little bouquet of *edelweiss*, given her by the Emperor during the period of their betrothal.

Constitutional government is but imperfectly understood in Austria, and the Empress is quite as important a personage in the State as the Prime Minister. At one time she occupied herself a good deal with public business, and proved, what no one who has had the pleasure to talk to her for half an hour can doubt, that she possessed plenty of brains. Unfortunately her talent was worse than useless when devoted to the service of her adopted country, reason being with Elizabeth of Austria invariably overruled by passion. It is herein that she differs from her famous namesake of England, whom she resembles not a little in the masculine cast of her spirit. The Empress is a good hater, and always inclined to the fighting course in politics. Her voice was given for war with France, and, untaught by the terrible reverses of 1859, she was eager for a conflict with Prussia in 1866. Then she did her best to prevent the concession of liberties to Hungary. In one respect, however, she is eminently Liberal, in the Continental acceptation of the word. Her Majesty's Catholicism is the religion of gentlewomen, and the outward observance of its precepts not only demanded by good taste, but policy. To go regularly to mass, and to eat no meat on Fridays, is the right thing to set the lower orders an example of propriety. For the austerities of the genuinely devout Francis-Joseph, tempered as they are by gayeties less than orthodox, Elizabeth has a good-natured smile.

Indeed, hers is a kindly heart; and, perhaps, no one in the wide world knows how to play the part of Lady Bountiful with a better grace. Her husband's civil list amounts to close on a million sterling per annum, and the Empress has no difficulty in getting money, which she spends generously. Her personal expenses are not large for the first lady of an empire, her pet extravagance being horses, which are, after all, cheaper than diamond necklaces. Her love of field-sports would have scandalized Maria Theresa, who considered that an Empress should divide her time between the chapel and the Council-chamber.

Elizabeth was never very popular with any of the various nationalities which owe allegiance to the House of Austria, though she is much beloved by all inferiors who come into immediate contact with her. The people at large suspected, and with some justice, that they were under petticoat government, and resented the secret influence which was believed to be steadily exercised on behalf of reactionary counsels. Then to her quasi-equals, to the "Court-capables," she was by no means so gracious as to humble folk. In short, she has been unsuccessful as a leader of society, and has ended by conceiving a general aversion for Austria and the Austrians. Hungary, the Empress likes better; nowhere in her consort's dominion is she happier than in one of the old feudal castles of the Magyar kingdom, on the battlements of which you may almost deem yourself back in the Middle Ages. When there, she rises early, and goes out riding. On her return, she breakfasts and writes her letters. Then she rides again until dinner, which is at six o'clock. At this meal she always appears in full evening dress; but no sooner is it over than she dons her riding habit, and has another ride, and shortly afterward she goes to bed. But she is happiest of all when off for her annual holiday, far away from the land which gives her her title, and imposes all sorts of unpleasant responsibilities upon her. Once she tried Italy, but the Roman sportsmen made her laugh, and she declared she should not be able to keep her countenance during a second season. Ireland she thoroughly enjoyed, while she has pronounced England, as a hunting-ground, a *fiasco*. In speaking of England politically, she once said: "You English have done your best to render government impossible all the world over. The attempt to imitate you has done Austria more harm than Solferino and Sadowa put together."

It may well be believed that her affection for the present Government of England is slight, but her woman's wit renders her a good judge of character, and she can appreciate such a statesman as Mr. Gladstone at his true value.

"He is one of the strongest men living," her Majesty declared on a certain occasion, and then proceeded to draw,

with much ingenuity and some little humor, a parallel between him and Bismarck, whom she cordially detests. Her favorite politician, however, is Andrassy. Men whispered that had Elizabeth been sovereign in her own right, the handsome Count might have been her Essex and Burleigh in one. I incline to the belief that he would have been show-Minister, and no more.

Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. The Empress has not been exempt from the common lot; but those who know her best doubt whether she has ever given her heart to any human being. She is kind to many, in an imperial, protecting way; but seems to have no love, except for solitude. She has not even made friends with her children. A lonely ride is the chief pleasure of her life. She has a perfect horror of noise. Wherever she may chance to be, thick carpets are laid down in every direction, that she may not hear the mere sound of her own footsteps. But once in the saddle, this form of nervousness seems to be flung to the winds.

On the whole, Elizabeth of Austria gives one the impression of a woman who has not yet found a destiny which can satisfy all her aspirations, and is unhappy in consequence. *Sunt lachrymæ rerum.* It is a sorrow to be respected.

And now let us take a peep into those regions where she spends her Summer holidays.

From Gmunden on the north, to Ischl on the south; from the Weiner Wald on the east, to the Bavarian Alps on the west, we find the magnificent region known as the Salzkammergut of Imperial Austria, lying as a vestibule to the Tyrolean Mountains. Its forests and lakes, its wooded hills, and meadows rich with grain, resemble and rival in beauty the far-famed lake country of England, and the mountain passes of the American continent. In this district, the great repository of the salt wealth of the empire, the various members of the Imperial family have built their summer villas. From the palatial residence of the Wirtembergs, at Gmunden, to the Emperor's villa at Ischl, are found the Summer houses of the Queen of Hanover, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the Archduke Albrecht, Count de Chambord, and the royal Coburgs; but the simplest and grandest of these imperial homes is the Villa Toscana, owned by Madame l'Archduchesse Marie Immaculata, daughter of the late King of Naples, and wife of his Imperial Highness Archduke Carl Salvator, Prince of Tuscany. One sees the great rock-mountain of Traunstein and the magical Gmundener See. The lake is so blue that one might think it had put on the robe of the Grotto Azzurro, off the Neapolitan coast, in honor of the fair Neapolitan Princess whose Summer home stands upon its banks, and whose pretty sailboat glides like a bird through the sapphire waters.

The chamois-hunting grounds of his Majesty the Emperor are opposite to Traunkirchen, a little hamlet half a mile south of Villa Toscana, which is built on a peninsula in the lake. There it was that the Avaras came in the eighth century, and selected this little promontory for a watch-tower and storehouse, wherein to hide their booty, secured in robber raids. The foundations of the tower still remain, but in the fifteenth century a chapel dedicated to St. John was raised there by some monks. Once a year, on St. John's Day, service is held with great pomp in this chapel, and the woodland promontory where it stands is crowded with worshipers.

Villa Toscana is a Swiss chalet, three stories high, built of a peculiar rough-hewn stone found in this region—a red and white marble, with occasional touches of yellow and gray. The eaves of its high, pointed roof extend far out, and form a shelter to the graceful balconies that project from the centre of the building, broad on the first floor, or *rez de chaussée*, but narrower at the second and third floors, so that those who stand on the upper balconies can look down upon those below them as into a fern-garden—for ferns and foliage, plants, palms and vines of passion-flowers, wreath the dark-red shafts and columns which support and connect one balcony with another. When the English ivy just planted around the building entirely covers it, it will be more picturesque, but will appear less massive than it does now, and it will lose the lovely rose-hue it takes at evening, when the ruddy *Alpen gluehen* falls upon the mighty Traunstein opposite.

A charming peasant hut was built for the imperial children. It is a perfect fac-simile of the homes of a hundred years ago. Indeed, his Highness bought door-handles, knockers and spinning-wheels from the owners. In front Traunstein rises in majestic masses of rock, as gray as the vapor-clouds that cling to the barren ledges; and to the south, embowered in trees among hills of velvet green, are the convent and the chapel towers of Traunkirchen, the quaint old hamlet of the woodland promontory. To the north the town of Gmunden seems floating like another Venice on the blue waters of the magical Gmundener See. The cottage is of cement, but is covered with dark-brown logs, moss and lichens growing in their interstices. A rustic veranda of white birch leads to the front entrance. Under this bridge-like veranda, spanning a narrow cleft in the hillside, is seen a door, prettily ornamented with iron tracery, leading to the cave or cellar in the hillside under the house. A belfry tower rises from the front gable, and the silver-toned bell, when the young princesses ring it to call their guests to dinner, is heard far over the lake. Inside, the building contains three good-sized rooms. The furniture is of pine, strange Tyrolean chairs with low backs and four sprawling legs, like a great tarantula. A bench runs all around the walls, and a table in one corner holds an immense pitcher-shaped vase filled with marigolds, larkspur and coxcomb, like the flowers in a New England farmer's garden. The inevitable square porcelain stove, green and white, on a table-like base, with a row of brass candlesticks on top, stands in the space between the two doors which lead into the adjoing rooms. Above these doors are hung the little flax-spinning wheels, and over the stove is a framework of bars of wood, as in real peasant huts, for drying the clothes of pater-familias when he returns wet and weary from the chase or field work. Shelves for crockery extend on either side the room, and quaint old china, knives and two-pronged forks are all arrayed in view. Beer-mugs are hung on pegs from the upper shelves. The room on the left, behind this large front "living room," is another kitchen for preparing the food to be cooked. That on the right is a bedroom, with great wooden chests for holding linen, and a large press for the peasant costumes. The attic under the thatched roof is, in real peasant cottages, devoted to the sleeping-rooms of the men. It is reached by a ladder at the back of the house on the outside. Such a ladder! It looks like the dorsal bone of a fish, or like the ladders seen in American farmyards for hens to climb to their roost on—a thick stick with smaller sticks thrust through it.

Now, all this fac-simile cottage is not made for ornament alone. It is the playhouse of the young princesses. Here they learn to cook and serve most delicious dinners—the Empress is a constant visitor when staying at Ischl—a second Trianon, where archducal highnesses change themselves for the time being into simple peasants, and where they are a thousand times happier than in the court toilets of the palace. The dress of a Tyrolean peasant is far from

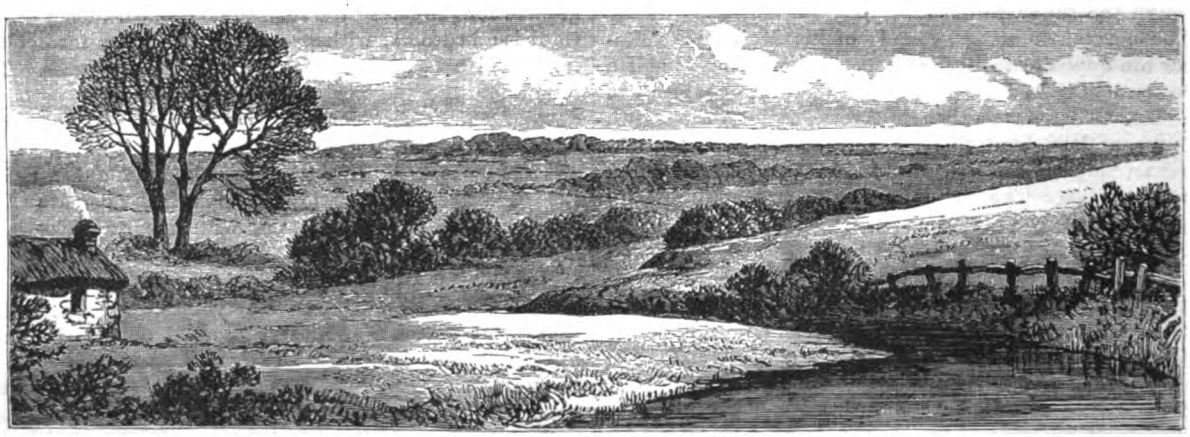
A MILE FROM HOLLYWOOD RATH HOUSE.

being picturesque. It consists of a short blue-stuff gown, the waist formed of coarse white cotton, which is gathered by a string into a half low-necked garment, so as to show a necklace formed of many strings of silver beads, with a broad, jeweled clasp. The sleeves of this chemise-like garment reach only to the elbow, and a bodice of red cloth and a colored neck-handkerchief complete the house toilet. In the open air a tight dark-cloth jacket is worn, like the old-fashioned basque waist, and there is added a black silk handkerchief bound about the head, the four corners knotted and hanging behind, an immense straw flat, or a pointed straw hat with an *auer-hahn's* (black cock's) feather in it.

The life at the Imperial Summer Palace at Ischl possesses a great charm for the Empress, and is next her heart after her six weeks in Ireland.

You happen to have a friend among the personal attendants of the Kaiser, who shows you the royal apartments. Those of the Emperor are simple enough—two large plain rooms, covered with India matting, and simply furnished in dark, sober-looking walnut. By his bedside stands, before a *prie-dieu*, a silver crucifix with ivory Christus, the gift of his father, the late Archduke Franz Karl, on his first communion, as the inscription at its base tells you, and which always accompanies him on his travels. On his writing-table are lying some coarse Virginia cigars—for he is an inveterate smoker—and on a shelf above is a well-worn military cap, and a few books in several languages. Among them you remark two or three in English, for his Majesty is an accomplished linguist. A long corridor divides these rooms from the apartments of the Empress, still, in spite of her rising family of grandchildren, a celebrated beauty. Here is imperial splendor enough—ante-chambers filled with choice exotics, Louis-Quatorze furniture in white and gold, rooms in rose and blue and pale-green silk, Aubusson carpets, gilded mirrors, curious cabinets, and, what most attracts your notice, a very fine collection of water-color drawings of Tyrolese scenery. In one of the ante-rooms is lying on a deer-skin mat a huge, full-blooded English mastiff, a great favorite with her Majesty, and her companion in all her journeys. He is supposed not to be proficient in German—at least, the Empress may often be heard talking to him in English of the purest accent. This royal and imperial hound has a special attendant devoted to his service—a gayly-dressed Moor, sent as a present to the Empress by the Viceroy of Egypt, after his last visit to Vienna. As you leave the villa you notice a large swing, with which the royal children amuse themselves; and grazing in a paddock are some half-dozen Hungarian mares, who furnish the *Kumiss* for the Empress's delicate chest.

The flash of a chasseur's white plume comes in sight, and a moment after their Majesties drive past you on their way home, in a low open carriage, drawn by a pair of grays. A tall, spare man, of soldierly bearing, in the light-blue uniform of an Austrian general, who does not look much over forty, though he is nearer fifty, with sandy hair cropped close to the head and turning an iron-gray, regulation military whiskers and mustache, small restless gray eyes, and the blunt features and heavy lips which distinguish the Hapsburg family. This is the man whom, thirty years ago, a bloody revolution called to the throne of Austria. His uncle, the late Emperor Ferdinand, forced



VIEW NEAR ASHBOURNE, MEATH, WHERE THE WARD UNION HOUNDS ARE KENNELED.

to abdicate, named his nephew, then a youth of but eighteen, as his successor. That he has so long held in check the clashing elements and bitter jealousies of the half-dozen nationalities which compose his dominions says much for the patience, tact, and dogged spirit of hard work, which have carried him through difficulties and dangers, where a man of more brilliant ability and impulsive character would have failed. He is master of six European languages, and wins the hearts of his subjects by addressing deputations from Hungary and Bohemia, from Austrian Poland and Croatia, each in their mother tongue. In spite of his almost proverbial misfortune in war, he is personally very popular all over the empire, and no one who witnessed the enthusiastic welcome he received as he drove through the brilliantly illuminated streets of Vienna on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession could doubt as to the place he holds in the hearts of his people.

At Ischl the Emperor rises with the sun, and after a cup of coffee and a *Kipfel* starts forth in an old undress uniform jacket and a foraging cap, with a thick stick for a companion, on a solitary hour's ramble in the woods. Toward eight the imperial courier arrives from Vienna, and some time is spent in attending to dispatches and papers of state; for Francis-Joseph holds the strings of two or three portfolios in his hands, and is anything rather than a crowned puppet. Then, if the weather be fine, he breakfasts with the Empress and his children in a pretty garden pavilion, which commands magnificent views over the valleys of the Ischl and the Traun. At four he dines, generally *en famille*.

Chamois-hunting and deer-stalking, in which the Emperor joins, are the chief outdoor amusements of the Court at Ischl. The beaters start long before dawn, and the game is driven past the Emperor and his party, stationed at given spots in the woods. The courtiers, courtier-like, always yield his Majesty the *pas* and leave him the first shot, which may perhaps have something to do with the numerous trophies of the chase which adorn the Kaiservilla.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA AT COMBERMERE.

With a good glass, the chamois can often be seen clambering high up on the rocky patches among the pine-covered mountains round Ischl. But a solitary hunting expedition, with no companion but his favorite jager, rifle in hand, deep into the wooded mountains and solitary valleys which stretch round the imperial domain in every direction, is more to the Emperor's taste. Dressed in the rough costume of the Tyrol, they will often make excursions of two or three days' duration, staying the night at some distant chalet, where the only fare, but the game they bring with them, is goat-cheese and milk, with black-looking bread, the rank of their guest being sometimes quite unknown to the peasants who give him shelter

The hunting costume is of dark-gray cloth, bound with folds of dark-green baize. The breeches reach nearly to the knee, and the knees are bare, while the legs are protected by chamois-skin bound on with leather thongs. The shoes are very thick, and are studded with nails, and at his belt the hunter carries another sole with long iron spikes, to be put on when tracking the chamois over high ledges of bare rock.

One can have no idea of the danger of these hunts until seeing the mountain precipices where the chamois climb, and the hunting-gear of the jager; and yet, day after day, the Emperor and his guests go off to the *chasse de chamois* as if it was the easiest thing in the world to make flies of themselves and walk up a perpendicular rock with the aid of spiked boots and an alpenstock. But one must hunt when possessing the luxury of a hunting-ground.

On a wet evening, when the little theatre is opened, you may often enough see the Emperor—the Empress always—there. And a quaint sight it is: the director of the small provincial company receiving the royal party at the door with a pair of lighted candles, which shake rather visibly in his hands, and an apology for evening dress. There the Emperor, still honored with the lighted candles even in his box, will sit for an hour or two, listening to screaming farces and renderings of "Trapezunt" and "Gerolstein" which would amaze M. Jacques Offenbach if he could but hear them. Sometimes he will drive with one of his equerries, or the Crown Prince Rudolph—the late Archduke Franz Karl, his father, was often his companion at such times—to some little out-of-door *café*, a mile or two from Ischl, and sit for half an hour under the shady trees, sipping his coffee and smoking his long Virginia cigar among the little throng of chance visitors, with all the *Gemüthlichkiet* in the world. He is saluted with quiet respect, for the Austrians never mob royalty like an English crowd. On Sunday the Court always attends mass in the pretty village church.

When it became rumored that the eyes of the Empress of Austria were languishingly turned toward the hunting-fields of the Green Isle, a thrill of joy passed from head to boots of the hard riders, who, as Charley O'Malley sings—

> "Think nothing at all
> Of a six-foot wall."

And great was their beatification when, one drizzly February morning in 1879, her Imperial Majesty, accompanied by a numerous suite, and with horses galore, landed at the North Wall, Dublin, and proceeded right through to Summerhill, the residence of Lord Longford, situated in Royal Meath—the very centre of the best hunting in all Ireland, barring Galway.

For two seasons the imperial Elizabeth hunted with the Wards, the Kildares, and the Meaths, and for two seasons never did the right royal lady ever have a better time. Her horses were in perfect condition; the country was as stiff and as ugly as the most ardent disciple of Nimrod could wish; the stag was usually in the best possible form, or Reynard very little disposed to part with the brush without giving a good run for it. The menkind were Irish gentlemen, and—what more could even an Empress desire?

In Meath they have stories of her kindness at their fingers' ends. When her first pad-groom, Bassant, was invalided by a bad fall, it was the Empress who took him grapes. By a special wire she communicated with the Emperor constantly. She regularly rose at six, breakfasted at eight and retired at nine. At Summerhill she had her oratory; the priest in attendance was a young Irish *soggarth*. On her way to a meet she heard mass in the Catholic chapel at Maynooth, and her first question in every house was, "Is there an oratory?" Wherever there was one she visited it. She usually wore a long, tight-fitting ulster of brown cloth, a felt hat of the same shade, strong laced boots, and fawn-colored gloves worked with black. Her expenditure was upward of $2,000 a day, and her suite numbered forty-six persons. Everything not eaten was given to the clergy for distribution among the poor. As a rule, the Empress dined alone, and very frugally. The only person who ever dined with her at Summerhill was Mrs. Davis—the lady to whom she gave a fine Hungarian deerhound. The Viceroy and the Lord Mayor of Dublin vainly begged her to accept their hospitalities.

Once, on her way to a meet, recognizing Mr. Healy, a newspaper correspondent, who had previously described her progress, she brought her horse close to his "kyar," and said some very civil things to his wife. "Tom" Gallagher (another reporter), she described to a friend as "her shadow"; this lucky gentleman sent some notes to a sporting print at Vienna, and was presented with a dressing-case embossed in silver. Once, having had a bad fall, she availed herself of a car which one of the reporters placed at her disposal.

"The way to a woman's heart," said the First Napoleon, "is through her eyes or ears; the way to a man's heart is down his throat." It is the same with animals. The Empress not merely uses endearing epithets, not only frequently supervises their feeds and draughts, but carries slices of turnip or apple wrapped in tissue-paper, which, before mounting, she gives her favorites. Foremost among these are Mercury, Chatterbox, The Doctor, Domino, Bay and Cameo. But many others have arrived to swell the stud at Combermere; there are Nihilist, Sweetheart, Patience (bought in Tipperary last year), Prudence, Sunflower, Quicksilver and Hard Times. In this list are not included Prince Liechtenstein's stud or that of spruce Tom Healy.

The following is a description ("Tom" Gallagher's) of the Empress's first run with the celebrated Ward Union Stag Hounds:

"All being now in readiness, her Imperial Majesty mounted opposite the hall door; and I presume exacting lady readers will expect that I should say something of this Queen's hunting attire. Well, as far as my inexperienced eye could detect, her Majesty wore a very tight-fitting habit of a dark-grayish melton cloth, the skirt of which was extremely narrow. The habit was fastened with buttons of silver, on which were the imperial arms. A stand-up all-round collar and a simple tie-bow of black silk completed her apparel, whilst she rode in a tall silk hat. She wore her hair in plain plaits behind, one encircling the other. Her hands were incased in tan-colored gloves, and over these her Majesty wore chocolate-colored knitted mittens. She has a most elegant and graceful figure, her waist being particularly small, whilst her carriage and deportment stamp her with the indelible mark of the bluest of blue blood and royalty. Her Majesty chatted freely with the gentlemen around her, and entered into an animated conversation with Mr. Morrogh, Captain Middleton, and Earl Spencer.

"As the cavalcade withdrew from the lawn, her Majesty, Mr. Morrogh and Captain Middleton led the way, and then followed a lengthened string of horsemen and a few carriages. A short jog along the Dunshaughlin Road brought the party to the Poorhouse Gate, and, turning up the road to the right, a move was made through a narrow

grass-covered laneway to Mr. Mulvany's land, where the enlargement had taken place ten minutes previously, under the direction of Mr. Turbett. On the word "Go" being given, the Empress tightened rein with the hand of an adept, reminding me of what the poet sang:

> "To her naught came amiss,
> One horse or that, one country or this;
> She through falls and bad starts undauntedly still
> Rides to the motto: Be with them I will!"

"Her Majesty, Mr. Morrogh and Captain Middleton at once on starting took a rather wide track of the way the hounds went, keeping well to the right, whilst the great crowd of the hunters went straight away from the place of enlargement. The pace was now no more than a nice hunting one, but it improved in every field. The stag, one of the Knowsley lot, made straight away for Lagore Bog, and crossed it, heading for the Poorhouse Gorse, crossing the high-road at the Dunshaughlin side of the Poorhouse. The stag then went on straight as an arrow for Batterstown, where he crossed the railway, after clearing which he proceeded by the large inclosure of Cultrunree up to the Hatchet, where there was a momentary check—not unwelcome to many. The pace, as I have said, improved as the blood grew warmer; but the Empress, riding with wonderful pluck, kept her position bravely, and though in the deep going she one time dropped back a bit, she fought her way determinedly into the front rank, taking all her fences at a smart pace, and climbing none of them. She astounded most of those in the hunt, and more than sustained the reputation which she enjoys of being one of the straightest women across country that ever raised a flail.

"From the Hatchet the stag appeared to make for Captain Tuthill's residence at Moyglare, then on toward the town of Maynooth, where a most brilliant run concluded. The Empress was always in the front rank, riding with a rather loose rein, but she was on a horse who does not know the way to put a foot astray, and I expect to find Domino carrying her Majesty very frequently during the next few weeks. The country was a trifle holding after the recent rains, but, everything considered, the run was one which is likely to be pleasantly treasured amongst the good days the illustrious lady has enjoyed in the saddle.

"The Empress struck me as having a magnificent seat—graceful and easy to elegance, whilst her hands are as fine as any that ever held the ribbons. Her Majesty was somewhat astonished at a few of the impediments that crossed her track; but the faithful Domino never even dwelt, and performed his part of the day's doings in a manner that well pleased his distinguished burden of 10st 2lb, which is her Majesty's exact riding weight."

The scare which has compelled the Gladstone Government to bring in a Coercion Bill, to garrison Ireland with 30,000 of the flower of the British Army, and to double and treble the guards upon public buildings, caused representations to be made at the Court of Vienna that her Imperial Majesty's hunting should be done in England in the season of '80–'81. It was pretty broadly stated that her Majesty would be "Boycotted" or worse, and this, backed up by the representatives of the English hunting field who were jealous of the preference of the Empress for the Green Isle, settled the question, and Combermere Abbey, in Cheshire, was taken for the season.

Combermere Abbey, with its ivy-clad walls, dates its history back to the year 1133, when a grant of land was made by one Hugh Malbank, Earl of Nantwich, and Petronel, his wife. It is recorded that the family seat of the Cotton family, previous to the Conquest, was Coton, in Shropshire, where Sir Hugh Cotton, in the reign of King John, married Elizabeth Hammond, of Titley, Cheshire. As recently as 1795, when Sir Robert Cotton was making some alterations to the building, he found a stone tablet, on which was the following inscription:

> "Mastr. Richard Cotton and sons three,
> Both for their pleasure and commoditie,
> This building did edifie
> In fifteen hundred and sixty-three."

Among the notables of the earlier history of the abbey, one Richard Donne was excommunicated for the carrying off by him and his accomplices of the Lady de Beche, and died outside the pale of the Church. After his death, an injunction was forwarded to the "discreet men, the abbots of the Monastery of Combermere and Vale Royal, etc.," rescinding the order, and his body was to be absolved in due form, providing his penitence was manifest while living. At the abolition, in 1533, of monastic Orders by that vacillating King, Henry VIII., the abbey was granted to Sir George Cotton, and the deed of endowment is still in existence.

Combermere Abbey is situated three miles from Wrenbury, on the London and Northwestern line. The mansion is the *beau ideal* of an English nobleman's seat, surrounded with a park of nine hundred acres, and picturesquely situated on the banks of the celebrated mere, that in some places is fathomless. The building may be said to be in the pointed Gothic style, though many of the old walls remain, and the cloisters are still traceable. We are informed that the capacity of the abbey is sufficient to accommodate sixty-five of the Empress's suite and retainers. The windows in her Majesty's apartments have been doubled and the doors heightened. The library is to be used as a chapel, and is adorned with some rare old oak carvings, with the arms of Henry VIII., the endower of the abbey. Another interesting room is the Orange Room, so called because William of Orange slept in it before the battle of the Boyne. The bed is at the present time adorned with orange hangings. The breakfast-room, which is occupied by Prince Liechtenstein, was formerly called the "dead house," and for this reason: when open house was kept, and carousing went on, as the guests got in a stupefied condition they were littered down in straw in this room. The entrance hall is worthy of the noble pile. It abounds with old Indian armor, weapons, shields and colors brought back from the wars by the gallant hero of many fights, Viscount Combermere.

A curious history is attached to a portrait of Catherine de Barra, dated 1568. The story goes she had six husbands, and coming back from the burial of the last a proposal of marriage was made to her, when she expressed her sorrow, and said she had accepted one on the way to the interment.

Adjoining her Majesty's bedroom a gymnasium has been fitted up for her especial use. Every morning the Empress takes a cold sea-water bath, practices for an hour on the trapeze and bar in a loose costume, *à la* Sarah Bernhardt, and then breakfasts.

Her Majesty's run with the South Cheshire hounds is thus chronicled: "Foxes for once are scarce, and not until the Cholmondeley Wood is reached is the necessary animal aroused. Here there is a superabundance, a brace and a half being on foot at once. One breaks into the open on the Bickley side of the covert. McBride sends a ringing cheer after the flying fugitive that brings the hounds from the cover with a rush, spreading themselves out like a fan, to close up again into a dense body as they cross the line,

and stream away across the small inclosures with a burst of concentrated music that fires alike horses and riders with enthusiasm, and the whole cavalcade thunder along with clattering hoofs, each doing all he knows to gain a place of vantage; Captain Middleton and the Empress in the van. Reynard also tries the macadam, and for him fortunately so, as the horses foil the scent, and Mr. Corbet has to make a wide cast before picking up the thread of the story. But the delay has been sufficient to balk his every effort, and a short ringing run, ending in the laurels of the castle, is the result. The pace has been slow and the fences small, but sufficient to show that the daughter of the Duke Maximilian-Joseph of Bavaria is an artist in the saddle. She sails away, her horse taking the fences in his stride, and skimming over the pastures 'as a swallow o'er the smooth lake's level brim.'

"Several more covers are drawn in succession; all prove a disappointment until reaching Quoisley, a succession of reedy morasses. The field is marshaled in a farmyard, where a good view of the operations going on below is obtained. To my mind, one of the pleasures of the hunt is to see hounds gayly feathering about, covering every yard of ground likely to hold a fox, their heads down and sterns up. We are not long kept in doubt: a grand old red rover races away, with the clamorous pack close on his brush on the opposite side of the mere. Hats are crammed on, and every one sits down to ride; Captain Middleton, followed closely by his fair mistress, dashes for a bridge. The lively fox now heads back round the mere, thereby placing a field between himself and his clamorous pursuers, and "Tally-ho back!" is the cry. Those that are first are last, and the last first; the leading division race to regain their ground, which they are rapidly doing, when a slice of bad luck falls to the Empress: Captain Middleton's horse slips at a bank and rolls back into the ditch, and it is some minutes before he regains his saddle—

"'Whilst o'er the stiff country the gallant fox bore,
And through the deep valley the horsemen swift pour;
With sportsmanlike spirit each tries for a place;
Heads up and sterns down will inform you the pace.'

COMBERMERE ABBEY, CHESHIRE.

"There is no royal road to hunting. This was over the stiffest country in all Cheshire. Space alone prevents my going into particulars of the run, which was an hour and twenty minutes before this stanch fox met his fate and joined the majority, in front of Squire Poole's of Marbury."

The Empress, having been treated to a spice of Queen Victoria's niggardly ways, passes through England *incog.*, paying her way. This is the last season she will ever hunt in the tight little island, as she has declared the hunting only fit for "counter-jumpers." As a natural sequence, the so-called hard riders attached to the Pytchley and Quorn are highly incensed, and the hard riders of the Wards and Meath in the highest delight.

"You *would* persuade her Majesty to desert old Ireland,"

J. FENIMORE COOPER.—"'GENTLEMEN,' SAID COOPER, WITH GREAT SERIOUSNESS, 'WHEN I WAS A SMALL CHILD, A SISTER WAS KILLED BY BEING THROWN FROM A HORSE. THE YEARS SINCE THEN HAVE BEEN CORRECTLY RAPPED.'"

they say, "and on the false pretense that there was better hunting in England. *Now* she knows the difference, and will never cross a field with you again."

The scare being over, and the all-important point being established, that the hunting *is* better in Ireland, there is little doubt of her Imperial Majesty's riding with the Kilkenny hounds ere the violets begin to peep next February.

A *mot* of the Empress:

A lady of very high rank in England asked her how it was that she was always surrounded by men.

"I like men," replied Elizabeth, "not because they are men, but because they are *not* women."

J. FENIMORE COOPER.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, AUTHOR OF "ST. LEGER," ETC.

MY acquaintance with J. Fenimore Cooper was slight, but was marked by two interesting, I may say singular, circumstances. Mr. Cooper died in September, 1851, and I met him for the first time early in 1850.

It happened in this way: George P. Putnam had just brought out, simultaneously with Bentley, in London, my first book, "St. Leger." This had led to very agreeable relations between Mr. Bentley and myself—a fact known to my friend, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold.

One day the doctor called on me, and said he would like to bring Mr. Cooper to my office, on a little matter connected with his last novel, which Putnam was about to publish, entitled, "The Ways of the Hour." He went on to explain that Bentley had invariably paid Cooper a generous price for the advance sheets of his works, but in this instance he had offered only one hundred pounds, which Cooper indignantly refused, and tendered the work to Murray, who declined it altogether.

"Now," continued the doctor, "Cooper is willing to go back to Bentley and take the one hundred pounds, but he does not wish to expose himself to the mortification of a possible refusal—indeed, the whole affair annoys him exceedingly. It has occurred to me, as you are in correspondence with Bentley, that you can readily take the matter in hand and conclude it."

I cordially assented to this, and the next day Mr. Cooper, accompanied by Dr. Griswold, called on me. The interview lasted perhaps three-quarters of an hour, and was mainly occupied by Cooper in giving an account of his relations with his English publisher, with more interesting observations on his own literary habits.

I had never seen him before, and I could scarcely make myself believe that the man whose name had become famous over the whole world, wherever there was a printed language, whose works I had so often devoured with feverish impatience, and who, as a novelist, was the pride of his countrymen, was literally sitting before me. I felt sorry, too, I could not reconcile my cherished idea of him with the miserable, petty detail which had brought him to me.

I had yet to learn that a publisher, and very properly, looks on a new book simply as an article of merchandise, subject to the inexorable law of demand. It is true some

of Cooper's books had proved to be failures; but these were forgotten in the long list of his successes. At this time Mr. Cooper was about sixty. With his robust frame he appeared to be in the very fullness of his strength, "a very castle of a man," as Irving called him.

Our interview ended. I wrote at once to Bentley, and by return steamer received a prompt acquiescence to my suggestion that he should carry out his first offer, and the affair was concluded.

"I have published all his works," said Mr. Bentley, "and have made a great deal of money out of them, and I would not for the sake of one hundred pounds fail to publish this, though I am satisfied I shall lose the entire amount."

The result proved his sagacity, for "The Ways of the Hour" fell almost stillborn from the press.

Previous to this the "Rochester Rappings" had been creating a great deal of excitement throughout the State, and everybody was talking about the "Fox girls," who were the mediums selected by the "spirits" to rouse the people of Western New York. After a while they visited the city and brought the agitation along with them. They were branded as arrant impostors by most sensible people, but there were a good many who shook their heads, and said these were things not easily understood or explained.

Among those loudest in denouncing the "rappings" as impudent jugglery was Dr. Griswold. He was determined, he said, to unmask the deception, and hold the authors of it up to public reprobation. To this end he managed to procure the consent of the Fox girls to hold a *seance* at his rooms in Broadway, near Bleecker Street. He was informed at the same time that the spirits had intimated they would be present.

At the appointed hour and place, the following named persons met to have a conference with the aforesaid spirits, through the medium of the Misses Fox, namely: William C. Bryant, George Bancroft, Fenimore Cooper, N. P. Willis, Dr. John W. Francis, Dr. Hawkes, John Bigelow, Dr. E. E. Marcy, Dr. Rufus W. Griswold, and the writer hereof.

It was certainly an important array, but the "girls" received the historian and the poet and the novelist and the doctors, the divine and the men of letters, with entire equanimity, not to say nonchalance.

After general especial introductions, we took seats around a large table in the centre of the room, and, for a few minutes, all were very quiet, in anticipation of the "rappings," for which we kept a sharp lookout. But no "rappings" came, and the audience began to show considerable impatience. When at least half an hour had passed with no manifestations, there was every disposition to make fun at the expense of the mediums. The meeting became hilarious, and Dr. Griswold was already in heart triumphing over what should seem to be the discomfiture of the enemy.

One of our party—I do not remember which—inquired of the elder Miss Fox how long it would be before the spirits would make their appearance. She replied, with a good deal of dignity, that she could not answer the question; that the spirits were in no sense within her control, but quite the contrary; they had given her an intimation they would come to-night, and that was all she could say.

This answer gave very little satisfaction; the jokes and the laughter went on as before. Various questions were continually put to the mediums, but they remained imperturbable as ever.

In the midst of these pleasantries suddenly were heard definite and distinct rappings from the under-side of the table. They sounded more like the discharges from an electric battery than any separate distinctive knocks. They served at once to bring the company to order, and we proceeded forthwith to the business of the evening.

Miss Fox announced she was ready to put any one who desired it in communication with the attending spirits. Dr. Francis was the first who made the trial. The good doctor treated his unknown and shadowy correspondent with much courtesy, asking generally leading questions, and getting rather satisfactory replies.

Dr. Hawkes came next, and showed his legal training by the careful wording of his questions, which were often incorrectly answered.

Thus far very little progress had been made either toward the triumph or discomfiture of the spiritual forces. All this time Cooper was manifesting a good deal of impatience. At last he exclaimed:

"Let me have hold of them!"

To this there was a general assent; whereupon the following colloquy ensued:

Cooper. "In the course of my life I lost a near relative, whom I now have in my mind. Did the person die a natural death?"

Medium (by rapping). "No."

Cooper. "By accident?"

Medium. "Yes."

Cooper. "Was the person a male?"

Medium. "No."

Cooper. "A female?"

Medium. "Yes."

Cooper. "Please rap the number of years since this person died."

The attention was now almost breathless, as rap after rap, rap after rap, was heard with painful distinctness. Ten were counted, then twenty, then thirty, forty, fifty. At this point I looked at Cooper, and noticed that his expression was changed. As the count went on toward sixty, he seemed struck aghast.

The raps stopped at fifty-eight or fifty-nine. There was a discussion which number it was, and the medium was requested to rap the number over again. This was assented to, and the raps were repeated with the same distinctness as before.

All eyes were now turned on Cooper, as if demanding an explanation.

"Gentlemen," he said, with great seriousness, "when I was a small child, a sister was killed by being thrown from a horse. The years since then have been correctly rapped."

There was no further questioning of the spirits. A few exhibitions of rappings in different parts of the room were made, but no other tests were sought. We broke up with a tacit acknowledgment that the Fox girls had been too much for us, and it was specially understood that the affair should not get into the newspapers. It leaked out, however, and a good deal of fun was created at our expense.

In this connection I will add that a few years later, while visiting my friend, George B. Warren, of Troy, I met Mr. Phinney, of the publishing house of Ivison & Phinney, who was connected with Mr. Cooper's family by marriage. The conversation turning on Cooper, Mr. Phinney remarked that before his death he became a confirmed spiritualist, greatly to the surprise of his friends. I replied that I thought I could explain why, and then described the scene which I have here repeated.

Cooper died the year following the incident I have related. Shortly after his death there was a meeting of literary men in the Governor's Room at the City Hall. Washington Irving presided. A committee was appointed

to make arrangements for a suitable recognition of the event, and further to raise funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of the deceased novelist. There was a good deal of discussion how this could best be accomplished. It was finally determined to leave everything to the committee.

At our first meeting Mr. Bryant was selected to deliver the eulogy, and his consent was speedily obtained. Then came the question how to secure a large gathering.

One of the committee remarked that Mr. Bryant would draw a fine audience of cultivated and appreciative people, but that would not suffice for a popular demonstration.

"We ought," he said, "in honor of the memory of Cooper, to devise a plan to fill Tripler Hall." This was a structure standing near the present site of the Grand Central Hotel, and capable of seating five thousand people.

After various propositions, Dr. Griswold, who was the leading spirit throughout, suggested that we should, if possible, get Mr. Webster to preside on the occasion. The idea at once found favor with all; but how was his presence to be secured? Griswold, knowing my personal relations with Mr. Webster, said that I was the one to undertake it, and the task was, without further ado, put upon me.

Mr. Webster was soon to pass through New York on his way to Washington, and I availed myself of the circumstance to see him personally on the subject.

I called on him at the Astor House, and stated my errand. He seemed somewhat taken aback at the proposition, and asked me if I thought it would be quite appropriate.

"I am not a literary man," he said. "It seems to me you should select one for this office."

"Mr. Webster," I replied, "we certainly claim you as such. You will be judged by your printed works, and printed works constitute literature."

He considered a moment, and then said:

"I have engaged to deliver a discourse before your Historical Society the last week in February. If you can arrange your meeting for about the same time, I will preside at it."

This was readily managed. The evening fixed upon was two days preceding the meeting of the Historical Society.

At the appointed hour, I drove to the Astor House for Mr. Webster, and brought him to the hall. On the way he repeated twice to himself:

"The applause of listening senates to command."

Turning suddenly to me, he exclaimed: "Youngster, what is the line immediately succeeding that?"

The question came so unexpectedly that I could not answer it. We happened to be just opposite Randolph's book-store. Stopping the carriage, I jumped out and procured a copy of Gray's "Elegy," came back and read the lines Mr. Webster wished for, and we proceeded on our way.

No one who was present can forget that memorable occasion. Tripler Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The stage was filled with eminent men—not leading city politicians, or popular after-dinner speakers, or the inevitable platform *habitués*, but by prominent literary and scientific people and distinguished members of the learned professions.

I recollect that that marvelously prolific author, G. P. R. James, was present. He had come up from Norfolk, in Virginia—he was British Consul there—to show his respect for the memory of Cooper.

An amusing incident occurred at the opening. Mr. Irving, whose duty it was as chairman of our committee to announce Mr. Webster, came forward in his shy, frightened manner to go through with his formidable task, when some one seated exactly in front of him among the audience rose, and, before Mr. Irving could get out a word, shouted at the top of his voice, "Three cheers for the author of the 'Sketch Book.'" The cheers were given, to Mr. Irving's utter dismay and discomfiture.

He stammered out Mr. Webster's name, and some inarticulate words about "presiding," then quickly retreating, he seated himself quite away from observation.

Mr. Webster's opening remarks, the eulogy of Mr. Bryant, the brilliant speeches which followed, and Mr. Webster's closing sentences, were carefully reported in the daily journals. I observed that he used the line from Gray's "Elegy" while speaking, showing that his mind was occupied with the subject as we rode along.

The assembly broke up at a late hour. I had engaged to bring Mr. Webster to the Century Club after we had concluded, where a handsome collation had been prepared. The club rooms at that time were near by in Broadway.

We found a large gathering already assembled, and after a long address of welcome by the venerable Chief-Justice of the Superior Court, Samuel Jones, general introductions followed. Mr. Webster remained all the time standing near the head of the table. After some pleasant observations, he remarked that he perceived there were several artists in the company.

"Perhaps, gentlemen, you are not aware," he said, "that many years ago we had in this country two famous pictures by Vandyke," naming them.

At this announcement some of the artists exchanged glances with each other, as much as to say, "He is out of his reckoning this time."

"The circumstances were these," said Mr. Webster. "There was a very wealthy Hollander who shortly after the beginning of the present century came to America, and took up his residence about fourteen miles from Washington. He was the owner of the two paintings I have mentioned. A portion of his family remained in Holland. At his death, in dividing his property, he left to a daughter, who lived in New York, those two paintings or a certain number of guilders. Now, gentlemen," continued Webster, with an air of intense disgust, "this lady's husband was in trade, and *he took the guilders*, and the paintings were packed up and sent back to Holland. I was in Congress at the time, and went with a friend to see them before they were carried away."

It was very late before we reached the Astor House. On our way there I enjoyed my last conversation with Mr. Webster, for I sailed for Europe a short time after, and Mr. Webster died early in the ensuing Autumn.

THE AMERICAN DARTER.

The singular darters are inhabitants of two parts of the world, one species inhabiting Africa, and another being found in this country. With their slender heads, their long, snake-like necks, and their evidently aquatic bodies, they really look as if they had been formed on the same model as the well-known *plesiosaurus*.

The common darter inhabits many parts of America, and is found along the banks of rivers and marshy grounds. Mr. Ord writes as follows of these birds: "The first individual that I saw in Florida was making away to avoid me along the shore of a reedy marsh, which was lined with alligators, and the first impression on my mind

was that I beheld a snake, but the recollection of the habits of the bird soon undeceived me. To pursue these birds at such times is useless, as they cannot be induced to rise or even to expose their bodies.

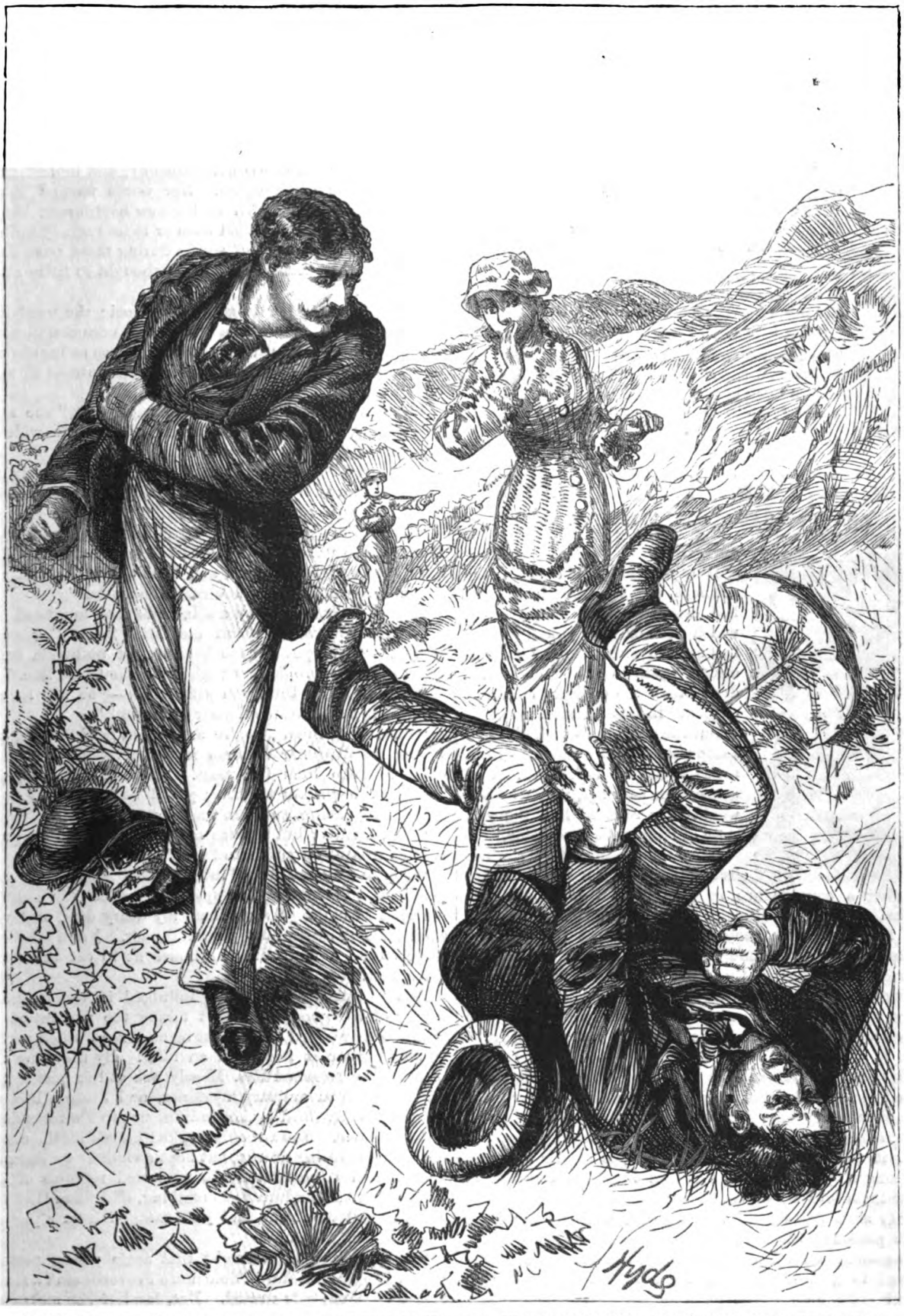
"Wherever the limbs of a tree project over and dip into the water, there the darters are sure to be found, these situations being convenient resting-places for the purpose of sunning and preening themselves, and probably giving them a better opportunity of observing their finny prey. They crawl from the water upon the limbs, and fix themselves in an upright position, which they maintain in the utmost silence. If there be foliage or long moss, they secrete themselves in it in such a manner that they cannot be perceived unless one be close to them. When approached, they drop into the water with such surprising skill that one is astonished how so large a body can plunge with so little noise, the agitation of the body being apparently not greater than that occasioned by the gliding of an eel."

While in the tree, this bird has a habit of darting its snaky head and neck through the foliage, so that at a first glance it would be taken for a serpent.

The nest of the darter is a rather large edifice of sticks, placed upon the trees that grow in the marshy lands which the darters frequent. The eggs are blue. In the adult bird the general color is very deep green. A strip of brownish white runs from the eye partially down the sides of the neck, and the scapulary feathers are long and slender, with a stripe of white along their centre. The wings are black, variegated with silvery white. The total length of this bird is not quite three feet.

THE AMERICAN DARTER.

The other species, Levaillant's Darter, or Snake-bird (*Plotus Levaillantii*), is a native of Africa, and its habits and general form resemble those of the preceding species.



A LATE REMORSE.—"ALDERLY SMOTE THE WRETCH FULL IN THE FACE—ONCE, TWICE, THRICE—BLOWS WHICH MIGHT HAVE FELLED AN OX. HUDSON WENT CRASHING DOWN UPON THE EARTH, AND LAY THERE LIKE A DEAD MAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE OLD COIN.

A massy lump of brass and bronze,
Molded by ponderous blow on blow
For Nero or Vespasian's son
In ages dim and long ago.

A cruel mouth, a swinish chin,
A wolfish eye almost erased,
But half the date, a victory,
Two words, and those almost defaced.

Where is the Golden Palace now
That on the Palatine arose?
Where are the statue-guarded doors?
Where are the temple porticoes?

For disks of metal shaped like this,
Swords have been drawn and Lethe crossed;
For this, in greedy hope, men's souls
Have been by passions tempest tossed.

This is ambition's rich reward:
This is a buried Cæsar's fame—
Upon a lump of rusty bronze
The two-thirds of a doubtful name.

A LATE REMORSE.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Chapter X.

OUR days had passed since the accident which Kenneth Alderly had escaped so fortunately—days which to our two young people had seemed more like the culminating brightness of some beautiful dream than the ordinary course of existence in this common world.

But the sunshine which glorified Elinor Stuart's face into new loveliness found no reflex in that of one person near her, much as she would have rejoiced had the real state of matters been revealed.

Since the evening of the sewing-circle, Mrs. Mosely had gone about wearing a countenance so gloomy that it would have served as an illustration of the typical shadow which we are taught by wise people to believe must follow in the wake of sunlight; though Elinor, keenly alive to any change of manner in those about, and with a sympathy ready and active to do what in her lay to console them if they suffered, was for once so completely absorbed that these signs of melancholy in the widow almost escaped her.

But Joanna possessed the wide-open eyes of fifteen, and found plenty of leisure, in spite of the calls upon her time, to notice everything that went on, and she was quick to observe her mistress's strange mood; and having wondered over it until she could bear the solitude of her surmises no longer, proceeded on the first favorable occasion to pour them into Miss Stuart's ear.

"It ain't dyspepsy," said Joanna, shaking her head with profound wisdom; "'cause then Miss Mosely is apt to be—wal, what I should call a little cranky ef I was arsked to give it a name; but law! it's different from that! She goes about a-sithing to that extent that I wonder she don't get quite puffed up, and she don't seem to put no heart into her work, nor pay no attention to what's done or ain't. Why, ef you'll believe it, Miss Stuart, only this morning I cracked one of the best chany saucers when I was dustin' the cupboard, and she didn't even seem to hear when I told her about it! Now, ef that ain't a sign that she's got sumpthing as heavy as the millennial on her mind, then I'm a teapot without knowing it, and I ain't prepared to believe that—not just yet!"

Joanna had made an errand up to Elinor's room that morning, in order to confide her suspicions; the avowal relieved her so much that she felt as if she had done something to help the widow's melancholy, and looked quite complacent in consequence. Her words warned Elinor that she had been selfish in her new happiness; she remembered now that she had once or twice vaguely noticed her hostess seemed out of spirits during these past days, and reproached herself for having thought so little about the matter.

It was time for her to go to her school; she went into the dining-room, where Mrs. Mosely was occupied in washing the breakfast dishes, with a countenance as lugubrious as if it had been a penitential performance instead of work in which her housekeeping soul delighted.

"I am afraid you are not well, Mrs. Mosely," she said, approaching the table and laying her hand on the widow's shoulder.

"Oh, yes, I'm well enough, I guess," Mrs. Mosely replied, inadvertently rubbing her forehead with the towel she held.

"Then I'm afraid something troubles you," continued Miss Stuart; "I wish you would tell me what it is. You have been very kind to me, and I can't bear to think you are suffering and not know what is the matter."

The widow gulped down a sob, and shook her head.

"Don't you worry about me, Miss Stuart," she answered. "Wal, yes, I have been sort of bothered, but I guess I see what to do now; it's jest come to me like."

"And if I can help, you will tell me—you will let me prove that I appreciate all your kindness?"

"Law, Miss Stuart, you're as good as gold!" cried the widow, twisting her features into marvelous shapes in order to keep back her tears. "There, my dear, it's striking the quarter to nine; you'll be late if you don't hurry, so go along, and don't mind me."

"Yes, I must; but it pains me to leave you when there is some trouble on your mind——"

"You've done me good," interrupted the widow; "yes, you have. Somehow your speaking so has jest showed me what I can do. So go along, my deary dear, and you shall have green-currant pie for dinner. I don't believe there's been a morsel in the house fit to eat these last three days."

Left to herself, the widow indulged in the feminine luxury of a "good cry," first taking the precaution to send the sharp-eyed Joanna out on an errand which would employ her for at least half an hour. By the time the handmaiden returned Mrs. Mosely was at her post in the kitchen, deep in culinary mysteries, and Joanna had no reason to be troubled by her indifference to what was done or left undone. She not only worked herself all the morning with surprising energy, but kept a vigilant watch upon Joanna, and concentrated the neglected reproofs of the last few days into a lecture so scathing, that when it ended the girl felt as if she had just escaped from a pelting shower-bath.

"She'm all right," thought that acute young person. "Now I re-*cog*-nize her! Solomon's Proverbs ain't a touch to her when she gets started. But, law! if she makes me feel as if I was stiff-neckeder than Nicodemus and all the old Jews, I don't mind, jest so she stops goin' marchin' round like a cat that has lost her kittens."

But in spite of having recovered so much of her wonted energy, Mrs. Mosely had not the courage to meet Miss Stuart at dinner; she made an excuse to Joanna that she must visit a neighbor's sick baby, and did not return until Elinor had gone back to her school.

In the afternoon the widow arrayed herself in her best Sunday attire and went out again, deigning no explanation whatever to Joanna, who was left, in consequence, in a state of such painful curiosity that she could not have been more uncomfortable had she suddenly inherited one of her employer's very worst dyspeptic attacks.

"I'm a-goin' to do it," said Mrs. Mosely to herself, as she walked rapidly down the street. "I've worrited over it and I've prayed over it, and now I'm a-goin' to tell Miss Gresham! It ain't easy, but mostly things ain't in this world, the dear knows; and anyhow she's as kind-hearted as if she wasn't an old maid, for like 'em as a rule I don't. But mebbe that's a widder's prej*udice*—I've noticed it often—and tell her I shall."

Mrs. Mosely reached the great iron gates which gave admission to Mr. Gresham's grounds, and passed up the carriage road, meaning to make her way modestly round to a side entrance, and communicate to her friend, the housekeeper, her wish to see the lady of the mansion. As she turned an angle of the house she came face to face with Miss Gresham, who was trying to overcome a tendency to afternoon sleepiness by a little promenade under the great chestnut-trees which cast a pleasant shadow over the lawn.

The widow lived in one of Mr. Gresham's cottages, and the spinster knew her, and never failed to greet her in a kindly fashion when they met. She stopped now and spoke pleasantly, and seeing that Mrs. Mosely looked troubled and ill at ease, concluded that she was a little confused by this unexpected encounter, so she said:

"I suppose you have come to make Mrs. Rand a visit? she will be very glad to see you. You know the way to her room."

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Mosely said, rather gaspingly; then, perceiving that the lady was about to pass on, she took her courage in her hands and added quickly: "The truth is, Miss Gresham, I wanted to see you, and 'tain't no use to deny it—if so be you'll excuse the liberty which nobody that knows me couldn't say I'm one to take 'em, except there's just and good reason; and now there is, for keep it another day I can't; and I said to myself you was one with a heart in your bosom, and wouldn't stand by and see an innocent creature torn to bits, like shearers by sheep, and——"

But here she broke down, and began to sob uncontrollably. Kind Miss Gresham did not speak; she took the poor woman's arm, and led her on through the shrubberies, until they reached a summer-house nestled in a pretty dingle among the trees.

"There," she said, as she made her visitor sit down; "now, when you can, you shall tell me what is the matter. You may be quite sure that if I can help you in any way I shall be very glad."

It would have been impossible to look in this little lady's sweet, sympathetic face, and listen to her gentle, caressing voice, without feeling encouraged and comforted. The widow wiped her eyes, gave herself an impatient shake, and said, somewhat irrelevantly:

"I'm a fool, and 'tain't like me to act so, though I do say it that shouldn't!"

"It is not easy to be composed when one is troubled," Miss Gresham said; "but you are better now, and can tell me what has happened to distress you. You need not hesitate," she continued, with a sudden thought that some pecuniary difficulty had overtaken the worthy woman; "I am not at all a formidable person—people come and tell me all sorts of things."

"Law, as ef the whole country didn't know you was a providence to them as needs it!" cried the widow.

"Now let me hear—if things have gone a little wrong with you—if it was about the rent, for instance—don't let that worry you; my brother would be the last man in the world to think of that; he has a great respect for you, Mrs. Mosely."

"Ma'am," said the widow, "it's well knowed you're fit to be sister and brother; more couldn't be said, and wouldn't be needed. No, no, Miss Gresham; tain't that—'tain't my trouble only as I feel; it's 'cause she's as good and pretty a'most as an angel, and it breaks my heart to think—Now I ain't agoin' to cry and act loony again!" she exclaimed, as a sob broke her sentence. She shook herself anew, and added, rapidly: "It's about Miss Stuart, and I've pundered and pundered what to do, and to-day it jest came like a streak o' light that I'd tell you."

"Something about Miss Stuart? why, what can have happened to her? I met her only yesterday, and thought I had never seen her look so handsome and so happy."

"She do, she do; and yet there's things goin' about—jest kind o' whispered, that's enough to—oh, I never heered a syllable till I went to that plaguey sewing society the other day, and I guess they won't want me agin in a hurry. But that can't hinder gossip when folks get started; and ef she come to know of it I reely believe it would kill her, I do, indeed!" cried the widow, ending her incoherent attempt at explanation with fresh sobs.

Miss Gresham was so startled that she looked almost as confused as Mrs. Mosely, but she kept silence until she could speak calmly, and her visitor had had time to conquer her agitation.

"What can any one find to say against Miss Stuart?" she asked. "She is a most admirable young lady; who would be wicked enough to invent any gossip in regard to her?"

"It's my belief that Madge Anderson and her old aunt is at the bottom; but, law! folks is allays only too ready to join in when anybody's assailed, and at the sewing society one was as bad as another; doctor's wife and lawyer's sister and the whole lot, for all they set sech store by themselves——"

"But tell me what it was they said," interrupted Miss Gresham, still more confused and troubled by the widow's incoherency. "I can't understand—try and tell it clearly."

"I be a fool after all!" muttered Mrs. Mosely, in a sort of passive despair, against which, however, she quickly rebelled, and added: "I won't be; I never was, and I won't be!"

Miss Gresham resolutely controlled her impatience while the good woman went through the process of mentally "pulling herself together," and was finally able to enter into a tolerably clear relation of the matter.

Miss Gresham was shocked and indignant; she knew that, of course, Elinor Stuart's intercourse with William Hudson must have been confined to a simple effort to aid an ignorant man desirous of improving; just as she might herself have done had she known anything about him and his wishes; it seemed to her preposterous that any of the better class of the village people could for an instant regard the matter in a different light.

"It's that Madge set it a-goin'; I know it is," Mrs. Mosely said. "Miss Stuart didn't say nothin' to me, so I hain't mentioned it, but Madge did go to her school; my Joanny she see her there, and told me about it."

"But it is ridiculous for any one to suppose that Miss Stuart would—would—I am actually ashamed to use the word—flirt with a man like William Hudson!" said Miss Gresham.

"Don't I know it, ma'am? yes; well I do! But it's my belief Madge got jealous. I know her; she's a dreadful girl when her temper's up, and Miss Gresham—oh, don't you blame me for saying it—but now that I've heerd what was said, and put this and that together in my mind, I can't help remembering how queer Will Hudson looked sometimes when he was a-having his lessons! I've seen him just turn white ef her fingers happened to touch his when she was a-pintin' out something in the books, or took his pencil to set his algebra right."

"He was embarrassed, probably."

"He ain't one of that sort," replied the widow, shaking her head. "No, ma'am; it seems awful to think he could have the impudence; but it's my belief he actilly got his head turned, it is. But I hain't told you all; they're a-sayin' more——"

"In the name of heaven, what?"

"Wal, Miss Gresham, now I've begun, I mustn't stop. Don't you blame me, please!" pleaded Mrs. Mosely. "If ever a poor creature was tryin' to do right, I be. I couldn't love that dear angel more if she was my own darter——"

"You are quite right, and you are a sensible woman to have come," broke in Miss Gresham, showing a certain likeness to her brother's decision and energy, which was so out of keeping with her ordinary character that it gave her a vague feeling of surprise, even in the midst of her excitement. "What else can they say?"

"It's about that gentleman who's visiting you," said the widow, with exasperating hesitancy.

"Mr. Alderly! He's an old acquaintance of Miss Stuart's. She is an educated lady, and therefore his equal."

"Yes, ma'am; but you see, I expect it riles all that set like the doctor's folks and the squire's sister, that he should visit her when they don't know him. And they say it ain't proper he should join her in her walks, and that she sent Will Hudson off jest because he come along. There, now you've heerd it all."

"It is abominable! I would not have believed people could be so wicked as to assail an unprotected girl!" cried Miss Gresham, very near tears.

"Folks can be pooty wicked when they give their minds to it," replied the widow, oracularly, growing more composed and self-centred as her companion's agitation increased. "I've lived long enough to know that, Miss Gresham; and you have too, I hain't no doubt."

Miss Gresham sat meditating for a few moments, then she said:

"I am very glad you came to me, Mrs. Mosely. I'm too troubled yet to think clearly, but I shall try to do something."

"I knowed it, ma'am!" cried the widow. "I felt as if it was a warning what to do when it popped into my mind to come to you, jest when that dear creature was a-lookin' in my face this mornin', and wantin' to find out what ailed me."

"And you must be careful that she does not suspect."

"You may trust me, ma'am! There ain't nobody to tell her; she's so busy she scarcely ever goes anywhere—except to take her walks, which her health requires—and they wouldn't have the courage, none on 'em, any more'n they would come to you; for talk as they please about her bein' only a school-marm, the hull kit and boodle, down in their hearts, can see the difference between them, deny it though they might."

Comforted as she was by this interview, Mrs. Mosely did not feel equal to paying her friend, Mrs. Rand, a visit, and took her leave with many apologies and thanks, reaching home in a state of relief, which showed itself so plainly in her face that the watchful Joanna speculated thereon till she got into quite a fever of curiosity.

"She couldn't look easier in her mind if she'd jest had a tooth pulled out that had ached fur a week," thought the damsel; the comparison suggested by a grumbling molar of her own, whose defectively covered nerve had that afternoon been roused into complaint by Joanna's having solaced her solitude with a slight refection of bread-and-butter, adorned with a thick layer of brown sugar.

Miss Gresham remained for some time after her visitor's departure immersed in troubled meditation, which found vent now and then in a few tears, that she wiped away with a sense of impatience. She was not used to having responsibility thrust upon her, and she shrank therefrom with a shyness which grew out of diffidence in her own abilities. But here was a case in which action—prompt action, too—became a plain duty, yet the matter was so delicate that she could as yet find no satisfactory method of setting to work.

As a rule, in all difficulties she went straight to her brother, having a profound faith not only in his capacity for seeing at a glance the best thing to be done, but the way to do it. However, in this affair she did not want to appeal to him. He would be sorry for Miss Stuart, he would help her; but he was a very severe man in his judgment of women; his opinion of her would suffer; he would feel that in some manner she had been to blame; even carelessness or thoughtlessness he found it difficult to excuse.

As Miss Gresham sat trying to decide upon some course of conduct, and growing more bewildered by her efforts, she saw Kenneth Alderly strolling along the path which led to the summer-house. She took a sudden resolve—inspired thereto by desperation rather than courage—she would tell him; he was good and kind; he would aid her by his advice. Indeed, it was his duty to help, the spinster thought, with a sort of angry impatience growing out of her perturbation; so unlike her, too, that if she had been able to reflect, she would have felt as much astonishment as could any friend, made conscious of her state of mind—one would as soon have expected a rabbit to assert itself as gentle Anne Gresham.

Mr. Alderly perceived her sitting there, and came forward; he always liked to talk with the old lady, and just now he was very glad to get away from certain reflections which had intruded upon him in the solitude of his room with troublesome persistency, and suggestions of possible annoyances, and even griefs. He had written to his mother the very night he had told Elinor Stuart of his love; to-day's post ought to have brought an answer, but none had come. He feared that his mother might be bitterly offended; he could not help suspecting that she had entertained far different wishes for his future, and had in her thoughts united it with that of Florence Denham. Neither her disappointment nor her anger, however much he might regret both, could change his resolve; he must choose for himself, live his own life; still the idea that any important difference or estrangement could arise between them, was an idea heavily fraught with pain. After writing his letter he had dismissed the doubts from his mind and given himself up to his happiness, able to put them by until the time when news from his mother ought to reach him.

But her silence brought them back with renewed force, and he was glad to fill up a portion of the hours which

must elapse before Elinor would finish her duties and be ready to receive him. He would have liked to tell Miss Gresham his secret, but it seemed right that he should first communicate with his mother, and her delay in answering made him unwilling to speak with his kind friends. She would write on the morrow, doubtless; something might have hindered her, or she was waiting until she had recovered from her temporary annoyance and disappointment; she loved him, and would not attempt to act in opposition to his happiness; of that he felt confident.

"Is your pretty retreat forbidden ground, Miss Gresham?" he asked, playfully, as he reached the entrance.

"No, no,' replied the spinster in a tremulous voice, half rising, then sinking back in her seat. "Please come in; I was just wishing to speak with you."

"Then I have come at the right moment," he said; but he was close enough now to notice the signs of agitation in her face, and added, quickly: "Are you not well, Miss Gresham?"

"Oh, yes; in body, at least; it isn't that," returned the old lady, trembling with nervous excitement.

"I hope nothing unpleasant has happened," he said, kindly, entering the summer-house, and sitting down near her.

For the life of him he could not imagine the quiet spinster's having any trouble more serious than that involved in some accident to her flowers, or the fact that her brother had not been satisfied with his luncheon. He tried to imagine her a young girl, with a girl's eager hopes and anticipations, but he could not; it seemed to him as if she must always have been an elderly lady in a scrupulously dainty quaker-colored gown and white cap, doing endless rivers of lace-work and wonderful crochet, without ever a tumultuous heart-beat or rebellious desire.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

"I suppose there must now and then be worries even in so perfectly ordered a household as yours," he continued, prepared to offer a little good-natured sympathy for her distress.

"I want to tell you—I think I ought to tell you," Miss Gresham said, looking anxiously at him, while a mist gathered over her soft brown eyes. "You may be able to advise me; something ought to be done! I am a rather helpless creature — I am ashamed to own it, but I am—and perhaps you——"

Her voice trailed away into silence, leaving her sentence unfinished, and now Kenneth saw that he had in his youthful arrogance underrated the gentle lady and her capacities for suffering; her present distress went beyond any commonplace matter.

"If there is anything I can do, you may be sure I will," he said. "Please tell me what disturbs you, Miss Gresham."

She smoothed the front of her gown nervously, and a soft pink like that in the heart of a belated rose spread over her cheeks.

"It seems a shame even to repeat," she said; "old woman as I am, I'm ashamed to let such things sully my lips! Oh, Mr. Alderly, I have just had Mrs. Mosely here—Miss Stuart's landlady—she's a good soul, and came to tell me——"

"There is *no*thing the matter with Miss Stuart," he broke in, almost sharply, stung by some sudden, vague fear.

"It's worse than that," Mrs. Gresham said, quickly, yet with painful hesitancy. "I don't know if you ever heard of William Hudson?"

"Yes, he was employed in the foundry—your brother discharged him the day after I came here; he seemed an independent, dissipated fellow," Alderly replied, impatiently. "But you had something to say about Miss

Stuart?" he continued, thinking that the poor soul had got ideas which had no connection mixed up in her mind, and had rushed away from Elinor to contemplate some other subject of disquietude.

"Yes, yes—it is about her—but about him, too. She helped him to study—she is always so good—he used to go in the evening to Mrs. Mosely's; it was very kind of her," Miss Gresham quivered, still in that hesitating way.

"But what of that? What is it, Miss Gresham?"

"He has a cousin—I remember seeing her—she doesn't live here; it seems she got jealous, came one day to Miss Stuart's schoolroom—oh, Mr. Alderly, people in the village are talking as if Miss Stuart had associated with the man as she might have done with an equal! They say she flirted, made trouble between Madge Anderson and him——"

She was interrupted by a groan of suffering and wrath; Kenneth Alderly had risen, and was leaning against the side of the summer-house, white as death. His first emotion was one of outraged pride—a sense of intolerable personal insult—that the woman whom he loved should have her name mentioned in connection with a low, ignorant churl—he felt as if he were going mad.

"Don't—don't look so!" shivered Miss Gresham, in fright. "And there's more—oh, how can they be so wicked!"

"Alderly!" Mr. Gresham's voice called, from the distance. The old maid uttered a smothered shriek.

"There's my brother," she moaned; "don't tell him—don't tell him!"

"Alderly, where have you hidden yourself? Are you in the summer-house, turning my young sister's head by your flatteries?" called Mr. Gresham, as he walked down the path. "Here are letters that ought to have come last night."

By this time Kenneth had recovered himself a little, and stepped forward as Mr. Gresham reached the entrance. His face was in the shadow, and Mr. Gresham, fully occupied with the news he had brought, scarcely glanced at him.

"You would never guess! Your mother has decided to bring Florence—couldn't make up her mind to let her travel with only a servant. She will be very welcome, of course. Here are her letters. There is one for you. I can't stop; Mr. Caufield is waiting for me. I say, Anne, you must make sure everything is in order."

Miss Gresham had only one idea—she must escape. To have the news of Mrs. Alderly's arrival flung in upon her misery, quite dazed her brain. She uttered some incoherent speech, hastened past the two gentlemen, and fled toward the house.

"Anne is always nervous about meeting strangers," Mr. Gresham said, apologetically; "she never saw your mother. Of course, she will be welcome, Kenneth; we shall try to make her comfortable. Good-by now, I must be off."

Then he turned and walked quickly away, leaving Kenneth Alderly standing there, absolutely stunned by the awful blow which had smitten that pride which was so much more potent an element in his character than events had hitherto taught him to understand.

Chapter XI.

Elinor Stuart was walking across the common which spread beyond the village—a pretty spot dotted with trees, commanding a fine view of the mountains closing in the distance. Her favorite ramble had always been along the river-bank, but since that evening when William Hudson had met her there, the place seemed haunted by some unclean memory, and she avoided it.

She was tired of the house, and had come out to enjoy the sunset; she knew that Kenneth Alderly would be certain to follow her thither. She had been happy during these past days, but not with the complete, unthinking content which had made the world an Eden to her lover.

Hitherto life had been so facile, granting his every wish with a generosity so lavish, that it never occurred to Kenneth anything upon which he set his heart could be denied. Fate had treated Elinor very differently, showing herself a harsh, relentless mistress—offering precious gifts, bringing them within reach, leaving them there long enough for their brightness to grow a necessity, then snatching them away with relentless haste; an apparent cold ferocity, as if in delight of the pain it occasioned.

Many natures become hopelessly hardoned and cynical, utterly without hope or faith, under such treatment; but this had not been the case with Elinor Stuart. During her worst trials she never lost her belief that all was ordered for the best; she bowed meekly beneath the blow, and employed her whole energies in trying to mold the shattered fragments of her hopes into something which should make existence of value to herself and others.

But one painful effect had been the unavoidable result of the sternness with which fate had so often smitten her—the experience of the past made her fearful when any new happiness was offered—she trembled when she found that her heart and soul had seized upon it, remembering that always hitherto when happiest, when the gift had become most necessary, it was snatched away.

St. Francis de Sales, when asked to what results of mind and feeling his years of religious life had led him, made this answer: "To ask nothing, to reject nothing."

But youth must pass before even a nature as exceptional as St. Francis's can reach that standpoint which, if attainable at all, would be as much within the grasp and scope of heathen fortitude as of religious faith; the only comparison, indeed, for which would be that extreme in nature where heat and cold lose their relative meanings, and the right hand holding a ball of frost-eaten iron is burned as severely as the left thrust into flaming fire.

What should appear, from a theological point of view, the Christian sentiment contained in the last clause of the saint's reply, Elinor Stuart had attained; she rejected nothing, since in her belief it must be the all-seeing Father who sent the trials as well as the joys. But the black clouds of the past cast their shadow even over this new and highest bliss which had been granted. She was too happy; she trembled lest she should hear the stern command to give up her dazzling treasure, as she had been called on to relinquish those which had gone before.

Elinor caught the sound of a familiar footstep upon the short turf; turned quickly, and saw Kenneth Alderly approaching. It needed only one glance at his face to warn her that some trouble was at hand; if not the entire fulfillment of her presages, at least an omen that danger menaced the fabric of her dream just as its elfland beauty appeared to have become a substantial part of reality.

She hurried toward him, holding out her hand, and saying, quickly:

"Something has happened to disturb you, Kenneth!"

Even in the midst of her fears her voice hesitated a little over the familiar name he had taught her to call him by during these last days.

But he did not notice; did not even take her hand; he looked in her eyes, and said, with stern reproach:

"Why did you never mention that man to me—I mean that low, ignorant fellow, Hudson? Why did you let me

first hear that you knew him through odious gossip connecting you with a creature like that?"

As was usual with Elinor, violent agitation only showed itself in a sudden kind of icy coldness and passivity. If he had struck her a blow on her naked heart he could not have hurt her more; but it did not rouse her into any passionate outburst of grief or wrath, as it would have done most women; it seemed to freeze her very soul. Her face became a mere white mask; the voice which answered him was monotonous and emotionless as the slow murmur of an Arctic wind.

"There could be no gossip; I cannot tell what his cousin may have said to you—but I think you ought not to have listened."

"What do I know of his cousin! I never saw her," returned Alderly, his wild eyes and haggard face forming a strange contrast to Elinor's strong composure. "It was Miss Gresham—your landlady told her! Oh, my God! to think that a village like this should be saying such things of you! That you should have given them even a shadow of an opportunity—you, that I have asked to be my wife!"

The intolerable pride of his nature, hitherto so dormant that he did not himself realize its force, had roused up fully; he was so nearly mad with the shock it had received that he could not even remember her and her feelings. When too late, Miss Gresham recollected that she had had no opportunity to tell him of the whispers to which his own intercourse with Miss Stuart had given rise; she felt that she ought, but he had already left the house.

As he spoke Elinor shivered a little; her eyes grew more cold and dead; a kind of horror crept over the impassibility of her face and remained there.

"About me—gossip about me," she said, in the same chill fashion—her voice did not even make the words a question.

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "Think what I must feel—I!"

A ghost of a smile crossed her lips, that moved in a voiceless repetition of his words, applying them to herself:

"Think what *I* must feel!"

But he had forgotten that in his first selfish, essentially masculine absorption of personal outrage.

"I can't hear. What did you say?" he demanded, fretfully.

She only shook her head.

"Why didn't you tell me about him? You gave him lessons. I should think it would have been natural to mention the fact. I recollect one day speaking of him—Mr. Gresham turned him away when I was present. You didn't say you even knew his name."

"No, I did not," she replied, slowly.

"But why? Had you heard there was gossip—"

She put up her hand; he stopped, sobered a little by her face.

"Do speak, Elinor!" he cried. "Let me know—I must do something—such an insult is unendurable. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I could not bear to hear his name. I could not bring myself to speak about him," she said.

Kenneth started back as a man might who suddenly saw a pit open before his feet, so deep as to appear fathomless.

"In the name of God, what do you mean?" he groaned.

"Try to be quiet—I can't speak if you are so violent," she said, shrinking before his eyes and voice. "This is the way it was: I met him at a house where I went to see a boy that had been hurt. I saw him often. He seemed good and kind; he told me how much he lamented his lack of education. I offered to help him. He improved very fast; I was interested. I never dreamed it could be other than right. In all the little ways that I could I have always tried to help people who needed it."

"One may go too far even in trying to do good," he answered, bitterly.

"I never thought of that. I never did think of it when any person asked me for help. It may be true, but I don't see how it can," she said, her apparent apathy growing stronger.

"I think this ought to convince you," Alderly exclaimed.

"But I did right. I am sure I did right," she replied.

"How can you say that, when these people are—Great heavens, I can't bring myself to speak of it!"

"I suppose Madge Anderson got jealous; how could I dream that she would? She ought to have been glad and proud that her lover wanted to improve—ought to have tried to lift herself up with him, instead of trying to pull him down."

"Their proper place is in the mud, where they were born!" cried Alderly. "See what has come of trying to help such creatures out of it. It is like a horrible nightmare; to think that you could have tolerated the miserable cur near you—could——"

He broke off, and waved his hands before his eyes as if to dispel some loathsome sight. She saw the gesture; it crushed like an iron weight down upon her soul; but she only grew more helpless in her bewildered pain; not unwilling to defend herself, but so dazed and stunned that the was incapable.

"He was very gentle, very respectful; I thought him a gentleman at heart. The commonest, most ignorant man may be that," she said, after a pause.

"And that girl actually dared to come into your presence—to reproach you with having stolen her lover. That must have been what brought her!"

"Yes; that was it. Don't remind me, please."

"And did he know? You must tell me—I have a right to hear; you must tell! Did that fellow know?"

Again he started back, this time in agonized horror; the icy fixedness of her face had broken up into a spasm of horrible suffering that looked like fear—nay, worse! The recollection of the insult she had suffered returned with such vividness that it stung her, as it had done on its occurrence, like a sensation of actual degradation, and this feeling reflected in her face too, and even to a calmer person might have appeared like guilty shame.

"He knew—that was the worst—he showed me his real self; he said it was true," she answered.

Alderly's hands were clutched tightly in his neck-cloth; his face was dreadful to look upon.

"He said he loved you—a thing like that; this scum, this unclean creature—told you, the woman I have asked to be my wife! I, Kenneth Alderly, have to hear this; to know that common people mix your name with the name of a low, base creature like this Hudson!"

His voice was not loud, but its awful energy made it as distinctly audible as a cry. Out from behind a clump of bushes staggered a man with disordered dress, worn, haggard face, and every evidence of being still under the influence of a debauch that had lasted for days.

"That's me!" he cried. "My gentleman and my lady are quarreling about me; well, well, they've got reason. I ain't going to keep the truth back; they've got reason!"

He came toward them with a low, dreadful laugh. One could not call him intoxicated in the common acceptation of the term; it went far beyond that. He was almost in an incipient stage of delirium tremens, his great physical force heightened thereby.

Alderly sprang forward with a savage, inarticulate cry. In a blind, mortal fear Elinor Stuart stepped between the two men.

"Don't try to shove the girl 'twixt us, thinking you'll get off that way!" shouted Hudson. "I told you I'd remember you; this time I'll put my mark on you! As for my lady, you can take her; I've done with her, but just recollect that she was——"

He could not finish; with one sweep of his arm Alderly had put Elinor aside; not roughly, but with a force which she could not resist. He was close to Hudson; the latter had time to straighten himself; he struck out a fierce blow, which Alderly warded skillfully off, and then smote the wretch full in the face—once, twice, thrice—blows which might have felled an ox. Hudson went crashing down upon the earth, and lay there like a dead man.

For the moment the intellectual part of Kenneth Alderly—the mind, the spirit—had no more influence than it would have had upon a jungle tiger about to spring upon his prey. The murderous instincts, which lie at the bottom of the animal portion of every man, were fully roused; to avenge, to kill—that fierce, all-engrossing desire filled him completely.

He moved—his foot was lifted—another instant and it would have trampled the prostrate giant's breast, but Elinor Stuart pushed him back. He saw her dimly through a red haze; he heard her voice through an awful booming like an earthquake shock in his ears, cry, appealingly:

"You can't be a murderer—you can't!"

Then up from the river came a woman; tore like a mad creature across the common, and flung herself upon the body.

It was Madge Anderson. She had been watching Hudson for the last two days; he had escaped her, and got off by the train; she had followed. She was near enough to hear Hudson's words—to see the blows.

She crouched down and lifted the insensible man's head upon her knees. Kenneth Alderly saw the face; the awful spectacle sobered him somewhat, though he was glad of what he had done.

"He's not dead; you needn't be frightened," he cried; "I ought to kill him, but I won't."

Madge Anderson raised her eyes, and looked at him with an awful smile.

"Murdering him couldn't make an innocent woman of my lady there!" she hissed. "Marry her now, if you want her——"

She stopped with a shriek. Hudson's limbs had suddenly drawn together in a convulsion, then straightened slowly out. There was a low gurgle in his throat, a fresh stream of black blood oozed from the nostrils—the whole frame quivered a little, then lay motionless.

"Oh, my God, he can't be dead!" shrieked Elinor. "Run for help, Kenneth! for your soul's sake, for God's sake! Madge, let me help you; loosen his shirt, lift his head!"

"Don't you touch him," Madge said, slowly, half raising herself from the ground. "You're only a poor cast-off thing. He didn't want you any longer; go to my gentleman. This is my Will—mine—he loved me, he loved me!"

She broke into agonizing moans, then began to call the insensible man's name, mingling every tender epithet therewith.

"Oh, my love! oh, my love!" she moaned, kissing the blood-stained face and tearing wildly at her own hair, which had fallen loose and spread like a black vail over her shoulders. "Oh, my man—speak to me, my man!"

"There comes a wagon, Kenneth!" cried Elinor. "Oh, make them turn this way—they can carry him home!"

Kenneth rushed off across the common; the road lay at a considerable distance, and it was some time before the man heard his calls; then he checked his horse and waited for Alderly to approach.

"He's not dead, Madge, he's not dead!" moaned Elinor.

The girl laid her burden gently down on the sod, sprang to her feet and dashed at the speaker with mad fury—stopped close to her, dropped her clinched hands and shrieked:

"No, I won't kill you; I'll do worse! I'll let you live. You're ruined, my lady, ruined—whether he lives or dies!"

She burst into a fierce torrent of invective, uttering words and epithets so dreadful that Elinor had only one thought—to escape beyond the sound of her voice. She fled toward the river, pursued by Madge's frantic cries, never stopping in her wild flight till she reached the shelter of her home.

The wagon drove up, the teamster and Kenneth lifted Hudson and placed him upon the straw that lined the bottom. Madge noticed neither of them; she got into the wagon and laid the helpless head upon her knees. As the vehicle rolled slowly away she bent over her burden, kissed the set, rigid features, wiped the blood away with her long hair, muttering only:

"Oh, my love!—oh, my man!"

The wagoner spoke to her several times, offering hope and comfort, but she did not seem to hear; her eyes were fixed upon the death-like face in her lap, and that slow, heart-rending plaint still broke at intervals from her lips:

"Oh, my love—oh, my man! Will, Will!"

Chapter XII.

KENNETH ALDERLY stood automatically watching the wagon till it disappeared down a curve of the road, then he turned about and perceived that Elinor had gone.

His first sensation was one of relief; any attempt at resuming their conversation after the incident, at once tragic and loathsome, which had broken it, would have been very difficult to both. But in another moment a new thought flashed across his mind—a question fraught with awful suspicion and pain. Had she feared to meet him—shrunk away because her burdened conscience could not support his stern inquiries, his just anger?

He hurried from the spot; it was black in his eyes with the degradation that had there befallen the woman he loved; a degradation which had blotted his own life, too, and must leave an indelible stain. Shame and disgrace—it seemed incredible that they could in any fashion have touched the lofty sweep of his existence, sullied it, blackened it like the foul waters of some Stygian pool that had suddenly broken its barrier and poured their fetid tide across a royal garden in the fullness of its midsummer splendor.

He did not for an instant credit the vile accusations which he had heard flung at Elinor, but for the time he was so nearly mad from the insult to his pride, that his judgment could scarcely have been more condemnatory had he done so. She had stooped to companionship with this ignoble pair, lowered herself to a level which brought her within reach of their coarse loves and hates, so that they were free to soil her with one or the other,

AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

as if she had been their equal; she, whom he had chosen for his wife, the woman who was to bear his name!

His pride was the more intense from the fact that its loftiness excluded the common form which embraces a respect for wealth or ancestry. All the honors that the world held in its gift could not have compensated in his eyes for the stain which must cling thereto when purchased by the wrong-doing of the man or woman who bequeathed them to their descendants. Kenneth Alderly would rather have been born a nameless beggar, than inherit the grandest title which, no matter how far back, had owed its origin to some frail woman's shame, perpetuated before posterity by letters-patent from the royal hand that had led her on to infamy. Obscurity and poverty would have been preferable to wealth which had reached him through the evil deeds of some dead and gone man, whose force of character had enabled his unscrupulousness to bestow that poor atonement upon his children for the taint that desecrated their blood.

His thoughts were so chaotic and conflicting that to record them would sound like a chronicle of insane ravings, and as yet his misery was so selfish in its personality, that it was only the wrong to himself which he could contemplate.

He remembered at last that he must return to the house. It was late—he had kept his host waiting. The rules and ceremonies of custom claimed compliance, just as much as if the last few hours had not swept existence so far out of its ordinary groove that it scarcely seemed to have any connection therewith, save such as those galling restraints afforded.

Alderly took a path through the meadows and woods, and came out into Mr. Gresham's grounds, reaching the house as its owner was descending from his phaeton.

"I owe you a thousand apologies, Kenneth!" cried Mr. Gresham. "I could not get back a moment sooner. I hoped you and Anne would have sat down to dinner without waiting for me."

Alderly found some answer; and Mr. Gresham went on talking as they mounted the steps. He happened to take Kenneth's right arm, and the pain his grasp occasioned warned the young man that he had received some injury; in his absorption, he had not been aware of the fact. He shrank instinctively before he could control himself. Glancing at his hand, he saw that it was swollen and somewhat discolored. Mr. Gresham noticed it, too.

"Why, how did you get that hurt?" he asked.

"I met that man Hudson—he was insolent, and I knocked him down," replied Kenneth, without hesitation.

"Drunk, I suppose? He will get himself into prison, if he doesn't take care," said Mr. Gresham. "You must have given him some tidy blows. You'd better have Anne bandage your hand after dinner."

"Oh, it will be all right to-morrow," returned Alderly, carelessly, and began speaking of other matters.

Mr. Gresham saw that he did not wish to be questioned, and so said nothing more. Kenneth knew that before long his friend must undoubtedly learn the facts, but he could not bring himself to tell the story. He felt that to hear his own lips connect Miss Stuart therewith, even in the most distant manner, would drive him utterly mad.

"And to-morrow, we shall have your mother and Florence here," Mr. Gresham said, as they passed along the entrance-hall.

The remark gave Kenneth a sensation of surprise. He had absolutely forgotten the information with which his host had interrupted Miss Gresham's overwhelming revelations. He had rushed out of the house without even opening his mother's letter. She was coming! Only a day before he would have been glad at this sign that his praise and appreciation of Mr. Gresham had influenced her to take this step toward resuming her brother-in-law's acquaintance. He would have been glad, too, that she should see Elinor. He credited her with a nobility of character which she was perfectly incapable of conceiving even; he believed that her overweening pride was of the same complexion as his own, though carried to an extreme which sometimes rendered her unjust and tyrannical. But he loved and believed in his mother. She had been far-sighted enough to keep up the illusion in her son's mind, without which she knew she must inevitably, owing to his rigid ideas, lose her great hold upon him—a hold much stronger than Kenneth himself was aware of. Self-reliant as he might be, it was impossible that at his age an individuality so powerful as hers should not have impressed him deeply, aided, as her influence was, by the filial reverence which blinded him to her faults.

But now everything was changed; her arrival could not have happened more inopportunely; he could not even be certain that every detail of the coarse tragedy which had smitten him might not come to her knowledge. Who could tell that Hudson would not have recourse to law, and manage to drag Elinor Stuart's name into the matter? His mother's proposed visit added another thread to the web of maddening perplexities which surrounded him.

He was so busy with these thoughts that he did not perceive he had left Mr. Gresham's remark unanswered, and that gentleman naturally enough mistook his silence for embarrassment, believing that Alderly suspected more of the manner in which he had suffered at his sister-in-law's hands than was the case.

In point of fact, Mr. Gresham despised Mrs. Alderly too thoroughly to have carried any great degree of bitterness in his heart during these years of separation. He knew that her immense pride was of the meanest sort; he knew that she was an unscrupulous liar, and would stop at nothing to attain her ends; his nature was too strong and broad for him to dignify a person he despised with so important an emotion as hatred.

"My dear fellow," he said, quickly, "I hope you don't fancy because your mother and I were never sympathetic that I am other than glad at her coming. Your father's wife—your mother—must always be welcome in my house."

"Thanks; yes, of course, I know you well enough to be sure of that," Kenneth replied, rather confusedly. "I believe I was thinking of something else; I mean I was surprised."

Then he stopped abruptly, indignant at his own lack of self-control; in his creed, no matter how sudden or dreadful the shock which befell a man, he ought to be able to hide his feelings.

Mr. Gresham gave him one of his keen, searching glances; it occurred to him there had been more in that encounter with Hudson than his young friend's words had implied. He was about to ask some plain question, feeling it his right so to do, when the sound of carriage-wheels on the graveled road became audible.

"Why, who can that be?" exclaimed Mr. Gresham, walking back toward the door, Kenneth mechanically following.

A hack drew up before the colonnade; looking past his host, through the fading twilight, Alderly recognized the two ladies seated therein.

"It is my mother—my mother and Florence!" he said, in a troubled tone.

Mr. Gresham hurried forward; Kenneth stood still; he must have an instant for preparation. He actually shrank

from seeing his mother; the consciousness that he did so was an added torture.

"Mrs. Alderly, is it possible!" Mr. Gresham exclaimed, opening the carriage-door. "You have taken us by surprise after all; and no surprise could have been more pleasant."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Alderly. Then they shook hands, and he helped her to alight. "Would you know that tall girl?" she continued, smilingly.

Florence Denham had risen; she seemed a little shy and confused, and even prettier than usual for that reason.

"Please don't say no," she said.

"You are very welcome, Florence," Mr. Gresham said, holding out his hand.

She descended; they looked at each other; Mr. Gresham's stern features worked somewhat, but the long years of habitual self-control were not easy to shake.

"Grown, yes; still not much altered in face."

"And you are not altered in the least," Miss Denham said. Then yielding to a sudden impulse, she raised herself on tiptoe and kissed him; he pressed his lips to her forehead.

"God bless you, my dear child," he whispered; then turned toward Mrs. Alderly, at whom Florence glanced somewhat nervously, but that stately lady wore her most beneficent smile.

"And my bad boy—where is he?" she asked.

"Found, like the traditional bad half-penny," cried Kenneth, coming forward and embracing her. "Miss Florence Denham, I hope your small majesty is quite well."

"Quite, Mr. Kenneth Alderly, though I consider your adjective an impertinence. I had hoped that your stay here would improve your manners, but I see I was mistaken."

"You can't gild refined gold," said he, laughing.

"But one may furbish up pinchbeck imitation," retorted she, gayly, as they shook hands.

Somehow it struck Mr. Gresham that the laughing badinage poorly hid a mutual embarrassment which puzzled him, but of course there was no time to speculate thereupon; Mrs. Alderly had turned to him, and was saying:

"Then you did not receive my telegram? It is quite dreadful to think of rushing in upon you in this fashion."

"It has given us even a greater pleasure than that of expectation," he replied, with a bow which she would have thought perfection if it had been bestowed by a duke; as it was, she only felt secretly irritated that his manner did not give her an opportunity to sneer.

"We certainly got no telegram," Kenneth observed. "Your letter said to-morrow."

Then he stopped, with an uncomfortable consciousness of her unread epistle in his pocket.

"I received news which made it necessary for me to come at once," she replied; "a business matter; I will tell you later. We were at Mrs. Hosmer's—had to drive ten miles to the junction. When we got there the train was gone; I managed to have a special put on for me, though I was obliged to telegraph to New York to get it done."

"And you found no carriage at the station, here," Mr. Gresham said; "there is no train near this hour."

"No; but we had not to wait long," Mrs. Alderly replied.

"And your luggage, and your maid, and all the rest of the impedimenta?" asked Kenneth.

"Here comes Watkins, now," Miss Denham said, as a second hack made its appearance in the avenue.

They went indoors, all talking in that fragmentary fashion in which people do when they first meet, and, indeed, Mrs. Alderly was the only inwardly composed person among the four; her intense selfishness generally made her mistress of any situation. If she had visited her brother-in-law a month previous, and parted from him on the most amicable terms, she could not have been less agitated.

Then Miss Gresham appeared, a good deal frightened at meeting Mrs. Alderly, and shy of Florence's elegance; but the elder lady greeted her with a cordiality in which even Mr. Gresham's quick eyes could detect no trace of condescension; and Florence kissed her affectionately, and kept close to her, as if her presence was a relief.

"You must be hungry and tired," Mr. Gresham said. "I was out, so dinner has been delayed; I hope it won't be quite spoiled, Anne! Will half an hour's grace be enough, Mrs. Alderly?"

"We will only ask twenty minutes, just to give you a high opinion of our virtues," she replied, gayly.

The two ladies went away to the rooms which had been prepared for them, attended by Miss Anne and the housekeeper, and Mr. Gresham and Alderly parted, also.

As soon as Kenneth reached his chamber he opened his mother's letter. There was not a word about Elinor in it; no mention of having received his long epistle; no mention, either, of any business; she only said that she had decided to accompany Florence, and renew her acquaintance with her brother-in-law. Kenneth was more puzzled than ever; but he had no time to think about it; no time, either, to dwell upon his misery; he must dress, and go down-stairs.

The reaction in his mind toward Elinor had already begun; his mother's arrival rendered it impossible for him to go to her that evening; yet he must not leave her in suspense. He wrote a few hasty lines, as well as his hand would permit, stating what detained him, and promising to visit her on the morrow. His wrist became so painful that he was obliged to summon one of the men-servants to bandage it, and afterward assist him in his toilet, confiding also to his care the note for Miss Stuart, with strict injunctions that it should be sent at once, and an answer waited for.

The whole party was assembled in the library when he entered. Mrs. Alderly noticed the bandage—nothing ever escaped her. Kenneth saw her look at it; to his astonishment she made no remark.

"I hurt my hand awhile ago," he said, carelessly.

"I see you have. Nothing serious, I trust?" returned she, in a tone of maternal interest.

But he met her eyes—he was perfectly certain that she knew already something of what had happened, and was horrified and shocked.

The dinner passed very pleasantly; Kenneth occasionally fell into gulfs of silence, but he was sure very soon to be made aware that his mother observed it, and would rouse himself to bear his part in the conversation.

Good old Miss Anne, never a great talker, was, perhaps, unusually quiet, for her thoughts wandered so much that she found it difficult to follow the different subjects which rose in turn. Her tender, womanly heart was full of sympathy for Elinor Stuart, and her holplessness to aid the girl—even to prevent the wretched gossip sooner or later from reaching her ears—rendered the spinster very miserable. Besides these distracting reflections, an undercurrent of wonder kept its course in her mind at the attitude between her brother and his sister-in-law; their calmness, to her sensitive nature, was something incomprehensible.

Mrs. Alderly could fill any *rôle* which she set herself; she had decided upon her line of conduct; adopted it

from the moment of her arrival, and would not once fail to the end. She possessed a talent for insolence which could not be surpassed, and took in every shade, from haughty neglect to undisguised sneers, and that even more unendurable form of impertinence—the ability to deal tongue-thrusts without any appearance of dreaming that her remarks could wound.

But she had assumed her most charming manners, and when that was the case nobody could easily resist her. She never did things by halves; she desired not only to please Mr. Gresham, but she wished to impress on Kenneth that his verdict in regard to her brother-in-law had convinced her that she had underrated him, and desired to make amends.

When dinner was over the ladies left the two gentlemen to the enjoyment of their cigars, but these necessities of masculine comfort had scarcely been lighted when Mrs. Alderly re-entered the dining-room.

"Don't rise," she said; but of course they did, and she approached the table and seated herself. "Please go on smoking, Mr. Gresham; I like the odor of a good cigar."

He made some laughing reply, then stopped, for he saw that she was regarding her son with an expression of anxiety.

"You are thinking that Kenneth does not look well," he said; "but I assure you he has been in splendid health."

"Oh, he always is," she replied, with a troubled smile: "he is as satisfactory a son in that respect as in all others."

She leaned forward and laid her white hand on Kenneth's shoulder as she spoke; he put up his, and softly patted the jeweled fingers. That the pair loved each other was plain enough, and Kenneth's affection for his mother somewhat inclined Mr. Gresham in her favor; though he caught himself wondering that the strong will and pride they shared in common had never made trouble between them.

"I have brought some bad news," Mrs. Alderly continued, in her slow, incisive tones, "and it is better to tell it at once and get it over. I know you will excuse my annoying you with it, Mr. Gresham. I am certain your advice will be of service to us, so I am selfish enough to claim it."

"Bad news, mother?" exclaimed Kenneth.

"Yes; I got a telegram this morning, that wa.. ..hat made me hurry on," she replied, looking at Mr. Gresham.

"I am very sorry to hear it," returned he, with unfeigned sympathy.

"Do tell us what it is, mother!" Kenneth said, impatiently.

"There has been one of those terrible June floods on the Kanawha River. You know we own a tract of land there, Mr. Gresham."

"Yes; I remember."

"There has been great damage of property. Several people have lost their lives in the little village and neighborhood."

Mr. Gresham and Kenneth uttered a simultaneous exclamation of regret; then Kenneth asked:

"Did the agent telegraph?"

"That is the saddest part of it, Kenneth. Mr. Ransom was drowned in his efforts to save others."

"Oh, the poor man!" Kenneth cried.

"A most faithful, devoted person," said Mrs. Alderly. "His death is a great calamity not only to us, but to all who knew him. Such good men are rare. He had been in our employment, Mr. Gresham, for nearly twenty years."

"I remember hearing your husband speak of him, madam."

"I never saw him but once," Kenneth said, "but I liked him exceedingly; and he has done wonders with the property."

"And I had very slight personal acquaintance with him," rejoined Mrs. Alderly; "but I feel as if we had lost a friend. It is hard, Mr. Gresham, to come with such painful news, but I could not wait—it has made me quite ill."

She certainly had hidden her troubles very successfully; but Mr. Gresham was too much occupied with sympathy for the sufferers to remember that.

"I feel as if I ought to start for the place to-morrow," she said; "but the doctors have ordered me complete quiet—this troublesome heart of mine has been misbehaving sadly of late."

For twice a decade Mrs. Alderly had ruled people about her, when other means failed, by that hint, though except when its supposed weakness could be of service, she seldom recollected that she owned any such organ in her anatomy, and was quite unaware that her pretended fears had a real foundation.

"You must not go, mother," Kenneth said.

"No, dear; but you must—and you must start to-morrow," she replied, quickly, in a tone of regret.

"To-morrow!" Kenneth exclaimed.

"Yes. It would make us appear like brutes to lose a moment in showing our sympathy for those poor tenants of ours," she said. "I am right, Mr. Gresham?"

"Oh, yes. Kenneth ought to go."

"Of course," Kenneth assented; but he scarcely knew what he said. He was sorry for the people, but to leave at once—just at this time, too—perhaps without the chance of more than a moment's interview with Elinor!

"You will not have to remain long," Mr. Gresham observed.

"Not long," Mrs. Alderly added; "but there must be another agent found. Certainly ten days or two weeks will suffice."

"It is a sad break-up to all my pleasant plans; though I ought to be ashamed of that," Mr. Gresham said. "But you and Florence will stop, Mrs. Alderly, till Kenneth returns?"

"You are very kind," she said, evasively.

The talk went back to the sufferers. Kenneth sat almost silent; he was trying to think of them—he could not. To go now, at this crisis—oh, the proposed fortnight looked an eternity!

"The express reaches here about ten o'clock in the morning," he heard Mr. Gresham say.

Kenneth rose, and, murmuring some unintelligible excuse, left the room. The servant whom he had sent with his note to Elinor Stuart met him in the hall, and handed him a billet.

"I should have been back before, sir," he said; "but Mr. Gresham had given me some papers to leave at Mr. Cross's, and it is a good step down to his house."

Kenneth nodded, and the man passed on. He tore open the envelope, and read the lines it inclosed:

"Do not come to me to-morrow; you and I have both need of reflection. I will see you the day after."

Chapter XIII.

To Kenneth's relief, his mother pleaded fatigue early; the little party broke up, and he was able to get away to his own roon

He was seated by the table, leaning his head on his hand, when the door opened softly, and his mother entered so noiselessly that he did not notice her presence till she reached his side and laid her hand on his shoulder,

saying, with the gentlest inflection of her many-toned voice:

"Kenneth, my son."

"Why, you startled me; you came in like a ghost," returned he, with a poor effort at a laugh.

"Even if I were one, I should try not to haunt you at the wrong moment," she said, in that caressing voice. "I wanted to speak to you, and there will be no time tomorrow morning."

He rose and drew an easy chair forward, saying only:

"Sit down, mother; I am afraid you ought to have gone to bed at once, since you are not well."

"I shall be better after I have talked with you," she answered, as she seated herself, looking up at him with a smile which softened her haughty face into melancholy beauty. "What a tall fellow you are! Sit here on this footstool—that's right—as you used when you were a little boy; I like to remind myself of that time."

As he obeyed, she let her fingers drop upon his thickly clustering curls, then bent forward and kissed his forehead. She was an undemonstrative woman, and such evidences of affection were always very sweet to Kenneth; doubly acceptable at this moment, for they seemed a sign that she had not come in either an angry or reproachful mood.

"I received your letter, Kenneth," she said.

"But you did not mention it in your note."

"No; I was in haste. Besides, I knew I should see you so soon that it was better to wait."

"And what have you to say to me now, mother?" he asked.

"I think your heart must tell you," she replied. "There is only one thing of importance to me in this world—my boy's happiness."

He caught her two hands and kissed them with eager gratitude; for an instant a great joy surged up in his heart; his mother did not oppose her will against his wishes! Then came a pang, all the more bitter from that brief forgetfulness; the backward sweep of all his cruel agonies and doubts!

"You were very happy when you wrote," she went on. "I could see that only one faint shadow troubled you—a fear this worldly mother of yours might try to put her pride between you and the prize on which you had set your heart. And I am proud, Kenneth; but maybe it is a higher pride than you knew, my boy. I do think a great deal about birth; it is not strange, considering the line from which I came. It would be natural that you should also, and I know you do."

"Mother——"

But she laid her finger with gentle firmness on his lips, and continued;

"Let me tell you why I am proud—why you have a right to be—of your father's blood and mine. I may have seemed to give more weight than suits this republican land to the fact that both your father and I trace back to noble families across seas; but that worldly feeling was only surface-show—a pardonable womanly weakness. The real pride has another base. These ancestors of yours and mine were men and women whose lives shed lustre on their name; not merely their name on them."

"Mother!" he cried again, and there was a ring of poignant suffering in his voice, but she did not heed.

"Not a man among them who was not brave and honorable; not a woman who was ever sullied by so much as a breath of slander! That is my pride; and greatest pride of all, the constant, living joy of my life, that you, my son, are their fit descendant!"

How was he to speak? how could he tell the story that must be told by his lips, lest after his departure the coarse tongue of scandal should shed its venom within her hearing?

"I received your letter. My son, I shall not deny that it was a disappointment; a terrible disappointment! But let me do myself justice; not so much as for one brief instant did I dream of trying to stand between you and your happiness. Only one thing I meant to beg you to grant to my love—your mother's love, my boy; the strongest feeling she has ever known—that could never fail, never shrink from any sacrifice, however great; believe that, my son, believe that!"

"I do, mother, I do!"

She looked and spoke like a woman actuated by the lofty enthusiasm which has made martyrs; but every phrase was as artfully conceived, had been as carefully studied in advance, as the passion which some great actress portrays upon the stage.

"This was what I meant to beg my son to do for his mother's sake—his own sake—the sake of the woman who had charmed him: to give himself time to be sure that on both sides the feeling was real love—not the transitory romance whereby young people so often deceive themselves, but love which only grows stronger as life goes on; without which marriage becomes a fetter heavier than the galley-slave's chains."

He was about to cry out that this love had come to him—the recollection of the tale he must utter fairly paralyzed his tongue.

"I said, I can be certain that at least my boy has chosen a noble woman—his equal in mind and education—his instincts could not deceive him——"

"They have not," Kenneth interrupted; for the instant every doubt and fear gone. "They have not!"

Mrs. Alderly pushed him a little away, leaned back so that she could look in his face, and said, slowly:

"This is what happened—it is my duty to tell you; but you will explain."

She had heard—that certainty came back—she had heard!

"Explain?" he repeated, mechanically.

"We were waiting for a carriage to come for us to the station," she continued; "Florence was in the waiting-room, I walked up and down the platform. I heard a common porter talking with one of the common men about you; he said——"

"I know, I know," broke in Kenneth. "I knocked a fellow down this evening for being insolent."

He started up as he spoke; he must tell the rest; it was terribly difficult to find words; conscious that however much his heart might assert its faith in the woman he loved, he was searching to convince, not only his mother, but his own mind.

"For being insolent?" she said, inquiringly, after waiting a little for him to continue.

"Yes—to Miss Stuart," he said, rapidly. "She teaches the children of Mr. Gresham's work-people——"

"Louis Philippe once taught school," his mother interrupted; "I told you that you had mistaken my pride."

"This fellow—this Hudson, was one of Gresham's men—he wanted to study, to improve; Miss Stuart gave him lessons."

"That was kind and right," his mother said. "Well?"

"He repaid her kindness by being insolent when we met him to-night—he was drunk, of course." Mrs. Alderly shuddered. "Mind you, he had been perfectly steady for a couple of years—Mr. Gresham liked him. It was only about three weeks ago the man got to drinking again, was discharged, has gone on from bad to worse. I

don't suppose he is any more accountable in his present state for what he does and says than a Bedlamite."

Mrs. Alderly sat silent; her eyes were fixed on Kenneth's face; even if he had been calm enough to attempt it, he would have been puzzled to interpret their expression.

"So that accounts for your hearing that I knocked a man down," Kenneth added, with an insane hope in his mind that his meagre narration would satisfy her, and put an end to her questions.

She waited an instant, then said, in a choked voice, as if the words hurt her so that she could scarcely utter them:

"It—it does not account for what I heard. Oh, Kenneth, Kenneth!"

He felt himself grow scarlet; her mournfully passionate ejaculation of his name had such pain and suspicion in it that it stung him as if it had been the audible expression of the doubts in his own soul, against which he was fighting.

"What did you hear?" he asked, angrily.

"I must tell you—I must!" she moaned. "I can't soften it, I can't change it! Oh, it seemed as if the coarse words burned themselves into my heart like fire. This was what he said: 'That young schoolma'am has been making a nice business with her flirtings! She'd thrown Will Hudson over for that city chap, and they had a fight about her this evening. Will's badly hurt.'"

As Mrs. Alderly began to speak she raised her hands; ending, she held them up before her face, as if so overcome by misery and shame that she could not look at him.

Kenneth groaned aloud in anguish and wrath; he could not articulate.

"That wasn't all," she went on, almost in a whisper, still keeping her face hidden. "He said, 'A while ago, the young woman and Madge Anderson had a row. Madge heard what was going on—she ain't a girl to let her beau be taken away quietly; and it seems she scared the school-teacher pretty bad—or maybe she only pretended that to Will to get rid of him, and make room for her new rich fellow.'"

Mrs. Alderly stopped, and began to sob.

"Don't, mother—don't cry!" exclaimed Kenneth.

"I can't!" she groaned—"I wish I could. I feel as if tears would ease me; they're all burned up in this sense of awful shame!"

"As if these low, ignorant creatures did not always slander their superiors!" exclaimed Kenneth, answering not only his mother, but the suspicions which struggled in his own soul. "And they always repay kindness with ingratitude. I tell you that fellow Hudson is only crazy with drink; as for the girl, she is mad!"

"You knew, then, that Miss Stuart associated with these people?"

"What a word to use, mother!"

"I did not mean to offend you, Kenneth," she said, tremulously. "You knew that she gave these lessons—received the man at her house?"

He had to wait before he could answer. She dropped her hands now, and looked at him.

"Did you know?—had Miss Stuart told you?" she persisted.

"Not till to-day—she was telling me when that creature broke in on us," he replied, but could get no further. His mother interrupted him with a little cry of relief.

"Oh, then, Miss Stuart was able to give you a satisfactory explanation," she said, quickly. "Tell me, Kenneth—don't wait!—it wasn't true that the low creature had dared to make love to her—that this girl came to reproach her? Good heavens, Kenneth! why don't you speak?"

"Mother, I would stake my life—my soul—on Elinor Stuart's goodness and truth!" he cried.

"Then she did explain—you were satisfied! Why don't you answer, Kenneth? why don't you set my mind at rest? Oh, my boy—my boy! if you are satisfied, what is this I see in your face?"

She began to wring her hands and sob bitterly, though she shed no tears. This complete breaking-down was all the more terrible to him because it was the first time he had ever seen her give way in such a fashion. No matter what trouble or anxiety might beset her, he had never seen her self-control fail.

"I can't tell you, mother, unless you are quiet," he pleaded. "I'm confused and worried; I have suffered a good deal to-day——"

Then he stopped—he had not meant to admit this.

"Oh, you had heard these things—you had gone to her to ask for an explanation!"

"Yes, I had heard."

"But, how—how? If it was only the gossip of low work-people, how could it reach you?"

"Miss Gresham told me."

"Oh, my God, Kenneth! Then it was not talk merely among those low, ignorant persons!"

"Oh, mother, you drive me wild! Let me tell you—it's plain enough, only I'm stupid! It was so infamous—so unexpected! How could she suppose that her kindness would be so misinterpreted—receive such a base return? No more than Florence Denham could imagine that some poor wretch she was helping from charity would insult instead of thanking her."

Still answering the voice in his own soul rather than his mother—still crushing down his doubts under this passion of asseverations.

"Why won't you understand, Kenneth?" she said. "I am ready and eager to be convinced. Did I not tell you that your happiness is the dearest wish of my life? Don't you believe me?"

"Yes, mother—yes! God bless you! And I tell you that I love her with all my heart and soul! And she is worthy of it—oh, more than worthy!"

"Then all this miserable gossip can be stopped?" she cried, exultantly. "You frightened me; you seemed to suffer so that I feared—I feared—— But if you are satisfied——"

"Wait! I was not—more shame to me! Not that I doubted her—but I was angry. I had just heard from Miss Gresham what those people had been saying. I have had time to think now. But I must have hurt her. And now you want me to start to-morrow! How can I go? I must see her first—I must! And she has written to me not to come to-morrow. I sent her a line saying I would, and she begged me not. But I must see her; I cannot go away without doing that!"

"You don't mean you quarreled with her, Kenneth?"

"No, no! It was all so hurried; it seems like a dream! I met her on the common—I must have been harsh and cruel in my words and manner. She was just telling me, when this man came up; then after I knocked him down the girl came. I went to get help to carry the fellow away—he was insensible—when I got back Elinor was gone."

"My poor Kenneth; my dear boy!" his mother murmured.

She behaved so differently from what he could have expected, was so full of sympathy, so ready to accept his credence, that a great weight lifted from his mind. Somehow it was not only this; but as if her readiness gave the

last blow to his own suspicions; as if he were having the verdict of unbiased general opinion brought in confirmation for Elinor.

Not a pulse of the woman's heart quickened; she saw her way clear. She had come prepared to act any part which might promise success to her determination to separate her son from this girl.

The conversation she had overheard at the station had been welcomed as a potent weapon ready to her hand. When she began to speak to Kenneth she had meant to use it differently; to show him that an impassable gulf had opened between him and this designing creature; but as she listened to his assurances that he believed in Elinor Stuart, she saw that doubt or opposition would only render him more headstrong. An easier, better plan suggested itself. Only get him off in the morning; give him no opportunity to see the girl again, and the matter was in her own jurisdiction.

"Think what she must be suffering, mother!" pursued Kenneth. "And she is a proud woman. If she feels that I doubted her even for a moment, she may refuse to forgive me!"

"My foolish Kenneth," said his mother, patting his arm and gazing tenderly into his face. "Oh, these men, they never can understand us women; they can't learn that we like to have something to forgive; that we only love the better when there is some sacrifice that we can make for their sakes."

"You dear, good mother!" he cried, kissing her forehead. "How can I thank you! so many mothers would have been ready to say I was blind and foolish."

"I can trust my son's intuitions. I know they could not deceive him," she answered. "But I cannot feign, Kenneth, I cannot hide my feelings; you must not blame me. It is dreadful to think that gossip should have come near her."

"Oh, mother, it was that drove me so wild! But don't you see how little she could have dreamed it would happen? Just her kindness and goodness led her into the mistake."

"Yes, Kenneth—yes; but other people must be made to recognize that. Oh, it is doubly fortunate that I came. You can trust your mother, my boy. She will find ways and means to set everything right."

"But I can't go without seeing her. A little delay can make no difference. I must see her!" he cried.

"Your being obliged to go is the luckiest thing that could have happened, Kenneth. You must go, too, without having any interview."

"Oh, mother!"

"Trust me!" she said. "Didn't I tell you that you men never understand women? If, as is possible, Miss Stuart is hurt or offended by any momentary anger or suspicion on your part, your seeing her now would only make her obstinate."

"But when she finds how grieved—how penitent I am?"

"No, no!"

"But to go without any explanation——"

"Am I not here to explain, my son?"

"Oh, mother, you will go to her—you will let her know everything?"

"Everything; and surely my seeking her will be the best proof she could have of your feeling for her."

"Oh, mother! I feel as if I had never appreciated you, much as I have loved you!" cried Kenneth. "I was afraid you might be vexed—might think, because the accidents of fortune had put her in a social position below ours, that—— Ah, well, you see I misjudged you. But you will forgive it?"

She patted his arm again, and smiled at him in reply.

"Do you know it is late?" she said—"and I begin to recollect that I am tired."

"Oh, I oughtn't to have allowed you to stop so long!"

"Could I sleep till my boy had set his mind and mine at rest?" she answered. "I saw you were suffering—I thought that dinner would never end! I hope I hid my distraction. Mr. Gresham is charming; the years have improved him greatly."

Kenneth accompanied her to her chamber. As he bade her good-night, she said:

"You can go with an easy mind, now. Remember, I am here working for you much better than you could for yourself."

"Yes, yes."

So they parted; and, when she was in her room, Mrs. Alderly stood before the mirror, smiling coldly at her own image.

"It was easier than I expected," she said, half aloud; "the rest will not be difficult."

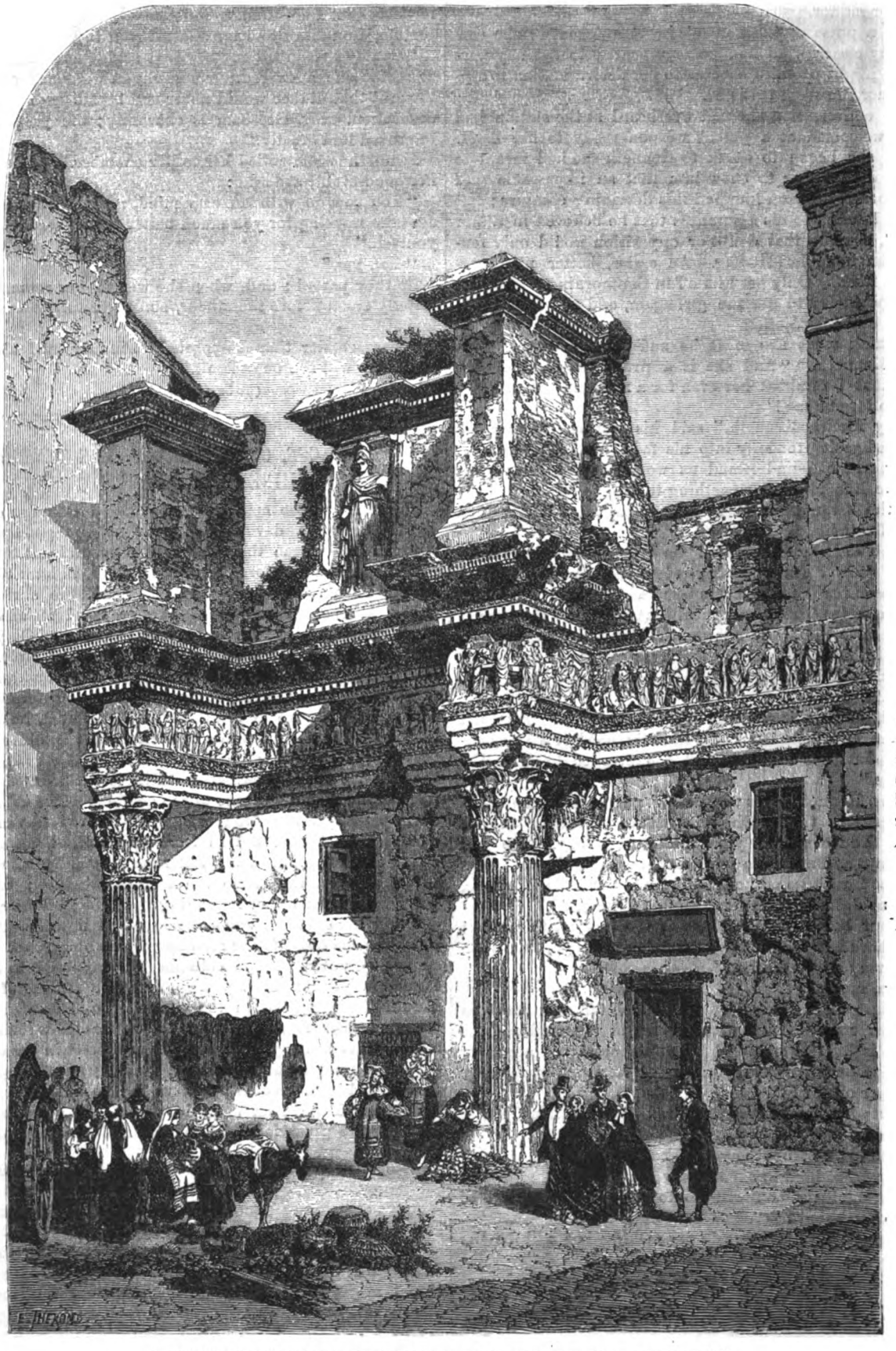
(To be continued.)

LE COLONNACCE, OR PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT ROME.

Domitian, whose mad frenzies plunged Rome so often in blood, was a devout worshiper of the goddess of wisdom. He began the erection of a magnificent temple to Minerva in a new form, known, however, in later times, as the Forum of Nerva, who completed the shrine of Pallas Athene. A temple of Jupiter faced it, and the forum was studded with statues of emperors. Only the part shown in our illustration remains of the temple. It is commonly called by the people of that quarter Le Colonnacce, from the size of the two remaining Corinthian columns. They are of beautiful marble, fluted, but half buried by the accumulation of earth. The entablatures, very rich and ornate, are covered with bas-reliefs showing the arts invented by Minerva. This is surmounted by a magnificent standing figure of the goddess. The columns are apparently thirty-five feet high, and eleven feet in circumference. They stand in front of a wall of peperino, on which the capital of a pilaster is still visible. Among the figures on the frieze are females weaving; others weighing the thread, or measuring the webs; others again carrying the *calathus;* and a sitting vailed figure of Pudicitia. In the angle is the reclining figure of a youth with an urn of water. These columns are supposed to have formed a portion of a portico, or inner recinct of the Forum Transitorium, in the centre of which stood the Temple of Minerva, and of which not a trace now remains, although its hexastyle pronaos was still erect in the early part of the seventeenth century, bearing an inscription that it had been erected by Nerva in the second year of his reign. Pope Paul V. used part of the structure in building the great fountain on Mount Janiculum, which bears his name.

A sea captain was brought before a justice in Marseilles, and mercilessly attacked by his opponent's lawyer. When at length he was suffered to speak, he said: "Your Honor, I ask a delay of one week in the proceedings, so that I may find a big enough liar to answer that man." His request was granted.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it.



LE COLONNACCE, OR PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE OF MINERVA, AT ROME.—SEE PAGE 719.

"WHEN SHE HAD FINISHED, SHE FOUND HE WAS STANDING BY HER, READY TO OFFER HER A COMPLIMENT."

REMINDED.

By Annie Thomas, Author of "Dennis Donne," "Maud Mohan," Etc., Etc.

The day was full of the sweetness and light, the glory and warmth, that only Summer can shed over and extract from the land. Down to the left of the verdure-covered old vicarage-house (where the whole action of the portion of this story that I am telling took place), broad meadow-lands lay bathed in a purple haze—purple haze that spoke of intense heat in the open, and that made even the thoughtless young pair under the trees on the lawn grateful for the shelter afforded them.

Any one who had seen them resting there, absorbed in each other and themselves, would have seen the naturalness of such absorption, and at the same time have felt sorry for it.

For, though this dawning liking was natural, it was not fit. The girl was the third daughter of a poor country parson, who eked out an income by taking pupils; while the boy was the highly prized scion of a noble house. And still they were suffered to be together.

The young fellow of seventeen, though he had not come into his full heritage of manly beauty yet, was a very worthy idol, so far as appearance went, for a young girl to set up and worship. He had the slender, clearly defined, delicate form and features that belong to the handsomest race in the world—the English aristocracy.

There was that look of breed about the boy that is unmistakable. That look that never is seen unless blood and culture have aided in producing it. What wonder,

then, that Ella Langton contrasted him with the well-to-do young farmers in her father's parish, and having done that, forthwith erected an altar in her heart whereon she worshiped Bernhard Annesleigh unceasingly ?

She was supremely happy this morning, for her mother had given her a half-holiday, to do what she pleased with. That excellent mother, on household cares intent, quite believed that Ella would go off for a stroll through some woods in the distance, as she had been wont to do on like occasions from her very little girlhood. But Bernhard magnificently commanded her to "stay and read poetry to him under the weeping-willow," and she was only too well pleased to obey him.

The sunbeams fell like shattered gold through the leaves, fell down brightly, flickeringly on the two young heads. The boy's, covered with crisp curls of dark-brown ; the girl's, crowned with such golden tresses as only fall to the lot of one woman in a thousand.

The masculine head reposed comfortably on the boy's own folded arms. The feminine one was bent down over a volume, from which she was reading poems at random.

"This is very jolly," Bernhard spoke, languidly, for the heat was subduing him.

His only reason for speaking at all was, that Ella had kept her violet eyes bent on her book for a long time, and he liked looking at them often.

He had his "taste's desire" at once. She lifted her silken fringes, and bent her honestly adoring gaze upon him, as she said, sympathetically :

"Yes, isn't it ! No lessons, and such sunshine——"

"And you so jolly pretty," he cut in, with a vast increase of energy. And then he withdrew one arm from under his head and flung it around her slender waist. For, though Ella was only sixteen, she was symmetrically and perfectly formed.

"Now you may go on reading," the young sultan said, as Ella acknowledged his caress by saying :

"Oh ! dear, Bernhard."

A rosy color had flushed the girl's lovely face. The thought that, perhaps, she ought not to let Bernhard Annesleigh treat her as he might his sister, crossed her mind, and clouded her happiness for an instant. Then, in her beauty and innocence, she blamed herself for even that thought, condemning it to herself as "dreadful." And then, in her confusion, she read on at once, selecting by chance the very poem she ought not to have selected. It was called "Long Ago," and deserves to be more widely known that it is :

"We were children together! Oh, brighter than mine
Are the eyes that are looking their love on you now,
And nobler than I are the maidens that twine
The scarf for your breast and the wreath for your brow.
Be happy, my brother, wherever you will,
Good speed to your courser, good luck to your bow:
But will you not—will you not think of me still,
As you thought of me once long ago—long ago?

"We were children together! I know you will dream
Of the rock and the valley, the cottage and tree;
Of the bird on the brake, of the boat on the stream,
Of the book and the lute, of my roses and me.
When Pleasure deceives you, and young Hope departs,
And the pulse of Ambition beats weary and low,
My brother, my brother, come back to our hearts,
Let us be what we were long ago—long ago."

Her voice had faltered more than once in the reading, and he had watched her confusion, and enjoyed it with half-laughing malice. Boy as he was, he knew so well what was in the young girl's heart. He quite understood her sudden shame. He thoroughly realized how keenly the dread that he might go away and forget her, cut Ella Langton.

"Look at me, Pet," he said, with authority.

"I—I am looking for something else," she stammered.

"Look at me, and confess ; aren't you sorry you read those lines, because they describe your own situation and feelings to a certain degree ?"

"Bernhard, don't be so rude and cruel."

He had taken her chin in his hand, and turned her face toward him. And she knew that her face was telling the truth—that she loved him dearly.

"My own Pet," he said, more softly and seriously, "I shall never go away and forget you—trust me for that."

Then he reared himself up and kissed the little face, that was rich with happy blushes now, and Ella was well content to believe him.

"I shall have you painted by Walton," he said, presently, lying back and regarding her critically.

"Shall you ?" She was blushing with half unconscious pleasure at the way in which he was assuming the right to direct her, and manage for her in the future. "Who is Walton ?" she went on. "Is he anybody I ought to know about ?"

"He's the fashionable portrait-painter. Of course you ought to know about him, Pet. Only, how can you, while you're shut up here ?" Then he went on to tell her that "Walton" had painted his two sisters, both of whom were great beauties and celebrated belles, and both of whom were married to peers of the realm. "They were the youngest brides of their respective seasons," he added. "Ida was only sixteen."

"My age !" she exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, by Jove ! you *are* sixteen ; but my sister Ida looked much more of a woman. She had no end of offers ; but my mother knew that St. John would come on at the end, so she kept Ida free."

"It was lucky your sister didn't care for any of the others," Ella suggested, timidly.

"She did, though ; she was an awful goose about one fellow, Bartie Friel ; but he hadn't the requisite. The best of the joke is, that he's St. John's cousin, and introduced St. John to Ida ; he thought " (the boy paused and laughed lightly at the absurdity of it)—"he thought that Ida would win old St. John's liking, and get him to give Bartie something good ; but Ida won more than old St. John's *liking*—she won the title and coronet."

"And his heart ?"

"His heart ! I don't know about that. He's popularly supposed to have lost his heart thirty years ago to my mother."

"Then he must be quite old," Ella questioned, in angry surprise. "Tell me, Bernhard, is he quite old and gray ?"

"Of course he is. He's fifty, and Ida's eighteen."

"Poor thing !" Ella ejaculated, with honest pity.

"Very few people call Lady St. John 'poor thing,' I can tell you," he replied, laughing. "She's the leader of the best coterie in town."

"Poor Mr. Bartie Friel !" she then said, softly.

The boy's face clouded.

"Bartie Friel is——"

He stopped abruptly, and she asked, with interest :

"'Is' what ?"

"Never mind ; I can't tell you, Pet. Something you ought not to hear until you're a fashionable lady," he added, half sneeringly ; then he ended by saying : "He's not half such a good fellow as old St. John, after all."

They were summoned to luncheon soon after this, and Ella went in dreamily, her head being full of faint outlines of the romance in real life of which Bernhard's sister Ida was the heroine.

The dining-room of that picturesque vicarage was as dreary an apartment as drab furniture and dingy-papered walls could make it. Nature had done so much for the room, too, by throwing garlands of French honeysuckle and blush roses half across the lattice windows. And through these floral shades the sunbeams fell in flickeringly—in the dancing, graceful way in which sunbeams do play through leaves. But, alas! all beauty and grace came to an end here. The coarse, crude, time-worn, children-torn furniture could not be beautified even by the sunbeams.

We are so apt to accuse the mistress of a house with "want of taste," if her household surroundings are ugly and stiff and soiled. But how can a woman with an empty purse and full hands drape windows artistically, and polish up her household gods perpetually?

Poor Mrs. Langton had not solved the difficult question of how this was to be done. She had seen things fade and grow more and more dilapidated year by year, and she had made strenuous efforts to repair them.

But repairing is not replacing, and things had been meagre even at the beginning, so now it was but a small wonder that an air of dull though decent poverty should reign over everything inside the house.

It may be asked, "But with daughters who were grown up, should the care of beautifying, or attempting to beautify, the hopelessly unbeautiful, have been left with the already overworked mother and manager?" The answer is simply this: The two elder girls were winning their own way in the world as governesses. And Ella's education was incomplete, and she was only sixteen.

Truth to tell, Ella had never troubled her handsome little head about any of the shortcomings of her home before this awakening day. But now, when she sat down to luncheon, something about the arrangement of the table—something about the dinginess of the room, something about the aspect of everything, struck her as being sordid, and utterly inharmonious—utterly out of keeping with the refinement there was in Bernhard Annesleigh's atmosphere.

Her meditation on this subject was put to flight abruptly.

Her father spoke in agitated tones—the tones his poor wife so well knew portended fresh anxiety, fresh struggles, fresh combats with poverty.

"Bernhard, I have had a letter from Lady Annesleigh this morning," Mr. Langton began. "She thinks that the sooner you go to Oxford the better."

Mr. Langton's voice trembled ominously.

Bernhard's going to Oxford meant the direct loss of three hundred a year to the poor, overtasked vicar of Elmham.

It is needless to recapitulate here all that was said and done, and thought and felt, after the keynote of separation was struck.

In the midst of the boy's natural delight in the proposed change, there crept a pang of regret at the inevitable parting with Ella.

Pleasure and sorrow were delicately blended in his heart, and they filled the situation with emotional interest, that was a new sensation to him. But in Ella's heart, it was all pure sorrow, unmixed with the lightest shade of pleasure.

He was leaving her, but he was going to Oxford—going to be a man, going to begin life; and in these facts he found compensation for leaving her. But she only felt that she was losing him. For her there was no compensation either in the present or the future. Bernhard was going away!

With the unselfishness of a girl's first love, she never once thought of censuring him ever so slightly for not feeling this approaching separation even as she felt it.

It was natural, she thought, that boys should long for and revel in the commencement of their emancipation from the trammels of their boyhood.

Especially was it natural that Bernhard should do so. Light as her father's rule over the lad was, still it was rule, and Bernhard was born to be free, if ever human being was so.

Thus she reasoned and argued with herself against her regret at his going, and went on regretting just the same.

The positive difference in the household arrangements, which would be necessitated by the loss of that sum which Bernhard represented to her mother, never occurred to Ella.

She was too young and loving to cumber herself with domestic cares, or take thought for the morrow of domestic life.

It did not strike Bernhard that he ought to say something more definite than he had said to the girl, whose whole horizon was darkened by the shadow of his departure.

The lad meant loyally and lovingly, and so, when he kissed her on the lips, and put a little twisted gold ring on her finger, he thought that he had done all that was needful.

When the time came for fellows of his order to marry, he should marry Ella; meanwhile, it was useless to talk about it. And Ella unconsciously relied upon the fidelity he did not pledge; but still thought far more impatiently of that "meanwhile" than he did.

So the day came for them to say good-by, and the boy went out into the world, where a thousand fresh interests sprang up like flowers in his path, making it beautiful. And Ella went about the old vicarage-house and gardens, and found the days very long and eventless, now that there was no Bernhard to enliven them.

Lady Annesleigh wrote a courteous letter to Mr. Langton, thanking him for the care and attention he had bestowed upon her son. And Bernhard himself wrote a note to Ella, during his first term—a letter which the girl prized next to her twisted gold ring, though there was little in it save accounts of his feats on the river, and the prowess of a certain well-pedigreed puppy.

She answered it with all the hearty sympathy, all the frank confidence of a child.

And then it ended.

Gradually the old vicarage-house, and all the occupants of it, faded from his mind. Life was full of bright promise for him, and he had no time to look back.

He finished his college career with more than credit. He was a touch more than clever, and his impetuosity stood him instead of perseverance, and carried him well on the road he had chosen.

By the time he was five-and-twenty, he had done such good service to Government, by the subtlety and skill with which he had carried through a delicate negotiation, that Government recognized his claims magnificently, and gave him a good home appointment.

Bernhard Annesleigh had made his mark, and the mothers of daughters regarded him kindly.

The years had flown with him—the seven years since he had said good-by to Ella Langton. But they had not flown with her. They had dragged along wearily.

The first three were peaceful enough, though they were burdened by dullness and poverty and illness. Still they were spent in her own home, among her loved "own."

But the last four had seen her knocked about from one family of strangers to another, now as companion, now as governess, for her father and mother were dead, and all Ella inherited from them was a patient, brave, faithful heart.

There had been no lack of lovers during these years—lovers ready to "woo an' marry an' a'," if she would only have forgotten that early dream, and left off that little twisted ring. But she could not bring herself to do either.

She clung as tenaciously to her old memories as she did to that frail little pledge of the affection Bernhard Annesleigh had forgotten. And so she preferred working her way on, wearily enough.

The years had matured the beauty that had been very bright and bewitching even at sixteen.

"She was far too beautiful to be a governess," all the men said.

Poor Ella's heart panted sometimes to show Bernhard the beauty that others prized so highly. Surely if he could see her, he would remember Elmham, and their love.

Her present occupation was a congenial one to her in many ways. She was acting as secretary and amanuensis to a lady who insisted on being literary, and who, luckily for Ella, was really fond of reading good works.

This lady was a sufficiently bright and clever woman to be able to collect around her a brighter and cleverer circle; and the ability to do this proves no inconsiderable talent.

It was while mingling with this circle that Ella heard the name of her old love again, for the first time since their parting, seven years before.

"Bernhard will be here in an hour, my dear Mrs. Chalons," Ella heard, and looking round, she saw that the speaker was a stately matron, with Bernhard Annesleigh's eyes.

"His mother!" she thought, with a thrill, as she obeyed an irresistible impulse, and got herself nearer to Lady Annesleigh, longing to speak to her, to touch her, to do her some service, however slight, for love of unforgotten Bernhard.

Suddenly the fact that he would be before her in an hour recurred to her, and the thought of how he would feel and look and act upset her self-possession, and made her falter in the advances she was about to make to Lady Annesleigh. But Lady Annesleigh, who was very keen on beauty, had already marked her.

"Who is the girl with the crown of gold?" she asked of the hostess.

And the hostess, who was proud of her well-selected library, and her handsome companion, answered:

"My secretary, Miss Langton; quite a jewel. I wouldn't have her in the house for the world, if I had a son."

Lady Annesleigh laughed easily.

"Those fears are quite out of date; men are so much wiser than they were. What does she do?"

"Everything."

"And how does she do it?"

"Magnificently. I hope no one will discover her value, and rob me of her. She saves me all trouble, and sings like a prima donna, for thirty pounds a year."

"Make her sing now," Lady Annesleigh said, putting up her glass.

And at the same moment Bernhard came into the room. Ella felt as if the words, "Bernhard, don't you know me?" were painted on her face, as, after speaking to Mrs. Chalons and his mother, he turned and scanned the form and features of the girl, who wore his twisted ring on her finger.

"A golden beauty!" was his thought, as he let his gaze travel away from her. "Never seen her before."

It was a relief to her just then that Mrs. Chalons came up with the polite command: "My dear, will you sing?"

REMINDED.—"THE SUNBEAMS FELL LIKE SHATTERED GOLD THROUGH THE LEAVES—FELL DOWN BRIGHTLY, FLICKERINGLY ON THE TWO YOUNG HEADS."

The acute agony she experienced at his non-recognition could not have been borne in silence. She must either have laughed or cried out. Heaven help the women who laugh in their anguish! They suffer more than those who weep.

As she must do something, she felt that it would be as well to sing. And so she got herself away to the piano.

As she seated herself, and took off her gloves, she stole another look at him, and he was looking at her admiringly. His lips had left a kiss on hers that had never been brushed off! And he had forgotten her! Oh, the pain and shame of it!

She plunged into something, and sang it well, though every fibre trembled. When she had finished, she found he was standing by her, ready to offer her a compliment. And again she turned her great violet eyes upon him, and he did not know her. The little ring shone in the lamplight on her slender finger, for Ella never killed it by wearing another. And he admired her fingers, and never noticed the ring.

He spoke to her of her masters, of those who had trained her voice, discoursing about them and it intelligently. Her voice reminded him of a queen of song whom he had heard in Vienna, and he "never forgot a voice," he said. "Would she sing again? He would like to remember hers."

How dear he was to her, in spite of all his cruel unconsciousness! How desperately dear! How she hated Lady Annesleigh for coming up just then, and putting her hand on her son's arm, and telling him that she must "take him away." How she envied the mother—how she loved the son!

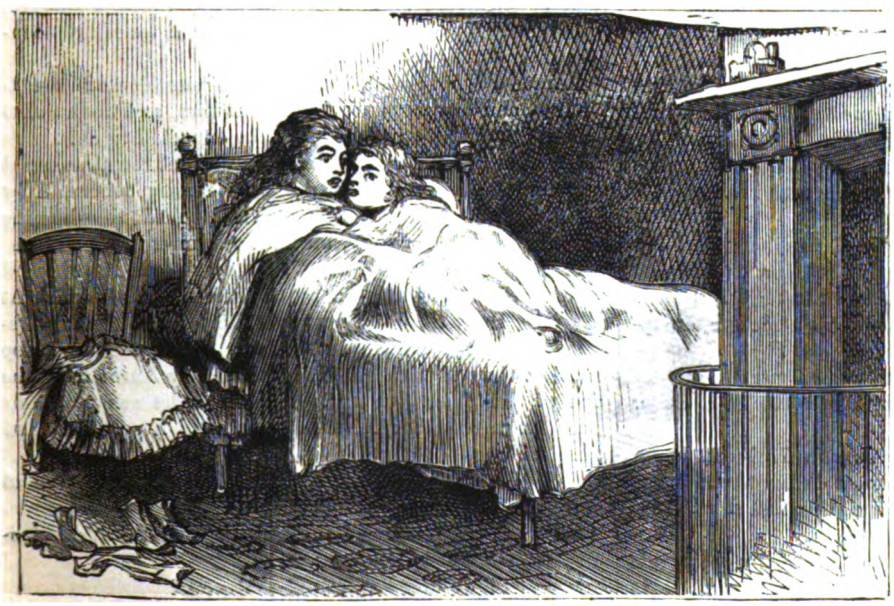
"I am to hear one more song, and then I am at your service, mother. You will sing again, will you not?" he pleaded. And Lady Annesleigh backed his request with:

"It was asking too much, but do!"

She could not resist the impulse. Before her, as she battled with it for an instant, rose the scene, and the actors in it. The day that was full of all Summer glory, warmth, sweetness, and light. That velvet lawn, and weeping-willow, and rose-covered vicarage, and the splendid boy-hero to whom she had read Praed's poems. She could not resist the impulse. Come what would, he should be reminded of it, too.

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.—SEE POEM, PAGE 727.

"And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost."



"And the Children said, as they closer drew,
'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through."

And so, when her pearly notes, in all their purity and clearness, next smote his ears, they fell on the words:

"We were children together! Oh, brighter than mine
Are the eyes that are looking their love on you now."

And, after one eager, gasping glance, he exclaimed:

"Why, it's Ella—Ella Langton!" and her song was at an end.

It would be pleasant to have to record that, as she was revealed to him, so his love for her returned without delay. But mine is a true tale, and, therefore, I cannot wrest facts to my own pleasure in any such way.

As he recognized her, he admired her immensely, and

remembered that, even in her girlhood, she had not been gawky after the manner of girls. But he entirely forgot that he had loved her then, or that he had acted in such a way as to teach her to love him.

There was not the slightest approach to that high misdemeanor in social life—a scene. His self-possession was so perfect, so natural, that Ella at once recovered her own. True, she ceased singing the instant he exclaimed, "Why, it's Ella—Ella Langton!" but even his mother could find no fault with the slow, sweet smile, and very gentle inclination of the head with which the clever companion greeted her father's former pupil.

"Let me introduce you to my mother," he said, at once.

And then Ella found herself made known to Lady Annesleigh, who complimented her on the possession of a charming voice.

He did not notice the ring. As soon as she realized that he was absolutely without recollection of what she had supposed them to be to one an other, Ella took care that he should not see it. She slipped on her glove, and when that was on, she felt safer.

But she need have had no fear. He had forgotten the episode of the ring, as utterly as he had forgotten the words he had spoken when she read the poem under the willow-tree years ago—the same poem she had sung tonight.

Presently he asked for her father, and Ella had to ice herself in order to avoid breaking down, as she replied that he was dead.

He admired her very much. It was quite a treat to meet with that genuine golden hair in conjunction with such intensely violet eyes. She was altogether "good form, too," he told himself, and he lazily wondered if she were married? She had not corrected him when he introduced her to his mother as "Miss Langton"; but that might be solely due to the fact of her having lived long enough in the world to have discovered that it is not worth while to correct any one for anything.

She was dressed well, too. Bernhard liked women who dressed well. He recalled a vision of her in old days, climbing up a tree to get apples for him, in a torn dress and a ragged garden-hat.

"Are you living in town?" he asked.

"I am living here with Mrs. Chalons—and I must go and attend to some of my duties," she said, rising, and smiling at him just as composedly as if her heart had not been fearfully nigh to breaking with revived love and bitter disappointment. She had pictured meeting him in a thousand ways, but never like this—never like this.

He turned to his mother as Ella crossed the room.

"She must have made a sensation when she came out," he remarked.

"My dear Bernhard, 'a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair,' as she is, she has never come out or made a sensation, as you seem to think. She is and has been a governess or companion all her life, I suppose. But she is really a beautiful woman."

"Magnificent! I was in hopes she was married, that I might have seen more of her. She used to be a clever girl, I remember."

Then there was a fresh arrival. Lovely Lady St. John, the leader of the wildest, gayest, most daring set in town, entered, and in another minute a smile flashed round the friendly circle as Bartie Friel lounged in.

Of all obnoxious spectacles on the face of the earth, this one of her reckless infatuation was the most obnoxious to Lady St. John's brother. He was fond of her, proud of her beauty, well inclined to believe that there was, as she used to assure him, "no harm" in her intimacy with "poor Bartie."

But he could not endure the looks that were looked about the affair. And in exact proportion as he loved his sister, he loathed Bartie Friel.

So now, with a sterner face than Lady St. John's aspersers cared to smile into, he proceeded to take leave of his hostess, and bow himself out of the room. As he was doing this, he heard the man he most disliked in the world—the man who was callously compromising Ida, ask:

"Who is that with the jet in her hair? The loveliest woman out!" and as Bernhard heard this, he remembered that he had not said good-by to "the loveliest woman out," who was no other than his old friend and playfellow, Ella Langton.

He made his way back to her, and some little delay being caused by the increasing crowd, by the time he reached her side Bartie Friel was engaging her in conversation.

A sharp, angry spasm of annoyance—he could not define the cause of it—seized Bernhard Annesleigh, and he turned away and left the house without giving another word to Ella.

Well, it was over, and it was over without her having derogated from her feminine dignity at all. There was a certain amount of satisfaction in this, but the dubious satisfaction was not balanced altogether by the keen anguish she felt at that utter forgetfulness of his.

"After this, I can never wear his ring again," she thought, and she tried to take it off. That ring had been given to her as a pledge, and he had forgotten that he had given it.

That night the ring and his one letter were packed up together and carefully put aside. She could not make up her mind to destroy them, though something told her it would be better to do so. But "just a little longer," she pleaded with this instinct of hers. And so "just a little longer" she kept them.

Mrs. Chalons prided herself upon "living in a whirl." She went everywhere and received every one, and so Ella—her beautiful companion—was very much before the eyes of that portion of the world who constituted Mrs. Chalons's "set" at this juncture.

Further, Mrs. Chalons had "no prejudices," she was fond of averring, and so Bartie Friel, who was rather a black sheep by this time, received a warm welcome whenever he chose to come to the house.

He was a black sheep, but he was a marvelously attractive one, and so people talked about him, and about what he was doing and what he might be expected to do.

His admiration for Miss Langton did not remain a secret very long. Every one heard of it. Among others, Lady St. John and Bernhard Annesleigh. And the hearing caused the woman agony, and put the man in a passion.

It is greatly to be feared that every one is afflicted with that baleful thing—a too communicative friend. At any rate, Lady St. John was so afflicted, and thus it happened one day, when Bernhard was quietly having a cup of afternoon tea with his sister, that they learnt from the lips of this friend that "Mr. Bartie Friel was positively going to marry that Miss Langton who lived with Mrs. Chalons."

Lady St. John received the tidings with the utmost *sang froid*.

"Is he?" she asked, indifferently; and the friend replied in a friendly manner:

"Yes. I wonder he has not told you."

What could the "married woman" do but acquiesce in that wonder faintly?

"Bartie Friel marry that girl!" Bernhard Annesleigh exclaimed, the moment he was alone with Ida. "She shall know what he is before she's a day older. Why, she's a *good* girl. The fellow would shock her out of her life or her reason."

"Oh, Bernhard, spare him!" she muttered; "don't malign him."

Bernhard scowled.

"Then spare *me*," she pleaded, in a lower voice. "I know how you blame him, but spare me; let him marry her if he loves her;" and then she began to cry bitterly.

He would make no promise, but went away from her, feeling sorely distressed. Was she not his own sister?

"Poor girl," he thought, bitterly; and then he remembered the other one.

At least, he would go and hear from Ella Langton herself if there was any truth in this vile report. He could not help calling it a "vile report," as he reflected on some portions of Bartie's career, and contrasted them with all he knew of Ella.

"Why, I was in love with her *myself* when I was a lad," he thought; and he wondered if Ella marveled anything about that!

An hour later he was inquiring for Miss Langton at Mrs. Chalons's door, and hearing that she would receive him.

She was quite as composed as on the occasion of their meeting that night, which has been narrated—quite as composed and quite as beautiful. He could not bear to see her become a prey to a fellow like Bartie Friel.

"On the score of old friendship, I am going to presume greatly with you, Miss Langton," he began.

She opened her eyes.

"Haven't you forgotten the old friendship yet? What a wonderful memory!"

"I have not forgotten the old friendship, indeed," he replied, gently; "it prompts me to say something that you may not like to hear."

He paused, and her treacherous heart began to beat. But she was mistress of herself. His ring and his letter were nestling in her bosom all the while! And he could coolly speak of old "friendship."

"Men differ from women with a vengeance," she thought; "he has *kissed* me, and he asks if I have forgotten our old friendship."

"They say you are going to marry a man of whom you can know very little," he began, softly, and her face and heart grew like stone; "tell me, is this true?"

She made no answer, and he thought:

"She is resenting my interference; she has forgotten how fond I was of her when I was a boy, and she looks upon this as mere impertinence."

Nerving himself to the task by the thought of all he knew about Bartie Friel, and all he feared about Bartie Friel, he resolved:

"He shall never have her. The splendid creature, she deserves a better fate than to be a worn-out *roué's* wife;" and he spoke, warming with his words: "You're astonished at my presumption in interfering. I feel sure of that. But, Ella, I can't forget the old days when we were children together. Can you?"

She bent her head down lower, and he could not see her eyes; but he went on:

"You have forgotten a great deal, Ella; but I will remind you, and then you will feel that it is more than mere friendly interest that prompts me to interfere." Memory jogged him at this juncture, and he went on, glibly: "You may have forgotten how I loved you, darling——"

"Have not *you* been the one to forget?"

"On my faith, *no;* not now, when I see you again," he protested, ardently; and then, as he clasped her in his arms, she showed him the ring and the letter, and sang the last line of that reuniting song:

"Let us be what we were long ago—long ago."

WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.

By Bret Harte.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Woman stopped, as her babe she tossed,
And thought of the one she had long since lost,
And said, as her tear-drops back she forced,
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Children said, as they closer drew,
"'Tis some witch that is cleaving the black night through—
'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then blew,
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, "It will surely snow,
And fuel is dear, and wages low,
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

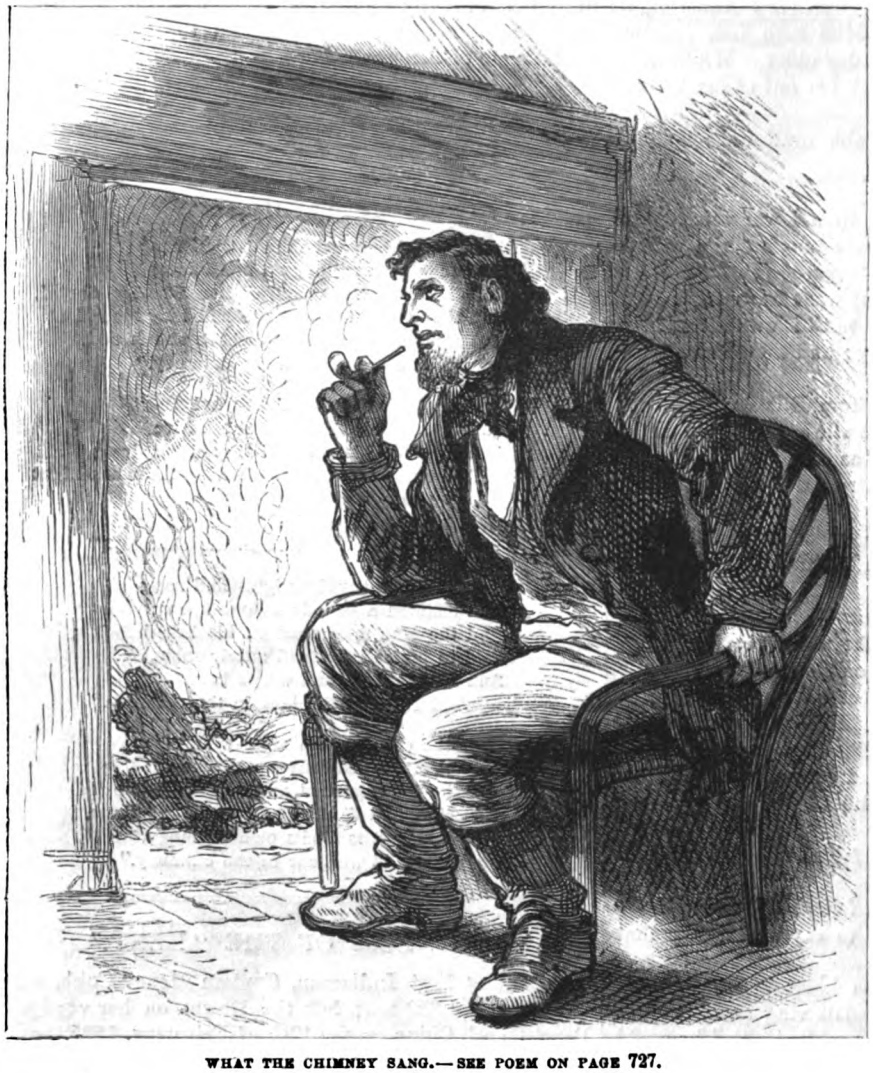
Over the chimney the night-wind sang
And chanted a melody no one knew;
But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man, and Woman, and Child—all three,
And said, "It is God's own harmony,
This wind we hear in the chimney."

THE LOSS OF THE "KENT."

The *Kent* East Indiaman, Captain Henry Cobb, a fine new ship of 1,350 tons, left the Downs on her voyage to Bengal and China on the 19th of February, 1825, having on board 651 persons, consisting of 344 soldiers of the 31st Regiment, with 20 officers, 43 women, and 66 children, private passengers to the number of 20, and a crew, including officers, of 148 men.

The vessel bore down the Channel with a fine breeze from the northeast, and losing sight of the English coast on the evening of the 23d, entered on the Atlantic. On the 28th, when in latitude 47° 30′ north and longitude 10° west, she was met by a violent gale, which continued increasing, and compelled her, on the 1st of March, to lie to under a triple-reefed main-top sail only. Being partly laden with shot and shell, the ship rolled heavily, dashing about the contents of the cuddy, to the no small alarm of the passengers.

Shortly before noon, one of the officers went below, and in the endeavor to secure a spirit-cask which had got adrift, stove the cask, and set the spirits on fire. In an instant the whole of that part of the after-hold was in flames; and though every exertion was made, both by soldiers and sailors, to subdue the fire by pumping, by pouring in water, and by the application of wet sails, it spread rapidly, and soon volumes of smoke were seen issuing from all the four hatchways at once. Seeing the imminence of the peril, Captain Cobb ordered the lower decks to be scuttled, the combings of the hatchways to be cut, and the lower ports to be opened. So instantaneously were these orders obeyed, that some of the sick soldiers lying below, one woman and several children were drowned before they had time even to endeavor to escape,



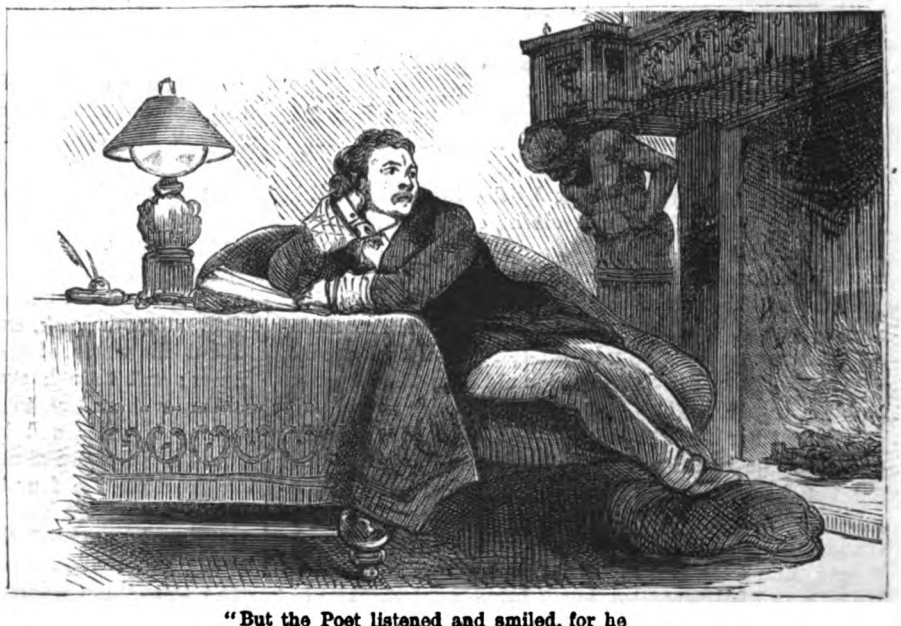
WHAT THE CHIMNEY SANG.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 727.

"And the Man, as he sat on his hearth below,
Said to himself, 'It will surely snow.'"

Meanwhile the waves beat furiously against the ship, and in one of the heavy lurches which she made, the binnacle was wrenched from its fastenings, and the whole apparatus of the compass dashed to pieces on the deck—an accident of most ominous import to some of those who witnessed it. At this moment Mr. Thompson, the fourth mate, sent a man to the fore-top to look out for a sail. As all eyes were watching him with unspeakable anxiety, the sailor waved his hat, and sung out: "A sail on the lee-bow!"—a cry which lightened every heart, and was responded to by three cheers from the deck. Up flew the flags of distress, and the next moment the minute-gun was fired, while the *Kent*, with all the sail she could safely make, bore down upon the stranger. From the violence of the gale, the guns were not heard; but the dense smoke from the burning ship told her sad tale, and in a few minutes the stranger was seen hoisting British colors, and crowding on her canvas to hasten to their relief. She proved to be the brig *Cambria*, Captain Cook, bound to Vera Cruz, and having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners.

Captain Cobb, Colonel Fearon, commanding officer of the troops, and Major Macgregor and others were suffocated by the smoke. The water checked the flames, but the ship became water-logged before the ports could be again closed.

A heart-rending scene ensued. From six to seven hundred human beings crowded the upper deck, and nearly the whole were in a state of indescribable confusion and terror. Some staggered from their berths nearly naked; some, panic-stricken and reduced to a condition of stupid insensibility, gazed vacantly around; and others, despairing, shrieked aloud for aid; while a number of older soldiers and sailors seated themselves doggedly over the magazine, with the expressed wish for a speedy termination of their sufferings. Some sank on their knees in silent prayer.



"But the Poet listened and smiled, for he
Was Man, and Woman, and Child—all three."

of the 31st, now consulted on the necessary preparations for getting out the boats; and it was resolved that the officers should move off "in funeral order"—the youngest first. Orders were issued at the same time by the colonel, that any man should be cut down who should dare to enter the boats before the women and children had left the vessel; an order which in the result happily proved superfluous, owing to the general subordination and discipline that prevailed.

THE LOSS OF THE "KENT."

The cutter was now got ready, and the lady passengers, with as many of the soldiers' wives and children as she would contain, were put into her, and she was lowered.

She reached the *Cambria*, and, to the unspeakable relief of the husbands and fathers who watched her course, deposited her precious cargo in safety.

As it was impossible, owing to the heavy sea, for the boats from the *Cambria* to come alongside the *Kent*, the remaining women and children had to be tied together, and lowered by ropes from the stern. Many of the younger children were, however, drowned before reaching the boats. Seeing this, some of the soldiers, hoping to save their children, leaped with them into the sea, and perished in the attempt to swim to the boats.

As the fire was extending, Captain Cobb and Colonel Fearon grew more and more anxious to get their men away from the wreck. To accelerate the transport, a rope was suspended from the head of the spanker-boom, and the men were directed to slide from it into the boats. Many, in preference, chose to leap from the stern windows, and trust to swimming or to the assistance of rafts made of hencoops, which had been lowered to form a kind of communication with the boats.

It was not until evening that the officers of the 31st began to leave the ship, with their several parties of soldiers, in the boats. Throughout the day, they had set the example of discipline and coolness, one and all of them emulating the conduct of their colonel, and acting under his orders with the same cheerful promptitude as on ordinary occasions.

Before darkness set in, most of the sailors had left the ship, and now the soldiers, in order that they might be distinguished in the gloom, bound pieces of white linen about their heads ere committing themselves to the water.

Between nine and ten o'clock the *Kent* had settled so low in the water, that it was evident she could not float for many hours longer. The remaining soldiers hesitated in the darkness to commit themselves to the rope hanging from the boom; and Captain Cobb, unable either by threats or persuasions to induce them to proceed, was compelled, with the remaining officers of the 31st, to provide for his own safety. It was not until the guns were heard exploding in the hold, and after every argument had been tried in vain to rouse the poor fellows, who seemed struck dumb and powerless with dismay, to make one effort for their preservation, that the gallant captain let himself down into the boat, having first seen the officers of the 31st, who so nobly stood by him to the last, accomplish the perilous descent. In doing this, Colonel Fearon had a hair's-breadth escape from death, being several times dashed by the waves against the side of the boat, once drawn completely under it, and only drawn into it at last by the hair of his head, dreadfully bruised and almost senseless. Not long afterward the flames burst forth from the stern windows, and all further escape by the boats was cut off. Some twenty of the soldiers yet remained in the chains and rigging, too panic-stricken to do aught for their own safety, while some few wretched individuals were below, senseless with drink.

Soon after the last boat reached the *Cambria*, the flames which had spread along the upper deck and poop of the *Kent* ascended with the rapidity of lightning to the masts and rigging, forming one general conflagration that illuminated the heavens to an immense distance, and was strongly reflected on several objects on board the brig. At length, the fire having communicated to the magazine, the long-threatened explosion was seen, and the blazing fragments of the once magnificent *Kent* were instantly hurled, like so many rockets, high into the air; leaving, in the comparative darkness that succeeded, the deathful scene of that disastrous day floating before the mind like some feverish dream.

TYROL AND THE TYROLESE.

By W. Seton.

One Summer evening, in the year 1878, I found myself standing on Maximilian Bridge, the newest and finest of the bridges which span the River Isar, in Munich. Beside me, leaning against the stone parapet, was my friend, John Upton, a talented art-student from Australia, and we were both watching a raft which floated swiftly toward us.

"How skillfully that man and woman guide it through the rapids," I said. "And by the feathers in their hats, and splendid physique, I know that they are Tyrolese."

"Ay, they come from those shining mountains which I long so much to visit," answered Upton, lifting his eyes from the darting, plunging raft, to the far-off, snow-crowned peaks of the Tyrol, flaming in the sunshine.

On the spot we agreed to spend our holiday in that romantic country, and accordingly, two days later, we set off, each carrying an alpenstock—a long and strong staff, sharpened at one end with iron—and an extra pair of shoes.

Up along the banks of the Isar we trudged, following a pretty path which skirts the riverside, happy as the skylarks warbling overhead, and passing many a raft steered by strong youths and buxom maidens with spirits as light as our own; for they sang as they floated by and waved their hands.

The first night we rested at a peasant's hut, on the battlefield of Hohenlinden; then, up betimes next morning; and on the evening of the third day, very fagged and hungry, we came to the village of Charnitz, deep in the mountains, and where the Isar is so narrow that I was able to jump across it. We were not long in finding the inn, which, let us observe, was in every way worthy of its name—it was christened The Angel. And at The Angel we drank the last good beer for several weeks.

The innkeeper's daughter, Moida by name—which means Mary—waited on us at table; a most fortunate thing, for her large, expressive black eyes tempered our appetites, causing us to look at her well-nigh as often as we looked at our plates; otherwise we might have eaten a surfeit of the nudel-soup, sausages, sauerkraut and chamois steaks which she had spread before us.

In Charnitz we spent Sunday, and the church, which is frescoed on the south side with a gigantic picture of St. Christopher bearing an infant—our Saviour in disguise—across an angry torrent, greatly interested my artist companion.

On either side of the church door lay some skulls, one of them with a name scratched upon its forehead; while in the centre of the graveyard, or, rather, God's-acre, rose a pile of bones in the shape of a pyramid. A grave here may be occupied only for seven years. When this time has expired the bones which have not yet crumbled to dust are reverentially taken up, sprinkled with holy water, then added to the ancient pile above mentioned; so that one may go and contemplate a bit of the skeleton of his great-grandfather; and we saw after Mass a number of people kneeling round these hallowed relics, telling their beads and praying for the souls of the dear departed.

Of course there was a ninepin alley connected with The Angel, and thither we betook ourselves after dinner.

"Is this keeping holy the Sabbath Day?" inquired Upton, with a twinkle in his eye, as he watched a young woman holding in her strong, sunburnt hand a ball, which she was about to roll at the pins.

"Well, I noticed this very girl at church," I replied.

"She prayed hard, so now let her play hard, for to-morrow she will be making hay and working harder than you or I."

Doubtless this lithe, handsome creature did, indeed, pass a good deal of her time in the open air, for she was exceedingly bronzed by the sun. She may likewise have been a little of a coquette, for a silver arrow was run through her dark braids, as if Cupid had shot at her without wounding, and left his missile entangled amid her tresses.

The venerable curate of Charnitz, who was a spectator of the game, informed us that the women of Tyrol lent their fathers and husbands much assistance in gathering in the crops and tending the sheep and cattle, and when the good man had done singing their praises we no longer wondered at their sunburnt hue; while as for their spirit and bravery, we know that Andreas Hofer, in his gallant struggle against the French and Bavarians, at the beginning of our century, found the women of these mountains almost as good fighters as the men—they could handle a pike about as well as a pitchfork.

Among the throng which had assembled near the ninepin alley the beer flowed freely—the same mug often serving for youth and maiden—and this communion of lips, we may well believe, was not only the more economical, but likewise the sweeter mode of sipping the beverage. What sighs, what sacred vows, were breathed into the mugs! The priest told me that such sympathetic potations not seldom ended in the building of a new cot on the mountain-side.

"For my people," said he, "marry early. We have no bachelors among us, and I am glad of it."

From Charnitz, Upton and I continued our way to Innspruck, the capital of the Tyrol. Its name signifies Bridge-across-the-Inn; for the city stands on either side of the River Inn. Here we visited the tomb of the patriot, Hofer, in the Church of the Franciscans. From Innspruck we footed it to the ancient mining town of Schwartz, which is situated in the middle of the Innthal, the fairest valley of the Tyrol. At Schwartz, instead of putting up at an hostelry, we found quarters with a miller, whose mill, three centuries old, stands on the edge of the Lemmbach, a roaring, dangerous stream, which rises far above, amidst the snow.

With this worthy miller we tarried a week, my companion making sketches, while I amused myself studying the simple, contented peasants round about us. One of them, Adolph Kirkmeyer, invited me to dinner. I dared not refuse, albeit my appetite was keen, and I knew that his noonday repast would not half satisfy me.

This good man's home is conspicuous for an immense cross, traced in white tiles, upon the roof; while inside I counted several crucifixes hanging on the wall. Alas! I cannot praise the dinner. It consisted of a big wooden bowl of broth, out of which each one helped himself in turn. There were no plates, but I had the honor of a spoon all to myself. Whilst I was eating I surveyed, with curiosity, Kirkmeyer's healthy children, and I concluded that it must be the pure air they breathed, and the moral lives of the parents which gave them such robust health; it certainly was not their diet. A weakly child would soon go to God's-acre under such treatment; nature would weed it out. And I asked myself whether not a little of our modern dyspepsia and want of vigor were not owing to our hothouse nurture, which permits the puny being to grow up and propagate its puniness.

One day I climbed to the summit of the Kellnerfoch, a mountain between seven and eight thousand feet high, and the highest within twenty miles of Schwartz. The path runs by Kirkmeyer's door; and his son, a boy of twelve, volunteered to be my guide. On the way up, at well-nigh every hundred yards I passed a crucifix with a bunch of wild-flowers fastened to it. I also met three or four Franciscan friars. Likewise a man and a woman, each laden with a basketful of rosaries, prayer-books, and other objects of devotion.

Young Kirkmeyer seized the hand of one of the friars and kissed it. And when presently I asked why he had done so, he replied: "Because he is a priest, and a good friend, too."

There was much in this response. To rightly understand the Tyrolese one must never forget the sandal-shod, rope-girdled friars of St. Francis, who have made this land, so to speak, their spiritual hunting-grounds. Everywhere you meet them; in the deepest valleys, on the loftiest pasture grounds, fording wild torrents, braving the avalanche.

But not only do they bring religious consolation to the mountaineers. They likewise carry the news of the day to those who otherwise would know little or nothing of what is going on in the great, busy world below. They are walking books and newspapers. And as the precepts which these indefatigable men inculcate tend to make the peasants chaste in their morals, as well as content with their toilsome lot, I am no longer surprised that suicide and insanity are scarcely known in the Tyrol, and that not in a long day's march will you discover a female who is not virtuous.

I doubt if I ever passed a happier day than this day—climbing the Kellnerfoch. When we reached the height of about two thousand feet, we began to hear the tinkling of cowbells, and on almost every rock we espied a goat wagging his beard at us. A new flower, the spotless Edelweiss, now made its appearance, and my guide gathered me a bunch, and sticking it in my hat, exclaimed:

"Now thou art a Tyrolese!"

At one of the cabins where we paused to drink a glass of milk, I heard for the first time a *zither* played. This is a stringed instrument, not unlike the guitar; but instead of being held in the hand, it is placed on a table.

The herds of sheep and cattle which were grazing around us had been driven thither only a few days before, and were to remain until the middle of October. At this altitude, flies do not worry them, and the grass keeps fresh and green.

How I felt in this remote, reposeful spot—in the midst of happy shepherds and listening to the *zither* and cowbells, I can scarcely describe. A temptation came over me to settle here, to become a shepherd, and never, never move away. Still, far above me, I beheld the glowing peak of the Kellnerfoch—a wreath of snow encircling it, while rising up out of the snow was a cross, which I was told had been erected many years before by a prayerful chamois-hunter.

Two hours more of hard climbing brought us to the summit of the mountain, and I may truthfully say that the view—the grand view! well repaid me for my toil. But not being used to such severe exertion, I presently threw myself down by the chamois-hunter's cross, and rested and mused until the sun was verging toward the chain of mountains lying west of the Innthal. But I was not sorry that I waited until it was so late ere I turned my steps homeward, for this was the 24th of June—St. John's Day—when the mountaineers are in the habit of lighting bonfires at dusk on every conspicuous point; and these fires they keep burning all through the night, in honor of St. John the Baptist, who heralded the coming of the Messiah.

A TYROLESE PASTOR ON HIS SUNDAY ROUND FROM ONE CHURCH TO ANOTHER.

PEASANTS AT A BOWLING ALLEY.

I counted more than a score of bonfires as I descended; and by the time I got to the mill, where I found my friend anxiously waiting for me, the Angelus bells were ringing in every direction. It was like a breeze of music blowing wildly and dying away in sighs. The bonfires, flaming far and near, seemed to have taken voice—perhaps some star, or many stars were singing, and this was the distant vibration of their chorded strain.

I was loath to bid adieu to Schwartz. But as Upton wished to cross the Brenner Pass, and visit Botzen and the Dollamites, I yielded to his wishes; and accordingly, after having spent seven days at the mill, we turned our faces southward.

A WINTER SCENE IN THE TYROL.

Wherever we went we met the same happy, God-fearing people, and the more we saw of them, the better we liked them.

The Tyrol has been populated from ancient times by free peasants, who earn indeed a scanty livelihood. But they are frugal and industrious; and at

one spot we actually saw a young fellow cutting grass in a meadow which was so very steep that he was obliged to secure himself by a rope fastened to his waist.

Since 1363, the country has formed a part of the Empire of Austria, which guaranteed to it certain rights and privileges, and these it has ever since jealously preserved.

In every village is a school which children are obliged to attend; and the University of Innspruck is one of the best in the Empire.

We conclude with the translation of a few lines from that charming poetess, Cordula Peregrina:

"Where find another land like thee—Tyrol?
Where heavenward rears so proud the rock's steep crest?
Where hushed in dreams do greener valleys rest?
Where sunlit streams in wilder torrents foam?
This the lone wanderer at each step doth ask—
And echo answers to his listening soul:
God hath blest thee—blessed land, Tyrol!
God bless thy meadows green,
God bless thy lakes so blue,
God bless thy rugged peaks,
God bless thy hearts so true!"

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

"OF course my reputation preceded me; you've been in my father's house six months, my pretty cousin, and in the three that elapsed before my arrival, you must have been pretty thoroughly posted as to the one black sheep of this virtuous family. Don't say no. An accurate knowledge of my relations assures me that they have been as frank on this occasion as on many similar ones in the past."

Jack Dangerfield delivers these remarks in his laziest drawl, looking up from his place on the hassock at Ethel Mason's feet, in the half-lighted, deserted parlor. They are all alone to-night, for Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters have gone to some ball or reception, whither Cousin Ethel's little cough would not permit her to accompany them. As for Jack, *he* never goes to balls or receptions; he eschews society in general, and that of his family in particular.

"I haven't heard your sisters speak of you very often," says Ethel, hesitating, as faithful memory leads her back through the few conversations which have had Mr. Jack for a text. They were explicit enough, if brief and far between.

"No, I suppose not; but when they don't speak, they imply, by signs and hints, that 'we could an if we would,' and so on, as Hamlet said. So be it. I wouldn't deprive them of such a pregnant theme for all the world; only," he says, quickly, and his gray eyes darken and flash, "I could find it in my heart to wish that they had spared *you* the recital, that I might have had a fair field and no favor with my Cousin Ethel."

"Your Cousin Ethel admits no outside influences to bear on her friendships," says the girl, smiling, "and you know that we are fast friends, you and I."

"Are we? Yes, I believe we came to a mutual compact of that sort; friends as fast as a hopelessly good-for-nothing, God-forsaken fellow, and an ignorant, innocent, little, tender-hearted woman *can* make. You sit afar off with folded hands, and your white garments held up safely out of the mud, and feel sorry, in an angelic fashion, for my sins, and I—look up out of the pit, and think how I might have lived for you *once*, and wish to God I might die for you now."

Jack Dangerfield's lazy little drawl is quite gone; the storm of a sudden passion has swept all the languor and world-weariness from out his dark, discontented face.

"Jack!"

He stops her before she can add another word.

"Hush!" starting to his feet, and standing tall and straight before her, and looking down at the little side-long-leaning figure and the upturned face. "I knew it would have to come—I—I—can't have my Cousin Ethel for my friend. I must lose all, because I——"

"Oh, don't, Jack—don't say it!" she cries, his meaning flashing upon her with pure pain and pity. "Oh, what have I done?"

"Done! What God Himself can't undo, unless He kills my soul with my body. I shall love you through all eternity—love you and hunger for you as I do now, Ethel," and he bends over her, his hand upon the chair. "Ethel, let me alone for a minute—just one! Don't answer me; let me have my dream for that little while, before the bitter wrench comes, as I know it *must!*"

There is a hush in the room as he turns away. He walks to the window and leans his forehead against the pane, staring out into the black street.

The clock ticks on, and the ashes drop in the grate while they wait—these two—on whose hearts every sound falls with a shock, every minute drops leadenly.

"Ethel!"

He comes at last and kneels down by her, stretching his arms out over her lap and looking up, haggardly, as if he were praying for pity at a shrine.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

She hides her face in her hands, because she cannot bear that look in his, or that craving quest of the great gray eyes.

Jack Dangerfield is quite still for a minute, only he draws his breath with one hard sigh.

"*Are* you sorry for me?" he says, at last, in a whisper. "God knows I need it!"

"I'm so sorry! I'd give up my life to—to comfort you, Jack, if you'd only let me be your friend—your sister!"

There is a grim, heartsick smile on Jack's mouth at this purely womanly suggestion. His teeth shut together for a minute till they grit, and he turns his face away.

"Ethel, between you and me there never could be any love but—but *the one*, and that's impossible. I've wiped the last chance out years ago, and I knew it when I looked in your face the first time. I never was mad enough to hope it, child. I only used to think of it sometimes—how it might be if I had a new life to live, and your hands to hold all the way."

He drops his head on her knees, and the little, soft, womanly hand creeps over it, touching the dark hair, pitifully.

"Jack, is it *very* hard to bear?"

"God keep *you* from ever knowing!" he says, hoarsely.

"He has shown me," whispers Ethel Mason.

Jack lifts his head up with a start. He looks into her eyes and sees in them, for the first time, the strange likeness of his own despair.

"Will you let me tell you something? Nobody ever knew it, and nobody ever will, except you. I want you to know how sorry I can be for this, and—and—why it is so utterly impossible. I had my chance of happiness once, Jack," with a pitiful little smile, "and I killed it myself—the only love I ever cared for and wanted, or ever

shall, I put away from me—just by my own folly; and there is nothing more hopelessly dead and gone than my chance of ever being glad again in this world, Jack."

He has no answer for a minute, except to take up her two hands and kiss them. Not passionately now, only reverently, as if they were something holy—tenderly, as a mother would kiss her sick and sorrowful child.

"My darling—my darling! If I could only take it away from you!"

"You see it never could be as—as you wish it," she says, drooping her face. "I never could give another man what I gave him. And he never will know it now, or know I'm sorry, but that is my punishment. Jack, don't talk about it to me"—she breaks off, drawing her hands from his, with a sudden shiver of pain. "It's all hopeless and over, and done with, and I never shall care for myself again, whether I live or die; but I *do* care for you, dear, and I want to help you if you'll let me; if you show me the way to make some one living creature a little happier or better, because of *me*."

Her voice and her eyes are both full of tears, but he does not seem to see them or hear them.

"Help *me!* It's no use, little cousin," he says, bitterly. "No use fighting the devil, for he was born in me—it's in my blood. Ethel," grasping her hand back again in his, "if I ever said a prayer it wouldn't be for my own worthless soul, but for *you*—for your God to bless you, my darling, and bring you back your——"

Then Jack Dangerfield's voice gets stifled in his throat, and the words halt. He cannot bring his lips to say "your lover."

There is a soft roll of carriage wheels outside in the night; Mrs. Dangerfield is coming from her ball. As Ethel hears it she springs up; and so doing, gives a little cry, as something falls flashing from her dress, and rolls on the carpet.

"My locket!—oh, take care!" for Jack steps aside quickly—too quickly. The little blue-and-gold toy that he had seen every day round her neck lay just at his feet, and his boot-heel has crushed it, as Ethel cries out to him. He drops on one knee to pick it up.

"By Jove! I'm sorry—I didn't see it. It's too bad! I'm awfully sorry, Ethel!"

What has Mr. Dangerfield discovered? A name inside the golden circlet, and the small colored likeness of a man's face—a comely face enough, blue-eyed and fair, and full of a right royal pride. His eyes rest greedily on it for a second, and then flash up into hers. They ask a single question, and they have their answer.

"Give it to me," cries Ethel, hurriedly, the blood rushing hotly to her face. "Oh, let me go! Don't let them find me here!"

"Stop one minute," he says, laying a hand on her shoulder, and facing her with a strangely white, set look. "Tell me, Ethel, you loved him. Would you—should you have married him?"

"I told you not to speak to me about him. Why do you ask me that? I *should!*" she says, passionately, breaking away from him.

He lets her go. There is no more now to ask or to hear. And when the night-key rattles in the lock, and Mrs. Dangerfield and her daughters troop rustling into the hall, they see Jack standing alone in the parlor, lighting a cigar as he leans against the mantelpiece, staring at the mirror's faithful reflection of his handsome face.

* * * * * * *

"Jack, have you any engagement for Tuesday next?"

"A positive one, my dear sister."

"Oh, I supposed so. Of course!" says Miss Louise, shrugging her shoulders, as she glances at her brother across the dining-table. "I know you always have an engagement when we want you; only I *did* imagine that you might strain a point to oblige us on this occasion."

"Is it so momentous a one?"

"Only that we're disappointed in our escort to the Academy. *I'm* of no consequence, of course, but I know Ethel has set her heart on going."

"Indeed, I don't care," begins Ethel.

"Very sorry," says Mr. Dangerfield, raising his eyebrows. "It's extremely painful to me to decline so pleasant a duty, but, as I said, my engagement is positive."

"I should like to know——"

"Where it is? On the Union Pacific Railroad. By Tuesday next I devoutly hope to be steaming across the continent."

"Jack Dangerfield, what *do* you mean?" cry three voices in chorus.

"That I'm tired of the customs of the East, and intend to shake the dust of this section in particular off my feet, please God, the day after to-morrow."

"Going back! Why, you haven't been home three months from San Francisco!"

"Judge of the tugging at my heartstrings that draws me that way after so brief an absence."

Mr. Dangerfield rises deliberately, straightens up his six feet of comely proportion, and looks down in his listless, half-scornful fashion at the wondering faces of his family. As he looks, his eye catches Ethel's. His own sallow, colorless face turns a shade paler, and he gnaws in his mustache, savagely.

"It's very extraordinary!" begins the elder Miss Dangerfield.

"I leave you to con it at your leisure," her brother interrupts, coolly. "I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that, for once in my life, my movements meet your full and exact approbation."

With which last speech he turns and walks out of the room, and he has not heard one word from Ethel—either of wonder or remonstrance, or simple curiosity.

* * * * * * *

So Jack Dangerfield, according to his suddenly matured plan, goes steaming across the continent. Nobody is very sorry that he is gone—except his Cousin Ethel, perhaps, who misses the kindly, gentle courtesies of this good-for-nothing, and finds a blank where she had seen his dark, comely face, with its bitter, unmistakable stamp of satiety. Nobody else has been very fond of Jack, since he was a soft-lipped, curly-haired little child; he has been away from home half his grown-up life, and the other half has been filled full of anything but family love and harmony.

He has always been a sort of skeleton in the household closet; a source of disquietude and dread, for nobody knew what disgraceful thing Jack might be doing next, and in what way he might not break loose from the trammels of respectability and decorum. And when he is fairly out of New York, and three thousand miles lie between the family ears and the rumor of his misdeeds, there is a sort of breathing-space—a sense of relief at the intervening space.

Only Ethel is sorry, as I have said. If Jack could only know how she lies awake at night and thinks of him—even him!—and grieves over his wasted life and love, and his misused years, and wonders what the end will be, and puts all the grief and wonder into her nightly prayers—if Jack could know it, three thousand miles away, would it not be better with him?

* * * * * * *

It is night—a dark, stormy night, in the midst of the

LIGHTING THE FIRES ON ST. JOHN'S DAY IN TYROL.

Californian Sierras. There are gusts of wind and rain, and the brawling, noisy little river, swollen broad and deep with the storms, is roaring its loudest in answer to the wind that raves down the long, dark cañon, past the little mining camp. There is not a star in the sky, only a steady red spark in the midst of the blackness, low down at the feet of the pine forest—a little spark that shines in the window of Guy McLeod's cabin. And Guy is sitting by the solitary light, all alone, leaning his arms on the pine table, with his hands clinched in his fair, curly hair, and poring over the last San Francisco paper which has found its way by slow and circuitous stages to the camp.

Once in a while he looks up and listens, when a louder gust shakes the canvas roof, and the rain patters harder outside; or his eyes roam round the small space and the rough furnishings—the empty chair, waiting for another occupant; the bear-skins on the floor; the bunk in the corner, and the French lithograph nailed above it — kept for some fancied likeness, maybe — the swinging shelf with its few books, and the rifle against the wall—the dim candle-light flickering on these household gods, as the neglected wick gets longer; sometimes he stares dreamily on, forgetting all these, and the dingy printed sheet before him, while he puffs away at his pipe, and makes pictures that have little to do, perchance, with mining stocks or Californian politics, out of the gray smoke-wreaths. And all on a sudden, he starts up, with a keen, thoroughly awakened light in his blue eyes—so curiously blue in the sunburnt face—and stepping to the door, flings it open, letting in a great sweep of drenching rain.

A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.—"HE COMES AT LAST, AND KNEELS DOWN BY HER, STRETCHING HIS ARMS OUT OVER HER LAP."

There is another sound outside than the river's brawling with its boulders, and the roar of the wind with the pine-trees. Guy hears a horse's hoof-beats clattering down the cañon, coming nearer and nearer, and as he strains his ears to listen, he catches a shout, a very faint one, half-drowned in the noise of the storm. In another minute, the horse and the rider flash into sight, in the bar of red light that shines through the cabin window, and Guy springs out, just in time to help a reeling, swaying figure down from the saddle, and support it in his strong arms inside the door.

"Jack Dangerfield! My God! is it you, old fellow?"

Jack Dangerfield's face, in truth—ashy white, wet with the rain that has drenched his bare head, hollow-eyed, haggard, and touched with the finger of death. His clothes are soaked, and one sleeve is torn away from his arm, which hangs, as though broken, by his side; and when Guy half lifts, half drags him to the bunk in the corner, and tears open the coat, buttoned tight across the breast, he finds a dark red patch staining the gray flannel shirt.

"Drink this down, Jack—don't say a word, old man!" he orders, briefly and business-like.

No wondering or questioning for a minute. He holds up the heavy head, and puts the brandy to the stiff white lips, watching eagerly till he sees a shade of color creeping into them.

"Give me more!" Jack whispers, hoarsely, closing his hand over Guy's wrist. "Keep me as long as you can! I've—I've come to—tell you something. Oh, God! for half an hour longer!"

"You'll be all right in half an hour. There, lie down

and let me take off those wet things; and tell me, old fellow, for God's sake! what brings you back here, and what's happened?"

"Let me alone!" mutters Jack, turning his haggard face and wild eyes upon the kindly, troubled face above him. "Don't bother with me; only stop this terrible bleeding, just till I've told you, and then it's all up with me, McLeod! I was shot at down by Fire Forks—I—I've been riding day and night—I—came back here to find you, and—— Give me your hand, I can't see you clear, Guy."

Guy kneels by the side of the bunk, and with such rude surgery as can be improvised on the moment, he binds the ragged bullet-hole, from out whose lips the soul of Jack Dangerfield is wavering already for its flight. Poor old Jack! A kind-hearted, gone-to-the-devil fellow, who had stood by his side in many a rough place through their camp-life; who never left him in trouble, but turned his back at the first streak of luck, and set his face homeward again four months ago; who comes back now, riding through the night and the storm, with the death-damps thick upon his wan face, and a bullet in his breast.

"There," Guy says, bending down. "Take one more swallow, Jack—there! I'm close to you, listening to you, dear boy."

"I've been home," the dying man sobs out between the breaths that come so hard—"home—and I've seen *her*—I've seen Ethel Mason!"

"Ethel Mason!"

"There isn't but one, is there? Only one for you, and for me, too—me, too, McLeod! I found her in my mother's house, and—you know the old story—she was sorry, and she would be my friend, and help *me!* And—and—she loved another man!"

"What are you telling me this for, Dangerfield?" Guy asks, hoarsely, the color wavering in his bronzed face. "By heaven, I don't know what you mean!"

"You don't?" Jack lifts his head, rises with a great struggle, on his arm, and stares full into McLeod's blue eyes. "You don't know that face? Tell me the truth, as you hope for God's mercy, Guy McLeod!"

His weak hand has groped and found something in his breast, inside the gray shirt; it is a woman's picture, the edges reddened with that spreading stain, and Guy looks at it and mutters a great oath under his breath through trembling lips.

"You *do* know it? It's she—*your* Ethel—my Cousin Ethel. For God Almighty's sake, go back to her, Guy—go back, and tell her I sent you, because—because she was sorry."

"Your cousin?" stammers Guy.

"I knew you were the man," Jack whispers, very weakly. "I saw your face in her locket, and your name, and so—I—came to tell you. She said—wait, I remember every word—'she never could give another man what she had given *him*—the only love she ever cared for, or ever could.' And she meant you, Guy; she thought you'd never know, but I've come to bring you the message for *her*—just for her sake, because—she—loves you!"

"Jack, Jack, dear old fellow!" Guy's face hides itself in the blanket; the rough couch shakes where his strong arms rest upon it.

"I have been in the saddle these three days, riding—with all the powers of evil trying to drag me back! I thought I was gone when that accursed gang stopped me to-night; I rode through them, and rode for my life, though, and—and—you see I've told you, Guy. But I've got a bullet in here, and it's all up with me—better so, better so!"

The words die on his lips; the heavy eyelids droop and close, and Jack lies breathing short and hard, while the icy whiteness creeps and creeps over his face, whose old cynical fashion has gone for ever.

"No, no, Jack—dear old man, it can't be—you *shall not* die!" starting up and facing the grim fact in helpless protest.

A dim, slow smile dawns on the chilly mouth, and Jack's hand moves a little, a very little, toward his breast.

"You'll go to her? Promise—swear it—quick! You'll go back again?"

"I will, by God! I swear it, Jack; and you shall go, too, my dear fellow——"

"Bury me here," he says, hoarsely, not hearing or not heeding the words. "At the old camp, and—and—tell *her*, be *sure* to tell her how I came for you——"

There is a ghastly rattle in his throat, and the half-spoken sentence never will be finished. Only the gray eyes open wide and clear, and with one great bound the soul of Jack Dangerfield shakes from it the old wearisome fetters of clay, and wins, at a single stride, the land where in God's sight it shall be good for something.

ABOUT ENGRAVING.

"LINE" engraving is of the highest order. All great engravings are done in "lines"—simple straight lines. Next comes "the line and stipple." "Stipple" means dots—small dots like these . . . . These small dots are used to lighten up the high parts of face or drapery. It is very hard to engrave a face in lines simply, and only master engravers have ever undertaken it. The masters understand and practice both "line and stipple." Claude Mellon engraved in 1700 a full head of Christ in one unbroken line. This line commenced at the apex of the nose, and wound out and out, like a watch-spring, until it ended in the border of the picture. Mezzotint engravings are produced thus: The steel or copper is made rough, like fine sand-paper. To produce effects, this rough surface is scraped off. If you want a white face or "high light" in your engraving, scrape the surface smooth, and then the ink will not touch it. If you want faint color, scrape off a little. Such engravings look like photographs.

Etching is adapted to homely and familiar sketches. Almost all the great painters were etchers. Etching is done thus: The copper or steel plate is heated and covered with black varnish; the etcher draws with sharp needles, working on the surface as he would on paper with a pen. Nitric acid is then poured over the plate, and eats away at the steel and copper wherever the needle has scraped off the varnish. When the varnish is removed with spirits of turpentine, the engraving is seen in the sunken lines of the plate.

MARVELS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

WHILE the gastric juice has a mild, bland, sweetish taste, it possesses the power of dissolving the hardest food that can be swallowed. It has no influence whatever on the soft and delicate fibres of the living stomach, nor upon the living hand, but at the moment of death it begins to eat them away with the power of the strongest acids.

There is dust on sea, on land, in the valley and on the mountain-top; there is dust always and everywhere; the atmosphere is full of it; it penetrates the noisome dungeon, and visits the deepest, darkest caves of the earth;

no palace-door can shut it out, no drawer so secret as to escape its presence; every breath of wind dashes it upon the open eye, yet that eye is not blinded, because under the eyelid there is incessantly emptying itself a fountain of the blandest fluid in nature, which spreads itself over the surface of the eye at every winking and washes every atom of dust away. But this liquid, so mild and so well adapted to the eye, itself has some acridity, which, under certain circumstances, becomes so decided as to be scalding to the skin, and would rot away the eyelids, were it not that along the edges of them are little oil manufactories, which spread over their surface a coating as impervious to the liquids necessary for keeping the eyelids washed clean as the best varnish is impervious to water.

The breath which leaves the lungs has been so perfectly divested of its life-giving properties, that to rebreathe it unmixed with other air, the moment it escapes from the mouth, would cause immediate death by suffocation; while if it hovered about us, more or less destructive influence over health and life would be occasioned. But it is made of a nature so much lighter than the common air, that the instant that it escapes the lips and nostrils it ascends to the higher regions above the breathing point, there to be rectified, renovated and sent back again, replete with purity and life. How rapidly it ascends is fully exhibited every frosty morning.

But, foul and deadly as the expired air is, nature, wisely economical in all her works and ways, turns it to good account in its outward passage through the organs of the voice, making of it the whispers of love, the soft words of affection, the tender tones of human sympathy, the sweetest strains of ravishing music, the persuasive eloquence of the finished orator.

If a well-made man be extended on the ground, his arms at right angles with the body, a circle making the navel its centre will just take in the head, the finger-ends and the feet. The distance from top to toe is precisely the same as that between the tips of the fingers when the arms are extended. The length of the body is just six times that of the foot, while the distance from the edge of the hair on the forehead to the edge of the chin is one-tenth the length of the whole stature.

Of the sixty-two primary elements known in nature, only eighteen are known in the human body, and of these seven are metallic. Iron is found in the blood, phosphorus in the brain, limestone in the bile, lime in the bones, and dust and ashes in all! Not only these eighteen human elements, but the whole sixty-two of which the universe is made, have their essential basis in the four substances of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, representing the more familiar names of fire, water, saltpetre, and charcoal. And such is man, the lord of earth! —a spark of fire, a drop of water, a grain of powder, an atom of charcoal.

A SHORT HISTORY OF WHEAT.

The varieties of wheat are numberless, and their character varies widely under the influence of cultivation and climate. There are said to be one hundred and eighty distinct varieties in the Museum of Cornell University. On the slopes of the mountains of Mexico and Xalapa the luxuriance of vegetation is such that wheat does not form ears. In Japan, it is said the wheat has been so developed by the Japanese farmers, that no matter how much manure is used, the straw will not grow larger, though the length of the ears increases. The height is rarely more than two feet, and often no more than twenty inches. Through selection Winter wheat has been changed to Summer wheat in three years, and Summer wheat converted in the same time to Winter wheat. In general, wheat is the most esteemed of the cereal productions; but in Abyssinia, according to Parkyns, the flour of the "teff" or "dugassa," scarcely palatable to Europeans, is preferred by the natives to any other grain.

Isis was supposed to have introduced wheat into Egypt, Demeter into Greece, and the Emperor Chin Wong into China, about 3,000 B.C. In Europe it was cultivated before the period of history, as samples have been recovered from the lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland. In England it was probably not cultivated by the ancient Britons, but the Anglo-Saxons, when Bede wrote, early in the eighth century, sowed their wheat in the Spring; and in the days of Queen Elizabeth its cultivation was but partial. Indeed, wheat was an article of comparative luxury till nearly the seventeenth century. In India wheat seems not to be native, but introduced, as its Sanscrit name signifies "food of the barbarian"; yet three varieties are mentioned in the Bhavaprakasa, one of which, a large-grained, is said to have come from the West; and another, a small-grained or beardless wheat, is said to have been indigenous to Middle India.

The first wheat raised in the New World was sown by Spaniards on the Island of Isabella, in January, 1494, and on March 30th the ears were gathered. The foundation of the wheat harvest of Mexico is said to have been three or four grains carefully cultivated in 1530, and preserved by a slave of Cortez. The crop of Quito was raised by a Franciscan monk in front of the convent. Garcilasso de la Nerga affirms that in Peru, up to 1547, wheaten bread had not been sold at Cuzco. Wheat was first sown by Gosnold on Cuttyhunk, one of the Elizabeth Islands in Buzzard's Bay, off Massachusetts, in 1602, when he first explored the coast. In 1604, on the Island of St. Croix, near Calais, Me., the Sieur de Monts had some wheat sown, which flourished finely. In 1611 the first wheat appears to have been sown in Virginia. In 1626 samples of wheat grown in the Dutch colony at New Netherlands were shown in Holland. It is probable that wheat was sown in the Plymouth colony prior to 1629, though we find no record of it, and in 1629 wheat was ordered from England to be used as seed. In 1718 wheat was introduced into the Valley of the Mississippi by the "Western Company." In 1799 it was among the cultivated crops of Simos Indians of the Gila River, New Mexico.

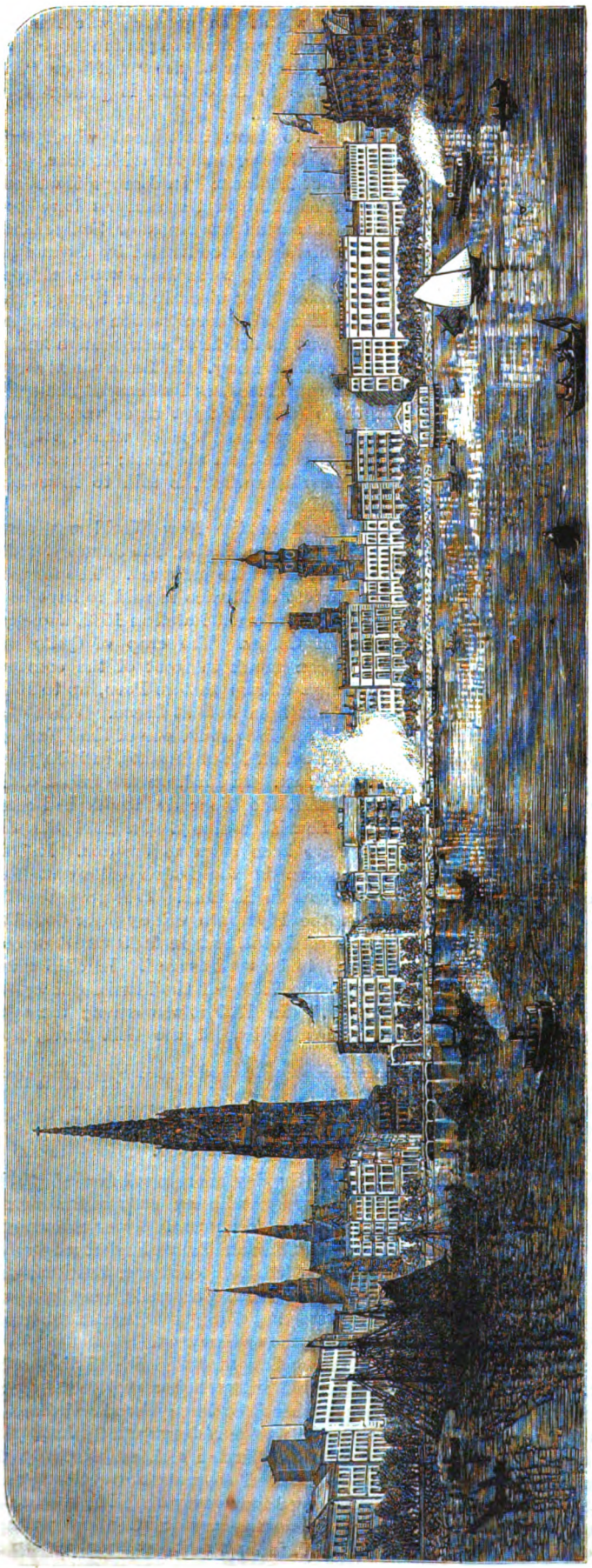
A WEEK IN HAMBURG.

By Alfreton Hervey.

On one cold, rainy Sunday morning I landed at the Sandthorquai in Hamburg with an easy conscience, a light heart, and a not very full purse. I was not exactly in the same condition as the late Ralph Keeler, who made the tour of Europe for $181.50 in currency, but I was still under the painful necessity of husbanding my small resources if I would succeed in doing that which I set out to do—see the principal cities of Germany.

It was early in the Spring of 1871—indeed, just after peace had been declared between Germany and France, which, it will be remembered by those who were interested in that mighty struggle, was on February 25th, 1871.

It was my first step on German soil, and as I left the steamer where I had passed so many days of pleasant companionship with my fellow voyagers, I felt a sense of loneliness that now we were to be separated, and perhaps never meet again; and, indeed, so it has been, for up to this day I have never since seen any of those ocean



THE INNER ALSTER, WITH A VIEW OF THE CITY.

friends who shared with me the delights and discomforts of the great Atlantic.

The first thing I saw, as I put foot on land, was a long train of freight-cars on the track which ran up and down the Quai. The little, puffing, and, to an American eye, insignificant engine which drew the train, was named Metz. This may be a trifling circumstance, but to my mind it illustrated the tendency of German feeling. For centuries Elsass and Lotharingen —to give them their German names—had been coveted by Germany. Originally German provinces, the inhabitants of the Vaterland had never acquiesced in their possession by France, and a thoughtful student of German history might have known that the first issue of a successful war between France and Germany would have been the annexation of these two provinces by the latter country. The naming of this locomotive, Metz, was only an outcome of that feeling which always existed.

The Sandthorquai runs along an artificial inlet of the River Elbe, especially constructed to accommodate the shipping and steamers which daily arrive at and leave the City of Hamburg. In order to reach the centre of the city from this point you have to go through a succession of narrow, dirty and crooked streets, crossing several bridges over canals, which run through the city. Some of the houses in these old streets are very high, and lean toward each other at the top, so that the space between them is much less fifty feet up in the air than at the street level. To an American eye these quaint and curious old houses and streets are very interesting. Here is where the poorer classes live, and the line of demarcation between this portion and the finer part of the city is shown so plainly that, literally, he who runs may note it. In the year 1842, on May 5th, a great conflagration broke out which lasted for four days. Fully one-third of the city was destroyed. The destroyed portion was in the centre, and in rebuilding it the plan of wide and straight streets was adopted as far as possible. Hence, after the rebuilding, one might step immediately out of a narrow and crooked street into a wide and straight one.

Most of the steamer passengers who intend to remain any length of time in Hamburg take a cab at the Quai, and drive directly to a hotel. I had no hotel selected, and having plenty of time on my hands I preferred to walk. I knew no one in the city, and my acquaintance with the German language was but limited. But in Hamburg, French and English are spoken almost everywhere. Every hotel has a *portier*, whose duties require that he shall be able to converse in French, English and German, and in most of the shops the same linguistic ability is found.

On my way through the streets I stopped in a small shop to buy some necessary articles, including tobacco. Perhaps the little sign hanging in the window, "English spoken here," attracted me. In the store I found a young Englishman, also buying tobacco. We began an acquaintance then and there, which was very useful to me during my stay in the city.

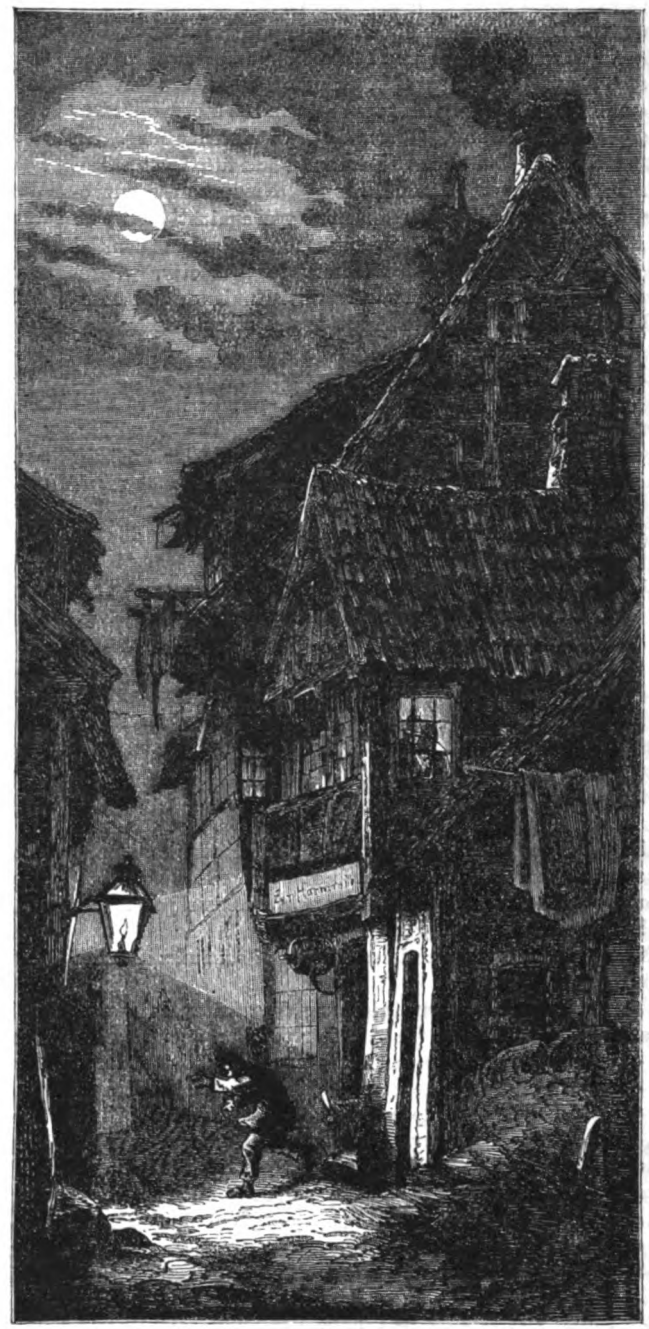
"Where are you going to stay?" asked he.

I had no hotel in view, and he recommended me to the one where he was, Zing's Hotel, and thither we went together.

My new acquaintance was a commercial traveler for an English pottery, and made annual visits to Hamburg to sell his wares. I could not have met one better able to show me around. On the way to the hotel he told me much about the peculiarities of the city and its people, which came in very handy.

Hamburg is one of the very old cities of Germany. Report credits Charlemagne with being its founder. He certainly built a castle there about 809. During its growth from a village to a town it was several times destroyed. In 1215, the Emperor, Otto IV., made it an imperial city, and in

HAMBURG LANES.—"KUGELSORT."



HAMBURG LANES.—"TRAMPGANG."

1241 the commercial treaty between Hamburg and Lübeck began that famous Hanseatic League which lasted until 1866, when the cities composing it—Hamburg, Bremen, Lübeck and Frankfurt—became parts of Prussia. The League grew rapidly, and embraced at one time most of the more important cities of North Germany, Holland and Belgium. It was divided into four administrative circles: 1, the Vandalic or Wendish towns of the Baltic; 2, the Westphalian, Rhenish and Netherlandish towns; 3, the Saxon and Brandenburg towns; and 4, the Prussian and Livonian towns. The capitals of these circles were Lübeck, Cologne, Brunswick and Dantzic. At the time of the League's greatest power it comprised eighty-five cities, which were represented by delegates, and a number of other cities which were affiliated with it, but were without representation or share in the responsibilities. The trade of League was immense. Four great depots were established: London, in 1250; Bruges, 1252; Novgorod, 1272; and Bergen, 1278; and from these centres almost the entire trade of Europe was monopolized.

At first formed only for commercial and industrial purposes, the League gradually assumed political power. In 1348, it fought and defeated the Kings of Sweden and Norway, and Waldemar III., King of Denmark. It deposed Magnus, King of Sweden, and in his stead raised to the throne his nephew, Albert, Duke of Mecklenburg. In 1428, it declared war against Denmark, and fitted out a fleet of 248 ships, carrying 12,000 troops. Niederhoff, a burgomaster of Dantzic, himself declared war against Christian I., King of Denmark. Some citizens of London insulted the employés of the Hanse factory in that city, whereupon the League declared war against England, and compelled King Edward IV. to grant it yet more extravagant concessions.

But these exhibitions of power excited the jealousy of neighboring sovereigns. In 1597, England withdrew all privileges from the Hanse merchants. The maritime towns of the Baltic next seceded, and one after another the other cities and towns dropped away. The last regular meeting of the administrative body of the League was held in 1630, for the purpose of receiving the secession of the remaining members.

But although the Hanseatic League of history was now dead, its fundamental principle survived. Hamburg, Lübeck, Bremen, and, later, Frankfurt, formed a new association, under the name of the Free Hanse towns. In 1810, these were formed into a Hanseatic department of the French Empire, by Napoleon. In 1815, their independence was acknowledged in the Act for the establishment of the Germanic Confederation. This continued until the war between Prussia and Austria, of 1866, when Frankfurt, having given aid to the Austrians, was annexed by Prussia, and the other three cities joined the North German Confederation; and each of these cities now constitutes a state in the German Empire, and is represented in the Imperial German Parliament.

Thus ended a commercial association of six and a quarter centuries' standing.

The reader will pardon this long digression, as it was necessary to understand the peculiar position occupied by the old free city. It was certainly necessary to me, for I saw everywhere flying the new German imperial flag, and in every shop-window the portrait of the Kaiser, and his son, *Unser Fritz*, both crowned with laurels. I might have thought that the Hamburgers were the most patriotic of Prussians, but, though they were patriotic enough, they had not, in 1871, forgotten that they were once citizens of one of the most important of the four free cities, and the most influential member of the old Hanseatic League.

The rain had ceased, and my new friend proposed a walk around the streets, and he would show me some of the sights.

The first thing we inspected was, of course, the Alster. This is a beautiful lake, which comes right up into the heart of the city. The Alster is a tributary of the River Elbe, and in coming up to the city it forms two basins—the outer and the inner Alster; or, to give the German names, the Grosse Alster and the Binnen Alster. The inner Alster is nearly two miles in circuit. It is nearly square, and is surrounded by fine streets. The Jungfernstieg is the street which fronts the lake. Here are the finest shops in the whole city. Down the sides run two other fine streets, on which are situated splendid hotels and public buildings. The lake itself is dotted with swans, and on its surface numerous little boats are continually plying. In these little pleasure steamboats many persons sail around the lake at a cost of a few cents of our money. Of course, I took a sail on the lake.

On the Jungfernstieg, and jutting out into the lake, is a small pavilion, where a good meal is served. My friend suggested that we step in and take a bite. So in we went. We were served *à la carte*, by a smart *kellner*. I became thirsty, and called for a glass of water. The waiter looked at me in surprise. I repeated the order, but still he did not understand. Summoning my best German to my aid, I explained that I wanted a glass of water to drink. Whether he thought I was daft or not, I cannot say, but he shook his head as though that were his opinion. However, he brought me the water. My friend suggested to me that this was, perhaps, the first time that the waiter had ever received such an order. I am not averse to drinking beer, but there are times when I prefer water, and this happened to be one of them.

It took me some study to get used to the different kinds of money in use in Hamburg. Being a port of entry, the money of almost every nation circulated there, and when you purchase an article you can have your change in whatever money you wish. The money of Hamburg itself consisted, in 1871, of marks and schillings. Sixteen of the latter made one mark, and two and a half marks made one Prussian thaler, which itself was worth seventy cents of our money. Thirteen schillings of Hamburg were about the same as an English shilling, and three and a half marks about equaled an American dollar. This coinage has now been done away with, and the new German Empire coins of marks and pfennigs substituted.

Although at that time all kinds of money circulated freely in Hamburg, Hamburg money itself would not pass current outside of the city, except, perhaps, in Lübeck, where a similar coinage existed. Before the unification of the German coinage throughout the entire Empire, this money problem was one of the hardest the traveler had to solve, and in traveling from place to place, where different coinage existed, he was pretty sure to get victimized to a greater or less extent, according to his shrewdness in dealing with the exchange brokers.

Hamburg is a port of entry. A large business is done in both imports and exports. The constitution of the North German Confederation, and likewise that of the German Empire, left Hamburg at liberty to remain outside of the Zollverein as long as it wished. When Schleswig-Holstein and Mecklenburg had joined that league, Hamburg was on all sides surrounded by the territory of the Zollverein, and therefore found it to its advantage to join it for one portion of its rural districts, embracing 124 square miles and 32,792 inhabitants. But the remainder, in union with the City of Altoona, remained a free port territory. Having no import duties, there was no custom house. My trunk was not searched when I entered the city, nor any questions asked me. Of course, as a necessary consequence of free trade, everything was very cheap, and a person with a small income might have lived there very comfortably. But I believe Prince Bismarck has now changed all that, and given a high protective tariff to Hamburg as well as to the rest of the German Empire.

One evening my English friend suggested that we visit two or three of the concert saloons. These are numerous and popular, and one may sit the whole evening listening to good music, both vocal and instrumental, for the expense of a few cents for a glass or two of beer. I noticed a sign over one of these saloons—"Bier-Convent"—which attracted me. The saloon was a large hall, at the upper end of which was a stage. There sat ten rather good-looking young women, dressed in good taste and not immodestly. These sang solos, duets and choruses, and really very well. I sat at a small table, and with a cigar and a glass of beer, passed the evening pleasantly enough listening to the music.

As in every other German city, music is highly cultivated in Hamburg, and operas are put on the stage there in a manner which should bring a blush to the cheek of the great operatic managers who have given opera here. The Stadt Theatre is the *locale* for the operas. On Tuesday evening I took a seat in the parterre of the Stadt Theatre, to listen to "Der Freyschutz." Sitting next to me was a pleasant German gentleman, and we gradually fell into conversation. On the following Thursday evening I again went to the Stadt Theatre, this time to hear "Die Jüdin," in which a great star, Herr Southeim, "Kammersänger of his Majesty the King of Würtemberg," was to appear in the *rôle* of *Eleazar*. To my surprise, the same German gentleman whom I met on Tuesday evening was again sitting in the seat next to me. We were both struck by the coincidence. We exchanged cards, and he invited me to call on him the next day. Herr Gerber, as was his name, was an importer of tobacco and cigars, and during the Winter and Spring lived in Hamburg, but during the Summer season had a country residence in the suburb. I called on him in the afternoon, and passed a very pleasant couple of hours. He brought out his finest wines and cigars, and introduced me to his daughter. She sang, and played the piano with skill and taste. Herr Gerber earnestly pressed me to visit him at his country residence during the Summer, but, unfortunately, my engagements were such that I would be in another part of Germany at that time.

Hamburg is one of the cradles of the musical art in Germany. Here Handel, that mighty Saxon genius, came in June, 1703, to try his fate as a professional musician. Here he produced his first opera, "Almira," on January 8th, 1705, following it by his "Nerone" twenty nights later. Herr Reinhard Keiser was opera director for many years, and produced in this city over one hundred and eighteen operas of his own composition.

It was at Hamburg that the first German opera ever performed on a public stage was sung. This was Thiele's "Adam and Eve," produced on January 2d, 1678, and this was followed in the same year by the same composer's "Orontes." When Keiser, who ruled the Hamburg opera for over forty years, first began to compose, it was the custom to sing the imported Italian operas partly in German and partly in Italian. Keiser threw his influence against this absurd custom, and to Hamburg may be given the credit of abolishing it.

The remainder of my stay in the city I devoted to visiting and admiring the Museum of Natural History and the picture-galleries, under the guidance of my English friend. One afternoon, we two wandered out to the Heiligen Geist Feld, or "Field of the Holy Ghost," which was then used as a drilling place for soldiers. At the time of our visit a battalion was on drill. I was particularly struck with the especial attention which was paid by the drilling-masters to the proper method of raising the legs of the soldiers. First one, then the other, would be stuck out almost at right angles to the body. The object of this was to give the greatest amount of flexibility to the legs. The battalion on drill at the time was evidently an "awkward squad," and the exercises had to be repeated again and again before the drill-masters were satisfied.

This field is approached by an avenue of magnificent forest-trees, and near by this place can be traced the line of the old wall and moat which used to surround the city. Of course the wall has disappeared and the moat is dry, but the remains still possess considerable interest to any one with an antiquarian turn of mind.

When Sunday came, I started to go to the English church, but, alas! I did not persevere in that intention, and wandered off in other directions. It would be somewhat difficult to distinguish Sunday from any other day in that city. Most of the shops are open, and everybody seemed as busy and bustling on Sunday as on a week-day. The Hamburgers are not particularly a church-going people. Although it is a city of nearly 400,000 inhabitants, there are but six churches and one synagogue, not counting the English church. Of the people, the greatest part are either Lutherans or nothing at all. There are about 8,000 Roman Catholics, and about 14,000 Jews. The new Jewish synagogue was opened in 1859. The Catholic church, St. Nicholas', is situated near the fish-market. It is a modern Gothic edifice. At the time of my visit, the spire had not been completed; I believe, though, it has been finished since then. The Church of St. Catharine dates from the fourteenth century. The Church of St. James has a tower 343 feet high, but the steeple of the Church of St. Michael is still loftier, being 428 feet high, and one of the loftiest in Europe. St. Peter's is a modern Gothic structure. But what Hamburg lacks in churches it makes up in charitable and educational institutions. Among these may be reckoned the Exchange, with its mercantile library of 40,000 volumes; the Johanneum College, with its city library of 200,000 volumes and 5,000 manuscripts; the great Hospital in the suburb of St. George, with accommodation for more than 4,000 patients; the Orphan Asylum, educating and providing for 600 pupils; the Jewish Hospital, endowed by Solomon Heine in 1840, and open to patients of all creeds and races; the "Rauhes Haus," at Horn, near the city, founded in 1833 by Johann Heinrich Wichern, for the care and training of abandoned and depraved children, and others of like character. The botanic and zoological gardens are really also educational institutions, and they are among the most extensive in all Germany. The picture-gallery contains a splendid collection of paintings by modern masters, and the Museum of Natural History is one of the best of the kind in the world. The Government House, with its great hall for civic feasts, and the Bourse, are also notable buildings, and well worthy a protracted visit. The banking, insurance and publishing interests of the city are enormous, and the scene at the Bourse during business hours equals in excitement that in our own Exchange in Broad Street.

Lying to the north of Hamburg is the City of Altoona. Between it and Hamburg may be seen the monument erected to the memory of the 1,100 unfortunates who perished of hunger in that terrible siege which the city sustained in 1813-14, under Marshal Davoust, in which upward of 30,000 citizens were driven out in mid-winter. This was while Hamburg was the capital of the French department of the Bouches d'Elbe.

Altoona is by no means as handsome or interesting as Hamburg. Between the two is the suburb of St. Pauli, principally inhabited by seamen and laborers. Numerous windmills may be seen all around the city. Wind power is cheap and extensively used.

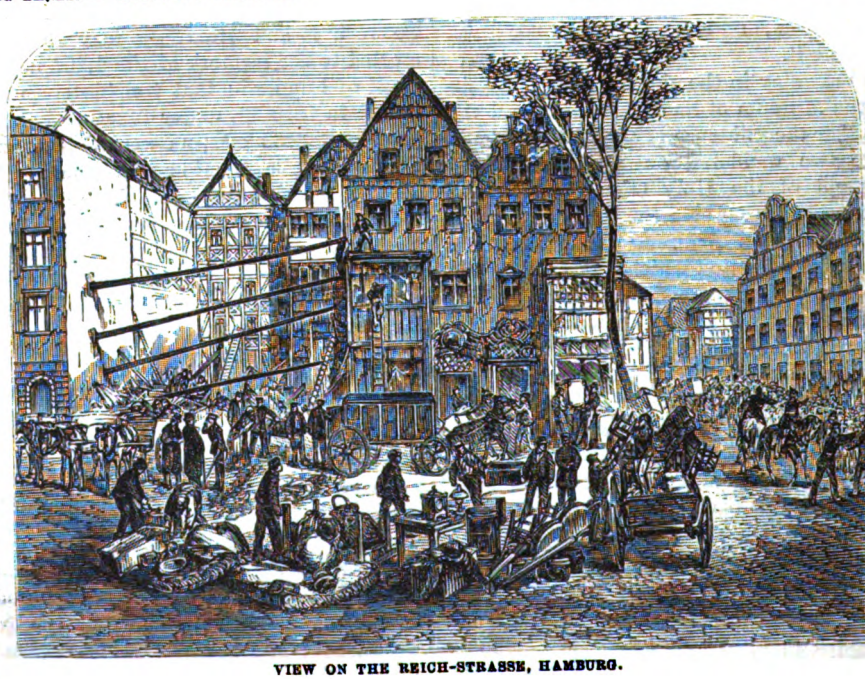
Although Hamburg does an immense business both in imports and exports, the sidewalks and streets are never cluttered up with bales and boxes of merchandise, as in New York. The city is intersected by numerous canals, which connect with the Elbe on the one side and the Alster on the other. Boats and barges go through these canals, and deliver the merchandise at the rear doors of the stores and warehouses. There are upward of sixty bridges spanning the rivers and canals in and around the city. This same feature may be found in many other European cities which are built on the banks of rivers.

The American system of horse-cars has been introduced in Hamburg—at first only in the outskirts of the city, but

HAMBURG LANES.—"HEINSEN'S PARADISE."

HAMBURG LANES.—"EHEBRECHERGANG."

gradually encroaching more and more on the large streets. Cabs are innumerable and cheap, and stages with prescribed routes are plentiful. A stage will call for you at your residence or hotel whenever you wish. There is no reason for any one to go wrong or mistake his way, if he will but ask for information. The *portier* of the hotel, as I have said, must understand and converse in the three languages—French, English, and German. But care must be exercised even when one speaks his own language, especially in pronouncing proper names. The shade of difference between the pronunciation of *berg* and *burg* came very near being illustrated in my case in a most unpleasant manner. I had



VIEW ON THE REICH-STRASSE, HAMBURG.

intended, during my travel in Germany, to pay a visit to the little toy-manufacturing town of Sonneberg, on the border of the Thuringian Wald; and, on the day before my departure from Hamburg, I asked the *portier* of my hotel how to go there. He gave me an elaborate description of the route thither, and then remarked that if I were going to Berlin—as was my intention—I had better postpone my visit until my return. As I knew that Sonneberg was in middle Germany, I could not understand the necessity of this, but subsequently learned that the *portier* had understood me as asking the way to *Sonderburg*, which is up in Schleswig-Holstein, in an entirely opposite direction from Sonneberg. The *portier* and I both laughed over the mistake, and he explained to me the difference between the German *e* and *v*.

HAMBURG LANES.—"LIESCHENGANG."

HAMBURG LANES.—"AMIDAMMACHERGANG."

On the following Monday evening, after having spent a very pleasant week and a day in the old free city, I left Hamburg *en route* for Berlin, and in leaving it I felt considerable regret, for I had been most hospitably entertained while there. My English commercial friend, whose name I am ashamed to say I have forgotten, was exceedingly kind, and took me around to all the points of interest, and I never can forget the kindness of Herr Gerber. The American Consul, who at that time was Mr. Edward Robinson, also treated me with kindness and distinction, and I was indebted to him for extrication from a very unfortunate situation. I have never seen him since; and if these lines should meet his eye, he will please accept this as an acknowledgment of the service then rendered m

The future of Hamburg is inseparably connected with he fortunes of the German Empire. The people of that city thoroughly support the Empire, and are as patriotic as any Prussian. The evidences of this were apparent even in 1871, for during my stay

there the birthday of the Emperor William was celebrated. The honors paid to the old hero were enthusiastic and sincere, and not less were the love and confidence for the Crown-Prince—"Unser Fritz," as he was affectionately called—and the Emperor's nephew, Prince Frederick Charles. Not even in Berlin were the people more loyal than in this old city, which for so many centuries was a free and independent realm. In the years that have passed since then, there may have been changes, but I cannot believe that the strong feeling for unity and Vaterland I saw there manifested will ever die out, unless, as is not at present probable, the Empire be again broken up into fragments.

A BICYCLING IDYL.

A LITTLE girl, with eyes of blue;
A little dog of snowy hue;
A little wheel, with rider rash;
A bark, a rush, an awful crash!

A little scream; a little swear;
A pretty sympathetic air;
A little conversation, leading
To blushes, smiles, successful pleading.

A little church; a little bride;
A gallant wheelman by her side;
A little kiss, their vows to seal;
A little rival for the wheel.

THE HANDSOME STRANGER.

By Mrs. M. A. Denison.

Chapter I.

O POLISHED!" "So handsome!" "So fascinating!" "Pray who is he?" "And his name———?" "Is Edwin Gray." "How sweet! Just like music!"

These and kindred exclamations formed the staple of conversation, at the moment, at a birthday party, as the subject of so much comment moved quietly away down the long, well-lighted, well-furnished apartment.

The waltzing was over; the rich, softly undulating waves of Strauss's music had subsided upon the shore of comparative silence.

"Oh, Eva, he was quite taken with you!" said Amy Pendleton, in her quick, straightforward English. "He told me your hair was the color of beaten gold."

"Did he? Well, he spoke of your eyes, and compared them to heaven's own blue."

"And he said Kate's smile was the sweetest he had ever seen," said Lu Baker. "I wonder what he praised about me?" she added, with a queer little grimace.

"Your hands, my dear. For whiteness and symmetry, they were like lilies."

"Then we are, every one of us, charming in his eyes! Oh, how delightful!" said Eva Warren, the brightest and wittiest of the four young girls gathered at this birthday party. "Can't we conglomerate our charms some way, and make one perfect whole, worthy of worship by this knight of the fathomless eyes?"

"By-the-way, he has wonderful eyes, hasn't he?" said Amy Pendleton. "Do you know, I scarcely dare to look in them, for fear I shall have to take up with the old strain, slightly altered:

"'Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking,
For the love of Edwin Gray.'"

"Don't be silly, Amy," exclaimed Eva.

"I was never wise," was the retort; "and for that very reason I shall be singled out by this paragon, see if I'm not. And then, I shall smile and smile on him, till Louis will frown and frown on me, and gnaw away at his mustache. It will be delightful to see him jealous once; he boasts that he never was, is or can be jealous. But he has never yet had any occasion."

"You won't be so foolish, Amy; this stranger can be nothing to you."

"Perhaps—I don't know. Ah! he is coming this way."

Strangely enough, the handsome and polished young man did stop at Amy's side, and in a few moments had engaged her for the dance just forming.

Amy's heart fluttered. She felt flattered to be the choice of the most distinguished-looking man in the room, and her spirits rose proportionately, for they were soon on the best of terms.

"You are fond of dancing?" he said.

"Oh, I like it better than anything else—see, my tablets are quite full; it was only by the merest chance that this one dance happened to be open."

"Of which I was fortunate to avail myself," he answered, with a bow.

"My dear, don't be so communicative," whispered Eva, as she crossed her in one of the figures. "Remember, your partner is a perfect stranger."

"Don't you fear me," said Amy, a little sharply—"just as if I didn't know how far to go," she added, to herself. "Eva would be glad to have him for a partner."

Another pause in the dance.

"I think I am acquainted with a gentleman of your name in Baltimore," said Mr. Gray, his strangely magnetic eyes reading her face.

"Oh, are you? I wonder if it is Uncle Paul?" she exclaimed, delightedly.

"It certainly is Mr. Paul Pendleton," he answered, smiling at her pretty enthusiasm.

"Yes, but there may be more than one Paul—my uncle is president of a bank."

"The very one," was the eager response.

"Then perhaps you know my cousin Lilian?"

"I am acquainted with her, but slightly," he said.

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"A very beautiful girl, indeed."

"So lovely that, whenever I see her, I could fall down and worship her, if it wasn't forbidden," said Amy, flippantly. "I'm glad you know them. I am Uncle Paul's favorite niece."

"Does he still live where he did last Winter?"

"Oh, yes — on Madison Street, though you would scarcely know the house, it has been so altered. It was quite handsome before, but aunty fancied she wanted a nest of bay-windows for her birds and flowers; she thinks the conservatory is too damp for the birds, you see. Aunty is not well this Winter; Uncle Paul thinks of traveling to Europe for her health, and that he may get some rest himself. He is devoted to business."

"And your cousin is not yet married, then?"

"Oh, no, indeed; it is very difficult for her to get married, though she has been engaged to Harry Deane for three years. Perhaps you know Harry, too?"

"Oh, yes; I remember him. Was he not slight?"

"He was, but he has grown much stouter; and don't you think him ugly? That scar under his left eye deforms him so. Otherwise his features are good enough. But, then, he's such a noble fellow. Uncle Paul is very fond of him; has made him cashier, and intrusts him with any amount of money. But that's not my business."

"You needn't fear to tell me, Miss Pendleton. I am so very well acquainted with your uncle, that I feel interested in whatever you may say about him. Besides, I have some money that I think I shall put in his hands."

"I don't know much about banking," laughed Amy, "but I know what my uncle thinks of Harry. Why, Harry goes to Chicago to-morrow with fifty thousand dollars—so I heard papa say. It is something connected with Government funds."

A strange electric light seemed to shoot over the man's face as he listened to this disclosure. For a second the nerves of his mouth twitched, then he seemed, by a violent effort, to control himself, and still to continue lightly to the young and giddy girl, his partner.

"Chicago? Ah, yes, I know many people in Chicago. I lived there once," he went on, and then detailed some of the circumstances of his life.

He was very fluent, and had the gift of making pictures with words. Amy still listened to him after the dance was over, bewitched by his merry humor; and when he left her, leaving also the house, all the interest in the evening's pleasure was over for her.

"Well, and so your new flame has deserted you," said Louis, who had been industriously dancing, but not the less keeping an eye on his *fiancée*.

"He has gone home," said Amy, yawning slightly behind her fan. "He said he had some important business to attend to. What an elegant partner he is! And you don't know how well he talked!"

"Yes? I've been trying to find out who he is. Nobody seems really to know—even our hostess herself. Either some one introduced him or he brought a letter."

"And, Louis, he knows Uncle Paul, and so many of our friends in Baltimore."

"Possible?" said Louis, dryly. "Singular, then, he should be such a stranger here. I honestly confess I did not like the fellow's face."

"Didn't you think him handsome?"

"Yes, in a way. Rather fine eyes, and gives his whole attention to his lady friends, particularly if he has any object to gain. I rather fancy the fellow is a flirt."

"For shame, Louis! I had no idea you could be so ungenerous."

"Well, never mind; don't let us quarrel about it. We may never see the man again," said Louis, good-naturedly.

"For my part, I hope I shall," was the response; "I liked him very much. Most men listen to their partners as if it were a strain upon their courtesy, but he just talked as if he liked to—as if he thought I was worth the trouble."

"And so you are—there's no doubt on that head. Come, you promised this dance to me."

"Did I? Oh, yes;" and she rose languidly, and took her place in the set.

Meantime, Mr. Edwin Gray had hurried into the dressing-room, selected a hat and coat, left the house, and entered his own lodgings—a shabby-genteel room on the second floor of a second-rate house in Brooklyn. Arrived there, he lost no time in taking out writing implements, and inditing what seemed to be a message on three or four different slips of paper.

These he looked over thoughtfully, said, as he took up one of them, "I rather think this will do," and placed it in his vest pocket. It ran thus:

"L. Dorsey, 57 Eutaw Street, Baltimore: Heavy case. Goes by early train to-morrow. Bound for Chicago. Brown eyes and hair—*scar under left eye*. Initials of name, H. D.; Bank, Pendleton. G. M. Diaz."

As soon as he had placed the paper in his pocket, he went to a small black leather trunk, and took therefrom a heavy beard and mustache of a dull red color, with a wig to suit to same. Then he drew on a plain blue body-coat, on the inside of which, attached to the lapel, was a brass plate with a number engraved in the centre. Adding to this his hat, and drawing on a pair of linen gloves of a dark color, he left his boarding-house and went in the direction of the nearest telegraph-office.

There he gave the message, displaying carelessly the badge on his coat, paid for its transmission, and sauntered slowly out.

"That's one of the force, Joe," said the clerk who had charge of the missive.

"One of what force?" was the answer.

"Why, a detective. They're after some scoundrel or other who is going to Chicago with his ill-gotten goods. They'll catch him, too; sharp fellows, these detectives."

"I know pretty much all the detectives here—it's not one of our men," said Joe.

"That may be true—there are plenty of them outside of Brooklyn. It's my opinion he's one of the Baltimore force. I tell you they have to be plucky chaps."

"Not so plucky, perhaps, as cunning," responded Joe; "and it's curious what small things serve, sometimes, to excite their suspicion and lead to the trail. My brother Ben has got a little brass button in his possession that proved the guilt of one of the most heartless murderers that ever was hung."

"Well, all is, I shouldn't like to see one of these fellows on my track, if I had been up to anything wrong."

Early on the following morning Edwin Gray left Brooklyn, presenting yet another exterior. His eyebrows and hair had been touched with some coloring material, his costume was faultless, his manner reserved, almost haughty, his hands daintily gloved in kid. If on the previous night he had been the free and easy gallant, he was now the reserved, aristocratic traveler, bearing the fatigues and annoyances of his journey with well-concealed disgust, and condescending to be looked at and wondered over, while he was apparently oblivious to everything about him, even the boys who heaped the car-seat beside him with boxes and papers and periodicals, of which he took not the slightest notice.

With the exception of stopping once for refreshments, Edwin Gray did not leave his chair till the train drew in at the Baltimore depot. There he hailed a hack, and was driven at once to Barnum's Hotel, where his fine appearance and reserved manner caused him to be treated like a lord.

Chapter II.

"My dear, I think you are not just to Harry."

"But, mamma, I really do feel like another person when he is gone. I can't help it. It would be awful if, after we are married, I should long to be rid of him as I do now sometimes."

"You should have thought of that, child, before you engaged yourself to him."

"Well, he was so persistent, what could I do? Besides, having always known Harry, why, I felt more at my ease with him; and, then, you and papa seemed to expect it of me—and, really, I don't fancy most of the men I see—the young men, I mean; so, perhaps——"

"You will never find another Harry, my dear; a more devoted fellow never lived."

"Oh, I don't complain of that. I'm not sure but he is too devoted," said Lilian, with a comical little shrug. "I have only to beckon, and he will follow; I have only to

THE JEWISH QUARTER IN HAMBURG.— SEE PAGE 739.

wish, and he flies to execute. It is very foolish, I suppose, but sometimes I imagine the——"

"Well?" said Mrs. Pendleton, filling up the pause.

"The kind of man I think I could fall in love with—really and truly fall in love," she added, laughing gayly. "It would be such a strange, delightful sensation!"

"Hush, my dear; I don't like such talk. You don't know what you are saying; you are fresh from your romances, that portray unknown and unheard-of sensations; and, besides, it would be folly of the meanest kind, when your bridal clothes are already bespoke. If you find you do not love Harry Deane——"

"Oh! but, mamma, I do love him—that is, after a certain fashion. That is, I don't seem to know how to get along without him, though there is such a relief at first in his going away. I don't know how I do feel toward him, exactly," she added, laughing. "Sometimes, when I get on the good side of his face——"

"What in the world do you mean, my dear?" interrupted her mother.

"Why, the side without the scar, to be sure."

"Well, now, do you know I call that his beautiful side? He received that wound in consequence of risking his own life to save the life of another."

"Oh, I know, mamma, if one can keep that always in mind. Of course Harry is good and all that, and, of course, as surely, I shall marry him. And, as I was saying, on the good side of his face he is very fine-looking, so I shall be sure always to get on that side." And laughing gayly, she left the room to dress for dinner.

"A very fine young fellow called upon me to-day—really and truly, I must say," and Paul Pendleton carved the roast turkey with the air of a connoisseur.

He was a self-satisfied-looking, rather handsome, portly gentleman of middle age, a little bald, a little hard of hearing, a little vain of his business and official capacity, and using the words "really and truly, I must say," on all occasions, whether he praised the dinner, Lilian's toilet, or issued a *caveat*.

"Pray, who is he, papa?" asked Lilian, all attention.

"Stranger, my dear; brought a letter of introduction from Judge Geary; you know the judge, my love?"—to his wife. "I invited him to dinner to-morrow—did I do right? He is stopping at Barnum's. Has been seeing

THE MARKET-PLACE, HAMBURG.

THE FISH MARKET, HAMBURG.— SEE PAGE 739.

your cousin Amy, my dear; seems to have been one of them—really and truly, I may say, in the bosom of the family, as it were—ahem!" and the gentleman helped himself to celery.

"I wonder Amy hasn't written about him," said beautiful Lilian; "though, to be sure, I haven't heard from her for an age."

"Perhaps he is her lover, my dear," said her mother. "Amy is quite old enough, I should think."

"Yes, yes, he may be," said the banker. "He seems a fine, talented young fellow, and Amy is a monstrous pretty girl, really and truly, I must say. If it is so, she has captured one of the swells, or nobby sort. I mean no disparagement to the young man; really and truly, I must say, from the little I talked with him, I fancy he's a long head for business; one of the sort who seem to know everything. Oh, by-the-way, I got a telegram from Harry."

"Why, papa!" said Lilian, "he can't have got to Chicago."

"Oh, no; bless my heart, no; really and truly, I must say, ha! From one of the way-stations—reported that he and money were safe, so far. I sometimes wish I had expressed it; but I don't know—Harry seemed quite confident—carried it in a carpet-bag as if it were an ordinary satchel; perhaps that was the best way."

"Why, papa, there's not the least danger, is there?" asked Lilian, opening her blue eyes to their widest extent.

"There's always danger, my love—really and truly, you must know, I say—always danger where one carries a large amount of money, especially when a good part of it is in specie; but Harry thought his way the best, and so I let him go. He has always been a long-headed fellow, and no one can possibly know anything about the matter. So, really and truly, I can't say that I feel under much apprehension, though it's a great responsibility for him."

"And that reminds me," said Lilian, suddenly turning pale, "of my dream before ever Harry thought of going away. It was terrible."

Both father and mother looked up, a little shocked by her expression.

"I must say, my dear, really and truly, ha, that I hope you are not superstitious," said Mr. Pendleton.

Lilian shook her head; but still the air of depression

SCENE ALONG THE DOCKS, HAMBURG.

she had so suddenly assumed, remained. The dream was noteworthy. She had awakened in the morning, trembling and faint, and had felt a recurring shock to her nerves every time the vision came to her memory. Now, however, it had grown fainter and fainter, until the conversation at the dinner-table, when it came back as vividly as at the first.

It appeared to her that her father had given a great dinner party, to which he had invited some foreign prince, at that time visiting the city. Decorators changed the appearance of the house, till it resembled an enchanted palace. Everywhere resounded music; everywhere flashed light and beauty. In the midst of the reveling it seemed to her the strange prince expressed a wish for some peculiar kind of fruit, indigenous to the country, and which the banker said he had in his cellar, but feared to intrust a servant to go for it. Lilian, delighted with the prince, and glad to be of service to him, offered to go herself, and her father, putting a wax taper in her hand, sent her, with these words:

"My child, it will be a heavy cross; nevertheless, go."

As she went down the cellar-stairs, that portion of the building seemed also to be lighted, but as she reached the bottom all the lights were gone out, and she, groping in half darkness, found herself searching for Harry. Her whole mind appeared to be engrossed with this object. "I must find him, I must find him!" she kept repeating over and over to herself, conscious that he was somewhere in the cellar.

Then all at once a chill wind blew over her, and she found herself in a street—a sort of alley, paved with heavy stones—and there, lying in a heap, a dreadful wound in his temple, lay Harry Deane, quite dead.

This dream had certainly made her more tender toward Harry for a few days, but the impression of horror had gradually worn off, and the vision was a thing of the past, until the banker spoke as he did.

"I wonder if it's the prince he's going to bring here," mused Lilian, as she sat in her own room; "and I wonder if there *is* anything in dreams, after all. If anything should happen to poor Harry, what should I do?"

Nevertheless, she dressed herself with more than usual care and taste for the dinner on the following day, and received the stranger guest with a good deal of *empressement*. He on his part acted the grand cavalier to perfection, and with his bewildering eyes, which he knew well how to use, and his manner, at once deferential and refined, made considerable way in Miss Lilian's good graces.

"Papa, you look worried," said Lilian, intercepting him on his way out, some little time after dinner. "What are you going away for?"

"I'm a little anxious, my love—in fact, I've not received any message from Harry."

"And is it time?"

"It was time some hours ago. He was to telegraph me twice before his arrival in Chicago. I have received but one dispatch; naturally I am disappointed."

"You don't think there's any trouble, do you?"

"I never allow myself to speculate, my dear," was the reply; "if there is trouble, I shall know it soon enough."

Lilian went back into the parlor under some apprehension, but the persuasive tongue and gentle courtesy of her guest soon drove away all thought of trouble, and even the ghost of the repellant dream.

Mr. Edwin Gray was surely one of the most fascinating men of his class, apt at invention, quick of insight—seizing upon a look, a glance, with which to make capital. His manner toward Lilian flattered her; to her mother he was all attention, and quite won her heart by a skillful turn in which he compared her favorably with a person in society, whose distinguished air and powers of fascination gave her a powerful sway in the fashionable world.

Chapter III.

"My dear, I don't like it—I don't like it at all; not a word from Harry—not a word from the bank. I telegraphed to several places, and then I came home. I was absolutely too nervous to stay and hear the result, so I came home—really and truly. I can't say what I fear, but this suspense is terrible."

"If you had only expressed it, Mr. Pendleton!"

"Ah, *if!* If the moon were made of green cheese, my dear, it would probably be melted into Welsh rarebits of a hot night. Of all useless repetitions, deliver me from the word *if*. I did send the money by Harry—now all I have to do is to abide by the consequences, whatever that may be; it's very strange, though. Where's Lilian?"

"In the parlor, my dear, with Mr. Gray."

"Indeed! Why should she be there with Gray? Oh, I forgot; he came to dinner—a very fine, agreeable fellow, too."

"A splendid young man, my dear—one of the most polished and gentlemanly fellows it was ever my lot to meet. A perfect encyclopedia—and knows so many of our friends in Brooklyn. Only think! he says I make him think of Mrs. Optimus de Laney, I look so much like her."

"Fiddlesticks!" ejaculated the worthy banker. "You look as much like her as I do; but women will be vain to the end of time, and men will flatter them, I suppose."

"My dear," said Mrs. Pendleton, in mild amazement, "you are cross."

"Very well; if you think so, perhaps I am. Pray let me enjoy my little cross, since it burdens nobody else. Hark! there are the telegrams. It is, really and truly, upon my word, very vexatious; but then I ought to have received one from Chicago two hours ago."

There were three dispatches.

From the bank:

"We have not seen your messenger."

From a friend:

"Waited at depot till half hour after train came in. Nobody answering description there."

From another friend:

"Staid at home awaiting your young man, but nobody came. What does it mean?"

"Surely," groaned the banker, "what does it mean?"

At that moment sounded a clear, sweet tenor from the parlor. It seemed to irritate the banker.

"How can she listen to that fellow, when, for all we know, poor Harry may be weltering in his blood?" he said, almost angrily.

"Oh, my dear, what a horrible picture!" cried Mrs. Pendleton, having immediate recourse to her smelling-salts.

"Or else he has absconded—which would be a great deal worse."

"Harry? That good, true young man—never!" said Mrs. Pendleton, with energy. "He loved our Lilian too well."

"Our Lilian seems to take great comfort in the company of somebody else," responded Mr. Pendleton. "But this matter is a serious one. I must attend to it—set the police at work—go on myself, if necessary."

"But it may be all for nothing; at this very moment Harry may be communicating with you."

"But, don't you see, according to dispatches, he never arrived at Chicago."

"Oh, I didn't think of that," said his wife, beginning for the first time to be seriously alarmed.

"No; easy enough to keep right on, or double on his track, and get off so as to fly the country; and yet I couldn't believe him capable of such treachery."

Meanwhile Lilian, all unconscious of the terrible imputation cast upon her betrothed, sat talking gayly to her new-found friend, unconscious of the speeding hours.

He was so handsome, so well-informed, talked equally well about the last waltz or the last sermon; above all things, played and sang with the accuracy of a master—and Lilian was passionately fond of music—that the girl felt under a spell while his eyes were upon her, and confessed his power, while her conscience reproved her.

She longed to know in what relation he stood to her cousin, and questioned him with an assumption of innocent curiosity which was quite transparent.

"Have you known my cousin long, Mr. Gray?" she asked.

"Not long, if we reckon by days and weeks, Miss Pendleton," was his suave reply; "but if by impressions and similarity of tastes, then our acquaintance has been well ripened."

"Acquaintance!" thought Miss Lilian. "Oh, what beautiful eyes he has! If only Harry could sing and play! He certainly would not say *acquaintance* merely, if he were engaged to her."

"Ahem!" said the banker, appearing at the door, hat in hand.

"Papa, are you going out?" asked Lilian.

"Yes; I—I have some bad news, my dear."

"Bad news, papa?" and Lilian started from her seat, turning pale. "Oh, what can it be?"

"Harry—he was not on the train when it reached Chicago."

Edwin Gray sat partly in the shadow as the words fell on his ear. He grasped more tightly the sheet of music he held in his hands, his jaw fell for a second, over all his face passed a quick terror—then a sudden illumination.

"Oh, papa! you don't think anything has happened to Harry, do you?"

"How can I tell? He started for Chicago—he didn't get there; that's all—really and truly, I say—that's all, as far as I know."

"Can I be of any service, sir?" asked Edwin Gray, also rising. "I do not know what your trouble is, but if I can do any errand by bearing messages, please command me."

"You are very good," was the banker's reply; "no, thank you; I shall be better if I attend to business myself. If, however, you are walking down-town——"

"Certainly, sir; I was just thinking of going. I will bear you company with pleasure." And, with a profound and graceful bow, the young man took his leave.

Lilian repaired at once to her mother's room.

"Tell me the worst at once," she said, with pale lips; "what does papa think?"

"He is very anxious, my dear."

"No, no—tell me all; what has he said to you about Harry? Tell me the exact words, for I know by his manner he suspects something."

"Well, dear, he wonders very much why Harry was not on the train."

"Oh, mamma—he—don't—imagine——" Lilian faltered.

"We hope it is all right, my dear, both of us, but you see there was so much money; the temptation——"

"Mamma, don't—Harry wouldn't ever be tempted; I tell you, he would rather die than do a dishonest action," she said, passionately.

"So it seems to me, my dear."

"Oh, I know it. If Harry was nothing to me, I would say the same thing. He is the soul of honor."

"Then, my dear——"

"Then what, that your face changes so? Oh, mamma—you can't imagine—he has been robbed and—mur——" Her voice sank; she could not bring herself to say the horrible word, but sank down, half fainting, on the nearest chair.

Several days passed, and still there came no news. The banker, in the meantime, had hastened on to Chicago, keeping the matter out of the papers as far as he could. Now and then Mr. Edwin Gray called, and enlivened the afflicted family with his superb presence. It was not best for him to linger here, and of this fact he was fully aware. But Lilian's charms had proved too much for him; for the first time in his adventurous life he was imprudent; for the first time he was not guilty of dissimulation.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad," is an axiom that was proved in his case. Lilian's eyes detained him. She, poor girl, caught at the merest straw for help. His presence seemed to strengthen her, to enable her to wait through the terrible suspense, though she was very thankful to receive a telegram from her uncle in Brooklyn, that he had heard news from her father, and was coming on; but she must mention the subject to no one, as he was the bearer of important intelligence.

That night, as Lilian sat in the parlor, listening to the dulcet notes of Edwin Gray, her uncle arrived, bringing with him a strange gentleman. Lilian met them in the hall.

"Is Edwin Gray here?" asked the newcomer, in a low voice, after affectionately greeting his niece.

"Yes. You can't think how kind he has been since——"

"Officer, do your duty," said Mr. Pendleton, nodding to his companion; and, before the astonished girl had time to wonder at the words, there was a rush, a stifled cry, the explosion of a pistol, and the whole terrified household assembled with the wildest cries and exclamations.

Taking a step forward, the bewildered girl saw a tableau that she never forgot. Gray, standing in the middle of the floor, securely handcuffed, with drooping head and a savage scowl; the detective in the act of picking up a pistol, still smoking, whose ball had missed its aim.

"Oh! what does it all mean?" cried Lilian, turning to her uncle, who was supporting the half fainting form of her mother.

"It means that this man is arrested for complicity in the murder of Harry Deane!"

"Harry killed! Harry dead!" exclaimed Lilian, and unconsciousness came mercifully to her aid.

It seemed that the train on which Harry Deane had taken passage was due in the night. Securely fastening his treasure about him, the young man had kept manfully awake till within a very few hours of the end of his journey, when, yielding to a strange drowsiness, he gave way to sleep. There were very few in the car, many of the passengers having left at the other station.

Suddenly he was roused by some one pulling him by the shoulder.

"Are you due at Chicago?" asked a low voice—"because we are there. I thought you intended to stop here. You will excuse my boldness."

"Oh, thank you—thank you!" said poor Harry, but imperfectly awake. "How awkward if I had gone on!"

THE HANDSOME STRANGER.—"TAKING A STEP FORWARD, THE BEWILDERED GIRL SAW A TABLEAU THAT SHE NEVER FORGOT. GRAY, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FLOOR, SECURELY HANDCUFFED; THE DETECTIVE IN THE ACT OF PICKING UP A PISTOL."

and he left the car at the last moment, surprised to find himself under the starlight, the train rushing on, and a stranger at his side—the same man who had once or twice awakened his suspicion by, as he thought, dogging him all through the twenty-four hours.

"This is not Chicago," he said, "and you are a scoundrel!"

They were the last words he ever spoke. There was a deadly struggle on the deserted platform, a dull, heavy fall, and the villain, seizing the treasure, made his way through the darkness, intending to fly with his ill-gotten booty. But the innocent victim was soon avenged. A man was found at the foot of a steep declivity, from which he had fallen, in a dying condition, the bag by his side. There he made confession and restitution, and thus exposed his accomplice, Edwin Gray, *alias* John Diaz, *alias* a dozen other well-sounding names, and for his many crimes—my story is not all fiction—he will yet suffer the penalty of the law. The money was all recovered.

Amy Pendleton has learned a lesson she will not soon forget.

Through her foolish confidence in a handsome stranger, an innocent man lost his life, and her cousin a husband every way worthy of her love.

FLOWERS.—With certain saints our ancestors connected certain flowers on account of their blossoming about the saints' days. Thus the snowdrop was called the Purification Flower, from its blossoming about Candlemas (February 2d); the crocus was dedicated to St. Valentine; the daisy to St. Margaret (hence called by the French "La Belle Marguerite"); the Lady Smock to the Virgin, its flowers appearing about Lady Day; St. John's Wort was connected with the blessed St. John; and there were the daffodil or Lent lily, the Pasque flower or anemone, the Herb Christopher, St. Barnaby's thistle, Canterbury bell, Herb St. Robert, and Mary Wort.

A GOOD moral character is the first essential in a man. It is, therefore, highly important to endeavor not only to be learned, but to be virtuous.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

"RIDE a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a black horse;
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

AND this old woman was no other than Mrs. Hippoharpy herself. When she had jumped out of the window and fled away over the fields, she ran and ran until she came to the town of Banbury. And there she stopped, because she could run no longer. She had a few pounds in her pocket, and with them she hired a room to live in. But she had never been accustomed to keep under her temper or to master her passions, and so the sudden shock of losing her enchanted wand had such an effect on her that she became quite daft and silly, and the people of Banbury always called her Crazy Mistress Hippoharpy.

RIDE A COCK-HORSE.

Before long all her money was spent, and she must have died of hunger if Philip had not chanced to hear of her. Now he had learnt to master his passions, so instead of wishing to punish Mrs. Hippoharpy for the harm she had done him, he pitied her miserable state, and sent to ask what he could do for her. They told him that she had no money, and that what she wanted most was a horse, for the poor silly old woman would sit and cry in her chair half the day because she had no horse now to ride.

"Then she shall have one," said Philip, "and enough money to live on, too. Mousey, take the strong black horse that Mrs. Hippoharpy used to ride before she took Dapple-gray, and ride him over to Banbury. Find him a good stable there, and tell the man who has the care of him that Mrs. Hippoharpy may ride him every day; but she must not ride him far or fast, and she is never to be allowed a whip."

For he remembered how she had whipped Dapple-gray.

So Mousey, the groom, rode the black horse to Banbury. He did not much like his errand, for he thought

that Mrs. Hippoharpy did not deserve to have him. But when the old woman saw the horse she jumped up and down on the pavement for a quarter of an hour for very joy, and then she took a ride.

Now, the more people there were to look at her the better Mrs. Hippoharpy was pleased. So she never cared to go beyond the town, but always rode round and round and round the square in the middle of which Banbury Cross stands.

You know that she had quite lost her mind ; and one of her crazy fancies was that she was still rich and powerful, and that all the nobles in the land were wanting to marry her. So she put a quantity of rings on her fingers, which she said were her wedding-rings, for that she was married to them all. And in order that they might hear her passing by, and might come out to join her, she sewed rows of little jingling bells to the toes of her red boots that had once been so smart.

It was lucky that she liked being stared at ; for all the little boys in Banbury soon knew the story of Philip and Dapple-gray. And they got hobby-horses painted as like Dapple-gray as possible, and whenever the crazy old woman went out to ride, they would come riding on their hobby-horses up all the streets and alleys to Banbury Cross to see her. And as they rode along they would call to one another to follow, saying :

"Ride a cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see an old woman ride on a black horse;
With rings on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
And she shall have music wherever she goes."

THE LAST DESCENDANT OF MILTON.

The case of the descendants of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," whose more urgent necessities have been considerately relieved by the royal bounty, will doubtless remind many persons of the case of the descendants of the author of "Paradise Lost."

Dr. Johnson, in a postscript to his preface to Lauder's "Essay on Milton's Use and Imitation of the Moderns in his Paradise Lost," published in 1750—a matter of literary controversy which need not here be more particularly referred to—says : "When this essay was almost finished, the splendid edition of 'Paradise Lost' so long promised by the Rev. Dr. Newton, fell into my hands ; of which I had, however, so little use, that, as it would be injustice to censure, it would be flattery to commend it, and I should have totally forborne the mention of a book that I have not read, had not one passage at the conclusion of the life of Milton excited in me too much pity and indignation to be suppressed in silence. 'Deborah, Milton's youngest daughter,' says the editor, 'was married to Abraham Clarke, a weaver in Spitalfields, and died in August, 1727, in the seventy-sixth year of her age. She had ten children. Elizabeth, the youngest, was married to Mr. Thomas Foster, a weaver in Spitalfields, and had seven children, who are all dead ; and she herself is aged about sixty, and weak and infirm. She seemeth to be a good, plain, sensible woman, and has confirmed several particulars related above, and informed me of some others which she had often heard from her mother.' These the doctor enumerates, and then adds : 'In all probability Milton's whole family will be extinct with her, and he can live only in his writings. And such is the caprice of fortune—this granddaughter of a man who will be an everlasting glory to the nation, has now for some years with her husband kept a little chandler's or grocer's shop for their subsistence, lately at the Lower Holloway, on the road between Highgate and London, and at present in Cock-lane, not far from Shoreditch Church.' That this relation is true cannot be questioned ; but surely the honor of letters, the dignity of sacred poetry, the spirit of the English nation, and the glory of human nature require that it should be true no longer. In an age in which statues are erected to the honor of this great writer, in which his effigy has been diffused on medals, and his works propagated by translations, and illustrated by commentaries ; in an age which, amidst all its vices and its follies, has not become infamous for want of charity, it may be surely allowed to hope that the living remains of Milton will be no longer suffered to languish in distress."

A subscription was opened for the relief of Milton's granddaughter, but with what success it does not appear.

ANCIENT AND MODERN OATHS.

The earliest record we have upon this subject is in the Bible, where Abraham, swearing his eldest servant, requested him to place his hand under the thigh of Abraham, that the mere act should be a witness to his promise (see Genesis xxiv. 2, 4, 9,) ; and again we have in Genesis xlvii., where Jacob, about to die, calls his son Joseph to place his hand under his thigh when promising to deal kindly with Israel, and not to bury him in Egypt.

Oldfield tells us, in his "Expedition into the Interior of Africa," by the Niger, that at Iddah, "placing a naked sword or knife to the throat is looked upon as the strongest proof of innocence, and the most solemn form of oath they can administer. In this manner the King is sworn, or sometimes at the point of a poisoned arrow."

In Egypt in an early time the goose was considered in high veneration, and the custom which prevailed at Crete, of swearing by the goose, was supposed to have originated from such veneration.

Of the Mennonites, we learn from Henderson's "Biblical Researches in Russia" that they refuse to confirm their testimony by an oath, regarding this as peculiar to the Old Testament dispensation ; yet these people will affirm, the same as the Quakers.

In Canton, "when they wish to swear a witness, a live cock and a knife are presented to him, and he is obliged to cut off the cock's head at the moment he takes the oath."

In Madagascar the people swear neither by God nor their idols, but chiefly by their mother or their sovereign, and the act witnessing it is given us as being of two forms —one to "strike the water," and the other to "spear the calf." A further consideration is made that the one sworn by must be alive, for upon a Kaffir swearing by a deceased relative, his oath was considered insufficient, as violable.

Another form as being in use in Abyssinia we obtain from "Bruce's Travels," that "they took the two forefingers of my right hand, one after the other, and then kissed them—a form of swearing used there, at least among those who call themselves Christians."

A few more illustrations upon this point. We find that the Athenians administered oaths in the names of Jupiter, Minerva and Neptune ; also Themis, Ceres and Helois ; the Romans to Fides ; the Germans to the God, and by their swords and beards ; the Scandinavians, besides in the name of God, touched a bloody ring in the hands of a priest Roman Catholics swear also by the saints, as well as God. The Jews swore by Jerusalem, as well as upon broken glass. By the temple was another form ; also by the God of Israel. The Hindoo swears by the Veda,

which is his Bible; the Chinese, at times, upon a saucer; the Christian takes off his hat, and in the United States raises his right arm, while the Jew keeps his head covered.

Many other quotations could be given, but enough are given to show conclusively the nature of the form of an act witnessing an oath, and of the presumed veneration exercised at the time, that the thoughts of the person making would be carried to a higher plane than in the ordinary walks of life, by referring to some person or thing deemed superior. And all these things, considered in accordance with the belief of the people and times, made by custom, became law.

WHY LIGHTNING IS SEEN AS A FLASH AND HEARD AS THUNDER.

By Robert James Mann, M.D., F.R.C.S., F.R.A.S., etc.

Lightning is kindled in the thunderstorm by raising tracks of material substance scattered along its path into a state of sparkling incandescence, and it is in this particular identical in nature with the ordinary electrical spark. The light, however, which strikes in either case upon the eye endures for an almost inconceivably brief interval of time. It has been shown that the duration of the spark which issues from the prime conductor of an electrical machine does not exceed the millionth part of a second. But very delicate and complicated experiments have had to be devised to prove that such is the case, because when a quite instantaneous impression of light has been made upon the human eye, the effect remains as a vital sensation for something like the fifth part of a second after the illuminating impulse has ceased. It is for this reason that a burning stick whirled round in the dark presents itself to the eye as a continuous circle of fire. If the stick is made to circle round so quickly that it returns back to the same position in the circle five times every second, the impression of each successive luminous impulse originating in that part is produced upon the eye before the immediately preceding impression has died away.

The light of the most intense flash of lightning probably does not last more than the thousandth part of a second. The length of the track through which lightning flashes in the air is sometimes surprisingly great. M. d'Abbadie measured lightnings in Abyssinia which were four miles long from the place where they issued from the cloud to the point where they struck the earth. M. Petit, another very trustworthy authority, marked the extent of a lightning discharge at Toulouse which proved to be more than ten miles long. In these cases, however, it seems as if the lightning passed along a track in which it was able to avail itself of intermediate stepping-stones of conducting substance by the way. Some electricians, indeed, attribute the zigzaz form of forked lightning to this cause. They conceive that there are concentrated foci of condensed vapor, or other conducting substance, so scattered along the path, that the electrical discharge is inclined to leap from the one to the other as it traverses its devious track. M. Dumoncel planned some very ingenious experiments which seemed to demonstrate that the forked discharge may be artificially produced. A miniature discharge, very nearly indeed resembling the forked lightning of the sky, is brought about when an electric spark is passed along the surface of a pane of glass which has been coated with aventurine—that is, a form of quartz in which spangles of metallic substance are intermingled with the siliceous matrix. Lightning of this class, however, issues only from very densely packed clouds, in which the nebulous flocculi lie in such close propinquity that the charged mass approaches to the condition of a continuous conductor. The resistance of the surrounding air then contributes materially to the result, because it prevents the electrical charge from accomplishing its escape until it has acquired a very powerful expansive tension. The density of the air on this account has much to do with the intensity and brilliancy of the lightning. The most terrific storms, for this reason, are met with in low-lying regions and over plains. The mountain lightnings, although of frequent occurrence, are feeble in their intensity in comparison with those which are exhibited in denser regions of the atmosphere. This peculiarity is very beautifully shown by artificially varying the density of the air through which ordinary electrical sparks are allowed to pass. When the spark traverses dense dry air the luminous track assumes the appearance of a compact and compressed line of brilliant fire. But if the sparks are made to traverse the interior cavity of closed glass tubes, in which the air can be rendered rare by the action of the air-pump, the luminous track becomes wider and less brilliant as the rarity of the air is increased, until at last the well-known effect of the vacuum tube is produced, in which the discharge presents itself as a faint luminosity filling up the whole interior space of the tube, instead of as a bright shining line. There must, however, be a certain density of the air or gas remaining in the tube, or no discharge at all can pass. By the employment of the Sprengel air-pump, in which the vacuum is produced by falling mercury, the exhaustion of the interior of glass tubes can be carried so far that no discharge of a luminous kind can be brought about. This is one of the most telling proofs yet furnished of the fact that the electrical spark and glow are matter in a state of shining incandescence. Where there is no matter to shine, no light can be developed. The incapability of an electrical discharge to pass through void space is also interestingly illustrated by the circumstance that if a gold-leaf electrometer, with its leaves divergent under an electrical charge, is placed in an exhausted receiver of an air-pump, the divergence of the strips is maintained as long as the receiver remains deprived of its air.

Lightning passes along its extended track virtually in an instant of time. The speed with which electrical force is transmitted along its path varies with the resistance which it has to overcome in each particular case. But in the passage of lightning through the air this seems to approach very nearly, indeed, to the rate at which light travels through interstellar space, or 186,000 miles per second. The appearance of the progressive movement of lightning through the air is simply an illusion of the senses. It travels along a track of eight or ten miles with a speed which it is quite impossible for any human organ of vision to follow. It is practically everywhere in such a path at once, and is therefore seen instantaneously everywhere by the eye. The notion that lightning can be seen to strike either from the clouds to the earth, or from the earth to the clouds, is entirely without foundation in fact. The electric spark travels with such exceeding speed that it passes through gunpowder without causing it to explode, unless some plan is adopted for retarding its pace as it traverses the explosive grains.

The color of lightning is altogether due to the nature of

the substance which is made incandescent in its track. The blue, red, purple, or silver tints which are brilliantly marked in warm climates and inter-tropical countries, are due to the same circumstances as the color which is designedly communicated to the light of different kinds of fireworks. It is a result of the intrinsic natures of the vaporized particles which are made to shine. The vapor of iron has one kind of sheen, and the vapor of sulphur another. Each different foreign ingredient that floats in the air has its own proper hue, which it can communicate to the lightning. The broad flashes of light that appear in the clouds during a thunderstorm, and that are distinguished as sheet-lightning, are very often merely the reflections from the cloud-mist of the discharges that pass from one part to another with each redistribution of the internal charge, as the tension at the outer surface is changed by an external flash. This redistribution of the internal charge is sometimes also marked by very beautiful lines of coruscation playing upon the dark background as the storm drifts away. There is a table mountain a few miles away from Pietermaritzburg, in Natal, over which this kind of display is continually exhibited. The retreating storm-clouds linger over the flat top of this mountain, where they can be seen from the city, in the advancing night. In this dark canopy of the mountain, bright coruscations, accompanying each redistribution of the electrical charge, can be watched for hours at a time—now assuming the form of coronals of electric fire, now running along in machicolated horizontal lines just above the flat top of the mountain, and now radiating out in all directions from a central loop like the cracks of starred glass.

BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE.

ENTERPRISING MERCHANT—"*Won't you buy some hair-pins, ma'am?—Very exciting opera, this matinee—your hair might come down, you know.*"

The flash of a discharge of lightning is followed after a brief interval of time by the well-known sound which is recognized as thunder. The flash and the sound originate simultaneously, but the flash travels to the eye in an instant, whilst the sound is transmitted through the air to the ear so sluggishly that it does not get quite through 1,200 feet in each second, and so consumes five seconds about every mile of its passage. The sound undoubtedly originates in the shock which is caused in the air by the electric outburst from the cloud. The air is thrown into rapid vibrations, which are transmitted on through its substance until they strike upon the ear. As, however, these vibrations are originated in all parts of the lightning's track, and that track is a comparatively extended one, the sound cannot arrive at the ear from all parts of the long path at once, and therefore is necessarily prolonged.

This is why thunder is heard as a lengthened-out sound, instead of as a sudden and brief one. What is expressively termed the *rolling* of the thunder—the successive rise and fall in intensity of the lengthened-out sound—is due in part to the varying strength of the vibratory disturbance at different parts of the track; in part to the mingling in of secondary sounds derived from subordinate discharges within the cloud; in part to the interferences with each other of different systems of vibrations issuing from the several points in the track, and crossing each other as they advance toward the listener's ear; and in some instances to resonant echoes returned from reflecting bodies distributed around. All these distinct influences are concerned in producing the alternate subsidence and reinforcement which give its rolling character to thunder.

The interval which intervenes between the perception of a flash of lightning and the hearing of the commencement of the roll of the thunder is, as a natural consequence of the circumstances just explained, an exact indication of the distance of the nearest part of the lightning's track. If one second intervene between the flash and the beginning of the sound, the nearest part of the shining track is just 1,180 feet away; if five seconds intervene it is 5,900 feet, or a little more than one mile away. As a rough estimate, every five seconds of interval may be taken to represent a mile of distance. When fifteen seconds occur between the flash and the beginning of the thunder, the nearest point of the lightning's track may be considered to be three miles away. When the interval of silence is thirty seconds, the discharge is six miles away. The longest interval that is on record as having been marked

between a flash of lightning and the consecutive thunder, is 72 seconds, which would represent 84,960 feet, or 480 feet more than 16 miles.

But the continuance of the sound for the same reason gives a measure of the distance of the several parts of the electrical discharge, and therefore, with a certain amount of allowance, of the length of the lightning itself. Thus, suppose that in the following sketch (Fig. 1) A represents the position of an observer when a discharge of lightning takes place from a cloud at B, and strikes the earth at C, and that the thunder begins to be heard five seconds after the lightning has been seen; then the point B in the cloud from which the discharge issues is one mile away from the

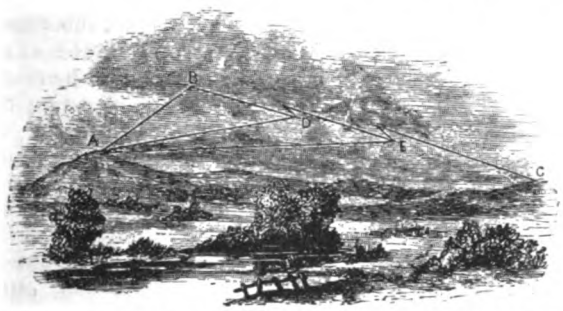


FIG. 1.—SHOWING HOW THE LENGTH OF A DISCHARGE OF LIGHTNING CAN BE ESTIMATED BY THE CONTINUANCE OF THE ROLL OF CONSECUTIVE THUNDER.

observer's situation at A. But if the roll of the thunder continues for fifteen seconds after it has commenced, this shows that the point C, where the lightning ends, is just three times as far away from the observer as the point B where it commenced. The sound which originates at D in the lightning's track has twice as long a journey to make before it reaches the ear at A, as that which originates at B. It therefore arrives at the ear five seconds later than the sound which originates at B. The sound which originates at E, in the same way, has a journey three times as long to perform, and therefore arrives ten seconds later; and the sound which originates at C has four times as long a journey, and arrives fifteen seconds later. The whole length of the track B C is consequently three times the measure of the distance of B from A; or, in other words, three miles. Forty-five seconds appear to be pretty nearly the duration of the longest roll of thunder that has been accurately noted. M. Delisle has left a record of a roll of that length, which he heard in 1712. This would

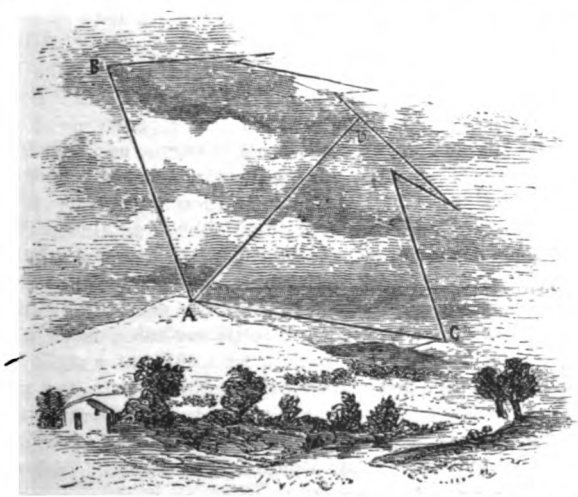


FIG. 2.—REPRESENTING THE CASE IN WHICH A LONG DISCHARGE OF LIGHTNING KEEPS APPROXIMATELY AT THE SAME DISTANCE FROM AN OBSERVER THROUGHOUT ITS COURSE.

have given 48,649 feet, or a little more than nine miles, for the length of the lightning, if the discharge had taken place in a course proceeding directly away from the observer. This length of nine miles, it will be observed,

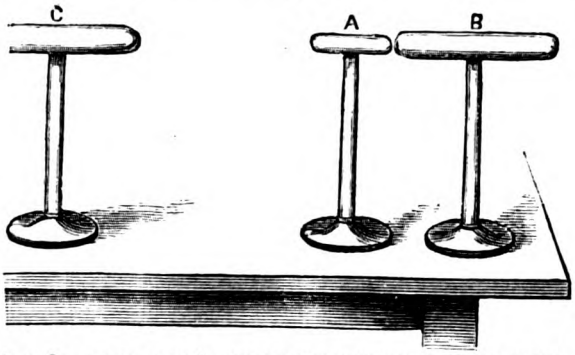


FIG. 3.—LORD MAHON'S EXPERIMENT, DEVISED TO EXPLAIN THE NATURE OF THE RETURN SHOCK.

very nearly corresponds with the actual length of the flash which was measured by a trigonometrical process at Toulouse by M. Petit.

But as a matter of actual fact, a considerable allowance requires to be made in estimating the length of a lightning flash from the duration of the consecutive thunder, because it can rarely happen that the discharge follows a course which proceeds directly away from the observer. It is quite possible, indeed, that a very long discharge may be heard as a very short roll if the path which it pursues lies pretty much at the same distance from the observer. Thus, suppose that in the following sketch (Fig. 2) B C represents the track of a flash of lightning issuing from a cloud at B, and striking the earth at C, whilst an observer, stationed at A, is listening for the accompanying thunder. Then the several points B, D, C, in the track are all, it will be observed, nearly at the same distance from A, so that the sound originating in each would fall simultaneously upon the listener's ear at A. If B, D and C

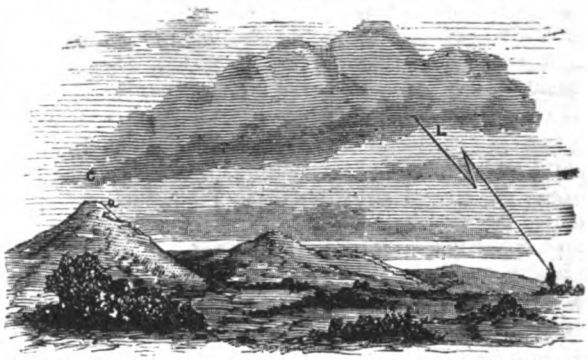


FIG. 4.—REPRESENTING HOW A RETURN SHOCK MAY PASS INTO A CLOUD WHEN LIGHTNING IS DISCHARGED FROM IT INTO THE EARTH.

were all one mile from A, and the length of the flash from B to C were two miles, then the sound originating at B would take five seconds to reach the ear at A; but so also would the sound which originates at D, and that which originates at C. There would, consequently, in such circumstances be no prolonged roll of thunder. The three sounds—from B, from D, and from C—would strike upon the ear together, and would be heard as if they were one and the same; and the impression upon the ear would be that of great loudness, on account of the several distinct sounds being combined into one. The terrific short crash which is occasionally heard in thunderstorms is due to this circumstance of the sounds coming from a long track arriving almost simultaneously at the ear.

During the progress of a thunderstorm a change continually takes place in the electrical tension, which is maintained for a considerable distance around with each flash of lightning. If a sensitive gold-leaf electrometer be attentively watched during the continuance of the storm, it will be found that the divergent strips collapse more or less with each flash of lightning. Changes in the distribution of the electrical force within the cloud are also commonly indicated in a similar way, by movements of the divergent strips of an electrometer, even when no external flash of lightning appears.

Sympathetic disturbances of this inductive character are, indeed, sometimes registered in a very disagreeable and much more obtrusive way, for they are quite capable of producing painful shocks in the bodies of living people, and of perpetrating destructive mischief of a mechanical kind. The curious effect which is known amongst electricians as the return shock, and which at one time was deemed a very puzzling phenomenon, is of this nature. Its occurrence was first alluded to, and intelligently explained, by Lord Mahon, in a book* which was published a century ago. In this treatise he gives an account of an experiment which is still repeated by scientific men, with never-failing interest, as the best illustrative explanation which can be furnished of shocks of this kind.

Two brass cylinders of unequal size, and insulated by being supported upon pillars of glass, were placed about the tenth of an inch apart, as represented at A and B in Fig. 3. The prime conductor of an electrical machine (represented at C) was then brought within twenty inches of the outer end of A, and charged with electricity by turning the handle of the apparatus. As this was done, faint sparks were immediately observed to pass from A to B, in consequence of the positive electricity of A being driven out from A into B, by the repulsion inductively exerted from the prime conductor, C. But when B had been thus charged from A, a spark was taken by the experimenter's finger from the prime conductor, and forthwith faint sparks *returned* from B into A. The positive electricity which had been driven into B returned into A when the inductive repulsion of C ceased to act upon A, so constituting the effect which Lord Mahon distinguished as the "return shock." Lord Mahon has furnished a quaint picture in his book, in which he and a companion standing upon glass-footed stools are represented as taking the place of the brass cylinders A and B, and as allowing the faint sparks set up by the induction to pass between the tips of their fingers, held a little distance apart. It is this return shock which is occasionally felt at a considerable distance from the actual track of a discharge of lightning during a thunderstorm. Thus, if L in Fig. 4 represent the place where lightning strikes from a thunder-cloud to the earth, when C, the opposite end of the cloud, floats a short distance only above the ground, a person standing upon the ground at *a* might experience an electrical shock at the instant of the discharge of the lightning in consequence of the return from the earth to the cloud of the electricity, which had been just before inductively driven out of that end of the cloud into the earth. There are cases on record of people having been killed in this way at a long distance from the place where the actual stroke of the lightning takes effect. The frequent instances of persons being knocked down by electrical shocks, without being severely injured or killed, during the progress of a thunderstorm some little distance away, may generally be attributed to subordinate and sympathetic discharges of this character.

* "The Principle of Electricity" (1780).

It has been said that lightning which presents itself in broad sheets of illumination, instead of as narrow and sharply defined lines of fire, is sometimes merely reflected light thrown back from the clouds or from surrounding objects. It is the glare of lightning, rather than lightning itself, and often produces a very striking and beautiful effect, in consequence of lighting up the edges of the clouds, and showing the broken shapes of their darker masses in strong relief. The clouds seem to *open out* for one brief moment with the flash. There is, however, another and quite a distinct form which sheet-lightning very often assumes. In this the whole sky is for an instant lit up by the glare. When this occurs, the source of the light—the actual discharge—is almost certainly below the horizon of the place from which the reflected glare is seen, and hidden from the eye by the intervening curvature of the opaque body of the earth. In such cases the light flashes up from the electrical discharge into the sky, and is thence shot back toward the eye by the impenetrable vapors that it encounters in the canopy of clouds. This form of flash is not uncommonly spoken of as heat-lightning, or Summer-lightning. The discharge in such instances is too far away for thunder to be heard. In reference to this kind of lightning, however, it is necessary to remark that M. Peltier, and some other good observers, believe that lightning occasionally issues in the air from clouds which are invisible, or, in other words, from collections of vapor which are not dense enough at the time to assume the form of aqueous vesicles. Thunder, also, is certainly sometimes heard when no lightning is seen; but that is simply because the light of the discharge is hidden from the eye by quite impenetrable masses of dark cloud.

Besides the forked lightning, which is the incandescent track of the electrical discharge through the air—the electric spark of nature's own experimental operations in the clouds—and the sheet-lightning, which is the reflected glare of that magnificent discharge, there is yet another form of lightning occasionally seen, that is of great interest to scientific men. This is the form which is familiarly spoken of as globe-lightning, or ball-lightning, because it looks to the eye like a ball of fire. Its most distinctive characteristic, however, is the peculiarity of its pace, rather than the aspect which it assumes. It moves at so deliberate a rate that it can be readily followed along its track by the eye as it goes. It has in some well-marked instances been seen in this way for ten seconds at a time. The ball is usually described as appearing to be about the size of the full moon, and it has been observed to rebound from the ground as it advances along its course. It generally disappears at last with a loud explosion, like the detonation which attends upon the firing of a gun. Some observers, M. de la Rive amongst them, have no doubt that this explosion is exactly what it seems, and that it is the result of a mass of hydrogen gas, which has been generated from the electrical decomposition of aqueous vapor, and then mingled with a certain amount of air, being fired by the agency of an electrical spark. It is conceived that the explosive mass is, in the first instance, inclosed in a spherical aqueous film, like that of the soap-bubble, and that the light of the ball before its explosion is an electrical radiation, or glow, issuing from this outer shell. It is also held that this glow is only competent for the production of an explosion when it has been intensified and condensed into a spark by some casual incident of surrounding induction. M. Dumoncel attempted, and not altogether without success, to produce a similar result upon a miniature scale by causing a powerful induction spark to pass through small pools of water scattered along

a varnished surface. A fiery glow could be then traced, passing along from pool to pool, and terminating at last in the form of a small red ball, which exploded precisely in the manner of ball-lightning. For the present, therefore, ball-lightning may be taken to be an atmospheric manifestation of electrical force of a quite different kind from that with which science has to deal in the instantaneous leap of the "live thunder," and concerning which some further investigation may be said to be urgently required. The German meteorologist Kaemtz, consequently, still remains quite justified for the course which he pursued in his excellent Handbook of Meteorological Science, when he grouped ball-lightning with a series of occurrences and effects which were classed together in its pages as "Problematical Phenomena."

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

Air-tight Coffins.—The firm of Rössler, in Chemnitz, have been for some time past trying to produce coffins which should be quite air and water tight, and should not lose this property after remaining many years in the ground. A coffin they made of stone composition answered this purpose, but was too heavy, and would require a change in the method of burial. They have lately, however, surmounted this difficulty also, by combining a thin coffin of wood with a thin one of stone composition. The composition is formed of three parts Portland cement and one part finely-washed quartz sand. For the sake of adhesion, the inner surface of the wooden coffin (which incases the other) is left rough, as the wood comes from the saw. The top of the stone coffin is arched, in order to give it greater resistance to outer pressure, and the wood is shaped to correspond. The thickness of the wood is only 2 to 3 ctms.; that of the composition 1·2 to 1·5 ctm. The weight of such a compound coffin is not greater than that of the common oak coffin. The closure is perfectly tight, so that the bodies of persons who have died of infectious diseases may be safely kept in them in the house till burial. When the wood has decayed away in the ground the stone coffin remains, uncompressed. The price of these coffins is said to be comparatively low.

Tight Rings.—A writer in the *Concours Médical* suggests the following method of removing tight rings: In the first place, the finger is coated with fatty matter; then a thin thread, about a yard and a quarter long, is taken; one end is placed under the ring, and passed above it with a pair of pincers to the length of about three inches. The end of the thread being thus fixed by the ring, the rest of the thread is taken to the top of the finger, round which it is rolled in close, overlapping lines, not leaving any space between them. This done, the second end of the thread is also passed under, and brought up above the ring. Then, this end being taken between the fingers, the rest of the thread is unrolled resting on the ring, which is thus gradually brought up to the joint, where it is easily removed. If a first trial does not always succeed, it is rare for the ring not to yield to efforts twice or thrice repeated. Should this be the case, the ring, of course, must be cut on a cannulated sound with a file or divider.

An Instantaneous Steam Producer.—A Paris firm, MM. Serpollet, have lately patented a peculiar method of generating steam for a steam-engine. At each stroke of the piston a certain quantity of water is projected against two strongly-heated metal plates. The steam so produced goes direct into the cylinder, so that in this arrangement not only a special generator, but also the valve system for the entering steam, is superfluous. In the example given in *Dingler's Journal*, the vaporizing surface consists of two metallic cones, one within the other, with an interval of about 1 mm. between. The hollow space is divided into two chambers, each of which is connected with one side of the cylinder. The gases play first on the inner surface of the double cone, then on the outer.

Some years ago the astronomer royal of England argued that the disturbing effect of Venus was so great that by it the earth was materially pulled out of its orbit. It is now attempted to be shown that to this disturbing action are due the cold waves which occur on an average every eight years, and that for the next forty years the temperature will be below the average, as it has during the past forty years been above the average. In regard to high temperatures, mention is made of the fact that, for the last fifty years, a heat wave has been observed to pass over the earth every twelve years, nearly contemporary with the arrival of Jupiter at its perihelion.

Goose-Quills from Ocean's Bed.—One strange discovery of the recent deep-sea dredging off Rhode Island was a worm inhabiting a quill like a goose-quill. The quills were about a foot long, and soon after being taken out of the water grew so hard that they could be, and were, used for pens. They stood up in the mud at the bottom of the sea. The worms inside were opal-colored, and when taken out of their strange tenements glistened and presented a rather pretty appearance, so far as color was concerned. They were raked up by thousands, and none of the scientific men had ever heard of them before.

Furnaces for Burning the Refuse of Towns.—The town of Leeds burns its refuse in furnaces especially constructed for the purpose. The price of one of these was £5,580, which sum included the cost of fixing, land, etc. The sweepings from the paved roads, offal, vegetable and stable refuse, and all rubbish that can be burned, are placed in the furnace, and there reduced to a finely-powdered charcoal, which is sold at from twenty-seven shillings to thirty shillings a ton, being considered a valuable manure. The ashes, moreover, when taken out of the furnace, find a ready sale among the farmers at two shillings and sixpence per load.

Sick headache is periodical, and is the signal of distress which the stomach raises to inform us that there is an over alkaline condition of its fluids; that it needs a natural acid to restore the battery to its normal working condition. When the first symptoms of a headache appear, take a teaspoonful of clear lemon-juice fifteen minutes before each meal, and the same dose at bedtime; follow this up until all symptoms are passed, taking no other remedies, and you will soon be able to go free from your unwelcome nuisance. Many will object to this because the remedy is too simple, but many cures have been effected in this way.

An Electric Hose.—A new thing in fire apparatus, says the *American Journal of Industry*, is the electric hose. A wire runs along in the cotton or rubber part of the hose, continuing the connection as each section is attached, and over this passes electricity generated by one of the engine's fly-wheels. Connected with the nozzle is a little contrivance by which the engineer can be told, although squares distant from the man who is playing water on a fire, to "turn her on," "cut her off," "stop," or "go ahead," or anything else that can be agreed upon, by a signal which is struck on a gong on the engine.

Chamois-skins are not derived from the chamois, as many people suppose, but are the flesh side of sheep-skins. The skins are soaked in lime-water, and in a solution of sulphuric acid; fish-oil is poured over them, and they are carefully washed in a solution of potash.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

The "sand-blast" is not popular with the man who gets it in his eyes.

A young lady in Brixton says she has had many a suitor, but never one to suit her.

Any old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a counterfeit half-dollar is foisted on him.

London physicians are said to approve of late suppers, on the same principle as a glazier approves of a hailstorm.

Brigham Young acquired the title of General from having been called "Briggy dear" so often by his numerous wives.

Mr Johnson, in response to a friend who urged him to marry so as to have a helpmate, said he didn't want anybody to help him eat.

"Have you cologne?" she asked. "No, ma'am," replied the apothecary; "I have no scents at all." She said he didn't look as if he had.

A noted actress declares that she cannot live on $20,000 a year. Lots of people are in the same predicament, but it is because they cannot get the $20,000.

Everybody admires determination. Who does not applaud the pluck and persistence of the little wheel of the bicycle in its pursuit of its big brother?

"Spell 'love,'" said a young man to his sweetheart. "Y-o-u," she timidly essayed. The courtship had been a protracted one, but they are married now.

"What did your father die of?" asked a tender-hearted lady of an "orphan" who was soliciting alms. "Cholera infantum, mum," the orphan promptly replied.

"That prisoner has a very smooth countenance," said the judge to the sheriff. "Yes," responded the sheriff; "he was ironed just before he was brought in."

"I think, dear, the dew has commenced falling," he said, in his softest accents. "Yes," she yawned, "I've been hoping to hear adieu for some time." He didn't call the next evening.

A case of domestic scandal was under discussion at a tea-table. "Well, let us think the best we can," said an elderly spinster. "Yes," said another; "and say the worst—that's the fashion."

"My lovey-dovey," he said, "I positively cannot give you a diamond for an engagement ring." "Why, my own popsy-wopsy?" "Because," he wickedly replied, "everybody will say I'm stony-hearted."

Teacher: "Suppose that you have two sticks of candy, and your big brother gives you two more, how many have you got then?" *Little boy* (shaking his head): "You don't know him; he ain't that sort of boy."

Don't put me in the river-bank, among the fragrant flowers; nor where the grass is watered by the early summer showers. But put me in the kitchen range, and open wide the damper, and then my vaporous remains can up the chimney scamper.

AN UNEXPECTED CARESS.—AFTER THE PAINTING BY SAINT-PIERRE.

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